# The Lady with the Other Lamp

The Story of
Blanche Read Johnston

By
Mary Morgan Dean

BLANCHE READ JOHNSTON

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AS TOLD TO

Mary Morgan Dean

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## ILLUSTRATIONS

## APPRECIATION

MARY MORGAN DEAN has narrated the salient facts in the eventful career of a woman who was both an able officer and friend to me during the eight years of my command in Canada, and it is indeed fortunate for the reader that Blanche Read Johnston, is able to add much to the worth of the Life Story by telling in her own charming way many reminiscences so rich in human interest.

It is not often that those who are called to positions of leadership have so willing and such worthy associates as it has been my very good fortune to possess! And of all those who have sustained this relationship none have been more loyal, more devoted, and more efficient in their work than has Mrs. Johnston. The record of such faithful and tireless service must do good, and I hope that it will be widely read, as I feel sure that all whose wisdom leads them to allot the time necessary to the perusal of the book will do so with great profit.

Should the warrior-life of this brave women—so successful in spite of exceptional physical weakness—arouse in others a desire to take up the same weapons and contend against the same foes, the only reasonable thing to do is to forsake all and follow Christ.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
*Commander in Chief of the Salvation Army Forces in the United States.*

NEW YORK,
JANUARY, 1919.

## FOREWORD

BLANCHE READ JOHNSTON was the first woman to ask for and obtain entry into the Kingston Penitentiary, Ontario, as a teacher of Hope.

She was the first woman to speak in the Central Prison, Toronto, where she instituted the work of "prison reform" which was approved of, and has since developed into the splendid work carried on by the Salvation Army, and later, subsidized by the Government.

She organized the splendid "League of Mercy," a band of visitors for prisons, hospitals and institutions, in every city—save one—in Canada, and many in the United States.

She shared in the battle and victory for religious liberty and the freedom of the streets of Canada: to obtain which many young people were incarcerated in prison.

As a young girl she went to the old Court Street Police Station, Toronto, and rescued little children whose parents were either going to be separated, or one sent to prison. She took these little ones under her care in the Home of which she was superintendent. This was the year before the organization of the Children's Aid Society.

A grave, sweet girl, she "took her courage in both hands" and visited the "lock-up" ward, in the old General Hospital, Toronto, reserved for victims of evil disease, whom no one else ever visited.

She organized and developed the Rescue work in many Canadian and United States cities, and opened a Rescue Home in conservative Newfoundland.

She was the first woman in Canada to try to have some censorship exercised over plays of questionable character.

She was the first woman to appeal, by personal speech, to the Government to establish protection for feeble-minded young women.

She travelled thousands of miles, from Newfoundland to British Columbia; from Old Orchard, Maine, to Spokane, Washington; lecturing in theatres, churches, slums, casinos, drawing-rooms, music halls, and school houses.

Thirty years of public service, striving for the uplift of humanity—physical, moral, spiritual—that is the career of Blanche Read Johnston in her various activities as a Salvation Army worker and leader, an advocate of Temperance and equal citizenship, an aggressive opponent of the White Slave Traffic, and a personal friend to men and women overthrown by the forces of evil.

As all the reforms to which she gave these years of splendid service are subject of vital and public interest, we persuaded Mrs. Johnston to permit her life story to be told in the present form.

MARY MORGAN DEAN

## A TRIBUTE

"CHARITY begins at home, but friendship—never!" True, perhaps, in the abstract, but mine is a case to the contrary. It was in her own home that my friendship with Mrs. Johnston was proved, and there it flourished into the sturdy growth which later years of absence and diverging paths have been unable to impair. The two years spent under her roof were rich in vision of her able mind and golden heart. Occasions of stress and burden, of great anxiety and arduous toils, of conflicting claims and heavy sorrow and with the myriad distractions which make up the ways and work of domestic life alike, revealed her as one in whom faith in God and passion for humanity were the dominant characteristics. Her facility in accomplishment, often against much disadvantage, I attributed to her power of concentration, that gift with which all others are magnified, without which all others seem vain. I have seen Mrs. Johnston do many things—but only one at once—and to that one thing she isolated her mentality for the time being. After twenty years, more than half of which I have spent in another country, with rare opportunities for meeting and but intermittent correspondence, our fellowship is unchanged. Does it not epitomise her character when I say that Mrs. Johnston is one of those friends, whom having once gained, one does not lose?

AGNES PAGE PALMER.

NEW YORK, 1919.

# THE LADY WITH THE OTHER LAMP

# CHAPTER I

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

"While centuries dawn and die away,
The world still keeps their record vast,
And gathers ripened sheaves to-day
From seeds that fell in ages past."

"GOD will not love you if you kill His little birds, Mr. Withers." The grave brown eyes of the little girl were fastened upon the offender, her dark ringlets tossing in the bright Canadian sunshine. Much to the child's distress, Mr. Withers had been shooting the "cherry birds."

He looked down kindly upon the little girl, who was a favorite, and explained that the little birds were destroying the cherries, which God had made to grow so that people could eat and enjoy them. It was a problem too deep for the child's mind and she could not help still feeling sorry that dear sweet little birdies that God made had to be killed so that little girls could have nice cherries to eat!

"I loved, with fleet foot and merry laugh, to chase the sun-touched butterflies," says Mrs. Blanche Read Johnston of her childhood. "How I loved that old orchard, and the garden was a special delight. I went back to visit it as a girl of eleven—that is why it is all so vivid in my memory. The orchard stretched away to Lake Ontario. The splendid cherries were the delicious, luscious kind, rose and amber—the real Eng-

lish variety. Of course, there were all kinds of Canadian fruits; but the cherries! Such a garden; a perfect riot of beauty and color. All the old-fashioned flowers in profusion: Sweet William, Sweet Mary, Stocks, Phlox Drummondi, Marigolds and Asters; Fragrant Verbenas and Mignonette; Bachelor Buttons gave light, and Pinks, Peonies and Balsams and Phlox, brilliancy to the whole scene. Hollyhocks bowed their dignified heads at the back of the garden paths. Old Man, I think, was my chief favorite, for I remember there was always a little feathery spray fastened into my frock.

" 'Give me a flower, little girl,' the boys and girls would call to me through the fence as they went past driving home, in the sunset glow, the lazy cows with their tinkling and clanging old-fashioned cow-bells, and it was a great delight to me to play the donor and poke the flowers through the cracks to be grasped by eager hands.

"But a dark day came into the sunshine of my babyhood. I always adored my dear mother, but until I had a few lessons in the discomfort and grief which always followed my disobedience I was inclined to be wilful. I have never forgotten the first lesson; it occurred while we were still living in my beloved home in the orchard. My mother believed in the Biblical commandments, 'Children Obey your parents.' I rebelled against constituted authority. I declared my independence; I said I would go out and find a good mamma.

"The offending mamma packed a little basket of

supplies for the wee traveller, and I promptly set forth upon my search. I wore my old jacket and hat. This had been the subject of a difference of opinion between my lady mother and myself. I wished to wear my best clothes for this expedition. I set off in high dudgeon in the quest for freedom and liberty; to have my own way. At the end of the drive leading to the high road was a heavy gate (which, of course, my mother knew I could not open). Employed nearby was Mr. Withers, of cherry bird fame. I asked him to open the gate, telling him I was going to find a 'good mamma.' Explanations followed and he assured me there was no better mother to be found in the big world outside the gate. He advised me to return and tell my mother I was sorry for my naughtiness. Indeed, the sorrow was already becoming a reality, I promptly did return—a repentant little sinner.

"For some years," says Blanche of her childhood, "my father was connected with the Northern Railway. He was in charge of a band of surveyors and workmen sent to Couchiching Park to make out of the primeval forest peninsula a pleasure ground, and we lived for a time in the Summer Hotel.

"The park, as I remember it as a little child, was a thing of beauty, with its artistically shaped flower beds, flowing fountains, rustic summer houses and winding wooded paths, boat houses, bathing houses and bowling alley. I went across the lake in the summer to school by the little steamer Cariella and in the winter walked across the ice, attending Sunday School at St. James Anglican Church, Orillia.

"A little sister was the first baby, and I think the only one, born in the Couchiching Park Hotel. She lived for nine years; her second name was 'Couchiching' after her birthplace.

"An amusing thing occurred when Lord and Lady Dufferin came to visit the Park. Among the attractions provided for the entertainment of the distinguished guests were aquatic sports. The Indians who competed in the canoe race would not pass the Governor-General, though they might easily have won the race, for His Excellency had little experience in paddling an Indian canoe.

"The Indians were delighted with the 'great White Chief' for joining them and as soon as they gained upon him in speed turned back and waited for him to catch up! It was great fun for everybody. I really do not know who won the Cup.

"We children were duly instructed as to what we were to do and say should Lady Dufferin address any of us. With some little girl guests at the Hotel, I was sitting on the lawn when the Countess came through the grounds. She was charming and gracious, and with her ladies-in-waiting was taking an interest in all the beauty of the scene, the flowers, and ferns and fountains glistening beneath the golden summer skies: stopping to speak a word of greeting to various groups of visitors. Presently she came towards the band of little girls on the grass and, smiling brightly, addressed us. We quite forgot all about the way we were to answer her. We even forgot to rise, and just sat still, a shy little company with never a word to say, only,

'Yes, ma-am, and no, ma-am.' We were all duly ashamed when afterwards we were questioned by our parents as to our deportment. I, personally, was quite excited, even enchanted, because Her Excellency's dress was exactly the same shade of heliotrope as the dress my mother was wearing. 'My mamma's dress was the same colour as Lady Dufferin's' was a cause for childish pride among my school companions for some time afterwards."

There were many delights during those Couchiching summers for the children, especially when the moon was not too bright for the fishing. Under their father's care they leaned over the rustic wharf which he had built, eagerly waiting for the fish to "bite." "Perfect stillness would reign, broken only by the sound of the little wavelets upon the pebbly shore," explains Blanche, "until there was a bubble of excitement as a voice in an excited whisper would exclaim, 'There, I almost had him!' with the probable answer in a childish treble, 'Hush! You frightened *my* fish, so you did.' It was a favorite recreation and they enjoyed the pure fun of it, as well as the result; oftentimes a tasty supper of trout, salmon or white fish."

In the Spring there was the sugar bush; then there was the boating on the beautiful lake and away out under the Narrows, around the picturesque point. Blanchie loved to steal away in a boat alone and paddle under the overhanging trees on the wooded shore.

"The winter had its delights also," she tells us, "the sleigh-riding being one of the greatest of these, out on the lake at night it was glorious. We knew where all

the 'manholes' were and could avoid them. The air was electric and set the blood tingling and surging through our veins.

"And, Oh! How I loved the 'Northern Lights.'

"As the shafts of brilliancy seemed to waft past us with a sound as of distant waters, we children would pause in our skating or snowballing, awed by the mystery and wonder of it, though, of course, our childish minds could not express the strange feelings we had."

But the winter was not all a season of play, "Oh, my child," said Blanche's mother one day, "it grieves me to think of the difficulties and hardship you have to face to obtain an education. My own was acquired in an English boarding-school and I cannot bear to see my little daughter going out into this terrible cold." The good mother shrank from the exposure for her child who was never robust.

"Oh, mamma, please let me go, I am not afraid."

It was the winter after the family had moved to their own place near the railway, and Mrs. Goodall very reluctantly yielded to her little girl's pleadings to be allowed to go to Orillia to school. She was a combination of timidity and courage, and carefully wrapped up she bravely faced the almost three miles walk to her beloved school on the coldest mornings of the winter.

On one occasion Blanche had been staying in town with her little friend, Annie Ogle, for some days. She, however, became homesick for a glimpse of mother and the home circle. So she set forth one afternoon alone after school. There had been a tremendous snow-

storm. When she approached the house she was terrified at the high snow drift impeding her way. "What should she do?" It was nearly three miles back along the road to her little school friend's home at Orillia. The dusk was falling. It would soon be dark.

"On the other side of that white mountain was mother, and light, and warmth, and the shelter of the home," she says, when telling the story; and hungry and shivering she came to a sudden decision. She would climb over the huge obstacle. Clambering up she reached almost the summit, then crept through the top snow on hands and knees and slipped down the other side. Sobbing and affrighted, she rushed into her home across the road. "Oh, Blanchie, Blanchie," exclaimed her mother, realizing her child's danger, "why did you do it, dear?"

"Well, mamma, I wanted to see you, I could not stay away any longer. When I got on the other side the drift I would not turn back. I just came through the top, I was pretty frightened, it was so dark!"

"But, my darling," protested her mother, "if you had sunk through the snow you might have fallen down and we should not have known for days. I tremble with horror at the thought."

"So do I, mamma, but you were on the other side and I could not turn back!"

Naturally the little student was not permitted to risk any further adventures of this kind, and for a time the beloved studies were continued under her mother's tutelage.

. . . . . .

"You dare not walk on the bridge," said Anne Ogle one bright summer's day, in the year of the snowdrift incident.

"Yes, I dare too," retorted Blanche.

"Well, let's see you," challenged Annie.

Annie and Blanche had wandered out to gather wild flowers up the track towards the "Narrows Bridge" and in a spirit of mischief Annie had "dared" her friend to walk the narrow strip of board along the track laid on piles out over the weeds and rushes and the waters where Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe join.

Blanche set forth, partly, no doubt, ignorant of the real danger, partly in the spirit of the *brava* that would not give way to fear. Below, at first, the lake grasses grew thick and dark; further out it became clearer and finally the deep water ran swiftly under the swing bridge, where the boats pass through. Step by step the little girl moved forward; at last, reaching the bridge. Then for a moment she was panic-stricken as she realized she must turn round and walk back. Below the black water rushed onward. One mis-step and she would be plunged into its awful depths. But carefully she turned one foot, then the other, and cautiously retraced her steps to where her friend was watching, no doubt in much anxiety at to the result of her "dare."

Needless to say, this exploit was not recounted at home, but she never wished to repeat it.

"When I went back in after years," she says, "to view the scene of my girlish recklessness, I could not understand how I had walked that narrow way over the flowing water without turning dizzy and falling

through. I could account for it only by the fact that in returning from school I had often taken much satisfaction in seeing how many 'ties' on the track I could walk without 'stepping off.' "

. . . . . .

"My father's profession took him to Toronto for the next two or three years.

"One day the children came running into the home in North Toronto (now Rosedale) exclaiming, 'Oh, mamma, look! Look! Blanche is all covered with blood. See! See.' "

" 'Why, my child!' rushing forward. 'What is the matter?' cried my mother.

"Oh, nothing at all. I just fell on the ice. I think I have cut my face," removing the blood-soaked handkerchief. A hurried rush to the doctor followed and the "nothing at all" meant three silver stitches in her brow just above the left eye. Another hair's-breadth and the sight of that eye would have been ruined. But the doctor assured her teasingly that he could mend it so that "it would not injure her chances of marriage." She bore, without an anæsthetic or a murmur, the stitching which meant six plunges of the needle into the tender flesh.

But some weeks after, when the silver thread had to be removed, she was very weak and fearful.

"My chief cause of distress was that I might faint before those two young doctors, a terrible fear for a shy girl of twelve, you know, so I just jumped up the minute the last thread was withdrawn and dashed down the stairs, across Yonge Street, into a friend's store and fell

in a dead faint. I have always been glad," smilingly, "that I did not faint before those doctors!"

. . . . . .

"No, Miss Hunter, I simply cannot do it."

"But, Blanchie, you have recited quite well and at rehearsal you managed splendidly. No, you really must not be nervous."

"I am so sorry and disappointed, but I cannot speak before the people, Miss Hunter."

Blanchie had been persuaded to take part in a dialogue at a Sunday School entertainment. She had wanted so much "to do as the other girls." However, Miss Hunter saw that she must yield to the child's wish, for it was evidently painful beyond measure to her to try to "say her piece" before a crowded church, and on the last day a substitute had to be found.

This same natural diffidence has on many occasions in her public life been a severe trial, and only a keen sense of duty and the consciousness that she had a vital message to deliver has enabled her bravely to overcome it.

## CHAPTER II

### RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

IN Orillia, Mrs. Goffatt encouraged the little girls in her Class to help in the Church decorations. "I always liked to weave the hemlock and balsam into the pretty chains of green to entwine about the pillars and festoon the walls of the old grey church, and to help the older girls place the cedar around the lovely mottoes," Blanche says. "When they had finished the chancel, the beautiful crimson words upon the snowy background stood out clear and shining. The decorated texts: 'For unto us a Child is Born; unto us a Son is Given,' 'His Name shall be called Wonderful' and 'Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men,' always attracted my childish fancy greatly.

"It all appealed," continued Blanche, "to my love of beautiful things, and I think I used to feel it was, in some mysterious way, religious.

"Yes," thoughtfully, "I think I nearly always from the first wanted to be 'religious.' I was filled with much respect when my dear mother used to tell us about my grandfather preaching, and my grandma conducting the choir in Warwickshire, and about the many clergymen who came to their home, and the way she and her sisters were sent by my grandma with dinners between hot plates to poor people in their parish. I thought I could be such a good girl if we had a parish and I

could run with the dinners. Dear mamma made the first indelible impression upon me. She always gathered us about the evening lamp—my brother and sisters, to 'say verses' and sing hymns on Sunday. I always finished up thinking that I was not so good as I ought to be to sing such lovely hymns as 'I think when I read the Sweet Story of Old,' and often cried myself to sleep because I was angry and rebellious about the things I could not do and have. But I loved the church service and afterwards when we lived in Toronto and attended St. Paul's, Bloor Street, I was a most devoted little Episcopalian.

"Every Sunday found me bending reverently over my prayerbook and following Mr. Checkley as he prayed: 'We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things we ought to have done and we have done those things we ought not to have done and there is no health in us.' But I always felt better after the clergyman's prayer of absolution: 'Wherefore let us beseech Him to grant unto us true repentance, that the rest of our lives may be pure and holy.'

"Then Rev. Geo. Rainsford came to Toronto! He was rector of St. James. He created a *furore* in the city. The more ritualistic part of the church disapproved of him very seriously. The evangelical party heartily endorsed his work.

"He conducted a series of special services which were the sensation of the city. There was much discussion, criticism and comment. Of course, I, at twelve years of age, did not understand altogether what my

elders were saying about these questions. But I remember hearing that Mr. Rainsford had asked a friend why so many of the Toronto young ladies were such poor skaters and fell down in the rink. Mr. Rainsford's friend laughed and said he thought it might have been that the young ladies wished to have the popular young rector assist them to rise. I do not know whether anyone knew Mr. Rainsford's answer. But I thought it was extremely funny, and that I would not like him to see me fall on the ice, but that I would like to go to one of the wonderful services. So I persuaded my mamma to allow me to go, accompanied by a lady, a friend of hers. I was awe-struck, but it was not by the clergyman, for I did not quite understand him.

"The service was such a wonderful one, you see," continued Blanche, "I had never heard anything but the ordinary service of the English Church—had never heard any hymns of the evangelistic type. So, when the great organ pealed forth and the mass of people rose all around me to sing, 'What Means this Busy Anxious Throng?' the effect was to me amazing, and when in answer to the question of the first line of the hymn the immense crowd responded, 'Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By,' I was filled with fear, wonder and expectation. It seemed as if Jesus really must be passing through the church.

"My eyes filled with tears of longing. Oh, if I could just see Him! I was sure He would look into my heart and *know* that I did not mean to be proud and wilful. He would understand that I really wanted and meant to be good. I was too reserved to mention this, of course, even to my precious mother, and no one in

the great multitude noticed the quiet little girl with tearful, wistful eyes.

"I think we do not give children enough credit for the spiritual desires they often have about which they never speak."

. . . . . .

The sheltered childhood passed into thoughtful girlhood, with a passionate love for books and study. With spiritual tendencies, her earliest craving to be good was fostered and encouraged; she loved to remain alone in the darkness gazing out into the night, revolving within her puzzled mind the unanswerable mysteries of existence. She was a dreamer, a mystic, seeing visions and dreaming dreams, pondering on the great mysteries of life.

"I was always," she says, "full of dim wonderings and vague fancies concerning the unfathomable spirit-world dawning upon me; the foundation of my life-work was laid, and the clarity of my sub-conscious thought in those days, made it possible for me to enter later on into the problems and difficulties of other lives."

Her parents were rather conservative regarding religious matters, her mother being an English lady, Ellen Mary Gold Pratt, from Shakespeare's county, the daughter of a clergyman. Her mother's family, Gold and Symington, are well-known in Warwickshire. Her father, James Moncrief Goodall, was connected with a well-known Scotch family of that name (his mother's name being Margaret Moncrief). He was educated for the Presbyterian ministry, but chose the profession of landscape architecture and engineering.

When they came to Canada they had united with the English Church. When Mr. Goodall decided to go back to a non-conformist denomination, it was a serious grief to his daughter, Blanche. She had imbibed, from studying church history and old stories of English life in the Sunday School libraries, a very bigoted idea of religion. In fact, she had felt so sorry for some people they knew who were Methodists and it puzzled her childish soul how such nice people *could* be Methodists!

The impressions which led to this wonder were gathered from stories of English Church life in rural villages where the Methodists were almost outlawed from the "church." So the first time she went into a church other than Episcopalian she prayed all the way up the steps to be forgiven the sin of schism, and was very miserable afterwards because she had so liked the simple, extempore service.

Most of Blanche's life was spent in Toronto, though for a few years her father's profession necessitated living in Guelph. Here they had a charming orchard bordering on the River Speed, where she used to spend many twilight hours musing upon life and its mysteries, and her share, which, of course, with a natural ambition, she thought must surely be an important and large one. Though she was very shy and extremely nervous, there were always conscious moments when she felt she had powers of leadership; if only there was some way open to give scope to them. In her dreams and visions she longed to do good in the world. There seemed only two ways of accomplishing this. One was to become a missionary; the other to marry a clergyman!

One advance step was made when Rev. Eward Payson Hammond, the Children's Evangelist, conducted great united gatherings of Sunday School scholars. Her conviction was deepened and a definite stand taken one night, timidly, when Mr. Hammond asked all who wished to be Christians to rise.

Blanche had had a rather precocious view about certain matters. She considered it a mark of weakness "to sign pledges and make promises to do certain things." There was gradual modification of thought through Mr. Hammond's influence, until at fifteen she was quite convinced in her young mind that it was wrong to partake of anything which might, if partaken of by another, injure them. This, of course, had special application to total abstinence. At that time an older friend asked her to assist in the singing at some services in the homes of the victims of inebriety, and she and her sister began to sing in a choir after Church on Sunday evenings, at little meetings held by an old gentleman named Mr. Peter Ryan, whose theme was always "Moral Suasion." Quite unintentionally she was started upon her public career.

Religion was at ebbing tide. Many young people who, like Miss Goodall, had two or three years previously been deeply impressed and influenced in the Sunday School services of Mr. Hammond were losing interest and the keen realization of vital things. The drift was towards worldliness and carelessness. Just then a momentous event occurred.

Early in the year 1885 mysterious posters appeared on the walls and flaming hand bills in the stores of Guelph! They bore dramatic legends, "Blood and

Fire," an "Army would open Fire" on the city on the 9th of March—What Army?

It sounded rather menacing. What could it mean? There was much curiosity—more unfavorable criticism. The newspapers from other places had floated into the "Royal City" (Guelph, Ontario) with garbled stories of the doings of this Army, and the general impression was that this Salvation Army was not wanted. If it professed to be religious, well that eminently respectable, law-abiding city had quite all the religion it needed.

To this new movement were applied such terms as "travelling tinkers," "travesty on religion," "fanaticism," and many other epithets. But by the 9th of March there was a good deal of interest and expectation in the breasts of the Guelph citizens. When the little group of queerly attired young people stood in St. George's Square and began to sing, "We are Bound for the Land of the Pure and the Holy," there was a huge, excited crowd, who heeded not the cold Springtide breezes. Many comments, not complimentary, were passed. The odd "poke" blue-trimmed bonnets of the "Army lassies" received special attention. But when the strange group knelt in the dust to pray, the people sobered down and the jeers ceased for a few moments.

The Salvationists delivered an earnest gospel message, and then, following the drum-beat, wended their way to the Drill-shed for their service, followed by a laughing, merry-making crowd; on mischief bent.

"Were you present?" Blanche was asked. "Oh, no, the church pew was always filled with our family. It had never occurred to us that the strange 'Army' could have the slightest interest for us.

"I had read one of the Army papers and was rather shocked at, what seemed to me—being uninitiated in Army parlance—irreverence. The first time I really saw a 'soldier' was one day on Wyndham Street. Two or three girl friends and myself watched him through a shop window. We were all laughing and passing funny remarks, as young girls will, you know."

"I like his nice, black hair," said one.

"He has grey eyes," said another. "I wonder what he is like, anyway?" and "What is his name?" "Let's guess," and so on with much banter and nonsense.

"He put his hand in a kind way upon the shoulder of the man he was talking to.

"I believe he is good, anyway," I exclaimed.

"Oh, you! You will join them yet," teased the girls in chorus.

"Indeed I won't," I indignantly cried, "but he is a *good* boy, anyway."

She watched them whenever she had a chance, with honest attention, and finally decided from one or two little actions that they were good, but vulgar. The thought of visiting them in the crowded drill shed never occurred to her. The simple preaching by earnest, consecrated, young girls created a great sensation intermingled with curiosity, criticism, censure and appreciation. The drill shed was packed every night. Captain Churchill, like all the girls from Newfoundland (which was her home), had a voice like a sweet-sounding bell. The whole city was stirred. Many notorious characters were converted. The poor inebriate men, Blanche and her friends were interested in, were

changed by the influence of this wonderful Army. Not only this class, but the young people of high social standing were coming under its influence. Blanche, with her fine ideals, was intensely affected.

Her mother, who refused to form any opinion about them until she knew the Army better, wisely said: "I will go and see for myself, and if it is suitable my children shall attend these services." Her mother was satisfied there was only good to be learned, so she allowed her children to accompany her. Her father for a time was not quite satisfied, but attended at the drill shed entrance to escort his family through the great throngs that packed the doorways and street.

The sweet-voiced girl-officers were singing, "I've Found a Friend in Jesus," and "He's the Lily of the Valley to My Soul." Blanche was caught—captivated. Away went prejudice and criticism.

But there were days of struggle before the all important question of her duty was settled; fears and tears; hope and uncertainty. It was a great problem. What should she do? While her mind was so unsettled the work of the Army went forward rapidly.

A great religious awakening ensued, and, as has always followed the Salvation Army, also persecution. The police authorities threatened to arrest the Salvationists for marching through the streets. The Mayor of the city, Mr. Stevenson, a gentleman highly respected, was a great admirer of the Army's work. So on the Sunday this arrest was threatened, he, with hundreds of the leading people of the city, headed the Army procession and stood with them in the service in St.

George's Square. This made the promised arrest too formidable a task for the police authorities and the opposition dropped and the Army became held in high honor. But in several other places the authorities were not so sensible and just.

Through all this excitement and difference of opinion, Blanche was maturing much more rapidly than she knew. A devout church girl, almost a devotee, the church of that time did not give her the scope she really needed. The development was coming and when she realized that she could never be happy unless she was working for others; the Salvation Army—of all things apparently most unlikely—appealed to her passionate desire to be of use in the world, and the whole-hearted devotion to Christ, which in those early days stood out so vividly amongst the workers, won her allegiance.

And after many hours alone by the river in the end of the orchard and much thought and prayer, she went out the Elora Road to the family plot.

There, beside the grave of the little sister, on a beautiful Spring evening, when the larch and maple trees were bursting into bud, and the robins thrilling out wild notes of joy, she chose her path in life to "seek first the Kingdom," and in all her varied life, her thirty years of service, she has never looked back. Timid, gentle, nervous; it was more noble and brave of her than would have been the case with hundreds of others. What it cost her to step up to a "penitent form" she, the well-dressed, high-spirited lady, only *one* knew.

But she courageously took her stand, trusting in Him Who knew the life of beautiful service that stretched out before her.

## RELIGIOUS AWAKENING

The first time her voice was raised, it was to ask, "May I go?" in reply to a request from the Guelph Captain, Captain Churchill, for a Secretary to accompany her with others to preach in Berlin. When the Captain asked for volunteers, several lads responded, and she said, "Are there no lasses?" That voice was raised that was to be a trumpet call to "raise the fallen, cheer the faint, lead the blind. To be heard in squalid abodes, in open market and dignified hall, in church, drill shed, opera house and jail; anywhere, everywhere that a creature could be found to respond to the eager call to come to the Lamp of Life and Hope.

## CHAPTER III

### THE FREEDOM OF THE STREETS

O, Canada! The land our fathers found,
How bright the garlands on thy forehead bound!
For the sword thine arm hath in battle borne,
And hath raised the cross on high,
And the poet's pen finds its highest theme
Thy simple history;
And thy bold hearts filled with devoted faith
Will guard our homes and our liberty.

"WHEN you are cold, you seek the fire," remarked a Salvation Army Officer in one of those first meetings.

His audience cheerfully acquiesced and smiled happily when he added, "You are quite welcome to warm yourselves by our fire."

The Army's appeal was primarily to the great mass of people outside the churches. And thousands of this class of every social degree were drawn into its ranks. But its influence swept like a flame through the Canadian churches of those early days. Hundreds of the church people recognized the unprecedented opportunities for Christian service to humanity which it afforded, and, like our Miss Goodall, allied themselves with it as workers and leaders. And many Ministers, Evangelists and other prominent leaders received in its ranks their first impetus to service.

"The Salvation Army is such a good training ground for Christian workers," thus remarked the wife of a Doctor of Divinity, who is himself a leader of a

religious movement, his daughter being an Officer in the Army.

"They were days of wonderful spiritual fervour and exaltation," Blanche assures us. "It seemed as if the Pentecost had come again and the promises 'that I will pour out my Spirit upon all Flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . your young men see visions . . . and upon the handmaids will I pour out my spirit' were being fulfilled.

"Our thoughts turn in reminiscence. It was all very wonderful. What joy! What peace! Why, it seemed as if the birds sang a sweeter song, the flowers glowed with a brighter radiance, the sun's rays took on a greater brilliancy, the stars danced and glittered in the evening sky as one wended one's glad way home from a joyous meeting.

"How calm the peace that filled one's heart after those first testimonies to a Saviour's redeeming Grace! How forgiving one felt to those who persecuted one! How tender one's heart was toward the poor! How sympathetic and charitable to those who were outside the fold of Christian experience!

"No sacrifice was counted too dear, no cross too heavy to bear for our Lord. One's heart beat in glad acquiescence and response to the demand, 'Anywhere for Jesus.' O the joys and blessings and services of our first experience!

"They are precious, full of cherished memories and rich in their power to cheer and make us strong in the testing times. All they mean to us in sweetness and joy can never be taken away, and were but the foretaste of

the full fruition of perfected life in His presence. In the after-time we shall be children in one sense, when in His Kingdom 'we see Him as He is.' "

News came to Guelph that many of the Salvation Army had been committed to jail in London for marching on the streets, singing, beating drums and playing musical instruments. There was tremendous excitement and curiosity as to who would be the one appointed to follow on to London, as Captain Cowan, one of the young officers who opened the work in Guelph was incarcerated in London, and an officer was needed to take her place.

"From the evening that I had assisted the Captain in the Berlin meeting," remarked Blanche, "I had felt I must give my life to this work. We had had the Town Hall packed with interested anxious people all eager to hear our simple gospel story.

"While we talked and sang, sticks and stones and bricks, thrown by a disapproving mob outside, crashed through the windows."

"Afraid? Oh, no. We knew God would protect us and a band of noble young men of the town formed a body-guard to take us to the station. We reached home safe and happy.

"I shrank from telling my mother about my call. Since an attack of scarlet fever two years previously, I had not been strong, and my mother was very much concerned about my health. All my friends—who did not disapprove entirely—said: 'You will not stand it six weeks.'

"I always loved my mother with special tenderness

and passion; I held her in reverence and awe, and I never wanted to leave her, and the great trial of going into this work was that it meant separation from her. Always to the end of her honor-crowned life I never missed an opportunity to be with her.

"But when I spoke of the dreaded change, I found that God had been showing her and she said: 'Much as the separation means to me, I will not hold you back. You must obey your call to service for the Master.'"

They were days of great uncertainty, and but for the fortifying element of faith would have been very harrassing days for the dear parents and friends.

When it was known that three of her young people were going into this Army, the whole city was stirred. Commendation and disapprobation were about equal.

"Surely it is not with your permission, Mrs. Goodall, that Miss Goodall is going into the Army," said a friend of the Congregational Church to which she belonged.

"My daughter would not take any serious step without my sanction," answered her mother, "and I feel I dare not stand in her path when she feels a divine call.

"You would have approved if it had been going to a foreign land as a missionary, Mrs. Jackson?"

"Yes, of course, but this is so very different, you know."

The friends who attended the meetings were full of deep interest.

"We will have a brass band out to give you a welcome when you return," said one.

This seemed then like an empty boast. Two of

Blanche's comrades, young Mr. Robert McHardy, now an evangelist, and a young lady long since called home to higher service, were, with her, the first to receive orders from the Army Commander to leave the city for the field of work. Within a few days the fateful telegram came: *Blanche was appointed to London.* Friends, to the number of 2,000, assembled in the skating rink to bid the young soldiers farewell and Godspeed on their journey. Commissioner Coombs, the Dominion Leader, came to conduct the great farewell gathering. Hundreds of citizens thronged the station to see them off, and a friend placed in Blanche's hand as a parting gift a beautiful tambourine, which was to play an interesting part in her life.

Before this she had never been away from home except for a short visit. Her devoted mother, with the courageous Huguenot blood coursing through her veins —though breaking her heart over the separation— entered into the spirit of it all, and with her dear father sent her forth with their united blessing—this young, inexperienced, timid girl, coming out from a sheltered home, a mother's love, and more, a mother's appreciation. But she had the vision. She understood the purpose. She felt she must answer the call to share in the work of the world's greatest need. Before her was the clear, though untrodden path—however rough—even if on the way she must step aside into a prison cell with its terrors and loneliness—there was this possibility, nay the probability, of imprisonment.

The first Sunday after her arrival in London, a possé of police met and escorted the Salvation Army

in order to watch them and enroll their names. Being the Sunday prior to the 12th of July, it was the occasion of a grand Orange parade. The Orangemen marched down Dundas Street with floating banners and playing their fife and drum band.

The Army followed, escorted by the police and flanked by hundreds of people.

Our Blanche, a Cadet now, walked with other officers at the head of the procession. She had not yet taken out her tambourine. But on Tuesday evening in another large march the new cadet carried this fateful Instrument.

The soldiers put their drums and flags into a room adjacent to the church where the meetings were held. The cadet led the others, on to the platform, still singing, as was the custom, "At the Cross, at the Cross, Where I first saw the Light, And the Burden of My Heart Rolled Away." In the ante-room an altercation was taking place. The police had secured the names of the soldiers who had played instruments in the street. One, the Lieutenant, Bella Nunn, who had played the snare drum.

"We want the other one," demanded the police officer.

"She is leading the singing and cannot come out," replied Capt. Hall.

"She must come out, I want her name."

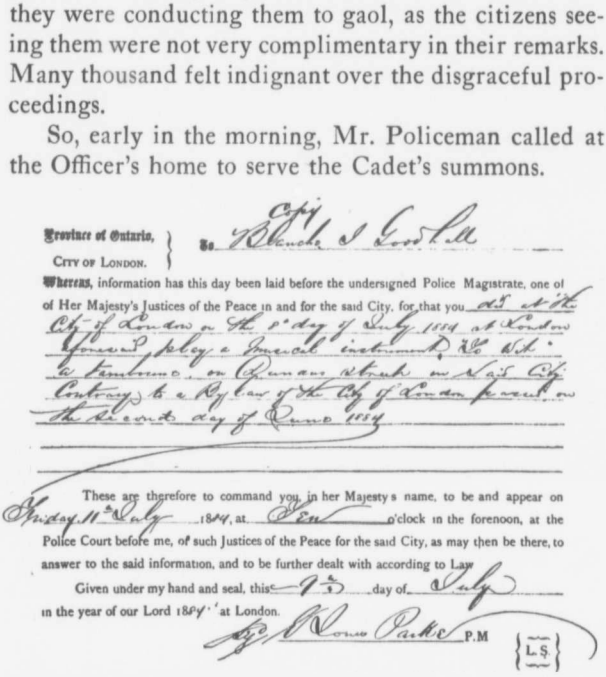
"Well," sweetly answered the little Captain, her bright eyes flashing, "if you want her name, you must go into the meeting to get it."

"Not by——," roared the officer, now angry. "Why

the people would tear me to pieces if I went near that girl! I'll arrest her in the morning if I see her out in the streets!"

But he was kinder hearted than his threat indicated. In fact the police, to their credit be it stated, were heartily ashamed of their work, and entreated the young girls of the Army to precede them in the streets when they were conducting them to gaol, as the citizens seeing them were not very complimentary in their remarks. Many thousand felt indignant over the disgraceful proceedings.

So, early in the morning, Mr. Policeman called at the Officer's home to serve the Cadet's summons.



Province of Ontario,
City of London.

To Copy Blanche I Goodall

Whereas, information has this day been laid before the undersigned Police Magistrate, one of of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the said City, for that you did in the City of London on the 5th day of July 1894 at London unlawfully play a musical instrument to wit a tambourine on Queen's Street in said City Contrary to a By-law of the City of London passed on the Second day of June 1894

These are therefore to command you in her Majesty's name, to be and appear on Friday 11th July 1894, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Police Court before me, or such Justices of the Peace for the said City, as may then be there, to answer to the said information, and to be further dealt with according to Law.

Given under my hand and seal, this 7th day of July in the year of our Lord 1894 at London.

Jno Nona Parke P.M L.S.

FACSIMILE OF SUMMONS ISSUED AGAINST CADET BLANCHE I. GOODALL, FOR PLAYING TAMBOURINE ON STREETS

Blanche kept up bravely until he had gone, then rushed away to weep. "Oh, what would they think at home? It had all come so suddenly. Of course she was willing to do anything in Liberty's cause, but poor Mamma and Daddy. What would they do?" There seemed no hope or help, for the authorities were very angry. The sentences were longer than when the by-law had first been framed a few months before. And truly there was indignation in Guelph, as the citizens read, in the police court news from London, that one of their own young people was arrested. The news was really exaggerated for it said:

"One of our own young ladies, a member of one of our most respected families, is behind the prison bars."

Thus Blanche's name appeared first in the public press in the police calendar.

"What shall we do for Miss Goodall's release?" asked Mr. Williamson, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Cormie, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. Chas. Dawson and other citizens.

"I do not know," answered the distressed mother. "You know the Salvationists will not allow their fines to be paid. Perhaps it is not quite so bad as that. I can't believe my daughter is in prison."

The mother's faith was rewarded when telegrams brought the news that her daughter so far was only summonsed to appear in Court,

Commissioner Coombs came to the trial with counsel from Toronto. The court-room was packed with people. It was anguish to our Cadet to meet the stares and comments of the crowd—though much sympathy

was also shown. The magistrate informed her that if she would promise not to take part in street parades or meetings again he would discharge her. She had not the least intention of deserting her colors. She decidedly refused to promise.

The counsel sought to get her freed by saying she had not "played" the tambourine, and that she had never used it till the evening in question. When the magistrate snapped out: "That won't do, I guess she did the best she could," the crowd laughed and the Cadet could not forbear a smile, for, of course, he was quite correct. But she was remanded with three other offenders, while the Lieutenant, who had played the snare drum was sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment in the old dungeon-like jail.

The Salvation Army leaders had now decided to appeal to a higher Court. They chose the playing of kettle drum, or snare drum, for their test case, because the kettle drum is used in *all* bands and they contended that they had as much right as the fraternal societies to play instruments in the streets. The Orangemen could parade the streets and have music, as any fraternal society was permitted to do, why could not Salvationists do so when their aim was purely the uplift of humanity?

So Bella Nunn joined nineteen of her comrades in prison and the case went on in Toronto.

At first the authorities had allowed the friends of the work to bring food to supplement the "prison fare," but as time went on, and the Salvation Army absolutely refused to pay the fines, and the expense became very great, the authorities were furious and forbade the

"law-breakers" almost everything but "skilly," as it was called.

In its evening march, the Army, prior to the holding of their open-air meetings in the Market Square, usually wended its way down the hillside, past the rear of the prison. In the neighboring cells the young Salvationists were all locked up for the night, watching for the only break in the tedium of the cruel monotonous day—the cheery songs of their comrades floating on the evening stillness and loneliness—and their eager and only possible means of response was the fluttering of handkerchiefs through the window bars. Blanche, the cadet, with her associates, was allowed to visit them, and when she first saw her comrades behind the bars, tears of sympathy spontaneously sprang from her eyes, calling forth the remark from the criminals (?) which she afterwards heard, "Oh! She is not much of a soldier, she won't stay long." Twenty years later she was able to demonstrate to a London audience the fact that despite those tears it was a staunch soldier who had stood before those prison doors that memorable day. With few exceptions those "boys and girls," "this rope of sand!" were then under twenty years of age—the sons of many of them have served in Flanders, safe-guarding the same democratic, religious principles of liberty that they stood for that day, when they purchased the freedom of the streets for their descendants.

Many of the people were entirely in sympathy with the Army and the meetings were packed night after night. There were some, of course, who did not realize that the Army was fighting for liberty in religious wor-

ship and work and free speech in the streets; to these the struggle appeared merely an example of obstinacy on the part of the Salvationists.

The imprisoned Bella Nunn became ill and Cadet Blanche and her co-workers were much distressed. They were not allowed to take the sick girl any delicacies and Bella could not eat the prison fare. The prison Matron was full of kindness of heart, but had no power to set aside the rules, only saying, "If you bring anything in, girls, for the Lieutenant, do not let *me* see it—do you understand?"

The Governor of the Gaol had been as kind as the restrictions of his position permitted and he allowed the prisoners, some of whom were being discharged almost every day, to remain till the evening on the day of their discharge so that the citizens might give them a public welcome. The Army met each discharged prisoner with a host of citizens and brought them in triumph to the meetings.

And so the days dragged wearily for the imprisoned comrades and for their sympathizing fellow-workers. The appeal was to be heard in Toronto. When it became known that the case was before the Appeal Court the tension became more acute. What would the next news be—favorable or unfavorable, good or bad?

In eleven days the good news came—a bright messenger boy ran up to 122 Clarence St., the home of the officers. "Osgoode Hall given victory, case squashed." To-day may be read in the records at Osgoode Hall the brief history of the case:—

"This case was tried before Judge Rose at Osgoode

Hall on July 23rd, 1884, judgment given Dr. McMichael, D.C., Mr. Osler.

"Bella Nunn convicted of beating a drum on Dundas St., London, Ont., on 8th July, 1884—contrary to city by-law.

"Dr. McMichael, D.C., of the present Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, R. M. Meredith for the prisoner and the late Mr. Osler, D.C., appeared for the Crown.

"Mr. Justice Rose, before whom the case was tried, gave Judgment discharging the prisoner. *Reported in 10 'Practice Reports,' page 395."*

The Captain was away at her wedding, and the new young officer was in charge. On this momentous occasion Blanche had to lead the great open-air service on Market Square. There the girlish figure in her trim uniform, the "Salvation bonnet" crowning her consecrated brow, with that calm, steadfast look, led the crowd of 2,000 people, who had escorted the last of the prisoners to the Market Square. Blanche showed sound judgment and exquisite taste, for, at her request, not one of the speakers referred to the victory given by the authorities, but preached the pure and simple gospel.

How magnificent the commemoration of a great victory! Thousands of voices raised in praise of the Giver of all Good, but not a note of self glorification or personal gloating over the defeat of those who had opposed the work and methods of the "Army!" The streets of Canada and the open air had been declared free for public worship and speaking on religious matters. It was really a new charter of religious liberties, but the

intuitive tact of the young officer avoided and prevented even a reference to the great step in the progress of religious freedom.

From that night many of the traducers of the Army understood their motives and became their staunchest friends though none then realized how much was gained by her action in restraining the exuberance of her people.

She never returned to court for her discharge, and amongst her greatest treasures still holds the arraignment summons. (A fac-simile of this summons will be found on page 42.)

Although the Salvation Army gained the sympathy of the people of London, many strange impressions were formed regarding it and all kinds of wild rumors filled the public mind. The following message was brought one day to the church where the meetings were being held:—

"If the tall young girl, who walks at the head of the Army parade, is not happy, or has been stolen away from her home, Mrs. Smith will be glad to befriend her and give her a comfortable home."

The messenger supplemented the invitation by explaining that Mrs. Smith had watched the procession each evening and thought the tall girl at the front leading the singers looked so young and sometimes sad, and she had wondered if she had been kidnapped!

Mrs. Smith was courteously thanked and told that the Cadet had a good home and loving parents and friends and that it was quite by her own choice she was in the Army. She really was very happy and satisfied

in her work. If she looked sad, it was because she really was very homesick sometimes. Indeed Blanche had written home that "she was so lonely and homesick that if she met a little dog from home she would hug it."

She had no wish to forsake her post of duty and was daily conscious that her efforts among the people were not in vain. In London, as always in her work, she visited the people, especially the sick and poor and victims of drink. On the occasion of one of her visits to the hospital she chatted with a man who was a victim of inebriety. He had been a British soldier. Through her kind words and prayers a new desire was born in his heart and for many years he would speak in the Salvation Army services of the young girl whose kind advice had led him to change his ways. "I used to be known as Drunkard Armstrong, now I am happy Armstrong," he said.

After some weeks of happy work in London, promotion came, and the Limestone City was the scene of her labors.

She farewelled from London amid much regret. She visited the poor women in the prison ward where her comrades had suffered for conscience sake. They parted with her, 'whom they felt to be a friend,' with many tears. She little realized in what capacity she would return to those grim precincts.

## CHAPTER IV

### PIONEERING IN ARMY WORK

KINGSTON was a great change. The students from the various military and other colleges thronged the Hall. A wonderful popularity circled the Army there; a band led the procession and leading citizens were members and adherents. They had a large Hall seating about 1,500. This was always packed on Sundays, and filled with large audiences during the week. There were several hundred soldiers. The students sang the Army songs and generously supported Army work. Reporters were always present to give an account of the officers' addresses and "Lieutenant Pleading Blanche spoke with her usual earnestness for twenty minutes, her address being much appreciated," was the sort of thing published.

"I was happy, very happy in Kingston," she says. "Indeed, perhaps, I never was quite so happy anywhere. I enjoyed all the great privileges of Christian service without too much responsibility. I spent my days visiting, my evenings in the meetings."

"My days visiting." How much of human interest was covered by those three simple words. She knew almost every aged and poor person in the city. Oftentimes nine o'clock in the morning found her hastening to some sick bedside and five o'clock walking wearily home to prepare for the evening march at 7.30.

"You should not stay out so long, Lieutenant," reproved Captain Hotham.

"Oh, you know I went to Mrs. Connors—the poor old lady wanted me to sing. Then she told me of Mr. Walker—up Lorne lane—and then poor Mrs. Gordon, you know—her husband is drinking again. She was in great trouble."

And so the days flew by, singing, reading, praying, and engaged in all kinds of loving effort. Then in the evening pouring out a story of Divine grace upon the crowds who filled the barracks. Many warm friendships were made in Kingston. Her Captain—now Mrs. Glover—of New Zealand; the Cadet, now Mrs. Holtz of the U.S.A.; Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Harold Stephens; Mr. Chas. Gunn, now of the U. S. Army, among the number.

It was in Kingston that the Rev. Henry Wilson, afterwards allied with the Christian Alliance Movement, came into harmony with the Salvation Army. Through it as a medium he received much spiritual blessing, of which he was happy to speak always.

Blanche was, in after years, to achieve one of her greatest triumphs in Kingston, but in those happy girlhood days she little dreamed of what was ahead.

The even tenor was rudely broken in upon:

"You are promoted Captain and appointed to open Picton," ran the pink sheet bearing her "orders" from the Headquarters. Amid loving farewells and regrets she left her friends and the ancient city and proceeded —alone—to Picton. Her only assistant for a time was a young girl convert! Afterwards Miss Minnie Fisher came to be her Lieutenant.

"I'd like to run her in, I would. What does she come here disturbing everything for?"

"It is time somebody made some disturbance. You do nothing. The hotels are full of men and boys and all the fellows get drunk! The only place they can go is to hear the Captain preach and the Army folk sing. Lots of the boys are getting saved and giving up the drink."

Captain Blanche was always an enemy of the drink traffic and a friend of the victims. And when they told her about the constable's threats, she only laughed. She had passed through all the persecution resulting in the imprisonment of her comrades and the victory of London and was not afraid of the menacing attitude of this guardian of the town's peace! But the converts were timid and inclined to give up the streets when they heard the ominous words, "Arrest and Jail."

It was while at Picton the prophecy of the Guelph friends that she should be welcomed on her return home with a brass band, was fulfilled. She returned home as the guest and speaker at an anniversary. The band *did* come out to meet her and played all through the streets, "A Soldier's Welcome Home." The large new hall was filled with leading citizens to greet and honor the girl, who had been one of the five to make the last fight for victory and liberty in the streets of the Dominion—the battle crowned with a victory that has given ever since true freedom to all similar organizations.

"There were difficulties in Picton, many of them, in building up the new society," says our Captain. "But many kindnesses were shown us. It was the year of the Northwest Rebellion and there was great excitement. Many of 'our boys' went to the West never to return."

Picton was the home of that great Temperance Pioneer and orator, Mrs. Letitia Youmans, the noted campaigner and first Dominion President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. "I met Mrs. Youmans sometime afterwards in Toronto at the end of her great lecture, 'Building the Walls of Jerusalem'," she says. "As my name was mentioned to her she put her motherly arms about me and said, 'Thank you, my dear young friend, for what you have done for the boys in my town.' I visited her afterwards in her hour of deep bodily suffering and always felt honored in having known this courageous pioneer in the great cause of Canadian Prohibition."

Toronto, Lisgar Street, followed Picton. The prejudice against the Army in the West-end was such that no one would sell land on which to erect a building for the purposes of the work. One of the friends purchased the lot and such was the objection that twice a fire laid by incendiary hands was discovered under the building. Into this atmosphere Capt. Goodall was plunged.

Fortunately, she had a band of godly, consecrated people and through her interest in the children she won the whole west end of that time to sympathy for and interest in her efforts. The night she bade good-bye to her faithful comrades, she had a most thrilling experience. In telling of it she says:

"I was just leaving the hall feeling as one must, much regret at the sundering of such sacred ties as bind a spiritual leader to the people. An elderly gentleman in clerical attire came forward out of the shadow of the doorway and said: 'Are you Capt. Goodall?'

I answered in the affirmative, and to my dismay he burst into tears and exclaimed, 'My God!' I was much distressed. However, in a few moments he became calm and said: 'I have come a long way to see you to give you a message from my boy Jack. I am Rev. G——. My son died a few days ago, but before he passed away he said to his mother and me, 'I am all right, Dad and Mother. I was going the wrong way, but I went into a place in Toronto, a Salvation Army place—and the message of the young lady who preached there just met my need. I made up my mind to be a Christian and I have been one ever since! I am dying! That young girl does not know that her words helped me to a decision. Dad, there is one thing I would like you to do and that is find Capt. Goodall and tell her this.'

" 'And,' continued the poor gentleman, wiping away the tears, 'My wife urged me to come and I nearly missed you after all. My wife would like to see the one who saved her boy. Will you come to see us some time?'

"I can assure you I was deeply touched by the story and some years after I paid a visit to the home of this clergyman and his wife and received a mother's happy thanks."

Back to the home of some of her childhood years was the next official appointment. Orillia! What mingled feelings filled her heart. The familiar names and buildings. Even among her Army soldiers there were old school fellows. Her former Sunday School teacher, Mrs. Goffatt, rejoiced in her work. "Many

of the older residents remembered my parents," she says, "and, no doubt, all this helped me greatly, for I had a marvellous winter.

"An old friend of my childhood attended the meetings occasionally, Mr. W. S. Frost, who, with his dear wife, sent recently two splendid sons to the Empire's saving. Mr. and Mrs. Secord also were good friends.

"Hattie Scott was my helper here and afterwards in Bracebridge.

"A cloud hung over my life that summer in Bracebridge," says Captain Blanche, "and in the still quietude of the evening I often went out for a little while and stood watching the dark waters surging, and dashing, over the rocky falls beneath. The subdued twilight gently scattering its shadows over the river as the curtains of night dropped before the sinking sun soothed my heart.

"My perplexed mind found sweet communion with the spirit of the fading day. I seemed to come very near the heart of nature and of nature's God, and I always turned away strengthened, and with a new message of sympathy, love and courage for the people who awaited my coming.

"Sometimes there was no moment to spare from the busy day's duties, and not until the last song of praise had been hushed and the band of brave soldiers dismissed could I find opportunity for a silent time of meditation at my favorite 'Bethel.' It was close to my little home, and I often paused in the darkness of the summer's night to listen to the splash of the logs as they dashed down the 'shoot' beside the foaming, noisy waterfall.

"These hours were a great comfort to me! My whole day was given up to listening to the troubles of others and the endeavour to lighten burdened hearts. I was very fond of this picturesque Northern town; I loved its winding river, which travelled away out into Lake Joseph, with its scores of pretty islands. I enjoyed going out into the 'bush' to visit my scattered flock, though I did have to travel miles over the rough corduroy roads and through many a swampy marsh. The dear people were so appreciative of my visits, and my interest in their physical, material and spiritual welfare. Perhaps, however, the nightly meetings furnished the most unique experiences, especially when the 'river drivers' came into town with their 'booms' from the Upper River. My little Lieutenant enjoyed a good laugh and always saw the humorous side of a situation, and when these roughly-dressed fellows sat on the backless seats ('humped over,' as she called it), she found it hard to be serious. They certainly were striking personalities. They came minus coat and vest, and often without a collar, and sat with their tiny cloth caps pulled over one knee and their elbows resting on both knees, their chins supported in their hard, workworn hands."

Eight months at Orangeville followed. The Hall was far from town and the interest was at a low ebb. The long cold winter tried her much. But she visited the County House, the sick, the poor. And many friends among the well-to-do, admiring her self-denying efforts, rallied to her and invited her to the hospitality of their homes. The work prospered and she

gathered quite a large following to her flag. It was while in Orangeville that an incident, which was to lead to a complete change in our Captain's life, occurred! That, however, is "another story."

One feature of this pioneer work of the Army, which Capt. Blanche always valued, was what was termed "giving a testimony."

Many a weak, trembling convert has been strengthened in his or her purpose, she tells us, by thus committing himself to his new life, and many a poor inebriate has in this way separated himself from his old companions by his confession of a determination to give up the drink.

"I have, especially in the West, known the boon chums come forward and say, 'That's right, old chap. You stick to it. We'll stand by ye.'

"Sometimes," laughingly, as memories flooded in, "some very amusing things happened in this connection. For instance, an Irishman in one of my services was trying to tell his story. He was known formerly as the 'hardest case' and 'laziest man in town.'

" 'Well, friends, ye all knows me, and ye all knows I'm a changed man. Ye know what I were. I was a lazy, good-for-nothing scamp. Why, I had not a pair of pants to me back when this 'ere Army came to town.'

"The people were laughing heartily. Pat did not see that he had become rather mixed, but with true Irish wit he seized the privilege granted the sons of the Emerald Isle, viz., speaking twice, and tried again, but with little better success, for the people simply broke into roars of laughter when he announced:

" 'Ye may laugh now, but ye'll laugh the ither side of your mouth soon, for ye'll soon be after hearin' the dust rattle on yur awn coffins, that ye will.'

"About this time I had had a peculiar experience which made a deep impression upon me. I had always had 'a vision' that some day I should go to India.

"One still summer's night, a beautiful girl knelt by my side in one of the bedrooms of a home whose hospitality we both shared as guests. She was a high-caste Hindoo lady, won to Christ by the Army's Mission work in India. She was travelling in Canada on behalf of the work.

"All night her dusky face was raised to mine, as with tears streaming down her dark cheeks she pleaded with me to return to India to minister to her sister Zenana women.

" 'Oh!' she urged, 'my poor sisters in India! Oh, will you not come with the message of love and the story of your Jesus to my poor Zenana women?'

"For hours the touching Macedonian cry rang in my ears, and when at last—just as the silver streaks of dawn cast their pale shimmer across the curtained window of our room—the earnest pleader was persuaded to retire to rest, it was with the assurance that her plea should be made a matter of special thought and prayer. My spirit was deeply moved; all the hardships and sufferings of India's multitude of child-wives, and her desolate widows enduring a bondage which is worse than death, had been so vividly portrayed to me by the sweet Hindoo visitor, that I longed to give my life to, if possible, in some little measure ameliorate their con-

dition, and take at least a message of Divine love to their lonely hearts. But God had marked out another path, and the doctors considered my health not equal to this great task.

"It was but a very short time afterwards I was asked to take a position of responsibility in the Rescue work, and then I knew the meaning of the new impulse which had stirred my heart so strongly. The work to which I was appointed brought me in direct contact with women whose moral condition was just as pitiful as is the condition of India's dark millions, and whose need for the ministration of loving Christian womanhood as great as India's need for the emancipation of her Zenana women."

## CHAPTER V

### UPLIFTING THE UNFORTUNATE

In the still air, the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble, beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch—the Sculptor's chisel keen.

Dear Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us, die.
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let
Hidden and lost
Thy form within us lie.—*Horatius Bonar.*

THE strenuous, devoted service, the cold winter winds, the exposure necessitated by her work had tried our Captain greatly. The "only six weeks" promised by her friends before leaving home had stretched into three years. She was not strong; often was weary almost to fainting. But she had an unyielding spirit, so her friends tell us. Her indomitable purpose, together with her great love for the work, kept her going forward. But the overstrain had left her with a very serious and painful throat difficulty, which affected her voice. A visit to an eminent throat specialist filled her with dismay.

"Absolute rest, no speaking in public, very little exercise by the voice," such was his pronouncement; together with a course of very trying treatments.

"That was a crushing blow," she says. "Sometimes I disobeyed—always suffering dire consequences in pain in my throat and a lecture from my Professor when I went to him for my tri-weekly treatment.

"By this time I had quite overcome my nervousness and fear of speaking. I had lived in the public; on the platform every night with four services on the Sabbath. It was all like the breath of life to me in those days.

"I had a wonderful memory, could study my address and carry the chief ideas or points in my mind and with the aid of the Spirit, of Whom the promise was, 'I will bring all things to your remembrance.' I could give my sermon or address without the aid of a note. I only began to use notes later, when I gave lectures upon the Social Work and wished to be exact regarding the statistics.

"Fortunately my parents had returned to Toronto before this time. My father was engaged as General Superintendent and head of the construction work in the City Parks Department, a position he held for nearly thirty years, making and beautifying nearly all the parks in the Queen City. So I was at home during the seven months I was undergoing this course of medical attention to my throat.

"At this time the Staff-Captain from England, a young woman, who came to open the work for girls who had been unfortunate, frequently met me and urged me to join her in the work. I was filled with admiration for her, and for the sacrifices she was making, but I shrank from the connection, the environment, and I did not consent. My parents also objected very strongly. On my recovery I returned to the field work, but in rather more than a year had to again rest, on a renewal of the throat affection.

"The inception of the Canadian Rescue work was

surrounded by difficulties. There was much prejudice against the class who were to be benefitted. All the workers were inexperienced.

"A woman named Rebecca Jarrat, who had been engaged in this nefarious traffic in England, professed reformation and offered to assist the Army in its new work. Every movement was an experiment. And this person was welcomed as a probable strong ally in the new work of redemption. The Staff Captain, who was sent from England to open the work in Toronto, was accompanied by this woman who had made such high profession of abandonment of her old life. It was thought she would give valuable information as to the mode of reaching and saving the courtesan classes. The Officer with whom she came was a beautiful consecrated young lady, whose instinct soon made her doubtful of the sincerity of Rebecca Jarrat. She faced her courageously one day with the accusation that she was false and wicked, and using the opportunity afforded by the trust reposed in her by the Army Leaders to secure the girls of the *demi Monde* classes for transportation to other countries.

" 'Come into my office,' said Miss Jones. 'Let us have a little prayer.' And she poured out earnest petition, 'Oh, Lord, if this woman is untrue show me. Do not permit her to lead others astray! If she is false, reveal it to me.'

"The woman was so terrified by the prayer and faith of Miss Jones that she confessed her wicked deception. This was a terrible shock to all interested and she was summarily dealt with and banished from Canada. The

story of her exposé has never been made public until the present moment.*

"Everything was difficult and beset with discouragements. The pioneer officer was so depressed with the whole trying situation, that, though extremely clever and brilliant, her heart was broken and her reason became temporarily unbalanced, and she had to return to her English home. However, through the perplexities, victory came and the work was soon established by the splendid capable officer, Mrs. Glover, now in New Zealand.

"When I returned to Toronto the second time to rest, and my public work seemed finished, I began a course of study to fit me for some secretarial position. A second Home had been opened; this time for inebriate women. I was asked by Commissioner Coombs to take charge of the work temporarily. I shrank from it unspeakably, but I felt I could not refuse."

*NOTE.—She afterwards, under the loving patience of the English workers, became a really good woman.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE DRUNKARD'S HOME

THUS we see Captain Blanche accepting work she personally loathed, and bravely taking up the burden of other people's broken lives. There was no time to think of failure or success. Picking up those whose loneliness drove them to evil companionship—to whom the downward path seems easy—the sad ending all too sure. Thrown on the streets, no home, no friends, starving, alone—what was there but drink? Then the police. Oh! Thank God for it, a woman's outstretched hand, and the lost one is fed, cleansed, comforted, cared for—this was the work of the Drunkard's Home. There was an article in one of the current papers that so graphically describes the work, we reproduce it:—

"Where do you think I have been for three mortal hours?"

"You glance over my shoulder, catch sight of my heading and look very grave, even a trifle disgusted, as you say, 'In the name of reason, don't commence that kind of thing; a woman never can without becoming a fanatic.'

"Just now I am not in a mood for arguing the point; but if you will sit down and try not to look as though I had been calling on the Evil One, I'll tell you all about my morning. If you insist upon standing there, with that high and mighty air of disapproval, you shall hear not one word.

"There! That's more sociable and better every way, isn't it?

"First of all, you must know, that this Receiving Home is only for women—poor wretched, drunken women, who otherwise would be in the prisons, or worse, on the streets.

"As I read, on my letter of introduction, 'To Captain B. J. Goodall,' I meditated a little fearfully as to the kind of man I must meet, the style of man likely to be at the head of such a place, fit to deal with the violence and wickedness of all who find their way to those three little white-washed cottages.

"When I at last found the aristocratic avenue, called Yonge Street Lane, which leads up to the doorway, there stood in the tiny sitting-room a young, grave-eyed, low-voiced woman, robed in a dark-blue dress. To her I handed my letter, asking if she would have it delivered to Captain B. J. Goodall.

" 'I am the Captain,' she replied, ignoring my surprise, and offering me her hand with a quiet, womanly cordiality that gave the *coup de grace* to my old idea of what a Salvation Army girl must be.

"Can you picture the sights she has seen? The bleary eyes, the bleeding hands and faces, gaping wounds, frothing mouths? Such sounds as she has heard, day after day? Oaths, pitiful, heart-rending stories, cries for help—all the horrible, sickening details of each broken life she tries to heal? No wonder you shudder. Shall I tell you how I was reproved for asking if the life were not repulsive, if the very consciousness of all these things were not loathsome? I

wish you might have heard this girl's answer: 'God knows it all and is not defiled.'

" 'But a woman!' you remonstrate. Aye, a woman! Oh, the pity of it; the horror of it! It is from women, through women, of women, that she must know such things! Who, then, but a woman to help, to encourage, to reclaim?

"I have no more idea of the interior of the Toronto Police Court than of the nether world, but I try to imagine the corner of it reserved for the representative of this Home; try to imagine the joy that flashes into the patient, hoping heart waiting there when Col. Denison hands over some poor unfortunate to her, rather than to prison; try to think what it must be to enter a place filled with kindliness and love after a life that has known only curses and ill-usage.

" 'What can they do with them when they get them there?' you ask.

"Oh, the very wisest thing in the world—put them to work! Their reception-room is generally the bath-room, and you would begin to realize the violence of some of the new-comers, if you should see how absolutely barren of any 'movable' is this apartment. The old clothes, with their memories and evidences of the old life, burned, the woman cleanly in person and surroundings, is the first great step. The next, to teach her the love of God and keep her busy, busy, busy. Definite work in definite time, not constant drudgery. The rules are so few you would remember them in a reading:—

" 'Rise at six, prayers at seven, breakfast at half-

past seven; from eight to twelve, household duties; after dinner, mending and sewing; tea at five; prayers at a quarter-past seven; rest until nine, then retire. They are not permitted to go out without one of the "Home Officers" lest there should be a chance meeting with an old companion.'

"The causes leading these poor creatures to drink are, in many cases, too hideous to tell. Alas! Not too hideous to be.

"It would make your heart ache to hear them tell of Lizzie, poor struggling, failing Lizzie, whose parents bequeathed her that terrible legacy, the unconquerable craving for liquor. When she is sober, she is all kindness, and generosity and self-sacrifice. Once away, once under the spell of her curse, she becomes a very fiend, ready to assault anyone, with cause or without. Governor Green knows her as 'the worst woman in Toronto,' who has been committed to gaol one hundred times and who has spent twenty out of her fifty years within prison walls! At the Receiving Home she is known as only one of the many heart-broken, wretched women, fighting and failing; yes, fighting again and again—bravely too—the old unequal battle with herself.

"Think of a little nine months old baby fed with whiskey until she is frantic at the smell of it! What can you expect? What in childhood? What in girlhood? What in womanhood? Will you blame her? As well blame a little cripple for not developing into a strong, straight man! Who is to blame, think you? You and I. Not a very comfortable fact to face? You

and I, who, seeing such children, having it in our power to help in some way, are content to feel much shocked and to say, 'How horrible.'

"But you must have a glimpse at the silver lining to all the gloom—of the mothers restored to their children, of wives reunited to their husbands, of homes saved, hearts saved, souls saved, through the efforts of this modest, hard-working, little institution."

Blanche, Brigade Captain now, and her assistant, Miss Kinton, were the first to go to the Court Street Station and bring back those who were given the choice by the magistrate of either going to the Drunkard's Home or to prison.

No wonder she is an ardent prohibitionist. Out of all this horror and tragedy—children left homeless because the parents "drank the homes," misery, cold, hunger, neglect—no fire, food or love—this was the lot of little children the Army nourished and cherished. These were the days before a "Women's Court" was thought of; women were a laughing stock for men before the Government undertook the protection of homeless and neglected childhood, through the Agency of the Children's Aid; before the time of any serious restriction of the liquor traffic.

"Sorrowful, sorrowful work is this life in the Drunkard's Home," wrote one of the officers. "Is it any wonder that our hearts turn sick within us, as we lose the consciousness of our existence, while in the little sitting room, we watch by the hour some wretched victim of the curse, in the agonized struggle with that terrible craving, with the great beads of sweat starting out

on their foreheads, as we pray, striving to exorcise the demon; to infuse a little of the hope and faith God gives us into the nerveless souls, and to bring them in touch with God's strength?

"Little contradiction or doubt is there in their minds as to an afterworld of punishment. 'Hell!' they say. 'You need not tell us about hell; we know more about it than you do. Are we not there already—hell on earth?' And, as sometimes happen, we see them walk off arm in arm with the devil; knowingly, helpless, powerless to resist."

"'If I knew that I should be struck dead while I drank it and the craving came upon me for the whiskey, I should take it, Captain,' said a poor creature to me one day.

"'I should simply be helpless if the glass stood there,' pointing to the table.

"Another victim was the daughter of a Scottish Earl —cultured, beautiful, but disgraced and disowned because of her dipsomaniac habit.

"One lady I was very fond of, but a hopeless case," continued Blanche sadly, "was a teacher. She had lost every position through drink. She came to us hopeless, helpless. I felt a deep personal interest in her—took her out for little walks with me. I was really afraid to allow her to go out alone. One day she made every excuse to get away from me. She wanted to meet a friend; she wanted to go to the Walker House. 'Oh, yes,' I agreed, 'I will be pleased to go with you.'

"In the Walker House reception room she thought she would like to go up to her friend's room rather

than call her downstairs! Would I mind just waiting a moment or two! I was inexperienced then as to the depths of deception the appetite for drink could bring its victim, and so I innocently consented. I waited ten minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour.

"Then I began to grow suspicious. I made enquiries. She had ascended in the elevator; she never came down! The bell boys said the lady disappeared down a hall and a stairway in the rear. She had vanished completely! I never saw her again! I felt very badly, for I knew it was the fearful craving for whiskey that caused her action. She wrote me afterwards saying she was ashamed. But so far as our efforts were concerned, so far as we knew, she was a failure. Some years afterwards I saw an account of her committing suicide by drowning in a pond outside Toronto."

The Army ruled by the law of love, and persuasion, they dieted and prayed. And controlled by the power of personal influence.

There were two in delirium tremens in one night, who had just been brought in from the streets and slums.

An incident in connection shows that though soaked in tragedy, the comedy fortunately sometimes came uppermost. People without a sense of humor are deeply to be commiserated, but never more so than in work like this. We shall name the *delirium tremens* ladies Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Jones.

After the officers had searched their patients for the bottles concealed in large pockets, hung from strings around the waist and inside the blouses, they had the women washed, as well as possible under the circum-

stances, and got to bed. It was one thing to get them there; quite another to keep them there!

The Brigade Captain, having been cheated in her "find" of a pocket (their quickness in concealing being amazing), suddenly discovered that Mrs. Jones had a "bottle" under her pillow. Removing this caused considerable commotion with Mrs. Jones, and it is no easy matter to battle with *delirium tremens* in the person of a large, tall, boney Scotchwoman. The row was proceeding on her part in full force, and the persuasive tones of the Captain almost drowned, when Mrs. Fitzpatrick piped up from the next room: "Pwhat are ye doin' to the lady ossefer, ye ould villain." (She probably having her own supply hidden in a boot!) "If ye don't hould ye'er tung this minnit I'll shtick your head through the windy," and (with a great smack of satisfaction) "Fitz will mend the pane." The "head" in *intention* anyway, still "shuck" (stuck) outside.

The officers were absolutely safe no matter what they had to deal with, for the whole household would fly to their assistance, but goodness help them if a policeman had been summoned. He would have been helpless and hopeless.

During the year that Blanche was in charge of the Drunkard's Home—just a young girl under twenty-five years—she chose, as one of her personal efforts, to visit the old General Hospital, giving her special attention to the woman's "lock-up" (segregated) ward.

No other women in the city visited there; but the daughter of a well-known citizen sent flowers every week.

If the Brigade Captain was able to conquer her heart-break and nausea pretty well, she went twice a week.

There was one case of such pitiful sadness that it left an indelible impression. A beautiful girl of *sixteen* was dying in agony from the taint of a betrayer, the victim of one lower than a beast. She received a message from this monster saying, "When you are better I am ready for you." "Ready!!!"

She died that day half an hour after the Captain's visit. Blanche felt that she had not given her real name, and she had pleaded with her to tell her so that her mother could be written to and notified of her death, but the child (she was no more than that) was adamant on this point. She said that as Blanche had taught her she learned that God had forgiven her sin.

"In a darkened corner of that ward was another form, with face bruised and head battered. I had asked if I could do anything for anyone there," she says. "A voice replied, 'Oh! Thin, Miss, would you do wan thing and that is will you go to 103 W. Street and find out if me man is tuk by the perlice?'

"It meant a long walk for me to find out if the 'man,' who had kicked and cuffed her in a most 'loving, honoring and cherishing' manner, could be located, the wife was still anxious as to his whereabouts. I undertook the errand, knowing little of where it was leading me. I found 103 W—— St. and the woman who opened the door told me that 'me man was tuk,' and a good job too. Seeing the Army uniform, she asked me if I could do anything for Mrs. Brown, who was

'out in the shed' and she was sure would freeze to death. 'Billy, go and show the lady.' Led by little six-year-old Billy out through a dirty, untidy kitchen, I found the shed, and there, stretched on the floor on a piece of old canvas, was what appeared to be a woman, though it was hard to believe it. Filthy clothes, touselled hair, and the bonnet, which showed it had seen better days, lying on one side, Mrs. Brown was no pleasant sight.

"Stooping down, I called upon the poor creature to rise from her degrading position. The woman awakened from her drunken sleep. Looking round then, she sat up. 'Come with me, Mrs. Brown,' was my next remark, and I blessed the day that it was possible to speak such words, and that there was really a place to 'come' to. Passing back through the kitchen, when Mrs. Brown was sufficiently steadied to walk slightly straight, I found there was an old woman sitting with only an old coarse brown piece of canvas stuff over her, shivering, weary, hopeless, waiting for the return of her boy, who was in gaol. I prayed with her, and tried to comfort her, and the women of the house remarked, 'It's a long time since you heard a prayer like that, Grannie.' This in the 'City of Churches'—the 'Queen City.'

"With much steadying and guiding we started for the Home. When the poor creature had been attended to by the dear old 'Mothers,' 'Saint Mackenzie' and 'Mother Sunshine,' assistants in the Home—clean, comfortable, fed—she explained to the Captain that she knew 'the Lord Himself sent her,' and asked often how it was that she 'had ever found her.' She was in the

Home four months. The Officers had, in the meantime, traced the husband and family, who had been quite estranged, and her gratitude, when restored to them, was beautiful to see."

But love and gratitude were ever present. When the Brigade Captain stepped into the kitchen with her shoes in her hand, three or four inmates would rush forward to offer to clean them, and there was rivalry over who would have the honor of making her a cup of tea. They knew she worked to serve them.

## CHAPTER VII

### WHEN LOVE CAME

"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."

THERE must have been many admirers of this bright young lady, whose life was lived in the glare of publicity, going about on her mission of kindness. Blanche is discreetly silent about all this, but admits that at Orangeville and Bracebridge she was "feeling badly" over a little love affair.

There had been a gentleman whose friendship she valued highly in a recent "station." This particular gentleman had not been satisfied with a friendship; had desired a closer tie; even offering to come into the Salvation Army work if Capt. Blanche would share his life. There had been a painful parting scene.

"Of course I felt hurt," she says, as any true girl would who had inadvertently won the love of a good man and was unable to reciprocate it.

"I was in love with my work and my people, and did not think much of anything else.

"Oh, yes, I suppose in a vague sort of way I thought I might get married some time, but I was young, and while in some ways a Leader's life is a lonely and isolated one, yet I had no wish with regard to marriage."

The fact that young Mr. John Read had arrived from England in Montreal, and answered the call of the Army, had a great deal to do with the future career of Blanche. Mr. Read had been a teacher for five years, and came out to Canada to continue his studies and prepare for the ministry. He had always been interested in the Salvation Army, and finally the lure was too great and he chose this as his life-work. He came to Headquarters in Toronto, and used to go out to the various stations through the province for the Sunday Services. The fateful week-end came when he was to go to Orangeville, and there he first met Blanche, who was the Captain in charge at that time. He always said it was "love at first sight with him," and she remarked that she thought he was a "very clever cadet."

During the seven months in Toronto, under the care of a specialist for her throat, of course our Captain occasionally met Capt. Read, who was now Editor of the Dominion Official Organ.

But it was after she went to Windsor she saw him more frequently. Commissioner Coombs had promoted him to an Adjutancy and given him a Division; that is a number of towns and villages to oversee. He was domiciled in Chatham. The work in Windsor was of a peculiarly trying nature, as two young men officers had "deserted" their post.

Commissioner Coombs had expressed much confidence in Capt. Goodall and sent her into the difficult place. A seceder's Army was flourishing, and when the Captain had gathered around her little company, a large crowd of listeners, the band of the other Army

would play right past her meeting by the river and carry off her crowd. It meant beginning all over again. This she would do and with good success. Her constant visiting of the people won them to her cause. Too, as in Orillia, she made a specialty of Sunday afternoon services, always giving an address upon some Bible character. And her Friday night meetings attracted large crowds to hear the teaching of the higher spiritual life. When she left, a large corps of soldiers were enlisted under the tri-color.

Of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, Mrs. Read Johnston says:—

"There are few people, if any, to whom Canada owes a greater debt of gratitude, for helping to lay strong moral and spiritual foundations in her civilization than to Commissioner T. B. and Mrs. Coombs. They opened the work of the Salvation Army in Canada. They overcame the prejudice, opprobrium, misunderstanding and opposition of those early days. They led the great struggle for equality for men and women in Christian and general service and on the platform. They obtained the freedom of the streets for religious services and processions. They organized the youth of the land into a conquering Christian army. They stood fearlessly in the storm, when the Army was maligned and designated a 'corybantic religion,' 'a rope of sand,' 'Mere boys and girls,' and other disrespectful appellations.

"They influenced my own early youth, Commissioner Coombs having the vision of service for me and asking me to become an officer.

"For their example and devotion, statesmanship, consecration and courage, I lay this simple tribute at their feet."

. . . . . .

Adjutant Read occasionally conducted special services at Windsor and their friendship deepened. Miss Mary Clark was her assistant: A striking incident occurred in Windsor. Captain Goodall was speaking on the Sunday afternoon to a crowded hall upon some Bible topic.

"Suddenly," she says, "out of one of the rear seats rose a disreputable looking man and strode up the centre aisle. In his hand he flourished a formidable weapon—a huge dirk. The people sat as if frozen! No one moved. There was not a sound. It certainly looked as if he had malignant intent towards me as he came straight toward where I stood. Remembering that a Leader must show no fear, I stood absolutely still—waiting. It really was only a few moments—though it seemed ages! What relief there was when, instead of attacking me to injure me, he flung the ugly weapon at my feet and bursting into tears, dropped upon his knees. His reformation—for he had been quite as great a sinner as he looked—was very remarkable and real.

"Many dramatic happenings occurred in Windsor! Perhaps because we were so near the great city of Detroit. I always enjoyed the great electric display from the high 'Towers of Detroit.'

"Sunday afternoon seemed to be the special time for sensations. During another afternoon service, I noticed a minister at the door beckoning me frantically.

I left the platform and went to speak to him—I was accustomed to all kinds of sudden calls.

" 'Come with me, Captain, at once,' he exclaimed.

" 'But I cannot leave the meeting.'

" 'Oh, yes, you must come. It is life and death. Come, I will tell you as we go.'

"I was acquainted with the clergyman, so sent a message to the platform to proceed with the service without me.

" 'It is Kate——, you know,' he said. 'She has tried to commit suicide and has sent for you.

" 'She is in Harper's Hospital,' he continued.

"I had never travelled on car or boat on Sunday, but there was no other way, so we crossed in the ferry and proceeded out Woodward Ave. to Harper's. I had not been willing to enter this rescue work in Toronto, but it seemed to follow me. I had befriended this girl, but she was wild and reckless and had been wilful and drifted again into evil company. In a fit of desperation through drink and disappointment she had attempted her own life. There we found her, blue and bruised and livid from the effects of the shot she had fired with her own hands. That visit was followed by many others in futile efforts to save Katie.

"A term in Essex followed. Here I had a splendid band of people. A prosperous time attended our efforts until the typhoid epidemic broke out. I visited much in the town and became weak in health in consequence. In the Spring I reluctantly had to give up. Prior to this there had been a great Temperance campaign. The whole Christian community had joined hands. I

conducted services in the churches; the ministers came to us.

"But in spite of all the Act—Dunkin, I think—was repealed.

"Then, of course, followed the year in the Drunkard's Home. Mrs. Coombs was the beloved leader of our work.

"Through that year of tragedy there was the golden thread of sentiment. Mr. Read, now a Staff-Captain, was again editor of the Army's weekly paper, and a visitor welcomed by all; when for a few moments he would run into the Home, which was adjacent to the Headquarters. From two or three typical letters, an idea may be formed as to the way he looked upon our union and the future. I was leading some special meetings on behalf of the Rescue Work in Windsor and Essex in April, and in writing to me he said:

" 'I am so much rejoiced at the great success of your meetings at Windsor. Oh, I do want to be more than ever useful in God's service, and I am sure 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.'

"When we were married—even earlier in our history than that, when we became engaged—three words, 'The Kingdom First,' 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. 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, Toronto, under the folds of the flag of yellow, red and blue."

Mrs. Read's ideas of marriage were rather advanced for her age and the time.

"Yes, the old idea of man's mastery was repugnant to me," she says.

"I felt, as one writer has so well expressed it, 'that man does not thrive in being master, for the chain that holds the one is fastened to the wrist of the other.' Mastery belongs to the age of the cave man. No woman naturally wants to feel she is owned—like a slave; possessed.

"I always felt the wife should be her husband's sweetest friend; his comrade; that there should be, if possible, equality upon an intellectual plane. If marriage was to be in any measure a success or happiness I could see there must be some unity of thought and ideals. To be enduring, true love must have a higher plane than mere physical attraction.

"If I loved a man it must be because, in some measure, at least, he cared for the things I cared for; shared some of the same purposes and ambitions which actuated me."

Mr. Read shared these views. They were continual comrades in the highest sense. They shared each other's responsibilities and opportunities.

"Ask Mrs. Read to speak instead of me," he often requested when he was invited to address a public gathering.

"One reason I like Major Read so much," said a leading Toronto lady to Mrs. Read on one occasion, "is that I really believe he would rather hear you speak on the platform than to himself speak."

"Oh, yes," answered his wife, "I am sure he would. He often insists upon me doing so when there is only time for one to address a service."

"That is so unusual you know," sighed the lady, whose husband was a public man. "Most of them prefer to hear their own voices, rather than the voices of their wives'."

Major and Mrs. Read felt that the home was the real centre of their life, not the whole circle; the boundary, that it was not only a woman's kingdom; but man's.

"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 husband wept bitterly in his disappointment, for he passionately loved children."

It was a trouble when the Reads had to part with their first-born—a son—a beautiful boy, for whom she and her mother had worked on all the dear little gar-

ments, and made all the mother plans and home pictures. It was a terrible grief, too deep to be spoken of, but never forgotten. Every boy, of the age he would have been—as the years passed—has touched her memory, and still a pang is there for the "what might have been." She never had another son.

"Major Read was always a believer in the Divine call of womanhood," says Mrs. Read, "to share in the building up of the walls of the Spiritual Jerusalem. He was sure that she had a mission to fulfill and was always delighted to see her 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."

A year and a half after Mrs. Read's marriage there was a change of administration; Commissioner Rees became the head of the Army in Canada. The wife of the previous Commissioner, Mrs. Adams, had been the head of the Women's and Children's Social Department. It was Commissioner Rees who appointed Mrs. Read Dominion Superintendent of this work.

Mr. Read thus wrote in his diary of one of her early campaigns in the interest of the new work in 1891:

"Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1892—Up bright and early. Dear Blanche went off on her tour starting at Parkdale Station. I went with her to the depot to see her off, praying that the dear Lord will give her a wonderful time all round."

The next day he wrote:

"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. . . . I have received a letter from Capt. Jones, of Owen Sound, saying that he wants a list of the meetings so I will make one out and send it to you for correction, and then you can send it to him. . . . Cadet House (Mrs. Read's 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 Work Book yet, but may have some before night. Rest assured, you shall get a first copy."

There were very few Homes and her work was largely creating interest and raising money. Too, in trying to perfect and improve the small Homes that were first inaugurated.

"The Owen Sound meetings were a success in every way. As a result of the enthusiasm created in my social gathering Sunday afternoon, I was invited to stay for a week and speak every day in a different Church or Hall. Here I first met the Rev. Mr. Turk, being invited to give an address in the First Methodist Church of which he was pastor."

The year was spent trying to build up the work in the Homes in London, Montreal and Ottawa. The

Officers were inexperienced and Mrs. Read spent much time in endeavoring to develop them and train them in the work, also in travelling and explaining the work which was still very little understood. There was much prejudice against the delinquent ones, especially women. A young girl who stepped aside—often through no fault of her own—was simply ostracised. There was no "big sister" movement. Mrs. Read and her officers walked rather a solitary path in the efforts to "rescue the perishing." Mrs. Read visited Montreal and London several times and interviewed the workers and conducted spiritual meetings with them, as well as the public gatherings.

. . . . . .

"I was always interested in literary and editorial work, so when I married an editor I made up my mind to study all the technicalities of the profession. I worked for several hours each day in the office as Associate Editor, going home at four o'clock to prepare the evening dinner—carrying proofs and manuscripts often with me to attend to in the rare, 'home' evenings. In the office I wrote articles, stories, reports and 'notes.'

"Too," she explains, "I read, sorted 'copy,' punctuated, sub-headed and generally prepared manuscripts for the printer, and read 'galleys,' 'revises'; making up page proofs, thinking out designs for artists to sketch for illustration purposes; always regretting that I had not the skill and training to work out on paper my own artistic suggestions and ideas.

"Then, I always liked to know how things were made, so it was a delight to go into the printing rooms

and learn all about forms, cases, making up, leading, locking up—everything, even to the 'point' of the type, which, in the days before linotypes were in such general use, the unfortunate little 'devil' was very likely to 'pi' at the busiest and most inconvenient moment. To see the great finished sheets tossing off the 'fly' was a great satisfaction to me. All this practical experience has been very useful to me in my work in the years that have followed.

"I always believed a wife should be at home and have the meals ready if she had no one to do this for her, so in the mornings before I was able to keep a home helper I left preparation under way for dinner. I went away about nine o'clock. We lunched in the city, then at about four-thirty I went home. When at home—for the evenings were given up largely to meetings—we often had a friend or two to share our dinner, or we spent our evenings over proofs, finishing up with a little music.

"In addition to the literary work and week-end campaigns I went out into St. John's Ward (where Toronto City Hall and Armouries now stand) on two afternoons a week. I visited the slum homes, and gathered a company of waifs for a class. It was all right so long as I had not too large a number to fasten my eyes upon. They were wild little harum scarums, and the minute I was not looking upon everyone, they were going into all kinds of tricks and mischief."

In connection with the initial work in Ottawa, on the occasion of Mrs. Read's first visit, rather an amusing incident occurred. One of the leading Society

ladies had arranged a drawing room meeting and invited one hundred of the most influential women of the city.

As Mrs. Read entered the room, the audience burst into a buzz of comments, and she felt many inquisitive glances directed towards her. She instinctivcly divined the purport of their remarks. She sent for a young girl that she knew at the back of the room to enquire if she was correct in her surmises. The girl answered, "They are all saying you are too young to know anything about the work." When she rose to speak she commenced by saying, "Ladies; I am aware that you are much amused at my youthful audacity in venturing to speak to you on such grave subjects, but before I have finished, I think you will see I have had practical experience."

She further assured them that her husband was well cared for, and even had five pairs of socks lying at home in perfect order. This must have been a surprise, as many would not think, in those days, that a woman who could open Rescue Homes and preach, could also knit and mend socks, and leave her home in perfect order.

Mrs. Asa Gordon, who presided, told a pathetic little story of a visit to the Home. She described how spotlessly clean the place was, but for lack of funds to buy cots or cribs, the officers had fitted up little baskets in which the babies were lying.

Her audience promptly promised to remedy this, and other needs in the Home.

The following day three little children were brought to the Home, the father having deserted them through

drink, the mother being dead, they were in such a pitiful condition that the officers had to carry out their little garments in the tongs, to an improvised crematory; the poor little bodies were immersed—to their owners' amazement—in a warm bath. They were given sufficient nourishing food, and were allowed to sink into undisturbed sleep in a clean bed.

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 Toronto. The Commissioner 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."

"Many touching stories I might tell of those 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. Drunkenness had led him to break his country's laws, and, had landed him 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 aid 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 Editorial staff prayed for him. 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. My husband passed the gift on to me and for many years I wore it, and was always reminded of the great trophy of grace won for the Master.

"We had many cares and anxieties in our work in those pioneer, stressful days. But there was a comradeship among us at the Headquarters which made life very pleasant in spite of difficulties, worries, and hard-toil. But into all the happiness of literary effort and Rescue work came a great surprise."

## CHAPTER VIII

### A MISSION TO NEWFOUNDLAND

"THE next step," says Mrs. Read reminiscently, "was in the nature of missionary work.

"'I want you to take charge of Newfoundland. Mrs. Read will have an opportunity of doing some Rescue Work there also,' Mr. Booth, the Commissioner, added. He thought, and correctly too, that this would add to the attraction of the new command.

"'Can you go at once? When can you be ready?'

"At that time Newfoundland was not as easy of access as now and we arrived in Sydney, C.B., after travelling day and night to find our steamer had left an hour-and-a-half before. There was nothing to do but wait patiently for a 'tramp' steamer to convey us to our destination. I was the only woman on board; the Captain gave me his cabin. After watching two weeks at Sydney for this chance we sailed from Cow Bay to Newfoundland.

"As we stepped upon the steamer's deck in St. John's harbor and waited for the quarantine doctor to come aboard, the strokes of many hammers reverberated among the rocks, causing them to ring with a sound of unusual industry. Phoenix-like, St. Johns was rising from its ashes.

"The Newfoundlanders are a rugged, healthy, robust people, engaged in open-air pursuits, fishing, sealing. They brave the dangers of the sea at all sea-

sons and endure the severest hardships, often spending eight or ten weeks without seeing land (when on sealing expeditions).

"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 girl-officers on Monday. They do need someone to cheer them. One Lieutenant told me to-day she has been alone four months, and was 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. 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 people have to endure. I also visited Dr. Grenfell's first hospital ship when it was moored in St. Johns harbor and was highly delighted with his equipment for caring for the sick on these far-away coasts.'

"It was not long before Staff Capt. Read was on the field conducting meetings, cheering our own workers and making arrangements for new openings in some of the out harbors. Many experiences similar to the following were the ordinary occurrences in the lives of the devoted Army Officers and the ministers on the Island:—

"It was Staff-Capt, Read's 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 nothing daunted his ardor or deterred him from carrying out his plans. The way was very rough and there had been a heavy fall of snow. After two miles of most difficult walking they stopped at the one lonely little cottage in this deserted locality and hired a little Newfoundland pony, but it was unequal to the task. After a short distance, they had to return him to his owner. There were only two alternatives—retrace their steps, or walk the remaining seventeen or eighteen miles. But they were not of the turning-back nature; the people of Garnish must not be disappointed; to Garnish they would go. After the first few miles

Staff-Capt. Read 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 meeting and talked to the Salvationists, lying upon the sofa in the officers' Home.

"As a result of his experiences, 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 anyone, for it was a delight to visit the appreciative people all over the island. The officers in the different outposts constantly walked these long distances to their appointments before the railway was laid, he 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."

"On one tour he walked fifty-four miles in order to fill his appointments, sailed a very small schooner over a rough sea over one hundred miles, conducting twenty-seven meetings, and was gone from St. John sixteen days. Eighteen miles of the fifty-four was through soft snow up to his 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 of four hundred or five hundred people. It was the old-time 'testimony meeting,' and when opportunity was given--without a word of exhortation—it seemed as if half the splendid audience rose to its feet. At least sixty people responded to the invitation and stood ready to magnify the grace of God.

"At Hants Harbor we arrived just in time to witness a sight which I 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, including nearly thirty of our own people. When they returned they prayed earnestly that they might be detained, so that they might enjoy the night's meeting with us, but they and we were doomed to disappointment. Suddenly from the verandah of the officer's house we saw them weighing anchor, hoisting their sails and taking the schooner's boats aboard. One after another 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 were 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 a beautiful sight.

"A few years previously, as all final preparations were being made for their arduous summer's toil, a listener would have heard oaths and curses. How different! Many are Christians, 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 grace. In spite of the number who had left this little place the Hall 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.

"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.

"While in Newfoundland the presence of the gentle, brown-eyed little Winnifred was lent to brighten our home for a few months. Her short life was a blessing to ourselves and many others. In the quaint language of the Newfoundlanders they spoke of her as the 'Little white coat' and said to us, 'You'll nary to able to forget Newfoundland because of the little White Coat;

she is a Newfoundlander.' The baby seals are called 'White Coats.'

"For seven months this dear little sunbeam shone in their home, but a sorrowful day dawned when after thirty hours' struggle with cholera infantum, the little life fluttered out in her mother's arms, and the home was again left childless.

"It was a terrible test to my faith," says Mrs. Read. "We had so counted upon taking our bonnie little girl to Toronto. The mystery of it all was intensified by a pathetic incident that occurred at the time. The evening of the day that we followed that sad *cortége,* through crowds of people who stood uncovered, in the reverent Newfoundland way, as the little flower-covered casket passed; an urgent message came to our home. A mother in the slums had died and the people wanted me to come and see what could be done for the baby left behind. My heart was breaking with sorrow, but I went to the-no-not-home—such a designation would be a misnomer—a corner in a cellar. In the cellar the mother lay dead. The baby wailed pitifully, it had not the strength to cry. Two years old, they told me! Some little garments of Winnie's I had brought with me that she wore at three months were quite large enough. That little mite had never been out of the subterranean place; never had been in the daylight. The heart-rending moans of that baby were almost more than I could bear, and I faced the great, great problem of 'Why?'

"My bonny, healthy, happy baby snatched away by a ruthless hand! My Winnie, beloved by hundreds,

idolized in her home, with every comfort and so far as could be seen every fair prospect. My baby torn away from my heart. This helpless, frail little human atom left to face a world of poverty—left motherless. Oh, it was agony! The sort of anguish which drives people who have no spiritual anchor, to drink, despair, and infidelity.

" 'Oh, come away,' Jessie Thistle pleaded, 'Come away!' It is too much for you. We will look after it all.'

"And she did so, for I was persuaded by her loving solicitude not to return. And some of Winnie's little unneeded garments clothed and protected the motherless waif.

"And myself? Oh I cannot now relate all the steps by which I found peace in my heart and renewed faith in God. But of course I knew His Word and His promises, and I had to reason myself into the proper attitude of trust in Him, knowing that the Master said, 'What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.'

"And all these years the faithful Newfoundland people have cared for her little grave. Every year fresh and fragrant flowers bloom again on the tiny spot in the old St. Johns graveyard."

## CHAPTER IX

### PROGRESS IN THE ISLAND COLONY

"THE beginning of the year '93 found us 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 (since deceased) and Hon. Mr. Morine, in every way facilitated the Staff-Captain's efforts to bring these matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

"Our predecessor had brought a bill before the Government asking that Staff Officers of the Salvation Army should have legal authority to perform the rite of marriage. Unfortunately, it was found when the Act came to be applied it empowered only 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 asking for an extension privilege to all Staff Officers holding commissions and being in charge of these districts, was therefore introduced and passed both Houses. 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 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.

. . . . . .

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

. . . . . .

When the Reads went to Newfoundland, Mrs. Read found utter apathy as to rescue work, in fact the people were rather indignant at the idea that any such thing was needed there at all. Mrs. Read had been exercising her influence to arouse interest in the movement, and make the people recognize the fact of the need of such a home. She wrote to the press, relative to this, the following letter:—

*"Editor Evening Herald,*

"Dear Sir,—For a long time Christian workers and those who are in *a position to know the real condition of* some parts of the city have felt the great need of some institution or shelter for unfortunate women. Last week one of the city's prominent ministers drew the attention of his congregation to the fact that there was no institution in St. Johns to find a refuge for any prisoner after being discharged from the penitentiary, and cited the instance of one poor woman who walked the streets because having been in jail no one would open a door of welcome to her. Finally she took refuge in the Fire Hall until morning. The Army Officers are constantly besieged by poor girls for help and an opportunity of leaving old companions and doing right."

The Rescue Work began to be talked of, and the press requested an interview. They spoke of Mrs. Read as the energetic and courageous woman who was at the head of the Army work in that country. "A tall lady, of rather pale countenance, with dark, earnest eyes, and looking straight at one from under a mass of raven hair." "Our work is quite undenominational," she said to a reporter. "The police would not give us any information, but we found out the truth for ourselves without their aid and twenty cases are now being traced. When asked she explained thus: "You see we have 'Homes' not institutions, that is why they succeed where others fail and besides the workers keep the inmates with them for six months, first directing the attention to real spiritual things, and next teaching them to fill some honest and honorable position in the world."

Judge Prowse, was on the Bench, when an Army Officer was sent to prison for five days for speaking on a spot that gave offence to the Roman Catholics, but Mrs. Read had given an address in the Court on British Liberty and won his sympathies for the cause of Rescue, and he gave a substantial gift to the work as proof of this.

He was afterwards a staunch ally sending unfortunate girls to the Home instead of to prison. Judge Prowse afterwards wrote a valuable history of Newfoundland and asked Mrs. Read to contribute a chapter. The general interest which had been created by Mrs. Read in the prospective Home was shown by the attendance of the leading citizens of the Island at a large public gathering on the night of the opening ceremony.

Asked about her own travelling in Newfoundland, Mrs. Read says:—

"I will try to describe one experience. The early moonlight began to cast silvery and amber tints across the bleak scene when a little company of four or five, including the Newfoundland pony hired at an extortionate rate, set out to make the trip of fifteen miles from Catalina to Bonavista. The duty of the pony was to convey the two ladies of the party—the Newfoundland men in the out harbors invariably walking to save the pony's powers. But the ladies, Capt. Jessie Knight and myself, had also walked many a mile on this occasion, for the packages of baggage and Jessie Knight's violin, seemed all the burden the poor little creature could manage. The sleighing was indifferent. The 'barrens'

bleak and bare in spots, while the drifts piled high in the more sheltered places. Capt. A. Tilly and Capt. Walter Rice did their best, not only in walking, but like the third-class passengers of the story, in 'pushing behind' the little Newfoundland cutter, grasping firmly the seat, which ran the whole length of one side of the vehicle. But despite all Herculean efforts the progress was slow and the rising moon reminded us that it was a long time since we left Catalina and the anxious enquiries levelled at our escorts, 'How far are we from Bonavista yet?' elicited the oft-repeated assurance that 'we are getting on.'

" 'I never begged in my life,' explained Capt. Tilley as a lone little fisherman's cottage hove in sight, 'but mother is hungry and I would do anything for her. Will you come Walter?'

" 'Mother,' was the affectionate designation by which the Newfoundland officers addressed me. So away the kind-hearted young officers rushed, by and by returning with slices of bread and apple butter (jelly made of native fruit)—not five o'clock tea slices, but ample and appetizing to the hungry travellers.

"Bonavista, a fishing port was reached after much pushing, running and coaxing of the fifth member of our party and one of the most—to use Newfoundland parlance—'wonderful' days was spent there. The Orange Hall, lent for the occasion, was so packed that the people sat around the wall benches three deep. One service led into another so closely that there was no chance to go out to tea, a kindly Bonavistian sending into the Hall a daintily-packed basket with cosy-en-

shrouded teapot. It was in Bonavista (place of the good view) that the villagers exclaimed of Capt. Knight's playing, 'She do's it so quick, she do.'

"But one always held kindly memories of the two young officers who 'begged' the bread and butter that 'mother' should not longer be hungry.

"One of the many interesting exploits was when I started to walk the five miles from Hants Harbour to Heart's Content to conduct the meeting. The 'Staff,' as the people familiarly called Mr. Read, 'had gone thirty miles further by Katamaran drawn by dogs to conduct services accompanied by two helpers, leaving Capt. Rice to assist me. The only person in the Harbour owning a horse was offended because his son had entered the Salvation Army work and he would not hire his horse to us. The dear people were waiting and watching for me at Heart's Content, so I set off accompanied by my helper and soloist, Capt. Rice. However, when we got half way on our journey, the man possessing the one horse overtook us. I suppose when he saw me plodding along in the snow, the hardness of his heart melted, for the Newfoundlanders are proverbially warm-hearted. He picked us up! I was nearly perished with the cold, because I had laid aside the heavy garments I wore for driving, and the walking costume was inadequate to the bitter cold in the humble little cart. However, a Hall full of singing, happy, expectant people met us in the evening and the discomfort of the journey was quite forgotten.

"We spent Christmas in the Bonavista district, Staff Capt. Read in Wesleyville, myself in lovely Trinity.

We had expected to rejoin each other and return to Divisional Headquarters, St. Johns, for the Yuletide Season, in fact we 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 in the north 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. When she hove in sight she was like a magic ship—white as snow with the ice which covered her absolutely, even the robes and chains."

Staff-Captain Read wrote, "I am in Scilly Cove, likely again to be a prisoner here on another occassion, while Blanche is the same at Heart's Content, and this is the day we should have travelled across the country to Corbonear."

"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," continues Mrs. Read, "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 com-

ing 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 Corps, St. Johns, and for the first time had spoken publicly of our plans for coming war-fare. As we walked home, four of us, Captain Jost, Secretary, Captain Rice, Trade Officer, we talked happily of the enthusiastic meeting we had just participated in—but Mr. Read's journal shall describe what followed:

"Monday, Feb. 19, 1894.—I know not what awaits me, God kindly veils my eyes. This was to be a red-letter day for me, in fact, for both dear Blanchie 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. 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.'"

"The memory of those last days in Newfoundland," says Mrs. Read in speaking of this, "time and eternity will not erase, nor can the sight of that great crowd of friends and soldiers who stood in the blinding rain and falling snow, as our steamer moved towards the Narrows out to sea be forgotten: Singing—

"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."

## CHAPTER X

### IN COMMAND OF WESTERN CANADA

"THE General promotes you to the rank of Major, appointed to take charge of North-West Provinces," 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."

The new Rescue Home of the Army in Halifax was being opened at this time and as the foundation for this work was laid in Mrs. Read's first rescue work in the Dominion, it was opportune and fitting that she should give the inaugural address. There was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting and Mrs. Read laughingly describes her experience:—

"You see I am not a good sailor and in consequence of the frightful storm while we were crossing from St. Johns to Halifax, I had *mal de mer* and was invisible. When we reached Halifax I could not stand without assistance and when I was asked to give the opening address I said I should be most happy to do so as I had been so interested in the initial preparations before leaving Toronto. There was one condition; the floor must cease rising to bow to me when I tried to cross the room or the platform. It is the only time I ever lost my memory on the platform, but owing to the fact that we had been under such a great strain, with meetings, inter-

views, business, packing, farewells and Neptune treating me so unkindly, I suddenly found all a blank. I stood a moment gazing at the great, interested crowd which packed the Hall and then bowed my head upon my hand for—I thought—a long space of time. Then all came back to me and I proceeded with my address, but feeling some chagrin to think I had made such a failure. I was still feeling this when after the meeting some ladies gathered round me and began to congratulate me. I still thought I had made a miserable failure and they were only trying to be kind and polite, when one exclaimed, 'It was most dramatic; most effective, Mrs. Read.'

"I looked the surprise I felt and said, 'I do not understand.'

" 'Why the pathetic way you put your hand up and bowed your head when you were too overcome by emotion to speak.'

" 'Oh indeed you are very good to say so,' I answered in amazement, and was very glad to be alone to smile over their misapprehension and glad my address had not seemed such a blunder after all.

"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. We had led special meetings in St. John, N.B., and Montreal *en route.*

"As soon as we reached Toronto Major Read 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."

. . . . . .

Outside the fast-gathering shadows of the early winter twilight were enfolding the atmosphere. The fluffy flakes were shedding their purity silently, with generous prodigality, heaping soft pillows upon the verandas, flower beds and lawn. The first sleigh-bells were merrily dancing over the new white roads.

Inside cosiness, cheer and brightness in the homy library. Mrs. Read Johnston drew the blinds with a parting glance upon all the wintry beauty, and settled down to tell the story of the term of office in the Westland, so dramatically begun.

"It was," she said, "in some respects, a wonderful year. I loved the people of the West. The spirit of good fellowship, of *camaraderie,* was most comforting and cheering. We were all strangers in a strange land together, and each seemed to feel it his or her duty to manifest a cordial, hospitable spirit so as to make each other feel at home.

"I loved the broad spaces! Oh," joyously, "I shall never forget my first impression of the prairie. A Land-ocean I called it, for the sensation one felt surging through one was similar to that felt the first time I was out upon the open sea.

"But the loneliness of the prairie! The great solitudes which seemed almost to have voices!

"What a sense of desolation sweeps over the woman's heart as she sits in the doorway of a lonely

western home! All about, behind, before, around, a great expanse of rolling prairie, sapphire hue and billowy green touching each other on every side—not a sound but the tinkling of the little bells in the adjacent pasture land, and the evidences of farm-life in the barn.

"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. And our spirits warmed towards the true-hearted, aggressive, Westerners from the first moment; they welcomed us so heartily.

"One of the first important events was the celebration of General Booth's Jubilee. This was a 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.

"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 Schultz, 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.

"Rev. Cecil Owen, Mr. T. A. M. Aikens, Mr. O'Laughlin, Dr. Youmans, 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 proposed Shelter Scheme, in Winnipeg."

Mrs. Read represented the Women's and Children's work. Mr. Turk, who had first met her in Owen Sound, told of her lecture in his church there, and asked her to tell some of the interesting, pathetic stories she had given on that occasion, and which he had never forgotten.

"At first, some of the citizens of Winnipeg could not see the necessity of such an institution as the Shelter 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. 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 by Major and Mrs. Read and some gentlemen—Mrs. Read speaking as one of the deputation representing the great need of the poor men. She also visited individual citizens, to explain the plan.

Mrs. Read was usually very grave and serious. Her life, holding so much of the tragedy of other lives; naturally sobered and depressed her sometimes.

She had, however, a keen sense of humor, ever ready to see the funny side of a situation—if there was one to be found. This quality was of great service to her in her public speaking. She enjoyed telling a humorous story in her lectures, quite as much as her audience enjoyed hearing them. At a social meeting in Winnipeg, convened in the interests of the new Men's Metropole she was asked by the chairman, Mr. Mulock, to make a plea for the work before the offering was taken up. Knowing from experience the advantage of making people feel pleasant and good tempered before they are asked to part with money, however worthy the cause, she told some amusing incidents from the work in the Men's Shelters. The huge Western crowd, composed largely of men, who were ever ready to respond, went into gales of laughter. Especially were they pleased with Mrs. Read's description of the Army soup.

"You see," she said, "it is not the kind of soup which precedes a six-course dinner—it often comprises the full course. You do not drink it from a spoon, you eat it from a fork—or fingers—according to taste, and when a poor man has had no food for twenty-four hours and not many clothes to keep out the cold, he is not so particular as to the mode of partaking, so long as the result is the same! He appreciates the substantial nature of the menu, whatever his opinion of his hosts! One man we know had devoured sundry bowls of this refreshment; looked over the rim of his bowl, the

GENERAL BOOTH AND COMMANDER EVA BOOTH

remains of which he was drinking without the conventional formality of a spoon and exclaimed:

" 'I don't like yer religion, but I likes yer soup.'

"As the laughter died down, I reminded my auditors," she tells us, "that in this case in the logical reasoning of cause and effect the religion was the cause of the soup. All people are not industrious," she explained. "I have seen even well-fed, warm, comfortably and splendidly dressed men sometimes, who were not very fond of work, therefore a little consideration should be shown to those who are often underfed and who have lost the zest and ambition, of life.

"Of course," she added, "I must confess some are like the Irishman who said, 'Well, I eats well; I sleeps well, but when I see a little work I trimbles all over.'

"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 one corps drove nearly eighty miles to be present. They covered wagons with canvas, and used their tented wagons as their temporary abode in the camp grounds.

"Early in July we left Winnipeg to make a tour of inspection in the far-away portions of our field, the most distant place, Victoria, B.C.—being nearly seventeen hundred miles away. 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 Assiniboain 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 beautiful river.

"Events make places, and the brave fight waged and noble victory achieved by our Canadian Volunteers in 1885, in the Louis Riel Rebellion, has made the name of Batoche and other points in this vicinity immortal. Returning from this historic capital of the then 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 desert, burned and parched by the drought of a Western July, even its pools dried up; nothing but the evidences of alkali 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.

"For many hours we went rushing on, marvelling 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; spanning the great chasms and linking 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 glaciers 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 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 in unresisted torrents—and beautiful lake, we recognized the finger of God."

## CHAPTER XI

### TO THE COAST AND BACK

"WE reached Vancouver, the rising terminal city 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."

Mrs. Read addressed large meetings. She urged the necessity for public sympathy with the food and shelter movement they were inaugurating in the city of Vancouver before it coud be successfully realized. She afterwards referred to the accusation levelled against the Army that it created the evils which it sought to alleviate, as people had said, "There never was such need till the army found it." The argument was much on the same lines as the action of the Hindoo priest who chanced to behold through a microscope the impurities contained in the water of the Ganges which he worshipped, and at once proceeded to break the microscope. He blamed the instrument instead of the water, and those who blamed the Army acted as illogically, the Army being the medium through which social evils became perceptible. But, she urged, there is a method of purifying this great social river, and they would put out a strong and helping hand to recover the fallen.

Among many other instances of salutary conversions effected by the Army, she recited the case of the re-

nowned the Joe Beef, canteen in Montreal. This person engaged a brass band to go to his wife's funeral when they played the Dead March from Saul and other tunes of an equally solemn nature. As they were about to return they asked Joe what tune they were to play. Joe hesitated and finally said, "Play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'" This man was reformed and his canteen became a place for a food and shelter, where at the special request of the men Mrs. Read conducted an Evangelistic Campaign.

During the first tour of the Reads to British Columbia, where they spent the months of July and August, travelling from place to place between there and Winnipeg, they visited all the cities, and penetrated many a forlorn place, cut off by dense bush, where they had to carry lanterns. A ranch here and there; a school-house where the people could gather, an out-of-the-way home where families were growing up; everywhere, they carried the Light of Life; over corduroy "roads" picked out by digging out a stump here and there, amongst the magnificent giants of the primeval forest, once driving fourteen miles in a wagon with a feather bed in the bottom to make it possible to endure the journey.

"Just one other brief glimpse from an experience which perhaps touched me more than any other," says Mrs. Read:—

"We went from Vancouver to New Westminster, about twelve miles, on the electric car, and from there up the Frazer River on the peculiar B. C. river-boat, with its huge paddle-wheel astern, to a place called Clayton. Then we drove five miles in a wagon over a

road much worse than a Muskoka corduroy. Here we took tea with a friend who met us, and who afterwards entertained us in his house, which, with his furniture was made with his own hands out of the natural wood from the towering trees surrounding his home.

"Then we started for a nine mile drive in the wagon into the bush. We did not reach the schoolhouse until nine o'clock, but into that isolated room in the dense forest were crowded an expectant company who had travelled by foot, horseback and in uncomfortable vehicles many miles to be present at a religious service.

"We spent two weeks in this province, and had just finished the first month's program of our trip when Major Read's health broke down. I was remaining in Vancouver to conduct some special Social Service in the different churches of that city, and the Major 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.

"I went down, in his place, into a tiny hamlet near Vernon in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. In a small rough-boarded building we conducted a service. Some of the dear people had driven thirty miles to be present and were camping in tents on the borders of the village. They had not heard a sermon nor seen a messenger of the Cross for months. Some of them had never heard a woman speak publicly before.

"The 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 extremely hot.

"I travelled all over the country," in my work says Mrs. Read, "and I wish I could depict some of the scenes I witnessed. Many a time my heart was touched by the sight, the eager hungry faces seated in the schoolhouse away out on the wide plains and the sheltered valleys among the great mountains of British Columbia.

"And I remember one week in the end of the year when the thermometer registered twenty-two degrees below zero, I drove eighty-five miles and conducted eleven meetings. The snow was deep and drifted, and we could find no trace of the prairie trail. We drove out of our way one night some distance by mistake and did not reach our destination until a very late hour."

This cold was so intense that though she had a fur coat, cap and gloves and an extra cape, her fingers were so numbed she could not close her hands for days, and suffers from the effects up to the present time.

This was in the "Self-Denial" week.

"But all our discomfort," she says, "from the severe cold and being lost in the darkness was fully recompensed when, with difficulty, pushing our way through the crowded schoolhouse to the teacher's desk we looked upon the earnest faces of the western audience who stayed until far into the night, drinking in the words of song and truth."

When General Booth came into Canada that year from the Western States, Mrs. Read had to travel out to meet him in Victoria, B.C., Mr. Read was not able to accompany them.

She went with Mr. Herbert Booth, the Commis-

sioner of the Army in Canada, at that time. Her duties were manifold, she was Financial Secretary, and made appeals for money for the work in the General's meetings. The largest halls and churches were crowded in every place, Mrs. Read was, of course, in the processions, being a member of the General's Staff.

As they drove along though the immense crowds, it was a great pleasure to her to see in this year of his Jubilee how much he was appreciated.

On the journey through the Rockies, on the way back, they met a terrible snow storm, the grandeur of the swirling snow was weird and awe inspiring; masses of rock and cliff loosening and thundering down, the train fleeing ahead, an experience never to be forgotten. Theirs was the last train to get through for days, eight miles of "snow-slide" following them.

The present Chief Secretary, Colonel McMillan, in Toronto was Private Secretary to Mr. Booth at the time of his tour in the Northwest with General Booth.

"Crossing the prairies we encountered a blizzard," recalls Mrs. Read. "I wanted to cross from the Pullman into another car and, but for the promptness of Capt. 'Johnnie' McMillan and Colonel Lawley, I should have been swept from the train. I had not thought of the fierceness of the gale and attempted to cross. I felt myself caught by a mighty force and cried out for help. Col. Lawley in front, Johnny McMillan behind me, seized my arms and saved me from a terrible fate. The snow was blindingly fierce. When we got into the other car I found that what had for the moment terrified me, was that my beautiful new, expen-

sive glasses, had been snatched by the wind and borne away. It was a great loss and inconvenience to me, but I was so thankful to my fellow-travellers that I had not been permitted—through their presence of mind—from accompanying those glasses into the midnight snow-hurricane that I had no complaint to make.

"Much might be written of the happenings of the General's triumphant tour through Canada in those years of 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.

"For four days Grace Church was the scene of most interesting and enthusiastic gatherings. Crowds of people representing every class and profession—lawyers, educationists, civic officials, government officials—the wealthy and the poor.

"After the General had departed, amid salvos of appreciation, the local Army conducted a series of special services.

"Mr. Turk also followed up the General's visit by a week's meetings in Grace Church."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Johnston pays the following tribute to the "Army's" great founder:—

"It was my honor to know him, to travel with him on one of his last great tours in Canada, which were like the triumphal procession of a conquering hero. I was a member of his personal staff. Sitting near him on platform, pulpit or stage, watching the surging,

eager crowds who listened to him, having a little share in many of the meetings: seeing how weary he was, but ever indomitable, ever with the unfailing, unswerving purpose before him: the good of humanity.

"It would take volumes to tell of his greatness and his goodness and his activities; even as I have personally known them. But I would like to add one other word of tribute to him; not as the great world-renowned crusader, influencing thousands in all the nations of the earth, but as a leader, father and friend, full of sympathy and understanding in the hour of my personal sorrow and heart-break, and of keenest appreciation of my work as one of his Officers. This was one of the secrets of the wonderful loyalty of his people to him, personally; his adherence to those ideals which made up the sum of his great life was another one."

When Mr. and Mrs. Read began work in Winnipeg, they found a contrast to conditions in their previous field. In Newfoundland social vice was covered up and denied; in Winnipeg, it was flaunted, in what was called "wide open." To the outskirts of the city were consigned the houses of destruction, designated "Prairie Houses."

To try to combat this menace to society, a small home had been established by the Army in the city. It was quite inadequate to the need. In the midst of Mrs. Read's territorial duties and the responsibilities of her position, she, with the Matron, Mrs. Jordon, sought to secure more suitable premises.

Haunting the offices of house agents and walking the streets for days, they at last discovered a house they

thought would be suitable. A large room, with sunny windows attracted Mrs. Read, and she exclaimed, "What a lovely room for the Nursery. We must have this place." After great difficulty with the agent, they secured a lease as they discovered to their dismay that the house was for sale, it took many visits to persuade him to let them have it on a lease.

This was the beginning of a very important period in their work. Just one typical story. When asked to describe to an audience of eight hundred ladies the best methods for helping the unfortunates, Mrs. Read told the following story illustrating an important aspect: the ostracism with which such women were treated in her address:—

When she was visiting Brandon, she walked a long distance outside the city to visit a "Prairie House." She said that in response to her knock a highly painted, bejewelled creature put her head out of an upstairs window and rudely demanded, "What do you want?" Mrs. Read replied, "I should like to come in and talk to you about poor Delia." The woman came down and admitted her and asked her to sit down. It was a beautiful room, pictures, flowers, and luxurious furniture everywhere.

Mrs. Read told the story of the woman Delia who had been an inmate of this house. It seems that this girl had become such a terrible drunkard that she had been turned out of the "Prairie Houses" she used to frequent. Not only had she made herself an out-cast from respectable places, but she was such a dreadful character that she had "out-casted" herself from even

the *demondi* fraternity of the Prairie House and had taken refuge in the Army Home. Then in wild fits, brought on through desire for drink, she would run away, which was most unusual in the inmates: but she always came back.

After months of treatment, she finally became converted, and was able to overcome; but her physical strength was completely broken and she died. The Army Officers were the only people present at the funeral which they provided as she had no friends.

This story touched "Madame" Brown. She was a handsome woman with great charm of manner when she wished to please. Of course the object of Mrs. Read's visit was to try to induce her to give up her present style of living. She cried bitterly over Delia, but when appealed to give up her present mode of life, she rose indignantly and began pacing up and down the beautiful room.

"Indeed, I will never try again. I did try once. I gave up my house, sent away my girls, and married. I went for a whole year to church in Winnipeg and only one lady spoke to me or came to see me. Do you call that religion? My husband died at the end of the year and I went back to my old life."

Mrs. Brown's sister led the same manner of life as herself, but she came under the influence of Mrs. Read, and to prove her sincerity closed her house, and with the help of the workers found homes for four of her five girls. The fifth, a beautiful young girl a young gentleman, having met her in this house which he visited, wished to marry.

This gentleman came under the influence of Major (Mr.) Read's winning and persuasive powers, and when his friends remonstrated against his marrying her (he was a remittance man), he replied, "I met her there, I am no better than she is, why should I not marry her and try and make amends for the past?"

The outgrowth of the Winnipeg Home Mrs. Read inaugurated has developed into the splendid Grace Hospital of to-day. The Government granted $10,000 and the City $7,500 towards the cost of building this structure.

Being incorporated, the Hospital receives the same Government Grants as others—so much per diem, per capita, and the City Council subsidises it annually for this Home of Refuge shelters 1,000 women and girls and many hundred helpless little children every year.

"Oh, the pathos of these lives," wrote Mrs. Read. "The tragedy of these lives! Oh, the tears, the shame, the sorrow, the disappointment, pain and sin represented by the silent figures—the weepings of broken-hearted motherhood, and the moanings of wounded, suffering—and sometimes—abandoned childhood! The pity of it! The agony of it!!

"But, happily, we can tell another and brighter story—of the broken hearts healed, of the hot tears wiped away, of wrecked lives restored, of homes made happy and little ones fed, clothed, and made good.

"The Anemone is Manitoba's emblematic flower, and it seems typical of that love—human and Divine—which has poured, and is pouring its healing stream in the Grace Hospital into sad, distressed hearts!"

"So, thou pure emblem of the West,
In blue-translucent garments dressed,
Sun-kissed Anemone:
Dost gently, brightest hopes instil,
And new life all the senses thrill,
With love and liberty."

. . . . . .

"Sir John Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and Lady Schultz took a deep interest in us personally and in our work," says Mrs. Read. "Sir John was in bad health and sent several times for Major Read to chat with him, and Lady Schultz sent her carriage on more than one occasion to convey me to Government House to discuss, over a cup of tea, various phases of philanthropic work. Lady Schultz had never taken part in public speaking, but at the opening of our Grace Hospital, at which many leading people of the city were present, at my urgent request—I presided, you know—she made a gracious little speech. It was her first effort in a public way. Lady Schultz afterwards became prominent in Women's Council work."

Lady Schultz wrote a little card and sent it to Major Read. This is the inscription:—

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

—"Government House."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Read always made a practice of introducing local illustrations into her addresses, when suitable and available. On one occasion, Major and Mrs. Read

were conducting services at Rapid City, Manitoba. The Major was engaged attending to some business during the first afternoon. The Officer in charge invited Mrs. Read to go for a walk about the town. She gladly complied. There was a dam in the river. Mrs. Read was greatly interested in the method adopted by the boys to catch the fish. They laid flat down, and leaning over caught the fast-running fish in their hands.

"At night I was to lecture," she says, "upon the Social Work. To add point to my illustrations, I referred to what I had seen in the afternoon. I described how Newfoundlanders went out onto the 'banks,' and how I had seen the salmon caught in the nets in British Columbia; in the Frazer, when great schools of fish made the river a mass of sparkling pinkness. All these various ways; and others I applied to illustrate diversified means of saving humanity. Then there was the way exemplified that afternoon. Going right down into the depths and just picking, hand-picking, the poor people out of their environment.

"The elders in my audience appreciated and applauded the story, but the boys thought it a good joke. The next night, during the service, great strings of fish were dropped in through the windows by the mischief-loving lads, and when we arrived at our billet a large dish of fish, all ready for the oven, had been left for us with the boys' compliments. Some of the people were very much annoyed with the young laddies." While Mrs. Read, of course, did not like the meeting being interrupted, she never shared the annoyance, but laughingly said she wished all her illustrations made

such a good impression. Years after, when she returned to visit the town, it was the "fish story" the people remembered.

"From the time of Major Read's break-down in August—out in British Columbia—he had struggled on, sometimes confined to the house, oftentimes to his bed. Much prayer was offered throughout the Provinces, everything his attendant physician thought of was done for 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 unfit to go and visit business men, they came to him, if too weak 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.

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

"During the five months that I took charge of the public work for him, Mr. John Habkirk, my faithful friend and helper, generally accompanied me. Mr. Habkirk was Band Master in Winnipeg, and has been an officer ever since.

"He assisted me in every way, being a cornetist and Banjoist and playing other instruments. His singing was delightful and much appreciated.

"The travelling to and fro was very trying, but I was able to accomplish the work, and felt that the tours had not been in vain.

"We had a public farewell, and the dear Winnipeg bandsmen—faithful to the last—with soldiers and friends, bade us 'au revoir' at the station the following morning, the band struggling to play a parting salute at twenty-two degrees below zero, as the train steamed out of the dêpot."

## CHAPTER XII

### RESCUE WORK BROADENS

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried
That grace may restore,

Soothed by a loving heart
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken
Will vibrate once more.

MAJOR and Mrs. Read returned to Toronto and were appointed jointly Financial Secretaries for the Dominion, Mrs. Read doing her part in organizing the "Grace before Meat," a form of missionary box scheme, throughout the Dominion by correspondence. Major Read went on a short visit to England in August. In July, the little Violet had come into their home and Mrs. Read's time was given to her dear little girl and the brief visits to the office to look after her own and the Major's work in his absence or illness.

A change in the Territorial administration brought great responsibility to her. Mr. Herbert Booth left for Australia and before doing so asked Mrs. Read to assume the charge of the Rescue Work in the Dominion. She was well fitted for this position. She had held it for a year prior to going to Newfoundland. In Newfoundland she had opened a Home; had been largely responsible for starting the work in Halifax;

had opened the Grace Hospital and Home in Winnipeg. She had visited almost every town and every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific and understood Canadian needs and conditions. She consented with one proviso: that Miss Booth, who was the incoming leader, confirmed the appointment. From earliest girlhood Mrs. Read had admired Miss Eva and her splendid work in England and was delighted to have her in Canada as Field Commissioner. Her coming was one of the most important events in the history of the Army. The fame of her courageous championship of the freedom of speech and Open Air Services all through the historic riots in England had preceded her, and Mrs. Read was ready to bestow whole hearted allegiance upon her Chief.

She had heard many stories of her courage and devotion. Perhaps the one which impressed her most of all was the one connected with the riots in the early days of the work in the East End of London:—

The Army had commenced their work by marching with their band in the streets, intending to hold an open-air service as usual. There was what was called a "skeleton army" composed of roughs led by a desperado. On the occasion in question a very determined attack on the Army was planned and it became perfectly evident that a stampede was impending. The temper of the crowd began to increase in hostility towards the Army and they were gradually closing round the group. Captain Eva saw with the eye of a leader, that there was small hope of holding a meeting, and great danger to her soldiers, who might be

trampled on, or even killed, to judge by the great excitement, tho' the mob was held in leash by the tall, brawny, determined desperado at their head.

Captain Eva turned to him and, touching his arm, said, "I want you to take care of me and protect me from the crowd." If he had received a blow between the eyes from a sledge hammer swung by a Hercules, he could not have been more staggered. "What! This girl with eyes of unfathomed depth, of peerless demeanor, whom, with her followers, he had determined to rout; whom he considered it was good sport to hunt, scatter and injure, putting herself between him and his prey, with as much force as if a King Eagle had swept him with its wing." He stood aghast, spell-bound for a moment, and, whirling round, he called off the crowd which he held in such control. All danger was over. The crowd that came to trample, remained to become reverent hearers, and the result was magnificent success.

We can well understand how that man's outlook on life was utterly changed, and later, when Captain Eva became ill, and was laid aside for a short time from over-work, this man sold his "waistcoat" (vest), the only thing he had that he could do without, to buy a bunch of grapes to send to her.

One of the secrets of Miss Booth's success, and what inspired people to trust her as a leader, was her knowledge of human nature. Dressed in tattered garments in the great Metropolis, with a basket of flowers on her arm for sale, she got down amongst the very poorest people as one of them and became personally ac-

quainted with many of the pitiful conditions in the London slums.

Early in the days of her Commissionership in Canada she suggested that she should give a lecture in the character of "Miss Booth in Rags," at Massey Hall, but to mix anything pertaining to religion with anything dramatic or out of the ordinary was an entirely new idea in conservative Toronto. She consulted with Mrs. Read, as she knew the Major would gauge public opinion on such a point fairly and wisely because of her acquaintance with the people. They decided it would be better to consult some of the outstanding men as to the advisability of such a proceeding. Mrs. Read went to her friend, Dr. Thomas, Jarvis St., a clergyman who took the greatest interest in her Rescue Work, and he was doubtful, very doubtful, as to the result, and finally said, "Well, Eva Booth could do it." On the evening of the lecture, about half-past six, when she arrived in sight of the Hall, Mrs. Read exclaimed, "What a pity they did not open the doors!" but when they got to the side door they found every nook and cranny filled. The place was thronged with people and the street was blocked by crowds. Miss Booth gave her address and appeal with such telling force and novelty that she had to repeat the lecture, and afterwards gave it in all the main centres of the Dominion.

Mrs. Read's appointment as Dominion Superintendent and organizer of Rescue Work involved not only spiritual teaching, lecturing, preaching, travelling, but a knowledge of general business principles; financing big schemes, understanding the proper locations for,

and planning suitable buildings in conjunction with Major Smellon of the property department. In this capacity she was responsible to her chief, Miss Booth, much in the same way as the cabinet minister, who has charge of his special department. Miss Booth gave her leading officers practically *Carte Blanche* so that she secured the best services from them. There was great scope for initiative and Mrs. Read was free to exercise her genius for organization.

She immediately began to perfect the work already established and to plan and arrange for development. Of course, on account of her little girl, she spent most of her time near home, Toronto, Hamilton and London work receiving personal attention. As soon as she could visit St. John, N.B., she inaugurated a small maternity hospital. There was prejudice against this—strong prejudice. She conducted a series of meetings—one in a large church. She pleaded the need eloquently and when she told the story of a poor girl who had been found by the Army Officer in a pitiful condition, as a typical "Case" she won her way. The large crowd gradually showed sympathetic yielding when she said:

"In your city, the beautiful, historic, comfortable city of St. John, a poor young girl lay on a pallet of straw in the corner of a dark garret. Beside her nestled a little, unwelcome head. A soap box stood near, the only furniture. No mother's love, no father's sympathy and protection; no nurse's care or doctor's skill. What would have been the inevitable end if our workers had not found her? From such conditions are the daughters of despair recruited.

"No wonder that many a girl, under similar circumstances, has been tempted to take the little life with her own hand, and, smothering down all her motherly feelings, has placed her child beneath the soft, lapping waves of the river. If she does not take this terrible step, she may possibly succeed in getting it taken in and cared for in some poor family, where it is likely to be brought up to swell the number of the children of the gutter and the street. The inevitable hereditary tendencies are fostered in this atmosphere, and bear an abundant harvest for the State to deal with, in after years, at the bar of justice, and in the cell of the reformatory. Why should not this child have a chance of probation in the world? Why should not that unfortunate young mother have some shelter that she may not drift into a worse fate?"

The result was the establishment of a small hospital for women and babies.

Montreal was a city that always received Mrs. Read with open arms. The churches were always ready to give her the opportunity to present her work. A great feature of her success was partly due to the fact that she went out among the church people, and interested them in her Homes, and inspired them with admiration for the work.

Amongst the many churches in which she gave addresses and lectures were St. James', Methodist; Sherbrooke Methodist Church; Immanuel and Calvary, Congregational. In connection with the opening of an enlarged building for Rescue Work, an outlay was necessary which had been met through voluntary contributions, with the exception of fifty dollars.

Mrs. Read, having travelled all night, arrived in time for breakfast with the Matron, Miss Holman. "We are entirely out of debt with the exception of fifty dollars, and I am expecting that to come," said the Matron. As they sat at breakfast the postman arrived with only one letter. The letter was registered and Miss Holman said, "You open it, Mrs. Read, perhaps it contains our fifty dollars." When Mrs. Read opened the letter, ten five dollar bills fell out, and a very small scrap of paper, on which was written, "Money for Jesus." Miss Holman's perfect faith was rewarded.

One of Mrs. Read's pet schemes was a Shelter for homeless working women, who, for a nominal sum, could have a bed and breakfast, the use of the reading room, and pleasant home surroundings. As a rule they were most appreciative, they having no other home to go to, being the victims of past unfortunate environment. Occasionally an unappreciative guest would arrive, like one who, after taking a very careful survey of her surroundings, remarked, "I can't stay here, this place is too clean for me—the bed too white."

Mrs. Read opened such a Home in Montreal; which ever since has been carrying on a splendid work. In the Montreal press, she is described as "a sweet-faced lady, her features alight with divine faith, eyes very sympathetic, with just that tinge of sadness that comes to those who look much upon the dark side of life. A soft, sweet voice, often tremulous, never rising to shrillness, speaking only truth."

"Oh, yes, indeed, we often found the results of sin in its most loathsome degree," says Mrs. Read Johnston.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BLANCHE READ

"And the children? Oh, yes, I have seen many. One I will mention. A tiny morsel of humanity, the baby of a poor, feeble-minded, young girl, a baby bearing in its wee, tortured, pain-wracked body, a brand of evil heredity too horrible to describe, too offensive for any but consecrated, loving, woman's hands to minister to.

"This, of course, revealed to me the need of greater protection for the imbecile class of young women. This sent me with a little company of ladies to the Government to plead for protection for the feeble-minded young girls."* The answer of the Honorable the Premier Mr. Geo. Ross to Mrs. Read's address upon this occasion was "Great bodies move slowly! Governments are great bodies." "This was before the inauguration of the local Women's Council and few women thought or cared, or even were aware of the condition existing.) Only those who had gone down into the maelstrom of sin to rescue the victims were conversant with the anguish, the pain, the terror, yes, the menace, to the homes and society of this 'enshrouded pestilence,' stalking silently in the darkness and living upon the innocence and weakness of those who are so often unprotected through ignorance," she says.

"Early in the history of the work," relates Mrs. Read, "the police officials and magistrates began to co-operate with us and send 'cases' to us, 'commit' them to our care, instead of sending them to prison. For example:—

*Twenty-five years have passed since then and another generation, a feeble-minded, are with us.

"'You would have had two years in the Mercer if these ladies had not asked for your release. Now you have a chance to live a different life—I would advise you to do as the Army ladies direct.

"'You are remanded for a week,' continued the blue-coated officer of the law. 'If you come here again you will go down for two years. Remember that!'

"We—myself and another—waited in the Staff-Inspector's office while his colleague in the control of the Morality Department solemnly charged the woman who had so narrowly escaped the dread term of imprisonment. We had found on inquiry that she was awaiting her trial for having run away with the husband of another. Also it was intimated that if the Army would take her the Magistrate was willing to commit her to their care on suspended sentence. We accordingly were found in the court-room ready to respond to this opportunity of saving her if possible.

"'Are you willing to receive this woman?' queried His Worship, as we stood by the reporters' table.

"We expressed our willingness. This was only one of the cases sent to us in this way. One woman, who is now a bright Christian and a useful member of society, spent eleven years in prison and came to an Army Home from there."

. . . . . .

The Eleventh Anniversary of the Women's Social Work in connection with the Salvation Army, which was begun in Toronto in 1888, was celebrated by a monster meeting in the Temple. Brigadier Mrs. Read, the Secretary of the movement, and the one who has been

in a great measure responsible for its success, was the principal speaker, said the Toronto press, and with her on the platform were representatives of several churches, among them being Rev. G. R. Turk, who presided, Rev. Morgan Wood and Rev. John Neil.

Brigadier Read was dressed in the regulation Army uniform and wore a white sash draped from her shoulder, bearing the word "Rescue." She traced the movement from the time of its inception, eleven years before, when it began in a little six-roomed house on Richmond Street. The industrial part of the work was described, and the speaker said that only two questions were asked the girls, and these were, "Do you want to work?" and "Do you want to be good?"

A frequent question asked the workers was if the women who professed conversion remained true, and taking a term of three years as a basis, Mrs. Read answered that 75 per cent. of those rescued "stood," or rather, went forward. The Rescue Homes could never be self-supporting, but during the previous year the girls in the Homes, under the instruction of the officers, had earned a good income towards this.

Rev. Morgan Wood, of Bond Street, said that if the church was to be judged by its work in the direction of the rescue of women then the church stood condemned. Rev. John Neil paid a high tribute to the addresses of Brigadier Read and the Rev. Morgan Wood and then, referring to the work carried on by the Social Wing, he said that there was too much heartlessness shown in the condition of those who were underneath."

The fine work of the Salvation Army in rescuing

young girls who "Were drifting on the stormy voyage of life's sea," and piloting them into a haven of safety, culminated in the opening of the handsome Rescue Home in North Toronto. The ceremony took place in what Brigadier Mrs. Read felicitously called the "Home room" of the institution.

Mayor Shaw presided. He had, he said, been greatly attracted by the work of the Salvation Army ever since he entered public life, and had spent many pleasant hours with the Army in North Toronto. Socrates created science, Caesar brought civilization into Britain, but Christ's message was that men should cling closer to him. "I, as a man of the world," exclaimed His Worship, "re-echo this cry." Addresses were also made by Mrs. Read, Col. Jacobs, and Dr. Potts."

Toronto the Good is a quotation from an old song. Can Toronto—white and clean—stand by this declaration? I fear me, no. I fear me we "Cannot sing that old song, that we sang so long ago."

An experience Mrs. Read went through personally will exemplify what is meant. A clergyman came to her office one day, and asked her to undertake a little mission for him. That morning, as he was passing along a street, not a block from Yonge Street, two pretty girls addressed him, and one slipped a card into his hand and said, "Come and see us." The clergyman was not in ministerial dress. He noticed that the card bore a number on a certain main street, but no name. He grew suspicious, and brought the card to Mrs. Read and asked her to call at this address. Here she showed

her courage, although she felt rather timid about it. She went as soon as possible to the address given. She asked for two young girls who had been on a certain street at ten o'clock that morning. Some young persons were in the room into which she was shown. The house bore traces of its evil character. Of course they all denied ever being on the street indicated.

A man came into the room and demanded why she wanted to see the girls—asked if she was the clergyman's wife? If she was a detective? She explained that she was interested in young women, and thought the young girls might be strangers in the city and in need of a friend. By this time they had slipped out of the room, and her anxiety was to reach the door in safety. As she stood on the step she talked kindly to the man, gave him her address, and said if the girls ever needed a friend they must come to her. He said, of course, he knew what she suspected, but that he was a good man. He had a little daughter of his own upstairs, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he vowed that he would not have any harm come near her. (An eye specialist would understand the tear duct was out of order—tears at will.)

What could she do? Nothing—she made enquiries, and found it was one of the most notorious places of evil in the city, and this man was the keeper. She enquired of the Police Department if they were cognizant of the place. This gave them a clue as to what was expected of them. Mrs. Read never informed the police of place or condition she found, or she would have lost all influence with those she was seeking, but

occasionally it was wise to ask if they "knew anything of such and such a number on a street." On this occasion they "cleared out" that house, but we naturally ask when beetles are "cleared out of one's own kitchen, into which of our neighbours' kitchen have they migrated?"

At Bond Street Congregational Church one Sunday evening in lieu of the regular sermon, Mrs. Read gave a graphic account of the Rescue Service of the Salvation Army of Canada. The late Dr. Burns, who presided, giving her a most cordial introduction to the crowd which packed the whole edifice.

It was during a visit to conduct the Anniversary of the Rescue Work in Hamilton, Ont., that Mrs. Read met the Rev. Dr. Shearer. Mrs. Read had given an address upon Society's Derelicts in the Knox Church. Mr. Shearer was in the audience—a listener. At the close of her lecture he rose and made some commendatory remarks, and invited her to come to the church of which he was pastor to explain her work. Mrs. Read afterwards accepted Mr. Shearer's invitation and later addressed his congregation at the Erskine Church.

And so the months passed by interviewing the authorities in the cities, combating hostilities, insuring police co-operation in reaching the people she sought. She visited Mayors, Premiers, Judges, Magistrates, enlisting, often creating the sympathies of the ladies to give employment to those who were sheltered in the Homes. She addressed public meetings in large halls; and above, below and around it all, kept the great fundamental reason, "a Gospel of hope for the hopeless," well in view.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A CHAIN OF RESCUE HOMES

IN the midst of all effort for the amelioration of human woe and despair, Mrs. Read had many personal responsibilities and cares. She had her mother and sister living close by her own private home and faithful reliable help in her household or she could not have accomplished so much. The little daughter demanded a mother's care. Mr. Read's health fluctuated, sometimes he was very ill, sometimes better—but his malady, Bright's Disease, brought on through overwork and exposure in his work, was very trying.

It was a mark of God's goodness that never in her absences did one of his painful relapses occur. But during the inevitable journey in the interest of her work —out West—everywhere—there was always the anxious thought, that he might not be so well. But she committed him to Divine Love and she knew there were always loving friends in the home to give him every attention. He bravely struggled on with his own work, going to the office when able, having his Secretary at home when not well enough to go to the city; taking special services occasionally.

When the little Violet was nearly three years old, General Booth came to Canada again. He was much distressed to find Mr. Read (now a Brigadier) in such a poor state of health, and thought a course of treatment at Metcalf Hydro, London, England, in Mr. Read's

native air would save his life, or at least prolong it, it was arranged that Mr. Read should try the experiment. Mrs. Read had long wished to pay an inspection visit to Newfoundland.

Brigadier Read was very anxious for her to do this before he went to England, that he might be with the little daughter. He was much attached to his old Mission field, and while not strong enough to visit it himself, he wished Mrs. Read to do so.

At New Glasgow she wired to Mr. Read to make quite sure he was well enough for her to go on further east. His telegram was, "Go, by all means; much better." He followed this with a letter:—

"Now, with regard to your going to Newfoundland, by all means 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 to 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!

"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 while there. If it is the Lord's will you will go to the Island alright."

Mrs. Read says of this trip:—

"I had a most successful campaign; was overwhelmed by the welcome and affection of the Newfoundlanders, but hastened back to Toronto with all speed.

"Then came the farewell. We 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 these 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 recorded:—

"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 goodbye, the precious darling."

Mr. R. L. Werry and other friends bade him *bon voyage*.

"He wrote to me," says Mrs. Read:—

"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 cannot write much more this time as I have to hurry to get this off by post from Quebec, and will write a postcard 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."

Mrs. Read *was* very tired. Her mother took her

and little Violet to a summer cottage at Sturgeon Point. But she could not rest. She returned to Toronto and went on with her work after two weeks at the Point.

At first the report from England was reassuring, but only five weeks passed when the dread news came.

"Oh," says Mrs. Read, "I know how those women felt when the news during the war came of husband or son who had paid the price overseas. Oh, the emptiness! Nothing to do, not even flowers to provide, none of the loving, though sad offices to perform, no funeral, no service, no—— Oh the blank! the loneliness! The emptiness of it all."

So it was with her. She had been to Hamilton and London, Ontario, for a day or two inspecting the Homes. She had received good news in a letter, but some psychic influence seemed to warn her of impending evil tidings. The plan had been that if the Brigadier did not improve, Mrs. Read was to go to England to bring him home. She had sent no word from Hamilton to tell by what train she would arrive in Toronto. At the Toronto Headquarters the sad news was received. Word was despatched to Hamilton to get her home. Her father was informed, but not her mother. Officers in Toronto were on the watch to keep the news from her till she reached her home. On the street outside her home she met an officer who had watched the cars for her. He carried her handbag. With a sudden impulse she exclaimed on the doorstep, "I never felt so lonely in my life." He looked sadly at her, knowing what awaited her, as she remembered afterwards. When she entered her home and found her mother and

other friends she exclaimed, "Quite a welcome home party." In a few moments there was a ring and Colonel Jacobs and Brigadier Complin came in. Mrs. Read said, "Oh, I'm not surprised to see you. It is a cable and I'm to go to England?"

It was their painful duty to inform her it *was* a cable, but she was *not* to go to England.

The end had come suddenly while two doctors were with him. Every attention had been lavished upon him. Shortly before the silent messenger came he heard the strains of an organ playing in the park 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 of "The Lost Chord."

Friends offered to have his body brought home, but she thought a soldier should be buried where he had fallen in the fight, so they sent her a photograph of his resting-place.

The accounts she received from friends in England who visited him constantly in the hospital there, showed that he was deeply regretted, and that his work had been much appreciated by all who knew him. There were over two thousand people present at his funeral, which was taken five miles across London.

The London (Eng.) newspapers reported:

"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 or reverential atmosphere pervaded the main thoroughfares of Kings-

land 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. . .

"All the leading Commissioners spoke. General Booth sent a message of sympathy and appreciation. The words of Commander Coombs, so well known in Canada we give in part:—

" '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 cannot forget, as I stand here to-day, she 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. 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, and our hearts' sympathies go out to her'."

After a short interval Mrs. Read went on with her humanitarian work. She gave up her home in McKenzie Crescent. She could not live there; there were too many memories. With her little Violet, Miss Page; her Secretary, Miss Brooking and her trusted housekeeper she set up another home.

## A CHAIN OF RESCUE HOMES

. . . . . .

One of the most important achievements of Mrs. Read's term of office was the opening of the splendid Institution in the City of St. John, New Brunswick. For some years there had been a Rescue Home and for one year a small Maternity Hospital. Prospective unmarried mothers were not admitted to the General Hospital and until the Army opened this little place there was no respectable roof to cover them in their anguish and distress.

When Mrs. Read visited the city to conduct the Anniversary of the work, she was met with an earnest plea on the part of the Officer workers for larger premises. Their accommodation for the many and urgent claims of unfortunate ones being too limited. The Army's good friend the late Mr. Bullock, Sr., pointed out to Mrs. Read that there was a large empty building that he thought possibly she could secure. He accompanied her to look at it and they found that there had been an offer from another Society for it, and a decision must be made within twenty-four hours. The building was originally designed by a philanthropic lady for a Sailors' Home. Miss Booth being absent from Headquarters, Mrs. Read had to act on her own initiative, and upon the generous offer of Mr. Bullock to assume a large share of the financial responsibility, Mrs. Read, under the exceptional circumstances, closed the bargain though it was contrary to the rules of the Army for anyone to acquire property without the consent of the Property Board.

The pioneer work of the Hospital had not been

understood by many of the prominent citizens. Judge Forbes had not been brought in close touch with the work, and had heard erroneous stories regarding it. Mr. Bullock invited Mrs. Read to accompany him to call upon the Judge, to explain the proposed development of the work and try to remove his misconceptions regarding it. Mrs. Read gladly consented. He was still at the Court and received them before leaving the Bench. Mrs. Read listened in silence while he set forth his charges against the work. One of which was that girls brought into the city from the country afterwards became a charge to the civic authorities.

With her gentle dignity, she asked, "Would you, Judge Forbes, kindly give me the names of the girls who became a charge on the City?" "Oh, no, no, I have no particulars, but this is the report that has reached me." Mrs. Read replied, "If you will be good enough to listen, I will read you the tabulated statement of the one hundred and eight girls who passed through our Hospital within the last year."

At the close of the interview, the Judge with his courtly manner escorted the visitors to the door saying, "I will go to the Board of the Charity Commissioners, of which I am Chairman and explain what you have told me and I am sure they will co-operate with your splendid work."

At this time Mrs. Read addressed a large meeting in the Queen's Square Methodist Church where she felt the spirit of hostility and misunderstanding prevailing. Dr. A. A. Stockton, M.P.P., presided.

Mrs. Read explained that misplaced confidence was

the chief cause of the moral leprosy. She had come to this conclusion after her personal experience in social work. Few women took deliberately to a dissolute life. Another cause was that so many girls have to work for a mere pittance, not sufficient for an existence.* This condition in the commercial world led many to sell themselves to evil. The Christian church was only now awakening to this fact.

She told of many pathetic instances of the downfall of women. The social work of the Salvation Army was not really the prevention of sin. That was primarily the work of the home and Sunday school. It was after the wounds were made that the army endeavored to heal them. The army's reform work succeeded because they aimed to touch the heart of the fallen, and it was seldom that even the lowest could not be reached. Wayward women and girls did not always come from the lowest class of society. One of the most dissolute women she had ever encountered came from the midst of refinement and education. Mrs. Read said the girls taken to the "Homes" were placed under the influence of women whose lives were consecrated to the work. Kindness was the method employed to reform the inmates.

One of the pathetic cases she described that evening doubtless helped to break down the barriers of criticism and opposition, for the audience, many of whom came out of curiosity, pledged themselves to support Mrs. Read and her new adventure. This was the story:—

*NOTE.—All through the Dominion Mrs. Read set forth for years the importance of equal pay for equal work for men and women.

"The exclamation of a poor girl with dishevelled hair tossing in the summer breeze, and flaunting mien, who leaned carelessly against the corner of a street intersecting Sheffield Street, St. John, N.B., some time ago, came to one of our Rescue Officers, who urged her to give up her life of shame; should check the rising criticism on the lips of those who complain. 'You make the path of sin too smooth!' Oh! she sneered, as she drew a whiff of curling smoke, and twirled her cigarette between her fingers.

" 'It's too late! You might have helped me once, but it's no good talking now. When my baby was born, no one cared—they let it die—then I did not care—and it's no good talking to me.' And she threw back her head and laughed, as only those can laugh who have quaffed to its dregs the bitter cup of blighted hopes, outraged confidence and affection, and have turned from the darkness of disappointment to drown all thought in another bowl of strong milk and impurity."

Mrs. Read extended an invitation to the audience to come to a mid-night meeting in Sheffield Street where they were about to carry on a phase of the work of which she had been speaking. As the band led, many of the people followed Mrs. Read and her Officers. The following incident shows the influence of the officers among these women. Two officers were praying in one of these disreputable houses whilst the open-air was in progress. A policeman on duty came to one of the workers, and said, anxiously:—"I wish your young ladies would come out of that place. It is not safe for them to be there." "Oh!" exclaimed the Salva-

tionist addressed, "they have often visited there before, and have never been molested in any way." Needless to add, the "young ladies" were treated with respect.

Heavenly influences seemed to fall upon them as they sang: "There's no friend like Jesus, no place like home." Many wept in the pathetic open-air services.

A happy culmination of all this was the opening of this splendidly equipped Home, which combined a variety of departments: Children's Shelter, Casuals, Rescue, Maternity Hospital, Nurses' Training School. The value placed upon the Institution was shown by the presence of thirty doctors at the inaugural gathering. Miss Booth was specially interested in this particular venture, and out of courtesy to her presence at the opening, the Home was named "Evangeline" after her. At the opening ceremonies were the Mayor, Ald. McGoldrick, a number of city clergymen, Judges Forbes and Ritchie, and other representative citizens.

Judge Forbes presided. He spoke on the need of such institutions and said he had great hopes for their success for two reasons—first because he felt that the Salvation Army were the people to conduct it, and secondly because St. John had no hospital of the kind and one was needed. Mrs. Read described the many phases of work, and the great amount of good which resulted from it, closing with a plea for practical support of the work. Miss Booth felt she could take the presence of so many ladies and gentlemen as fresh evidence of sympathy with the work.

NOTE.—It will be understood that facts and incidents are only typical as every day brought much of the same nature to record.

It would take many books to chronicle the tours of Mrs. Read's five years of widowhood. We can only give a glimpse or two into one of the Western ones and her last one to the East. When we ask about the press reports she laughs merrily at the memory of some of them.

"Yes, reams, yards!—literally—Yards of columns! Did I tell you of the one reporter who ran along beside me all the way to the Sunday night service to secure notes of my address? They waited at trains, Homes, everywhere, especially the Western ones. But the press has always been good to me."

One Western tour covered six thousand eight hundred miles, seventy-two public meetings, in addition to councils with workers, interviews, and correspondence. In one city she was introduced as the Frances Willard of Canadian Reform Work. In Winnipeg she gave an address in Grace Church, with Rev. Dr. Cleaver presiding:—some of the best people in the city gathered to say, "Winnipeg has not forgotten you, Mrs. Read." The subject was, "The Army's Work in the Prisons," and was listened to with rapt attention. She told of the children of seven men in prison being cared for in her Homes. The Mayor wrote her:

"Our Council aid this work by an annual grant for the reason we believe we are saved much more than we pay in actual outlay by the work done by the Army in this direction. I entirely approved of their work and our grant."

Mrs. Rattray, writing to Mrs. Read after her address in Nelson, B.C., told her she overheard the follow-

ing conversation on her way home: "Two men walked behind me from the meeting last night and of course they talked about it. One said: 'Was it not grand, it was all so true and earnest, if it had not been that the lady looked so tired I could have listened for two hours more.' (I endorse that.) The other answered, 'Yes, there was matter there to make a fellow think. It was not at all she said but what was behind it. Say, it makes a man feel small, some of it, makes him feel like a beast.' They passed me then and I heard no more, but that was enough."

The railway journey across country from Nelson to Spokane, which was her next point, turned out to be rather a tragic experience. Out of British Columbia into Washington the train runs through a "cutting." Owing to very heavy rains, the cliffs on each side began to "give" and before they got through, a steady stream of thick mud poured over the rails. A little at first, and then more and more, thicker and more thick. It was a horrible situation, this oozing, clammy, ghastly, swallowing substance enclosing them. Things began to look very serious, the men worked hard, and the mud poured on, and of course the passengers were quite alarmed. It certainly looked as if they would never be able to move that engine, but the Auxiliary train arrived after hours and hours of work, and the new gang and engine conquered the mud. Later the hungry passengers were able to get some refreshments. Mrs. Read and her Secretary were glad to climb on high stools at a wayside restaurant and partake of muddy black coffee, and stale doughnuts.

Speaking of her last tour for the Social Work in the East, Mrs. Read tells us the people so often said, "Do bring your little girl with you.

"I had never taken her on a lengthy journey. She was rather a frail little flower and I felt was much safer under her Grandmamma's and Aunt Ella's loving care.

"But an extensive tour was necessary. Her little hands always pulled me home the very earliest moment. I thought I could devote more time to the Homes if she were with me, so we started with my faithful travelling Secretary, Miss Bell, for our three months' absence.

"We went straight from Toronto to Newfoundland and spent three weeks there. It was the lovely summertime, and we had delightful meetings and were happy in the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Bell's home in St. Johns, where my little girl stayed while I visited the Island.

"The Army had established their own schools all over the Island. I was guest of honor one morning in St. Johns, and four hundred children gave a ringing Newfoundland cheer of welcome and a second one when they knew it was the little Violet's papa who had secured a law to make these schools possible.

"After I had heard the classes and listened to their splendid singing, I requested the Principal to grant a half-holiday. This ensured for us more cheers. Altogether it was a very bright interesting morning."

A densely packed Social meeting held in the British Hall was presided over by Sir Robert Thorburn who expressed his sympathy with the work of the Salvation

Army saying that he had taken an interest in it years before in England when the Army was unpopular and when it had received ill treatment. Time had passed and demonstrated that the Army had come to stay. One of the reasons of its success was that it had endeavored to look after the body as well as the soul. Mrs. Read received a great ovation and her lecture of over an hour was greatly appreciated. A day or two afterwards, after an address by Mrs. Read, the ladies of the W.C. T.U. and Lady Thorburn gave a reception for her to meet old Newfoundland friends.

. . . . . .

"When we were crossing to Point Aux Basque," said Mrs. Read, "my little Violet, like her mother, was a poor sailor, lay in her berth beside me, thinking seriously. Suddenly some conscious realization of cause and effect came to her mind and she said: 'If this old boat would not wiggle so, we should not have this trouble, Mother, should we?'

"Miss Bell and I were highly amused, in spite of our discomfort.

"The last evening in Newfoundland before sailing for Canada we were steaming along on the train. I sat gazing upon the beautiful scene outside. The light was waning in one of the most brilliant sunsets I have ever seen. The many colored lights fell upon the wonderfully wild scenery, and the waters of the Atlantic that wash the Newfoundland shores, seemed to change to a perfect sea of glory. It was wonderful indeed, as if heaven's curtain had for a moment been lifted to give to human eyes a glimpse of what lay

beyond the clouds. I was roused from my reverie by feeling the touch of a gentle little girl creeping into my arms and hearing an awe struck childish voice whisper: 'Oh mamma, what is it? What does it mean? Is that where Jesus is?' And receiving no answer, 'Is my papa there? Oh mamma!' I gathered her silently into my arms and together we watched the marvellous dying of the day and then she slipped quietly away to play in another part of the car. As I mused with eyes full of tears, I felt that my five-year-old darling was being taught by the loving Jesus Himself."

## CHAPTER XIV

### PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF RESCUE WORK

ON the return journey to Toronto, Mrs. Read conducted the Anniversary services for the Rescue Work in Fort Massey Presbyterian Church, Halifax. Dr. Gandier, now Principal of Knox College, was the Pastor.

"This century has seen the creation of four organizations. These have nearly all been organized by one individual. 1st—The Y.M.C.A., founded by Sir George Williams. 2nd—The Y.P.S.C.E., founded by Francis E. Clarke. 3rd—The W.C.T.U., founded by that noble woman, who so recently went to her reward, Francis Willard. Last, but not least, your own Salvation Army, founded by that great man at whose meeting I had the honor of presiding on his recent visit to Halifax, General Booth," said Mr. James Macintosh, as he warmly introduced Mrs. Read.

In the course of her remarks, Mrs. Read mentioned calling on the Hon. Mr. Murray, Premier; His Worship the Mayor, and Hon. A. H. MacKay on some very important business in connection with the Social Work. Mrs. Read also referred to her visit to the prison, where she prayed with the women prisoners before leaving. The large audience was moved to tears by the stories told, and manifested their appreciation of the work by their real practical sympathy.

Following the Fort Massey meeting an enthusiastic

crowd of Salvationists, headed by the band, flying the flag with the fiery star, and Mrs. Read's rescue flag—red cross upon a snowy ground—marched to Albemarle Street—then the red light district. Two open air services were held. Then an adjournment was made to a Mission Hall. Mrs. Read, and the Rescue Home Matron, Ensign Beekstead—afterwards lost in the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland*—and League of Mercy workers, visited the adjacent houses, inviting and bringing the inmates to the meeting.

A policeman on his beat expressed some concern about their going into the houses. He was told to calm his fears, as their uniform was known and everywhere respected.

Mrs. Read interviewed Premier Murray to secure his support for a Government grant for the Rescue Homes. The Premier showed her the greatest personal courtesy and sympathy yet he could not see how he could give her any hope of her request being granted. Mrs. Read pointed out the injustice of the conditions that prevailed, reminding him that they subsidized beneficiary schemes for men, also the Humane Society. Righteous indignation burned within her at the system which differentiated between the needs of men and women, and Mrs. Read exclaimed: "Well, Sir, your Government provides for the men; you care for the animals, cats and dogs; but do nothing for unfortunate womanhood."

This was one of the many incidents which aroused in her the consideration, of the necessity of equality in political power for women. When she told this story

in the evening at the great Fort Massey meeting, she created strong public opinion, and drew attention to facts that had never occurred to the people before; for instance, that cats and dogs were better cared for than womanhood, and left quite a different viewpoint with regard to public sentiment towards the Government and existing conditions; this was one of the striking points of her work.

We must make it clear that these tours were not only to visit Rescue Homes, but that Mrs. Read visited all the chief cities and towns in the provinces, speaking and creating interest in the work. She says little of all the weariness, the disappointments, anxieties, loss of rest and sleep, the loneliness of the travels and the sacrifices of comfort involved in all the journeyings.

In Truro she gave an address in the church where the Rev. Mr. Geggie, now of Parkdale, and so popular as the Soldiers' friend, was minister. It was the time of the meeting of the Synod, and many of the Ministers stole away to attend the Social gathering and hear of the Rescue Work. Four of them escorted Mrs. Read to her billet, so as to have an opportunity to ask her questions. Mr. Geggie was most enthusiastic and publicly invited Mrs. Read to return, saying, "I'll see that you shall have a large audience, and that my Stewards give you a good collection." Mrs. Read also visited Springhill Mines, New Glasgow, Windsor, and the three Sydneys. At Glace Bay, the large Presbyterian Church was crowded and a special train was chartered to bring people in from the outlying districts. An interesting incident happened at Yarmouth in Mrs. Read's

Social meeting. She had been telling of her visit to Dorchester Penitentiary. Armed with letters of introduction from a leading gentleman in Moncton, N.B., she had gone down to the beautiful little village of Dorchester to interview the Warden of the prison, and to try and secure the entree for the Salvation Army.

The Warden had quite a different opinion as to the possibilities of any reformation being possible amongst the criminal class. He gave her no encouragement and vowed he would not trust a single one of the two hundred men incarcerated within the prison walls.

One of the astonished listeners in Yarmouth was the Hon. Mr. Pretty, local member of the Legislature. At the close of the meeting someone whispered to Mrs. Read that they were afraid Mr. Pretty would be offended, as the Warden at Dorchester was a particular friend of his.

Mrs. Read promptly sought an introduction to him as he was leaving the hall. In course of conversation, she smilingly said, "I might have modified my remarks if I had known so great a friend of the Warden were present." He, with a merry twinkle in his eye, answered, "I do not think it would have made any difference. I cannot imagine you being afraid of anything." As a demonstration of the fact that he had not been offended, he sent a substantial gift for the Rescue Work the same evening, and the next day sent a carriage to take her to the station. In saying good-bye at the depot, he put into the hand of her little daughter, five-year-old Violet, who accompanied her on this one tour, and whom Mr. Pretty saw for the first time (the

child, of course, not having been at any of these meetings), a gift, saying, "This is for you to buy little nice things on the train for mamma."

Mrs. Read had some very interesting experiences on her journeys. She received much kindness everywhere, especially in the West, where there is a freer, more unconventional attitude toward strangers. On one occasion these attentions became very embarrassing. She was all day on the train from Winnipeg going West to an appointment. A gentleman offered her several little kindnesses—his newspaper—a book—and sundry thoughtful attentions to relieve the monotony of the hours. As the hours wore on he came and entered into conversation several times. The last one ended rather summarily. He had shown great interest in her work, asked many questions with true prairie cordiality. At first on account of some instinct she had not said she was a widow—always disliking the term and shrinking from the questions and sympathy such an explanation usually called forth. But in the course of conversation the fact was mentioned inadvertently. The gentleman had told her in true Western frankness of his prosperous business condition and his life generally, in all of which she had shown a seasoned traveller's polite interest. What was her amazement, amusement (and indignation) when her fellow-traveller offered to lay all at her feet, himself included, saying she had won his heart by her graciousness; that their meeting was opportune. If she would only accept him all his possessions should be hers. All this scene was in proper conventional language—though so uncon-

ventional in its setting and circumstance. She felt angry and explained that she had no wish or desire to abandon her work, though she was often tired: as on that day with the continued strain upon heart and nerve and body, and the lengthy absences from her beloved home and dear ones; forbidding the man to address her again. He went away evidently in much disappointment, but returned to her before leaving the train at his destination to make a further plea.

The promotion to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy was postponed for many weeks in deference to Mrs. Read's wishes. When Miss Booth told her of the General's wish that she assume that rank she shrank from accepting. There was only one officer of that rank in the Dominion—Lieut.-Col. Margetts. She was the first Canadian woman to be so honored—in fact, she is the only Canadian woman to hold it in her own right. However, there was to be a great Rescue Demonstration illustrative of the Army's work in Massey Hall, Toronto, and Miss Booth chose this occasion to announce the new honor.

Massey Hall was packed with a dense audience, such as always responded to the announcement of Miss Booth's presence. During the evening Mrs. Read led in little groups of her staff of workers. The Rescue officers in white costume, the nurses in their distinctive bright blue and the League of Mercy in a special uniform of dainty pink cotton. Mrs. Read wore, draped from her shoulder, the white sash bearing the legend "Rescue," which she invariably wore when speaking of her work. There followed a happy though pathetic

little band from the Children's Homes of the Army. All were grouped about their leader, Mrs. Read, and sang some touching nursery songs.

It was indeed a dramatic moment—the gentle, grave-faced lady, clothed already with a dignity that marked her rank, standing there, in the Heavenward bound Army, surrounded with the outward and visible signs of her ideal—the little happy children; the officers, each standing for a separate branch of progressive work, each with their hearts full of loving appreciation for the leader, who was about to have an outward insignia of rank conferred upon her, modest, sweet woman—yet about to become the third highest officer in rank in the Canadian Salvation Army.

At the close of this little drama, Miss Booth stepped forward, paid a glowing tribute to the work of their Leader and announced her promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

"Wasn't that lovely, Grandma?" whispered little Violet Read, who was watching in the audience in wide-eyed enjoyment. "Wasn't it lovely when mamma's officers all stood around her and the dear little children sang, 'Gentle Jesus?'

"And didn't mamma look sweet, grandma, especially when the people clapped so and Miss Booth kissed her?"

Mrs. Read felt happier about it when she found how warmly her comrade-workers congratulated her and seemed pleased over the honor conferred upon a Canadian woman.

The day following the Massey Hall gathering, Miss

Booth sent for her, detained her a length of time upon some pretext though she was extremely rushed. When she hurried back into her own offices she found a beautiful roll-topped desk with the good wishes and warm congratulations of the Headquarters Staff. She has ever since used this much valued token of their appreciation of her work and herself.

The "War Cry" editorially commented on this event:—

"The excellent administration of the Women's and Children's Social Work by the Commissioner's Secretary for that branch, Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read, has found general acknowledgment in many circles, and deserves every recognition."

Hundreds of congratulatory letters poured in similar to this:—

My Dear Lieut.-Col.,—

Allow me to congratulate you upon your promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. The news of this has been received by all who know you with considerable satisfaction.

I pray that more and more your usefulness may be increased in the important branches of work that you represent.

. . . . . .

"Did you ever find any traces of memories of homes or mothers amongst the girls you rescued?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes, the influence of a good home and loving mother was always felt."

"However far astray young people may drift, the influences of home still follow.

"Those who had had a good home training were always more easily affected by advice and kindness.

"Oh, my God!" screamed "Sporting Jane," of X—,

with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, when I tried to talk to her about her mother. "Don't mention *that* name HERE!" Gradually her rage subsided and the drink fever faded from her hot face as I tried gently to reason with her and persuade her to abandon the life of evil she was living.

"But she was not ready to forsake it. There was only one vulnerable spot apparently in her armor of indifference and bravado—the sacred name of Mother." I felt confident that ultimately the influence of the revered mother which still held a place in her memory would stop poor Jane in her downward career.

"All the years I was striving to secure a substantial financial basis for the work.

"Of course, one of the great responsibilities and burdens was this financing of the Homes. This was especially so at the first, when the work was unknown and there was much prejudice. As the years passed by we received Government grants and municipal subsidies. I personally memorialized in the name of the Army every Provincial Government where our Homes were located within their borders. Many civic bodies were approached also. This necessitated a constant watching for opportunities; in our office many written appeals as well as personal interviews were made. This would be followed by personal appeals from our own Rescue Staff and influential friends.

"We succeeded as the years passed and the value and importance of our efforts became better understood. One Government followed another in subsidizing us, *per capita, per diem*. Then the industries of the

various institutions and the gifts of local people, with grants from the Self-Denial Scheme, as time passed, helped to lift the monetary care.

The result of my own efforts, by personal solicitation of public persons and offerings in my meetings also were devoted to the work. A fair percentage was allocated to the local work in towns and cities I visited and the balance in each Province was passed over to the Homes within the Province where I travelled. Personally, I never received one cent of any moneys from my lectures. My maintenance was otherwise provided for. My travelling expenses were deducted from the offerings and I have often felt since that that arrangement was a mistake. For, of course, I knew the crying, pressing need in every Home in those early days. And also that every dollar that could be saved out of the expense of the tours would go to relieve that need and help us to reach and aid more unfortunate women and children. Consequently, I felt that any sacrifice of comfort on my part in the interests of the Homes was a part of my privilege. This anxiety, I see, after the years of shattered health which have followed in consequence, caused me to err often times!

"Many times on my Continental tours of five, six or eight weeks, I have spent many nights on the train without a berth in a sleeper, to save the two dollars for the work. The price in suffering and money that the years have brought since have shown me that it was not wisdom to go without proper food on long day journeys, or without rest at night. But I was young, enthusiastic and though never strong, I had a determined

spirit, and boundless love for my poor erring sisters, and especially the suffering, helpless babyhood which came under our care.

"Naturally I found those who were willing to sacrifice in the interest of the work they knew I was so interested in. I want to tell of two instances. One my own little daughter and one a young girl in the Northwest.

"One morning (one of the few mornings spent with my little girl, for my work took me away from her so much), having a little time at home and desiring to avail myself of every opportunity to mould the character of my little child, and influence her for God and a life of future service for Him, I told her about the famine in India, and how many little boys and girls were obliged to suffer hunger, and even death, because of the scarcity of food, explaining further that a cent or two would supply food for a little Hindoo child for a day, and that I wanted to collect some money to send to them, Violet's eyes grew large and wide with wonder. 'Well, mamma, I'll give you my red cent.' (I had just given her a shining new copper.) 'Thank you, darling,' I replied, 'that is very sweet and good, but you know Jesus is pleased when we give something to the poor people that we want very much for ourselves.' She sat silently, thinking, for a few moments, and then, as if it cost her an effort, she exclaimed, throwing her arms around my neck, 'Well, mamma, I like my light blue frock best, I think I'll give that,' and she added in a whisper, 'then one little girl will not be cold, and one mamma will not cry so much.'

"My heart was deeply touched, and though the beloved blue frock was not a suitable gift, the spirit that prompted the offer was the true one—the willingness to give up something dear and valued, so that one child might be clothed, and one poor mother comforted.

"The other circumstance I wish to narrate took place at the close of an important gathering in the interests of the Social work in Winnipeg. I had been speaking strongly and earnestly of the needs and claims of the unfortunate and erring ones. Other speakers had emphasized the importance of all followers of Christ, imitating His beautiful life in giving sympathy and help to those who have fallen by the wayside, but who are anxious to retrace their steps, and through faith in the efficacy of Divine grace become new creatures. Much enthusiasm and interest had been manifested by the hearers. Being anxious that the result of the meetings should crystallize in some tangible or material form, in addition to the universal sympathy that had been expressed, we passed among the audience little slips of paper asking for promises of support for the Rescue Work.

"Quite a ready response was made, and a number of the little canaries (slips) were passed up with substantial sums promised. Among the number was one which specially gladdened my heart. Unfolding the little yellow paper, I read the following words:—

" 'I give myself. Nurse ———.'

"This lady served as a worker in the Army for years and was lost when the *Empress* went down. Her name was Miss Chapman and the Civic Authorities of

Hamilton, where she did noble work, sent to Quebec to bring her body back to give it a civic funeral, but unfortunately her body was never found."

Mrs. Read not only instructed and trained others to "rescue the perishing," but herself personally sought out the erring as she had time and opportunity. An illustration of this is a little incident she gave us:

"I, with a friend stood one hot summer's evening in one of the close court-yards of a large, busy city. The air was fetid and oppressive. The houses of that filthy court were repulsive in the extreme. On the twilight air oaths and cursings were heard issuing from the godless crowd within. Above those discordant sounds we sang an old hymn; which has been sung by many peoples of many tongues and climes:

> There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath the flood
> Lose all their guilty strains.

"Prayer was offered, messages of salvation were faithfully spoken by us to the motley crowd drawn from those sultry slummy rooms by the song. We came away—glad of the chance to sow the seed, but sad on account of the little fruit.

" 'Ye shall reap,' says the Word, 'if ye faint not.' How true the promise.

"A few days afterwards two women with little bundles containing all their personal effects, rapped at the door of one of the Homes.

" 'We've come,' they said together. 'You asked us to come and we've come.'

"They went out from the Home some months after to live out its precepts and examples in the happy lives which the opened 'fountain of sin' made possible."

Often Mrs. Read came home weary and exhausted from the office after many hours of dealing with the vital things of human life.

The little Violet watching at the window as the hour of her mother's arrival approached would fly back to the kitchen to the housekeeper, "Oh, Jenny, quick, mother is coming! She looks so tired, get her a cup of tea, please, Jenny—Oh, let me carry it in! I am sure I can."

Perhaps you would be interested in getting a clearer picture of the daily routine of her office work—a veritable spiritual dispensary:—

A stream of persons had been interviewed, sometimes as many as twelve or twenty people awaiting their turn to be admitted by the private secretary, Miss Brooking, all with a story of need, diversified as the person presenting it—from the wealthy relative pleading that a daughter's misstep might be shielded for a large gift of money and the baby taken from the mother—which request was not complied with, Mrs. Read holding the view that even the nameless baby had a right to a mother's care at least for a time—to the poor, broken hearted drunkard's wife begging for work and admission for her children to the refuges, which request was always complied with when room in a house permitted. The poor inebriates came in to be prayed with, and to seek shelter and employment. These would be

despatched to the Working Women's Home or shelter, where hot coffee and tea and a warm bed and encouraging welcome were awaiting them.

Men, too, who had fallen upon evil ways came to see the "Kernul" to get a kind word and material assistance in the way of work, or a ticket for lodging. Often these unfortunates were sent to Staff Capt. Burrows at the Men's Metropole. He would provide work and food for them and in the evening a bright, cheery reading room with sometimes a happy meeting following. "And my boys from the prison," says Mrs. Read, "came straight to see me and thank me for any service to themselves or their home folk which I might have done for them! Poor boys! So full of promises and good intentions. Many fulfilled their promises and carried out their good intentions! One needed the discerning spirit and wisdom of Solomon, the courage of Daniel and the patience and sympathy of the Master, to meet adequately the daily stream of human flotsam and jetsam that flowed into my offices."

Over her desk she had the legend from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" painted on a card, "He (or she) who enters here need not bear a name but bear a sorrow."

"Then, of course, there were personal official interviews with Officers of the Social Department regarding business matters in the various Homes. This phase of the work was as diversified as the workers. Sometimes it would mean advice which internal perplexities of the Home demanded. Girls had been troublesome. babies sick, insufficient help in the officiary, problems

of finance, inadequacy in accommodation, discouragement because of worn out nerves on the part of some officer. A change of work for the respective officer which meant going from Winnipeg to Newfoundland; administrative and executive work of a most taxing nature.

"Then, leading citizens, official and private, came upon all kinds of missions. "Will you be so good as to speak at the News Boys' Home? Or a lecture to the deaconesses. Or to such and such a church upon your work. Will you give us a week end at Hamilton or Kingston?

"This reminds me of the tours," says Mrs. Johnston. "Preparations for tours like mine involved much careful planning. First, the dates I would like to visit a certain Province were sent to the Provincial officer with suggestions as to the places I would visit in addition to the cities where Homes were situated. The Provincial Officer would be asked to suggest Buildings, Chairmen and other places he would like visited within these dates. On receipt of his reply my secretary would go into all the details re trains, time of arrival, etc. We would usually plan all the printing, cards, press posters, etc. The Army Officers, Ministers, chairmen, and others would be communicated with—every detail worked out and arranged for a month or even six weeks before, and I have often gone through the whole schedule without missing a meeting, an interview, a train, or being five minutes late for an engagement.

"To the carefully executed plans in our office, in

co-operation with the officers on the field I attribute much of the success of the public work.

"Many references in the story are made to Miss Bell, my travelling Secretary. I wish to pay my tribute to her great devotion to me, in public and in private. On those last strenuous tours when Miss Booth considered I was not strong enough to go alone I should not have been able to keep my engagements but for her aid in interviewing people, when the number was too great for my time. In looking after arrangements, correspondence, and the thousand business matters such tours as ours involved, caring also for my personal comfort, when I had not a moment to think of my own affairs or needs! And in the day of my great bereavement when my darling girlie went Home, coming to me and showing a true friend's patience and sympathy. With her husband and splendid boys, she belongs to the past and the present.

"Then we found homes for the little ones. All the adoption papers and the necessary legal procedure were attended to by myself and secretaries. We had, of course, all the proper documents supplied through the Army's Legal Department. One thing," continued Mrs. Read Johnston, musingly, "helped me in many a critical and problematic moment—my faith in humanity! You see I started out in my public life determined to trust everyone until I found them unworthy of my confidence."

"How did you find it work out, Mrs. Read Johnston?" "Of course, sometimes I have been deceived, but very rarely. I always felt I would rather ere by

trusting people too implicitly than make the mistake of doubting a sincere person.

"I usually found that some spirit warned me when people were false or untrue. On the other hand, I have often found that my confidence in some man or girl whom others doubted was the means of giving him or her a new start in life.

"For instance, I just recall a young man who had been unfortunate and much maligned by many people. I felt he had never had a fair chance—his parents had died in his childhood. It seemed to me, when I met him in connection with my public work that all he needed was a friend who would expect something noble of him and have confidence in him. In spite of people about me who did not trust him I made him understand—he was only eighteen then—that I was sure a splendid future was before him if he would be faithful and true. He afterwards wrote me, 'You will never know what your trust in me meant. Other people knew of my mistakes and failure but they did not know how I walked all night resisting temptation and how much I conquered. Your trust saved me.'"

"What became of him?" we asked.

"Oh," laughed Mrs. Read Johnston, "that is over twenty years ago. He is to-day a leading public man in the United States doing a good work for humanity. Sometimes he writes me and always with some word of appreciation for my confidence in him, in his youth, and expectations for his career, when he was passing through the stormy waters of distrust and difficulties. He is typical."

## PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF RESCUE WORK

Mrs. Read has volumes of testimonies as to the value of the prison and Rescue work. One only is given:—

Government House,
Toronto, November 13th, 1900.

I have much pleasure in expressing my interest in the effort which is being made by the Salvation Army to find employment for prisoners on the expiration of their sentences, and to be of service to them otherwise, according to their needs.

I believe that it is only a year or two since the scheme was actively taken up by the Salvation Army, but that good has already resulted from it, and that much more can and will be done should reasonable support be obtained outside of their own resources.

Your work in the matter has my hearty sympathy, and I hope it will commend itself to the favor of the public.

Yours truly,
Oliver Mowat.

When her Excellency, Lady Aberdeen, held a meeting at Government House, Toronto, to organize the National Council of Women in Canada, Mrs. Read was invited by her Excellency to speak on the care of the feeble-minded, as she was considered to be an "expert" on the question. Three hundred ladies were invited to meet Lady Aberdeen on this historical occasion, by the genial host, Sir Oliver Mowat. Mrs. Read answered a great many questions asked by the audience. Standing there in her young matronly dignity, the Salvation bonnet encircling the grave, earnest face, and the white sash from shoulder with "Rescue" in red letters across her breast; her insignia of rank in silver letters on red back ground on the collar of her uniform; and "League of Mercy" badge on the arm, a living exponent of what "Rescue" work stood for. All criticism melted, and her invaluable information was of real

assistance to Lady Aberdeen in launching her great enterprise. During Lady Aberdeen's last visit to Toronto, Mrs. Read Johnston's friends could see, as she was greeted so very warmly, how glad Lady Aberdeen was to meet one of her earliest associates in her own splendid efforts to organize the Womanhood of Canada for united effort for the benefit of the Dominion; and she remarked, "You are *still* trying to gain your point and get Legislation to deal with the feeble-minded." In connection with this work Mrs. Read brought out a little book at that time upon which Lady Aberdeen made a comment for publication, sending with it a note of congratulation indited by her own hand.

There has been a very erroneous idea as to the type of leaders in the Salvation Army. The public who have not gone near enough to understand have been sometimes under the impression that it was composed entirely of the humbler classes of society, whereas many of the leaders came from the cultured and distinguished.

It is a well-known fact that the most successful workers were those of the most refined and delicately nurtured class—the very highest type of womanhood was needed to reach the lapsed classes and the tenderest and most delicate handling to guide towards reformation and regeneration.

In all the "Homes" the most careful cultivation of good manners was observed, and an effort made towards refined environment. For instance, in one part of Canada it may have been a deep-thinking woman in an out of the way village whose inspiration was kindled

through the visitation of the Army, while in Norway it was a Princess who caught the vision and became the Leader. In Russia a lady of noble birth was for years trying to open the doors to the Salvation Army, and finally it was the war that burst them apart.

Naturally Mrs. Read met many of those who had sunk their identity as people of title and position, and become merely "Brigadier," "Major" or "Colonel" in the Salvation Army.

We can only touch on the stupendous amount of platform work in her years of service. When we read the printed account of one Eastern tour, it gives a tiny glimpse of forty-five *days'* work:

"The recently-concluded tour of the Women's Social Superintendent in the East and Newfoundland, has been eminently successful, and demonstrates how thorough is the sympathy of the people with Army work, and especially Army work for women. Mrs. Read has travelled nearly three thousand five hundred miles in the forty-five days she was absent from Toronto, visited seventeen cities and towns, conducted or addressed fifty-eight meetings, including church meetings, holiness and salvation meetings, and meetings in drawing-rooms, prisons and midnight work in connection with the League of Mercy, had over thirty official interviews with prominent citizens, including a Lieutenant-Governor, two Premiers, several Mayors, Magistrates, Police and Prison Officials, Ministers, Officers, League of Mercy workers and others. In addition to meetings in the Army Halls, two were held in Baptist Churches, five in Methodist and two in Presbyterian Churches.

The chairmen included one ex-Premier, one Member of Parliament, one Magistrate, two Bankers, three Methodist and three Presbyterian Ministers. The League of Mercy was organized and commissioned in Fredericton, St. Johns, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and St. Johns, Newfoundland. In addition eight hundred special song books which had been compiled by Mrs. Read, were sold and large sums of money were subscribed for the work. Of the 'behind the scene' difficulties nothing is recorded."

Mrs. Read has spoken in highest praise of the devotion and co-operation of her splendid Band of Officers, ever ready to follow out her plans, and support her efforts. Of the seventy commissioned Officers and Nurses, there are some who were with her nearly all the years. Brigadier Annie Stewart now entered into her reward. Major Venie Jost, superintendent of Toronto Women's Hospital. Major Holman, Major Louie Payne, superintendent of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. Adjutant Mary Lovell, Mrs. Persis Jordan, living retired in U.S.A. Mrs. Jewer and her Secretaries, Miss Easton, Mrs. Lemon, Miss Brooking, now Mrs. (Rev.) J. Miller of Princeton, B.C., and Miss Bertha Bell, now Mrs. Geo. Kenway of Edmonton. Miss Brooking's devotion in the office, the last years made possible Mrs. Read's long absences from Toronto.

We give an exquisite tribute to Mrs. Read from a gentleman in Vancouver: "Saturday night and all day Sunday, we have had with us Col. Mrs. Read, Woman's Social Superintendent for Canada. Many of us remember with pleasure and profit her two visits in '94,

and we have been looking forward in joyful anticipation to her coming.

"With all the Colonel's sweet, beautiful brightness, we detect the tears of interior suffering, with all its refining, ennobling, and softening influences. God's choicest wreaths are always wet with tears. Our joys are made of sorrow, our crowns come of crosses, and our strength is made perfect in weakness. During the Colonel's stay we feel we have listened to the outpourings of a soul on fire with love for Christ and for the suffering, perishing souls for whom He died. The Colonel is intensely in earnest, a woman whose mind is saturated with rich, beautiful thoughts, to whom God is a living, burning fact; one whose soul is a furnace of long-suffering, patient love for Christ's bewildered, wandering sheep, who reflects in her life the heaven in her soul.

"Her addresses were the spontaneous eloquence of the heart, and whether spiritual or social, they had one single purpose—the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Listening, on Sunday afternoon, to this woman of God pleading for the class whose social and spiritual salvation has become the work of her life, we detected the tears of sympathy in her voice, and our hearts have been touched by the deep, pathetic tone and refined, yet simple language. We understand religion means following Christ, and Christ ministered not to Himself, but to others.

"The evening meeting was packed from platform to door for the commissioning of the League of Mercy officers, after which the Colonel delivered a powerful

and a soul-stirring address. The audience was spell-bound and most of them stayed to the after-meeting.

"She has cheered, strengthened, and encouraged the officers and soldiers; souls have been won; a Rescue Home has been arranged for, at least, so I understand, and the people of Vancouver will not soon forget the strong, pathetic words of pity and compassion proceeding, as they certainly do, from a deep heart capable of intense feeling, and from a cultured mind spiritualized and filled with the spirit of deep wisdom."

## CHAPTER XV

### CARING FOR HOMELESS WAIFS

*"The needless tear of a child is a blood spot upon the earth."*

ONE of the important schemes was the development of the work among poor homeless waifs.

Naturally Mrs. Read felt a deep and strong sympathy for the many little helpless ones that came within range of her influence and she most tenderly tells some of their pathetic little stories. "This one," she says, "I have told many times in crowded meetings:—

"The officials of a women's prison, after trying in vain to get a wee three months' old baby into some institution, sent it to us. We did not often take them without their mothers, under ten or twelve months, but in this case rules were waived under the urgent plea, 'You see we have no place for it but the laundry or the prison cell, and a cell is almost too cold for a baby.'

"Too cold for a baby. I should think so.

"I have seen well dressed mothers in my audiences shiver and involuntarily clasp little ones closer to them.

"A poor little girl of six was taken away from her mother by the Children's Aid Society appointed by the Ontario Government to protect neglected children. Her mother was a disreputable woman, quite unfit to be the guardian of her child. In fact, when the child was

found by the officers of the law, she was in absolute ignorance of all goodness. The name of Jesus to her was a naughty word, as she had never heard it except in oaths. She was sent to an Army Institution for children, preparatory to placing her in a Christian home. Under the influence of this Home, and through watching the other children, her darkened little mind began to turn towards the light and unfold to the truth. One evening she had been watching the other children at their devotions. I was visiting the Home and noticed her wistful expression, and inquired, 'Would you like to learn to pray, Maggie?' The little eyes filled with tears, and the little head nodded an affirmative reply. 'Come and kneel here, Maggie,' I invited, and for the first time the flaxen head bowed at a Christian woman's knee. Tender and earnest was my petition offered for the stray lamb who had no mother to bring her to the Great Shepherd. As the prayer ended Maggie sprang upon my knee and clasped me with a painfully close embrace. 'Oh,' she whispered in my ear, 'I did feel so nice when you were giving me to Jesus.' "

. . . . . .

The old barracks on Farley Ave., was remodeled and made into a bright and well equipped Children's Shelter. This had been the "old Mother Corps," but was no longer necessary for the public services as they were held elsewhere. It was named the "Evangeline Home" after the Commissioner, Miss Eva Booth, and was formally opened by Alderman Urquhart, in the absence of the Mayor. He expressed his appreciation of the work the Army was doing; the initial expenses

of the Home had been met; there was no debt. This Shelter was another valuable addition to the charitable institutions then being established by the Army in Toronto. Mrs. Read explained in her opening remarks that this particular department had been organized ten years before, and, had cared for six hundred children.

In response to a special invitation from Rev. C. O. Johnson, a brigade of little songsters from the Children's Home was present and sang at the Bathurst Street Methodist Church, Toronto, one Sunday evening, in connection with the pastor's sermon on neglected children.

"Mrs. Read was called upon to speak," says a newspaper report. "She rivetted the attention of the thronged building by her touching stories of work among children.

"The plaintive strains of 'Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild,' rang out in the children's shrill voices and captivated the congregation.

"The Rev. C. O. Johnson, in the course of his forcible remarks, described the unhappier children of this age as being mortgaged to sin, and emphatically commended the efforts which the Army were putting forth to relieve the spiritual and temporal disadvantages under which so many little ones labor.

"A touching little incident occurred. One of the little Army protegees had fallen asleep with her head on Mrs. Read's knee. The Pastor noticing this, remarked, 'I would that every outcast little one in the city had a Christian woman's knee to pillow its head upon.'

"The personal touch of human love," Mrs. Read assures us, "was the secret of all the success with the children.

"I used to tell a little incident as illustrative of this:—

"A Sunday School teacher was walking down the street one day. Seeing a ragged street-arab she stopped, and, in a kind voice (and how great is the influence of a gentle voice) she addressed him. 'What d'ye say?' he asked rudely. 'Wouldn't you like to come to Sunday School?' 'Na,' he answered. 'We have nice singing there; wouldn't you like to hear that?' 'Na,' was the gruff reply. 'We have papers and pretty pictures and cards and stories; wouldn't you like to have them?' 'Na, don't want 'em.' 'We have a Christmas-tree in the winter and a picnic in the summer, that is nice; I am sure you would like to come.' 'Na, I ain't going!' The young lady was turning sadly away, feeling that the heart of this small specimen of humanity was unapproachable, when he drawled out, 'Say, will youse be there?' 'Oh, yes, I'll be there,' she answered brightly. 'Well, then, I guess I'll come.'

"In all this pathos and tragedy sometimes a little humor gleamed. A little boy who had been observing how the clothes were attended to, asked in wide-eyed wonder when for the first time he was immersed in a bathtub, 'Say Missus are yer goin' to hang me on yer clothes line to dry?'"

# CHAPTER XVI

## THE LEAGUE OF MERCY

"When centuries dawn and die away,
The world still keeps their record vast
And gathers ripened sheaves to-day
From seeds that fell in ages past."

IN connection with the work in the Rescue Institutions, it was soon found that an auxiliary of co-workers for outside operations was needed. When Mrs. Read became General Dominion Superintendent she found in Toronto a little band of six women engaged in this work. She immediately commenced organizing this League of Mercy Corps wherever she visited. When she relinquished the work there were in every city from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to Victoria B.C., bands of workers—two hundred members in all. In some places the League has been allowed to lapse, but is being reorganized and the visitation of the homes of khaki boys in the hospitals is now added to the many branches of work carried forward by this League of Love.

They wore a unique little badge designed by their Leader, Mrs. Read, bearing the legend, "League of Mercy: Inasmuch," and a red cross upon a white enamelled button attached to a crimson ribbon. The women members also wore a ribbon round the sleeve. Someone once called them "the women with the cross on their arm and the cross in their hearts." They car-

ried comfort, cheer, music, flowers, little dainties and uplifting literature into hospitals, old people's Homes, Poor Houses, Asylums, and the homes in distress, bereavement and poverty.

On the little card bearing nine or ten rules formulated by Mrs. Read and approved by Miss Booth for the guidance of the League, these significant ones appeared:—

"Always have a smile and a kind word for every one."
"Always speak in a quiet tone."
"Do not wear noisy boots."

The motive of the League's self-denying toil was the constraining love of Christ, and their aim to bring blessing to the people out of the affection of their strong hearts by the means of gentle hands.

"Were it possible to take a census of the world's most hopeless hearts," says a writer, "it is probable that the largest number would be found behind the large windows of the hospital and the places where the mentally defective are incarcerated. The hospital cot may be furnished with the most elastic mattress and covered with the whitest spread, the ward may be large and airy, the nurse's face pleasant and hand gentle, but after all, there is no hiding of the fact that this is the palace of pain. The very doorways remind either of the convalescent or the dead who have passed out. These thoughts attacking the mind of the inmate must have an effect the reverse of cheerful. The declaration of an institution's disadvantage reveals its greatest need, and when we say that the Army sends its messengers as hope-bringers to the prisons, hospitals and

kindred places of the land, we speak of one of its highest missions. For whether their blessed toil be spent in the world's great infirmaries for physical or moral disease, the members of the League of Mercy have many times earned their right to the title, 'hope-bearers.'"

Sometimes their prayers and songs and words take the form of a meeting, sometimes they are more individual and are more like a personal call.

Mrs. Read was walking down a street in Toronto when her attention was arrested by an old man who seemed eager to tell her something. "A little while back," said he, "I was in a hospital in this city, while there your ministering angels found me out, they visited me, read to me, sang to me, brought sunshine into my life and salvation to my heart. Through their efforts I am a Christian man; and thank God for the suffering I went through, since it took me to the place where I met His people and Himself."

A destitute couple came to the city. The husband had burnt his hands at his work so badly that he was unfit for toil, the children were hungry, the furniture nearly gone, and the wife in despair. But they met a sister of the League of Mercy and their sad story had a brighter ending. Before long they found themselves in a good little home with father in regular work. This is a sidelight on the League outside the routine of their regular work.

Mrs. Read herself led this band in their practical work whenever opportunity afforded. In Toronto in the old Girls' Reformatory she was Superintendent,

once a month in the Sunday School conducting the School; also conducting a monthly meeting when at home, the girls calling her "Mother."

The Parkdale Home of Incurables was a favorite place with her. On one occasion with a little band of League of Mercy workers she passed from ward to ward and cot to cot singing the sweet, comforting songs. "Sing to me, please, just one hymn," pleaded an old woman, who was afflicted with a cancer upon her face. It was against the rules of the institution for them to enter this ward for fear of infection, but the trembling patient crept to the door and they sang a few verses about the "Land of Pure Delight, Where Saints Immortal Reign." A hot tear from those poor cancer-stricken eyes burned a spot upon Mrs. Read's hand; the patient's gratitude was unbounded. "I shall hear the music of Heaven soon," she exclaimed. By the next week's visit she had gone to hear the better song.

One of many charming incidents connected with the work of the League of Mercy occurred at the Old People's Home, Longue Point, Montreal.

While Mrs. Read was having one of her campaign inspections of all the work, she was invited to visit this institution. Whenever permitted, she always took some musicians to a meeting of this kind and on this occasion an orchestra of stringed instruments accompanied her —violin, mandolin and guitar—the music delighted the old people. Hundreds of them were gathered in their Assembly Hall, in wheeled chairs, on sofas, on crutches, helped, when lame, by friends and attendants, and those who could not leave their beds were able to at least enjoy the singing.

They asked for some of the old songs of long ago, which were heartily given, as well as bright and happy new ones. Mrs. Read's experience over and over again was that music was of the greatest assistance in breaking down prejudice, softening hearts that appeared hard as adamant, and overcoming obstacles in sin-chained minds; when some "old sweet song" brought a rush of memories of happy childhood. To those whose childhood had had no happy memories—too frequently the case—the power of music, skilfully rendered, often plays on some forgotten emotion, some moment of desire for higher things in sub-consciousness, and the spirit is caught by some statement of hope.

The hour had been set to suit Mrs. Read's convenience by the authorities of the Montreal institution. At five o'clock there was a general restlessness, the aged patients beginning to turn their wheel chairs towards the corridors. It was the usual tea hour. An important function in the restricted lives of these old ladies. Mrs. Read rose and reassured them that they should not miss their evening repast. In deference to her presence the authorities had postponed the tea time half an hour. With many smiles and expressions of gratification the dear old people settled down to enjoy the special treat afforded by the music and singing.

A musical gathering was provided by Mrs. Read for the inmates of the Mercer Prison upon a certain New Year's Day. It was held in the chapel, where eighty-five girls and women were seated. Mrs. Read, in a few words, explained the nature of the meeting, and expressed her happiness in being present. For one hour

or more the hearts of the prisoners and others were blessed and inspired by the holy music and song rendered by the visitors. The effect was delightful—some wept—some almost dared to laugh, but were prevented by burning tears of repentance—others seemed to be overcome with joy.

Mrs. Read told all present of her deep interest in and love for, all the inmates of the prison, and added a few words of counsel. The matron then dismissed the girls of Roman Catholic faith, while the others remained for a short time to hear more of the wonderful Saviour who died to give them liberty. After Mrs. Read's earnest appeal, Charlotte Murray's heart-searching hymn "Just as I am, without one Plea" was sung by these derelicts of society, and amid many tears thirteen indicated their desire to live a better life.

Mrs. Read was very much opposed to the indiscriminate housing of prisoners. The youthful delinquent and the hardened offender were oftentimes found in the same corridor.

Naturally exchange of experiences might go on with consequent effects. "I have often," she tells us regarding this vital question, "seen in the prisons boys of eighteen, fresh, innocent faced youths sitting beside old hoary-haired, hard-featured criminals."

"Oh it cannot be true," she exclaimed during a visit to Halifax, with tears in her eyes, now at the remembrance, "Surely it is not true in Christian Canada." Her home then sheltered a golden-haired darling of five years, "It is surely a mistake."

No, she was assured the newspaper report was

accurate. It read: "A little girl of nine years committed to jail for five days for stealing."

"I wish I had not to leave Halifax this morning for my engagement in Windsor or I would certainly investigate and enter a protest," she told her Officers. "A poor little girl not old enough to be out of the nursery,' in prison."

It's too horrible to contemplate," she added regretfully. That was some years ago. Juvenile courts are improving these conditions somewhat, but what about the newspaper report in 1917 that five little boys in an Ontario city were in prison?

The placing of the imbecile and insane with lawbreakers was always a cause of heart burning and indignation to Mrs. Read. She early witnessed this.

"I'll throw my boots at yer," was the constant threat of Maggie, a poor imbecile creature who shared the corridor, with the city sinners' disomaniacs, and the cultured refined army girls who were imprisoned for conscience sake in London. All were herded indiscriminately together in a woman's ward. "Throwing boots" was Maggie's favorite pastime, as the Army Officers had found out on more than one occasion; when Maggie's none too diminutive shoes came whizzing through the air.

"She was waiting for room in the asylum.

"A few years after when Captain of the work in Orillia I found Maggie among the patients in the asylum there.

" 'Let me see if she remembers me,' I said to the attendant.

"Maggie's great vacant eyes took on an expression

of intelligence as she crept near and touched my arm, she cried out the old-time fear, 'I'm afraid of the grave; it's so deep and so dark.' Then through the mental mist a gleam of memory shone and she said with pleading interrogation, 'Where's Mrs. Doyle?'

"Mrs. Doyle had been the kind-hearted matron of London Jail years before; and the law of association had begun to work in the poor, beclouded mind."

There were many after effects following the visits of Mrs. Read and her League of Mercy staff. For instance:

While conducting a special campaign at the city of Windsor she was sent for to visit a young man who was considered to be lying upon his deathbed. Upon entering the darkened room the poor sufferer spoke feebly but eagerly, "You will not remember me. I was in the ——— prison and through a meeting when you visited there I was converted. I wanted you to know before I passed away."

So not only throughout the broad Dominion, but in the "Better Country," there are those whose souls have been given as seals to the blessed ministry of "setting the captive free."

How sad the impression produced on the mind by the interior of a prison. The cell may be of the largest and most habitable, consistent with an abode of legal correction, the corridor and iron gates of the most up-to-date pattern, the police officials humane, yet the great pile of buildings which these represent is still a prison. Every clash of the heavy doors reminds one of the long or short sentenced crime for which they have been incarcerated, of the shattered hopes and broken

hearts which the sin of those brought here have caused. These gloomy memories and foreboding surroundings are not without some influence even upon the hardest convict, and where their result is not penitence it is not infrequently despair.

"I was full of despair and grief," said a man on one occasion, "my own sin had got me into jail, and I knew that the old temptation would face me again when I left it. Sitting one day in my cell, I noticed a paper lying on the floor. It was a 'War Cry' they said, left by the Army League of Mercy sister. I opened it at a story called 'Jack and Jim,' written by Miss Booth. It told of two friends one of whom started to serve God and did well, the other kept on in his sin and went down till he reached a murderer's grave. The story broke my heart. I saw what I might become for good or evil. There and then I sought salvation and got it." And the happy face revealed the truth of his words.

Mrs. Read was conducting the Anniversary of the Rescue Work in the city of London. This function was presided over by Dr. Robert Johnston, now of American (Presbyterian) Church, Montreal, who added a tribute to the work, the address and the Leader. The Grand Jury was holding court in the city. A special messenger came to Mrs. Read from the authorities saying that they would like her to hold a service in the prison and wishing to know what hour would suit her convenience, as the Grand Jury wished to be present and they would adjourn the Assize Court then is session to attend the service at any hour convenient to Mrs. Read.

She accepted the gracious invitation and accord-

ingly appeared at the office where, as a young girl, she had tremblingly waited to be shown into the Gaol to see her *confreres,* incarcerated for the cause of freedom.

"I found the gentlemen waiting for me," she says, "and with the Governor at my side we led the company into the corridor where we usually held our service. One can imagine with what mingled feelings I presided at that unique service and what memories poured through my mind! What a contrast to my first visit to that building, when a charge of law-breaking was in my own possession, and nineteen comrades were within those walls. The prisoners were all gathered in as well as the Grand Jury and the officials. We led the service in our usual simple, direct manner; singing, prayer, Bible Lesson, a solo with musical accompaniment, concluding with my address."

"I must confess," laughingly continued Mrs. Read Johnston, "I felt more inclined to address my remarks to the 'Gentlemen of the Jury' as they sat before me in the prison corridors, than to talk to the unfortunate prisoners."

At the close the Governor intimated his desire to make an address. He thanked Mrs. Read and her associates for the service and the League of Mercy for their faithfulness in coming to the prison at all times and seasons.

"This appreciation of my work, and the respectful attention accorded my address by such a body of men as composed the Grand Jury, honoring one as a Leader who had been humiliated as a law-breaker in this same building; touched me deeply, and of course there was great pleasure and satisfaction in receiving so cordial an official recognition."

## CHAPTER XVII

### HOPE'S LANTERN LIGHTS THE PRISONS

"What would I do with the criminal?"
"I would:—
"1st. Pity him.
"2nd. Punish him.
"3rd. Make him pay for his maintenance in prison.
"4th. I would place him in a new environment when discharged from confinement."—General Booth.

THESE philosophic pronouncements of General Booth are the cardinal principles upon which the work among the criminal classes is founded. So far as it has been possible to apply these principles to present conditions The Salvation Army has applied them.

Work among prisoners was commenced early in the history of the Army in a system known as the Prison Gate department. No doubt much good was accomplished, but it was not found to be a *modus operandi* entirely suited to Canada. For instance, the Kingston people did not like the men from the Penitentiary retained in the Prison Gate Homes there. They wanted to feel that as soon as the men were discharged they would leave the city. The plan of these initial efforts was to keep the men in these Homes and find employment there, chiefly at cutting wood and other like occupations.

The work lapsed for some time, and any effort for men prisoners was carried on by the League of Mercy

Department. For two years Mrs. Read tried to obtain *entrée* to the Central Prison, Toronto, feeling that it presented unlimited opportunity for serving humanity. The conditions of this prison, with regard to religious matters; were peculiar. There was no resident chaplain. The Ministerial Association cared for the spiritual welfare, inasmuch as a minister of each denomination preached in turn every Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Read approached the Secretary of the Association (the late Rev. Dr. Frizzell). The first concession to her request was that the Salvation Army was "put on the plan" to take their turn for this one service. Naturally, the opportunity did not occur very frequently, and although it was a beginning, she was not satisfied. She wanted to get into closer touch with the men confined there.

Mrs. Read interviewed the warden—he could give no hope; no permission. Ladies were not permitted to speak in Men's prisons, in Canada, etc., etc. But if she were to see the Prison Sunday School Superintendent he might suggest some way.

Mrs. Read gives the story of what followed:—

"I then made a call upon the Superintendent, an eminent barrister, Mr. Hamilton Cassels, who was very kind, and courteously invited me to address the morning Sunday School class service 'for a few moments.' As it was a special Sunday, there was much curiosity among the men, they told me, as I was the first lady to 'preach' in the prison.

"As the company of teachers had entered the prison chapel, every head had turned expectantly towards the

door, and when the figure of a woman came in view the interest became suppressed excitement, and every one of the assembled company watched eagerly to see what would happen next. It was the first time a lady Christian worker had been permitted to take part in the service—and by the time I rose to speak the curiosity and anticipation were intense.

"Nearly four hundred men, of all ages and from all classes of society, were present. Boys—mothers' idols, some of them; young men—bright, capable, and others, from general appearance, lacking in moral force; old men—grey-haired and furrowed, the lines of sin and sorrow running deep into their hard faces. There they sat, row upon row, with the stalwart, blue-coated guards keeping watch; a small army of men, their prison garb and closely-shaven heads adding to the general pitiableness of the whole scene.

"The clear December sun glinting through the chapel windows, the sound of the distant church bells, calling respectable citizens to worship, were unheeded, and the proverbial falling pin might have been heard as those eager faces were raised, and awakened minds listened breathlessly to words of life and Salvation."

Mrs. Read's subject was an inspiring one—"Hope!" and she showed her hearers the source of all real hope, telling them it was not to be found in the power of resolution or their own will; their very presence there was an indication that all their good resolutions had failed, and they were helpless in themselves. She further pointed out that hope was the "perfume of life," the "companion of power," the "mother of success," a

near kin of faith, and that in Jesus there was hope for the worst, the most ignorant, despairing, and careless; that none were too weak to yet rise up and live the lives of good, useful, Christian men and respectable citizens. "That is my creed," she exclaimed: "a gospel of hope."

She reminded them what a disappointment their lives had been to themselves, their friends, and their God; saying, "perhaps yesterday (Christmas Day) in your home there were sad hearts, as mothers and wives and children looked at the vacant chair, and remembered where the occupant of it was spending that festive (?) day." Then she endeavored to show them the "way back" to righteousness, emphasizing the fact that God is no respecter of persons in His judgments, and that the condemnation is just as severe upon the fine-coated gentleman, perhaps that morning driving to a place of worship! who the previous week had put his hand into the widow's pocket, as the criminal incarcerated within the walls of that prison, who, under the stress of a terrible temptation, had burglarized his neighbor's house. All must seek mercy and redemption through free grace.

Mrs. Read's reference to the transgressors "outside" put her *en rapport* with the audience, who, in spite of the presence of the warden and guards, burst into wild applause.

The address was concluded with touching stories of those who had been brought to purity of life and purpose and a happy experience. "Many men wept silently, brushing the tears away with the rough prison coat-sleeve," she says. "All had listened breathlessly

apparently drinking in every sentence as a refreshing, life-giving beverage. Curiosity subsided, interest followed, conviction fell, and twenty-seven rose in their seats to signify a wish for a change of life. The superintendent and the teachers who had served them so well were delighted." Mrs. Read was invited, with the hearty concurrence of the Warden, Dr. Gilmour, to conduct prayer-meetings with those who were anxious about spiritual questions. That was the beginning of a great revival. One hundred men were converted.

Some years afterward the Warden said to Mrs. Read: "I believe in that sort of a revival; not one of those men has been sent back to serve another term of incarceration!"

Every day's mail brought to her desk a sheaf of letters, saying, "Come and see me," "Please visit my mother," "Try to persuade my wife to forgive me." Requests of all descriptions were made: "Meet me, or please send some one to meet me. I am afraid to pass the saloon on leaving here!"

"This was ever the reason given me," she assures us for delinquency and crime—drink, drink, drink, sad, pitiful, disappointed lives, seventy-five per cent. in that Central Prison were there through drink, directly or indirectly."

There is very seldom any humor to be found in anyway connected with strong drink. It is all tragedy, tears, and heart-break. But we heard of some men who saw a "funny side" even to this.

"Suppose I was to give every man here to-night a

sovereign (sympathetic murmurs of approval and cheers) you wouldn't all have a sovereign to-morrow night. (Laughter.) Some of you would have "fourteen days." (Collapse.)

The influence of the work upon the prisoners is shown by letters such as this:

Cell No..... Gallery.....

Dear Mrs. Read:—

Your visit was a great blessing to us. I went away from the chapel and never ceased praying until, alone in my cell by my bedside, I proved what you said that morning was true, that Jesus does forgive sins, and give peace for misery, victory for defeat.

Much more of a like nature followed, in which the poor boy poured out all the wretchedness of a blighted, sinful life, and repentant, prodigal heart, promising many things for the future.

The Warden said to her: "I trust you implicitly, Mrs. Read. You may see the prisoners in the library or go into the shops to speak to them." Many were visited. One after another they were brought by the courteous guard into the library, where their requests were heard and their needs prayed for. Speaking at an anniversary of the Rescue Work at that time, Dr. Gilmour said, "I used to view the Army as I viewed the stars—from a distance—until they came into the prison, and then I understood their good work."

Diamond-tipped shafts of light had pierced the hardened hearts; the wedge of loving kindness had riven the sin-encrusted minds; and the hidden Divinity —which had been ever within—unknown to themselves and undeveloped—was springing forth in response to earnest pleading.

This must have been so before the men could have conceived the idea of dictating this letter to the one who had battered down the walls of prejudice, and entered —unasked—as the Messenger of Hope.

To Brigadier Mrs. Read:—

We, the "Boys" of the Central Prison, desire hereby to convey to you our appreciation of, and sympathy in, your kind endeavor and ever willingness to help us by coming amongst us at every opportunity. Your helpful talks with us personally have not been without result and many hearts were blessed. We were led to look up by your message of Hope to us. Your last visit also has resulted in great good and our belief is strengthened that God can and will mould many of us over again and make us as new vessels for His service.

We feel a new inspiration and zeal to better serve our Master since hearing from our Comrade and Brother whose message, through you; made many a heart leap for joy, his spirit lives with Christ. We know you rejoice with us, as do the angels in heaven, over our Brother's salvation.

We wish you to know and feel that we do esteem and gratefully acknowledge the Spirit that leads you to come amongst us and though many of us may never meet you here again we will remember your kind and loving messages. Be assured that you will always be welcomed by a sympathetic and appreciative audience whenever we may be honored by a visit from you.

We all unite in prayers for God's blessing on your work and your happiness and joy in all things?

Signed on behalf of the "Boys" of the Central Prison.

G. J. D.

This Christ-like work went on, and we feel that the continued story of "George" is so illuminating of Mrs. Read's work that we insert it as she wrote it for an English magazine:

"All was activity in the large workshops of the prison, and in spite of the depressing circumstances of each life; the men work with a will at their broom,

blanket and mattress, and the various wooden articles manufactured within the jail precincts. 'No. .... is wanted!' a lusty voice shouts across the yard. With alacrity the prisoner, George ....., No....., drops his work and hastily follows the official through the long corridors toward the office. Doubtless the visitor he has watched anxiously, for, has arrived. Yes; there she waits outside the great iron gate; the blue Army uniform and bonnet and League of Mercy band (which means so much in Canadian institutions) encircling her arm, and a pleasant smile of welcome upon her face.

"George ....., No. ....., has a comparatively boyish appearance, in spite of the striped dress and odd little cap which he respectfully removed from his head while he talked. He is only twenty-five years old, and this is his second term behind the bars. 'Oh,' he exclaims, 'I'm awfully glad you've come. Yes, I'm getting along first-rate; pretty hard here, you know, for a fellow; but I mean to live good when I get out. What I want to see you especially for is this. I've got a wife, and I would like you to go and see her; and—I've got a poor mother' (this with a shade of sadness). 'Yes; I'm ashamed to say it, I've got a good mother in this very city; I want you to tell her,' hastily trying to hide the tears with the little cap; 'I want you to tell her I mean to be different. I couldn't tell her everything, you see,' glancing at the kindly turnkey standing by; all the letters are read before they go out of here, and, anyway, a fellow can't tell everything in a letter.'

"Words of counsel were given; promises to have the

mother and wife visited made, and Mrs. Read said: 'Now, good-bye. I am very busy, and I still have several of the men to interview.' " . . .

A bright, sunny face, with rather a shy, nervous expression, appeared outside the doors of the Women's Social office at Toronto Headquarters, when the secretary, in response to a quiet knock, opened it. "I'm George ....., No. ....: I came to see Mrs. Read," "Oh, yes," a voice from within cried out, recognizing George's voice. "Come in; I'm expecting you. So glad to see you. How did you succeed this morning about work? Did Sergeant Burns meet you. Have you been home yet?"

The ex-prisoner, George, answered the numerous questions which had been asked him in rapid succession. "Yes; that fellow you sent met me all right. 'Twas a good job, too. There was a gang of the boys waiting for me. The last time"—timidly at the remembrance of it—"I just went off with them and got drunk. I was scared I would this time; drink's my great trouble, you know; but something got into me; but something got into me"—happily now—"and I just walked through the gang and never had no desire for a drink at all.

"Oh, yes; at home the folks were glad to see me, I can tell you. Yes; I told them myself what I intended to do, and my wife says she'll start; I hope she will.

"Did I get work? Well, I'm dead sure of that job the warden told me of. I went to see the boss and he as good as promised me. The warden was awful kind and gave me good advice, too, when I was leaving."

His last remark as he left the office with a happy look shining in his eyes, which rivalled the expression of gratitude, he found it hard to speak, "I tell you," said he, "I'll be glad to get to the Army meetings. I shall be at every one to-morrow." And he was there.

Another typical letter from a prisoner is quoted:—

Dec. 26th, 1897.
Central Prison, Toronto.

Mrs. Read.
Dear Friend,—

I write these few lines to let you know that I am well and in good health, hoping this will find you the same. I will never forget your messages to us. I was very glad to see you. I am going to take God as my Friend and Saviour from this time, and forever. I want you to pray for me, that I will be true to the end. When I get out of here I will come and see you. I always felt that I wanted to do what was right, but I mean to do so from this out.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### A MESSAGE FROM MOTHER

"Happy he
With such a Mother! Faith in woman kind
Beats in his blood, and trust in all things nigh
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with day."

*Tennyson.*

"I COMMENCED," said Mrs. Read, "a two months' tour through the Eastern Provinces as far as Newfoundland by a week-end campaign at Kingston.

"Oh, yes, it meant much to me to leave home at the time. But the necessities of the work demanded it and I had been cordially invited to visit the scene of my early work in the Limestone City. I was the first woman to preach to the men in Kingston Penitentiary, so far as I know. I wrote this description of it at the time, which is more vivid than I could at present describe it:—

"At last the home-wrench is over, the last good-byes have been said, the last handclasp given. The tender, clinging childish arms have loosened their grasp and the home loved ones are tearfully committed to a loving Father's care. With the sweet little voice prattling, 'Dear precious Mamma is going on the train preaching, and to get Some Supper for Jesus' poor little Girls,' ringing in my ears, I feel my Eastern Campaign has fairly commenced.

"The influence and memory of the few hours spent

in Kingston will live long in my heart. My kind host, Wm. Pence, met me at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, and took me to his home. Later, Adjutant McAmmond, informed me that Mr. Metcalf, the Warden of the Penitentiary, had sent an official letter on Saturday evening to invite us to go half an hour earlier than usual service to the Prison. Accordingly at 1.30 promptly the great iron gates were flung open by the guard and we were warmly welcomed by the officials. The Warden had made arrangements for us to have as long a time as possible with the prisoners. Rev. Mr. Cartwright, Chaplain, had graciously given up his own service, and manifested a deep interest in us, desiring us to conduct the meeting on our own lines, sitting with us in the chancel and offering the closing prayer and benediction.

"What a sight met our eyes as we stepped to the reading desk. To the right was the great organ—skilfully played through the service by the splendid organist—and about thirty men who formed the choir seated on slightly elevated seats.

"To the left, in a little cloister-like room, the few women-prisoners sat. Before us a sea of faces—men old and furrowed, upon whom the storms of life had beaten roughly; middle-aged men whose wives and children were deprived of a husband and father's love and protection.

"Young men were amongst the number, with bright, intelligent, alert faces and faces of duller cast. Eighty men serving life sentences!

"Boys too—quite a crowd of boys—youths who

through strong drink, or under the stress of sore temptation, had fallen in the fowler's snare.

"How varied were the expressions that played upon their countenances during the hour and a quarter. First curiosity—and expectation—later interest—seriousness—a general smile once or twice, and before the close, tears. Many a rough prison sleeve was used to brush away the falling tear.

"The organ pealed forth—we sang. Surely never since the sainted Charles Wesley, under Divine inspiration, penned his heart-stirring hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,' has it rolled out more heartily or harmoniously than it was sung by those dear fellows. The choir led—a great wave of song swept through the chapel. Adjutant McAmmond prayed, and then on our knees, and with some of the men in an attitude of prayer, 'What a friend we have in Jesus,' rang out melodiously through the stillness of the lovely May Sabbath.

"Stretch forth thy hand, was the pivot from which I endeavored to proclaim some prayer-winged truths for the blessing and encouragement of the eager hundreds who listened so intensely.

"A letter from one who had once been a convict in Kingston, but who now rejoices in freedom from all bondage, was read and breathlessly heeded, and we trust the hope it spoke of, kindled inspiration in some other poor boy's heart. A solo followed; the boys catching up the refrain. The choir sang beautifully as an anthem, 'Shall we all gather home in the morning.'

"A few days previous to my visit one of the messages I had been entrusted with to men in the prison was

a very loving one from a mother in a city I was visiting. Knowing that I intended to visit Kingston, she wished me to see her boy of eighteen, serving a term there.

"Wishing to form a link which should open the prisoners' hearts to receive my after messages of Divine mercy, I mentioned this during the service, saying, 'I hope to have the opportunity of delivering this message personally at the close of the service, for that boy sits before me somewhere.' At the close of the meeting a large number of the men crowded up to speak and anxiously asked, 'Tell me, was that message from my mother? My name is .....'

"It was pathetically touching to see the dear fellows turn away sadly—so disappointed that the message was not for them. One man upon whose face the lines of sin's experience were strongly traced, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, 'Oh, I wish you had a message for me.' We came away with many invitations to 'Come again soon.'

"We cannot speak too strongly of our appreciation of the cordiality of all the officials, especially that of the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Cartwright, in giving us the hour of his own service and the Warden in arranging for us. Many of the Guards and others expressed heartiest good-will. And came to the carriage to bid us a courteous good-bye."

It was the quiet way she always managed to get the attention of those in authority, and once they had had an interview with her when they understood the work, and the worker, the difficulties had a way of vanishing in

smoke. So the time arrived when she was to enter those double barred doors which were to let no prisoner out, and let no woman in. What a picture she made standing in the chancel facing the criminals—and be it remarked that she "faced" them from a totally different point of view to most preachers. With Lord Monkswell of the London (England) County Council, her idea was expressed thus, "Society generally regards the wrong done to society by the criminal, the Salvation Army regards the wrong that is done to the criminal by society."

Many, many different emotions were flitting through that congregation, curiosity, memories of young days when perhaps the face of a "Mother" rose up, as in a Vision, but after the first hymn each had settled down to hear all they could from this expression of loving womanhood.

Into the dreary round of day following night, labour following sleep, came a sudden drifting aside of the cloud of dull apathy, and a bit of sunshine again appeared to a man, groping in despair. He heard a woman was going to preach in the prison—a woman—it was a new idea—he might as well go and hear her as not; the fact that it was not compulsory to do so was attractive. Why she speaks of Hope—Hope for him when he has dragged through his "two and a half"—that two and a half years that gripped every bit of Hope he had had, and wrenched it out of his life. He went back to his cell, with the inspiration of a new outlook. It was quite clear—he had a Friend—who cared. One who had laid down His very Life to show it, and had

risen from apparent defeat to the acme of triumph—and "this same Jesus" was his comrade—and had said, "Abide in me, and I in you," why with that presence, everything was full of possibility. The days passed quickly now—he was going to make good and every night, there was gradually more talking over and conferring with the Friend.

Release, clothes, money, the long looked for journey to Toronto, and at last; meeting the messenger of Hope he tells her of what her message meant to him in Kingston that black day, "before the Angel of the Presence had saved him," and Mrs. Read knew another shaft of Light had penetrated. "And I am not the only one who found Hope that day, I have a letter on me somewhere here, signed by twenty-seven of the other fellows who beg of you to go back and hand it out to them again." Not so very long after, the Army having helped him to get a job—he came back to the office to announce how well he was getting on, and added with a broad grin, "An' I'm goin' to be married to the best girl in Toronto."

A very dramatic and exceptionally trying incident to Mrs. Read took place in Hamilton during an Anniversary of the Rescue Home. Her friend, Mr. Ogilvy, Governor of the gaol, was present at this Anniversary, and asked her to hold a prison service.

When she was preparing to leave the gaol after the meeting he begged her to visit a man in the condemned cell. She found that it was the notorious matricide, whose ghastly deed had roused the indignation of the city. The man had been a carter, living alone over his

stable. He was good to his horses, but his mode of life was not conducive to the best kind of citizenship.

We do not know what led up to his crime, for Mrs. Read ever avoided intrusive curiosity as to details, her desire being to help those suffering from sin's committal. She never allowed unsavory stories to soil her ears. The fact remained, he was a murderer. The Governor had asked the ministers of the city to visit him but he was utterly unresponsive to their appeals.

When the Governor asked Mrs. Read to see him he said, "I believe your nice, quiet voice would influence him." She found the man had always hated his mother, who was addicted to drink, and he had never known love or care. His chief food had been beef and whiskey.

When Mrs. Read consented to visit him, the Governor telephoned immediately for the Sheriff, who, of course, was the only person who could admit her to the cell. The Sheriff was not able to come at once, so he appointed the Governor to take his place. She entered the cell, before leaving she asked the man to kneel while she prayed for him. He complied—probably the first time he had ever knelt in prayer, and the Governor was delighted.

Mrs. Read herself suffered keenly during this interview. She had dreaded the visit unspeakably, but to her intense amazement she received a letter shortly afterwards from the Minister of Justice, Ottawa, Hon. W. Mills, appointing her one of the condemned man's spiritual advisers.

This was a command from His Majesty, King Edward's representative of Justice, not to be refused. It

was significant that this was the first time her expenses had been paid by the Government, during all the years of travel for the good of humanity.

Mrs. Read begged not to be asked to go the last day prior to the execution, but the Sheriff and Governor persuaded her to do so—to say a last word of comfort to the poor despised creature, for the Hamiltonians so hated the disgrace of it all.

On this occasion Sheriff Middleton met her at the station as on former ones, as the Government representative, but now in his official robes and insignia of office, and escorted her to the prison in a carriage.

"It was an exquisitely summer's day," she says, "the flowers in the well-kept gaol garden were in full bloom; birds were chirping softly in the rose-bushes; God's world full of life and light; but my heart was as a stone! It all seemed a mockery!"

While Mrs. Read entered the cell, the hammering necessary to the erecting of the horrible structure outside penetrated there—she suffered agony of mind.

"Ben" handed back the marked Testament I had given him during earlier visits saying in that tragic moment, "I do not need it any more."

"My mother was drunk when I was born," he said. "I was born like a dog and now I guess I'll die like a dog."

"I was about to kneel down on the floor of the cell when he suddenly pulled off his coat and spread it before me to kneel upon.

"The floor is cold!"

"You are very kind, Ben."

"I would have been if there was ever anyone to care."

*"The Floor is Cold!"* Where did "Ben" meet Sir Walter Raleigh? And we heard "Ben" was "fond of his horses," that he would have been "kind" had there been anyone to care. This man who lived on "beef and whiskey," who seemed to be beyond the pale of civilization by those who knew him best. We have not tried to draw a picture of his brutalities, or what led up to this crime, even here; the wonderful power of a gentle voice speaking in tones of kindness pierced the granite heart because the tones were attuned to the voice of Christ, the Divine. Thus, the man who lived on the flesh of the animal, who was much lower than the brute in his ideas of morality, who filled his veins with maddening liquor (ever the accompaniment to such ideas) here, under this inspired ministry the chord that had never been touched before awoke and the Spirit of God —latent in all—spoke within the spirit of the man and he offered a service—a little bit of sacrifice. "I can spare her knees from the cold floor." Who may dare to measure the depths or heights of the transformation within a man when the Christ takes command within.

"The work in the Central Prison became largely men's work for men. I had many other responsibilities," she says. I did not like to relinquish it but felt I could not continue to give it the time and close attention it required and deserved, so I offered it to the Commissioner Miss Booth, to give to the newly organized Men's Social Department, introducing the Officer in charge of Men's Social Department to the Warden and

in a meeting in the prison presenting him to the men.

"So the work went forward, the men visitors began to visit in the galleries, that is to each cell, not meeting the men in the Library as I had done. Shortly after the Government parole system was instituted and the workers co-operated. I had visited the authorities of every prison in the Dominion—with two exceptions—to try to gain *entrée* for the Salvation Army workers. In a few cases I was not successful owing to prejudice, though the influence of the work has since won its way everywhere."

Dr. Gilmour, the Warden of the Central, speaking two years afterwards said, referring to the fact that *not one of the hundred men converted* under Mrs. Read's first ministry *ever came back to gaol.* "This is the kind of revival I believe in." Who shall say how great an influence this demonstration of the principle always enunciated by Mrs. Read. "No reform without regeneration," has had in the change of attitude in Canada towards the criminal and delinquent classes, resulting in prison farms and many other reforms.

The authorities send the list of patrol cases to the Army every day. Those who wish it are met by the Officers, and work provided for those in need. In cases where the family are destitute, the Army provides temporary relief, they get in touch with the wife, when the prisoner is a husband! Sometimes the wife has gone astray during the absence of her husband—and he is not willing to forgive her. The Army acts as an intermediary, and when feasible prisoners return to their old work. The Army supplies the touch between

the old life and the new. For some years two devoted officers, Brigadier and Mrs. Fraser, have gone forward with the work and thousands of persons have been helped and lifted up to useful happy citizenship.

"You must feel happy to have opened so many doors of service for others as well as yourself?" Mrs. Read Johnston was asked.

"Oh yes, it has been often a comfort to me that such a splendid structure of service for the unfortunate and suffering was built upon the prayers, efforts and faith of those years, and that many good people are entering into all these glorious, open doors of service.

"My studies of the delinquent and criminal classes have given me a great sympathy for the unfortunate people who fail in life.

"Many are to be pitied because of early environment and unfortunate hereditary, like the poor convict who said: 'Look here!' I never had no chance, not even at the start. You pious folks tries to tell us we can all be good, but I never had no show. My mother was a drunkard and my father a burglar. I was a drunkard at seven and in the Reformatory before I was fourteen. What I didn't know of Hell I learned there and I just naturally drifted in here. It was booze ever since I learned to walk. Ain't no help! I never had no chance!"

## CHAPTER XIX

### ACROSS A BROAD REPUBLIC

Who! then is free? The wise man who can govern himself.
—Horace.

"AND the United States? You often visited the other side?"

"Yes, many times! On the occasion of a three months' tour in the East, I was invited by Miss Dougall, of Montreal, to rest a little while at Old Orchard, Maine. While there I met many delightful and leading people, and I was asked to give the Anniversary address before a large audience in the historic Camp Ground among the clustering trees.

"I spoke of Social work, and the people were most appreciative."

. . . . . .

Emma Goldman, the anarchist, was advertised to speak in Barre, Vermont, on the Monday following the Sunday that Mrs. Read was to give a lecture for young men entitled "Breakers Ahead," in one of the largest churches. Of the fourteen hundred people present there were almost eight hundred men. As a public speaker she always drew large crowds, especially men. Her teaching was diametrically opposed to that of Miss Goldman who spoke on "The Dying Republic" and found fault with everything and everyone, the President, the Flag, the Church, the Ballot-Box; Christianity came in for this statement: "If you want

Jesus Christ for your friend, you must sin every day. Christ is the friend of sinners. If you do not sin, you can be no friend of His." So amazing and sarcastic a perversion fell on rather deaf ears, at least in the case of those who had heard Mrs. Read.

Miss Goldman urged her hearers to refuse to obey the laws of the State if they did not like them, and closed by telling the people that the only law was to "Mind your own business." A greater contrast to Mrs. Read's teaching could scarcely be imagined. Her standard, the Cross, "He shall save His people from their sins."

The greatest excitement was evinced in the town and the Editor of one of the papers challenged these ladies "both of international reputation to get together in a debate; let the audience pay a fair admission fee on a two-thirds ratio." Needless to say Mrs. Read took no notice of the challenge.

Mrs. Read was the guest of Dr. Samuel Jackson who insisted she should occupy the "prophet's chamber." Dr. Jackson showed her much personal kindness as he was a friend of her brother-in-law then a missionary in Africa, Rev. Frank W. Read.

Mrs. Read says, "I was invited to spend two weeks in a lecture campaign in the City of Chicago, which invitation I accepted, speaking in many leading churches and public gatherings, also conducting one of the week-day services for business men in the Willard Hall. This service at 12.30 noon in the heart and the rush of the throbbing life in that great city, was crowded, and at the close of our address twenty well-

dressed, prosperous men of the city came to the altar and consecrated themselves to a higher life of Christian service.

"Some years ago I met the Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King, now leader of the Liberal party. He was a brilliant young journalist writing special articles for *The Globe* upon the subject of labor and sociology, and preparing a Bill regarding the regulation of the prices paid to official garment makers. He had discovered that while the Government paid adequate prices for garments such as soldiers, police and postmen's uniforms, in the sub-letting of the contracts there had been much graft. This Bill was afterwards passed at Ottawa.

"The Dominion Salvation Army leader had invited a number of Toronto pressmen to luncheon and afterwards to a tour of the public Institutions under Salvation Army management. I was invited to be the hostess at the Salvation Army Industrial Farm, eight miles from the city and travelled out with the press party. On this occasion I met Mr. MacKenzie King. He was giving a year to social work as Fellow of Sociology of the Chicago University and was greatly interested in our solution of various labor problems and we had most interesting conversations as we inspected the different departments on the farm premises. He afterwards sent me literature from Chicago and called to see me in my office in the city on his return. He gave me a vivid account of the settlement work of Chicago Commons and urged me to visit it when I had the opportunity.

"I was staying with friends in Inglewood part of

my time and one morning, our host and hostess accompanying me, we set off to the centre of the city in search of Chicago Commons, in which Mr. MacKenzie King had so interested me. We were all quite ignorant as to what direction to go. Enquiries from the conductor of the car brought forth from a gentleman sitting near, with usual United States open-hearted friendliness, full instructions as to how to find our destination, but, he said, upon learning of my mission to Chicago, 'I want to take you somewhere else first.' So we halted in the city's heart and followed Mr. James, who proved to be a prominent Christian worker, to hear the boy preacher, Jack Cook, who was at that time making a sensation in the Windy City.

"The great hall (in what building I cannot recall if I knew at the time) was crowded. I have never cared for prodigies and while to my mind it was wonderful, yet it was pitiful to see this boy of twelve burdened with such a responsibility. Crowds of clergymen were present and the boy-preacher, who seemed very shy and reserved, spoke with a maturity of thought and expression that our much esteemed friend, Dr. John Potts might have addressed to a Methodist Conference. Indeed, he reminded one of Dr. Potts.

"When we finally reached the Chicago Commons Dr. Taylor was absent, but upon presenting our introduction from Mr. MacKenzie King, who had gained his practical experience there, we were courteously directed everywhere, and one has only words of eulogy for such educational and industrial centres, which are oases in the desert of foreignism in that great Chi-

cago. Especially is this so when directed under the influence of Christian ideals and the outworking of Christian ethics in the interests of the meaning of the life and purpose of the Nazarene, as set forth by Mr. Raymond Robbins in his great addresses in Canada recently.

"One more striking experience came to me because of our quest for Chicago Commons. Mr. James, who was a worker at the well-known Pacific Gardens on State and VanBuren Streets; and through him an earnest invitation came from Mr. Harry Monroe, the leader so well known for his remarkable reclamation and for what he accomplished for other men, to address a meeting. The only free evening in my busy itinerancy, Mr. James invited me to go privately to see the work of the Pacific Gardens. I gladly acquiesced and Mr. Monroe soon espied me on the platform and gave a cordial welcome--the kind of handclasp that meant the first step to a higher way, to many a poor derelict who had drifted into the hall. Presently he came to me in distress. His speaker had disappointed him. Could I preach to-night instead of on the promised date? He said he felt sure I was divinely directed there. Yes, I said I could speak just as well on the present occasion, if it would be of greater assistance."

"Outside the overhead railway was booming past; the surface cars were 'ringing up fares', and the bustle and noise of that busy corner at night penetrated; in not very subdued tones the building. But that great mass of human driftwood flung in, so to speak, from the turbulent waters of crime, drink, misery and worth-

lessness, seemed oblivious to all outside attractions. Eager, bleared eyes and scarred, distorted faces, peered eagerly into my face as I unfolded to them the new way of Life. At the close of the meeting Harry Monroe bent in loving solicitude, with further enlightenment, courage, and faith over fifteen kneeling figures. As I witnessed this triumphant sight I felt in humility of spirit that I had been, as the great missionary expressed it, divinely sent that night."

Mrs. Read investigated the social conditions in Chicago visiting Clark Street, and with the Rescue Workers, though her soul was filled with horror, she tried to induce the inmates of the saloon-brothels to seek a better life. It was while in Chicago Mrs. Read's attention was drawn to the city's action in prohibiting a certain un-moral play, though the books containing the story were for sale on the newsstand. On returning to Toronto Mrs. Read found this drama being shown in that city. She called upon Dr. J. A. MacDonald, at that time Editor of the Westminster. Dr. MacDonald had written up her work in his periodical and she knew it would be interested. He was filled with indignation and wrote strongly of this in his paper. Mrs. Read also interviewed the late Dr. Courtice, then Editor of the Christian Guardian, for the same purpose. He wrote up the subject and wrote a protest. He also said a committe of censorship should be formed and asked Mrs. Read if she would become Secretary of it. This she declined as she felt she could not undertake more work. In fact she asked that her name should not be mentioned. But Dr. Courtice quoted her views as authority for his charges.

The daily press sharply criticized both the clergymen. This was the first time the matter was brought to the public notice in Toronto so far as any record can be found, but it was not a long time before the board of Censorship was appointed. In New York City, she visited Doyor Chinese Mission, Jerry Macauley Mission, Water Street, and the Salvation Army's many splendid institutions for the reclamation of the derelicts of society. Speaking also at a great gathering in the Bowery, of which the press said: "Sunday night Mrs. Colonel Read, from Toronto, Canada, was with us and led a very interesting and enjoyable meeting. Her address was logical, straightforward and convincing."

To save administrative expenses the border States were placed under the management of Canadian Headquarters. This gave Mrs. Read the responsibility of organizing the rescue work in the chief western cities.

She not only did this work of inspection and organization, but she went thoroughly into the local and moral conditions, ever ready for personal service. For instance on one of her tours out to the extreme West, she was lecturing in the different towns in North Dakota.

In Missoula a double tragedy had occurred. A man, under the influence of drink and passion, shot his companion in sin and then took his own life in the most terrible manner. Seven other women of the same pitiful class sat in the undertaker's shop sobbing over the untimely death of their associate. With her usual womanly tenderness and understanding of the case,

Mrs. Read and her Secretary, Miss Bertha Bell, went to the funeral of the woman. A minister read a service. Who can tell what effect that act of sympathy and the timely words spoken may have had on the lives of those seven women,—with softened hearts and more serious minds.

It was at Helena that Mrs. Read first saw a "morphine fiend." This was a poor girl found in the Army home. She had been rescued from a horrible fate and was terribly emaciated from the effects of the drug. It is an almost incredible fact that it had taken almost two dollars a day to keep her supplied with the drug to prevent her from going mad. The moral horror was deeper than the physical. She had no honest means of support, but she was rescued by human love, and Divine grace, a combination imperatively necessary in *real* Rescue Work.

The opening of the Rescue Work at Butte necessitated two visits, the first to reconnoiter as to the way, the means, and the place to build or procure a Home, and the conditions as to co-operation, as the "Florence Crittenden" Home had been closed simply because of lack of sympathy, not because of lack of need.

Vice stalked openly there, street after street of licensed houses flaunting shame. In a "sporting house" a poor girl was dying in agony the very day Mrs. Read was expected and the sporting people were watching for her arrival to beg of her to visit the poor thing. They felt there was no one else who could help her or give her hope, but alas! though the victim was crying out in distress looking for the sweet-faced gentle woman

whose picture—billed all over the city—had appealed to some untainted spot in her heart, the worn-out flame of life flickered away. Mrs. Read got the message on her arrival and immediately went to the place, but Death had reached there first and the pain-wracked body was still.

For her visit a great mass meeting had been arranged by the local Army and a crowded house greeted her. She gave her plan of work, and aroused their interest so thoroughly they promised their co-operation and help. Mrs. Read sent officers to find and furnish a Home, returning in a few months to open it. When she appeared on the rostrum of the Auditorium, large crowds listened to her earnest appeals for humanity. In addressing the audience, particularly that part of it composed of young men, she spoke of the vices with which men are constantly thrown in contact, of the awful influence accompanying those vices and of the reward awaiting those whose will power kept them away from the grasp of vice. Particularly did she emphasize the importance of refraining from drink. She pictured the torture which the curse of drink brings. The terrible habit of gambling was also deprecated in plain terms and language, which could not be mistaken.

An illuminating sidelight showing the attitude of the ministers was evident by an incident which occurred following her Sunday appeal to the young men of the city the day of the official opening of the Home.

Mrs. Read was asked to attend the meeting of the Ministerial Association to speak of her work for twenty minutes or so. The Rev. Mr. Noffsinger, who had been

chairman of her mass meeting on the occasion of her first visit, found he could not attend that morning, but sent her word just after her arrival that he would like her to take the "hour and a quarter" which he was to have had for his paper, to tell of her work.

She turned to the gentlemen saying: "Do you not think that this is rather a 'large order,' gentlemen, to speak for an *hour and a quarter* on such short notice, considering I spoke six times yesterday," but they laughed and cheered her on, and their intense interest and attention was an inspiration.

When she had finished Rev. Mr. Tong told of his visits to the "red light" district at night, he and a friend had gone down to see conditions. As he expressed it, "My heart is broken when I see what is going on, all down the streets, night after night, for little children to see and hear, for every decent young man and woman to be familiarized with, it is perdition for body, soul and spirit," and the tears were rolling down his cheeks There were fifteen hundred women leading an abandoned life in this mining town, out of a population of about forty thousand.

In the evening Mr. Tong was still very sympathetic with the women, having had a whole day to think over Mrs. Read's address, and his cogitations led towards, "striking a balance." He led the opening invocation at the official service in the Auditorium, the place being packed with people, of which the large majority were men. He prayed most earnestly that a great blessing should descend upon the workers, that the Home would indeed be a place of rescue, and rather a startling sen-

sation shot through the Assembly at the conclusion, when with tremulous, yet with deep passionate earnestness, rang out the words: "O Lord, save the women, save the women, damn the men!"

At this summarily disposal of the men, Mrs. Read could not resist the temptation to peep through open fingers to see how the men would receive their ultimatum, and their faces—to say the least—were expressing self-consciousness and discomfort.

The Rescue Home—after all the anxious care, and prayer, and following up of all the inspirations—was now an established fact.

We cannot forbear a quotation from one of the many columns of reports of her work in Butte because it lets in the light of the reason of much of her success. The writer was a leading physician—not a reporter. He says in part:—

"With no roar of cannon or flare of trumpets, but with quiet and unassuming demeanor, this distinguished visitor, Lt.-Col. Read, made her entrance into our city for the second time. The writer was much impressed by her individuality, her knowledge of human nature, and thorough sympathy with it in all its phases, her earnestness, through conviction, and deep appreciation of the subject in hand. Mrs. Read possesses the rare ability of enlisting the attention and sympathy of her auditors, and retaining it from start to finish. The subject requires much ability and tact to deal with effectively, yet she acquitted herself most creditably."

"The praise and appreciation I most valued," said Mrs. Read, "was a little crumpled, tear-stained letter

put into my hands by one of these poor little sisters whom we had rescued from stormy waters, full of broken sentences of thanks for 'opening this beautiful Home for me'."

A city in which Mrs. Read took special interest was Spokane, Washington, visiting it several times. When she assumed charge of the work, a little six or seven-roomed house was the only refuge there for girls.

She had the happiness during her supervision, of seeing the work develop, a magnificent structure being the result of the devoted service of the Officers in charge of the work.

On the occasion of her first visit the better to understand the need of the work, and the conditions under which her Officers would have to prosecute it, Mrs. Read personally visited the Casinos, Music Halls, Gambling "Hells," for within the precincts of these abodes of beauty and horror, were to be found the "sporting girls" for whom they had opened the Home.

As opportunity afforded the Army gave these girls kind words and cards with the address of the Home, and the assurance to them that if they ever needed a friend, they would find one there. Through all these investigations, though her spirit was torn with anguish oftentimes over the dreadful conditions, Mrs. Read never met with any but the most courteous and respectful treatment, no look, gesture or word suggestive of anything but the highest honour of herself and her work. On every occasion of her visits the press volubly reported all the proceedings.

"I always thought the Western reporters wonderful

people. One could not help admiring their zeal and devices to gather news. And of course the general write-up about my work and myself helped to create interest in both."

Speaking of the work to one of these ever present newspaper men, Mrs. Read said: "It is a grand field of labor, and should receive earnest and substantial support from everyone. The accomplishments made since the inception of the work are most encouraging. What we particularly desire is the aid of everyone in giving us information regarding those in trouble of any sort, particularly women and children, that we may do all in our power to aid them. We are hampered, of course, by lack of capital, but so far as our means will allow, we do all we can."

"On Sunday Major Read addressed the prisoners at the County Jail who showed great interest in her remarks." Behind these two lines from the press lies great human tragedy, and two wonderful known results were the outcome; but who can say how much it may have meant to many hearts inside those walls that day?

The press announced that "the purpose of Mrs. Read's visit was to inspect the Rescue Home, and organize the League of Mercy."

Mrs. Read held the usual morning service, and in the early afternoon in a large hall, where the beautiful ceremony took place; eight chosen men and women were grouped on the platform beside her. A large white banner with a red cross on the centre over the words "League of Mercy" and "Inasmuch" written across, was held over them by the Flag Sergeants and

the hymn specially composed for such services, to the tune of "Scatter Seeds of Kindness" was sung by a soloist, and the chorus by all.

Then in solemn tender words of consecration, this band of workers was dedicated by her to the work of the League of Mercy.

The practical demonstration of this work was immediately shown by the whole company of the League, headed by Mrs. Read, going to the Gaol where, the day before after some difficulty, they had obtained permission to hold a service. This aroused considerable curiosity but the unqualified approval of the citizens.

The authorities were afraid to allow the men in the prison to assemble in any group. They thought there would have been danger of a stampede—for these men were all of the "wild and woolly West," their offences being chiefly drinking and horse stealing, with one exception, a man named Charlie who had committed murder whom she visited in his dark cell before leaving the prison.

So when Mrs. Read and her League arrived at the Gaol, she found she would be obliged to address the men from the stone floored corridor. The cells were in tiers, one above the other, and the men pressed forward with their faces against the bars to listen.

She asked what hymn they would like to sing, and the amazing answer came back ringing true. "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Surely she had been inspired in her opening remarks to have so spontaneous a result. When the address was over, Mrs. Read made the personal request that they would promise that if

ever they saw her again anywhere they would come and speak to her, as she could hardly distinguish their faces (and they were not likely to forget hers).

She explained she was going home in the morning, "on my three-thousand-mile journey to Toronto, where my little girl is watching and waiting for my return, and praying 'for Mamma as she goes on the train preaching and getting homes for little boys and girls that have not got any.' "

Here she touched the chord in hearts that had long been obsessed by inharmonies. This little picture of a kneeling child brought the vision of love, home and goodness to them, proving her power to lead dulled and hopeless lives to the Light, because of her unwavering faith in the innate goodness—because of innate Divinity—in all.

She asked what closing hymn they would like, and leaping back came the choice, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." It sounds almost like a made-up story, but in thousands of cases during her years of work, Mrs. Read forgot to be surprised at anything. "I could hear that song all the way back three thousand miles to my home," she says, in telling the story.

# CHAPTER XX

## BATTLING WITH THE DRINK TRAFFIC

"Arise, and fly,
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."
—Tennyson.

*"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."*

### OH CANADA! BELOVED COUNTRY THOU

O Canada, beloved country thou!
Hope's holy wreath adorning thy young brow,
Thine arm the sword hath taken
To guard the faith of Christ;
Thy fealty unshaken, with valour keepeth tryst,
Oh Lord of Hosts on Thee we call!
Protect our inland fields, and seaward wall.

May love, revered of altar and of throne,
Join there our hearts for truth to stand alone,
Our laws from their pure fountains their liberties prolong,
Till round our lakes and mountains
Fades out the world's old wrong.
Oh Lord of Hosts, to Thee we cling,
And shout our battle cry, "For Christ and King."

"AND the drink traffic, I have always hated it. I have been its sworn enemy, but," added Mrs. Read Johnston, "I am the sworn friend of the poor victims. Early in my life I saw that to do permanent reform or Christian work, not only must the man be taken away from the baneful influence of the drink, but the drink must be removed from the victim—change of environment being a fundamental principle in all social

service work. Every month this conviction was strengthened and intensified. I saw the evil of the drink exemplified in the lives of the poor fellows who came to our Halls suffering under its influence. I saw it in the homes of the people; in poverty, woe, distress and suffering unspeakable. Not only in the case of the abject poor—made so through indulgence in it—but in the homes of culture I have found broken-hearted wives and terrified little children. And in the palaces of shame, drink is ever the companion, always, I think, the precursor of immorality—they are dual evils.

"Too, the remembrance of my poor boys in the prisons who used to beg me to send some one to meet them because they could not pass an open saloon, made a strong appeal to me. One incident will show what I mean:—

"A poor fellow had been overcome by the temptations which lay all about him in a jeweller shop. The appetite of strong drink had laid a heavy hand upon his nature, and though in a position of great responsibility, he yielded to the enemy and misappropriated goods. Of course he was discovered, and it was when he was paying the penalty of his crime behind stone walls that I visited, prayed for and conversed with him about the past, present and future. He became converted and during his time of punishment learned the cement trade. When he was discharged we found him employment at cement making. He wrote a pathetic little note from the country district where he was working, thanking God that there was 'no saloon' nearby. He was so happy not to have the drink temptation near him until

he grew strong to 'strive and win.' After he had thoroughly proved himself in this new work and environment he became reinstated in his old and more congenial business of jewelry and watch-making. He was deeply grateful to the friends who gave him strength, sympathy and encouragement and led him over his steep, rugged hills of difficulty.

"Everywhere I saw its ravages. Out West I used to tell an incident, which, while it made the men laugh, caused them serious thought and revealed to them how foolish (to apply the mildest term possible) the drink caused them to appear.

"A poor chap went down town to buy a turkey for his wife. He was a long time absent and visited not only the poulterers, but the bar. When he finally staggered into his home he said: 'Look here, Jane, you sent me for one turkey, but I have brought 'leven turkeys!'

" 'Eleven turkeys?' questioned Jane incredulously.

" 'Yep. I fell down 'leven times and picked up a turkey every time.'

"When I questioned my audience: 'How do you like to look so foolish?' I have known a Western crowd to answer: 'You're all right. We know we're fools not to leave the booze alone!'

"I have been actively associated with every Temperance movement for thirty years—referendums, plebiscites, Scott Acts, and the present legislative prohibitory measures. I have tried to save the victims of inebriety in the slums of our Canadian cities, in the hospitals, in the prison cell, and the police court. I have seen the drunkard die. I can never forget what I have seen.

"Some years ago I was one of a deputation to wait upon the late Ontario Government regarding the problem of dealing with inebriates. Having had practical experience in the work, the Premier called upon me to answer some questions. In reply to one of Sir Geo. Ross's questions, after having expressed my views that rural surroundings would be the best and safest environment to further aid in the work of reformation, the answer flashed upon me to respond, 'Close the Bar.'

"At an asylum some visitors were shown a trough where patients were sent to dip out the water as a test to discover their mental condition. 'Why?' asked the visitors. An attendant said: 'Them as isn't idiots turn off the tap.'

"Oh, how foolish we have been. We established prison farms and homes for inebriates and reformatories and have gone on to legislate the abomination!"

It is a far cry from the day of "moral suasion" of Mrs. Read's girlhood to the present time of expected Dominion-wide total prohibition. It might be difficult for many of the present-day people, who are busy with many activities, with sympathy and support around them, whose friends approve of and applaud every new effort, to realize what it meant to a sensitive, delicate nature, feeling herself stigmatized, as it were with the opprobrium attached to so unpopular a cause; fighting for years against prejudice and even scorn. This gives some faint idea of what a life-long endurance is, and what a fight Mrs. Read fought and how much we owe to her magnificent pioneer work in Canada.

## BATTLING WITH THE DRINK TRAFFIC

When Abraham Lincoln first saw a slave being beaten by his master, he exclaimed, "If ever I get a chance to strike a blow at this traffic I will hit it hard." Mrs. Read often, in her lectures, used this as an illustration of her own feelings about the drink traffic. She used every occasion with pen, voice and influence to "put away the evil thing."

A letter written by her to the Toronto *Globe* over sixteen years ago shows the clear foresight and the "stateswomanly" vision she then possessed. She demonstrated clearly the loss to the home and nation—financial, physical, morally, mentally, and in conclusion said:—

"I have witnessed the injuries wrought among the victims of inebriety. In my years of work I have seen the wreckage and destruction perpetrated by this deadly vampire; and the need of some force which will remove temptation from the path of the weak has been burned upon my heart. I feel with the late Cardinal Manning that the needless tear of a child is a blood spot upon the earth." I am not a politician, but the question stirs my soul, and I wish that all Christian womanhood had a right to cast a ballot and thus protect their homes and children."

Speaking of the children, Mrs. Read Johnston says: "A little sister and brother came to one of our Homes, the deserted children of a drunkard. 'My father used to drink whiskey over the bar,' said the little boy one day, as he looked up into my face with a serious expression in his large blue eyes, as if he were announcing the fact that his father was a murderer, 'but I am not going to when I am a man.'

"Yes, the children of the drunkard know! There is no crime of which strong drink has not been guilty, no cruelty of which it has been innocent, no deception which it has not practised, no dishonor of which it is not capable, no wreck and ruin to body, mind and spirit, which it has not wrought. There is a great crowd of witnesses. Go to the felon's cell, and ask the youthful criminal the cause of his delinquency; go to the murderer's dungeon, ask him what brought him there; go to the struggling widow, ask her what ruined her husband; go to the stricken mother, ask for her noble boy; go to the helpless orphan, ask for his parents. One chorus of voices will groan out an answer—'Strong drink! Strong drink!'"

## CHAPTER XXI

### A HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND

"England! My Country great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!"

*Bailey.*

"WHO is the dark-haired, pale lady with the crimson crests upon her collar, Miss Booth? I saw her speaking to your private Secretary, Miss Page."

"Mrs. Read, Superintendent of our Women's and Children's Social work, Dr. Chambers."

"I do not wish to alarm you Miss Booth, while you are, yourself, ill. But I must tell you she is dying upon her feet—she should rest—at once."

"In great distress and haste the Field Commissioner sent for me." Mrs. Read informs us, "Oh my dear Mrs. Read, I am so worried about you, Dr. Chambers tells me you must rest at once."

"I did not speak to him or anyone, Commissioner, about myself, and I do not wish to add to your cares while you are so ill yourself," I replied.

"What *can* we do?" exclaimed Miss Booth.

"Then I told her how ill I felt, and that I really did wish to be relieved of some of my responsibilities for three months, and carry out a long cherished wish to visit my home land and my husband's grave and take my little girl to see my own people; so it came about I, accompanied by my Violet, went to England."

"I left Toronto on June 3rd. While I had faith in the care of the over shadowing providence of a loving Heavenly Father, I must confess that it was not without some little feeling of apprehension that I started out on my long journey. I was very much worn with my incessant toil and travel and public work and personal responsibilities and really unfit to embark on a sea voyage, especially as I have always been a very poor sailor. But Providence was kind to us and neither my little Violet nor myself suffered much unpleasant effect from sea sickness.

"I think I shall never forget the sensation of the first sight of land after seven days of sea, sea, sea! At first it was like a dim shadow in the distance and by and by the rocky coast of Ireland came in view. I never thought that I should be so delighted to see the Emerald Isle, and when the following day our eyes rested upon old England excitement knew no bounds. It seemed impossible that this could be the land so often read of, thought of, talked of and loved, the land of my nativity. If I had been alone, I should have dropped a tear or two, but as I was surrounded by a crowd of people I simply waved my handkerchief.

"While visiting my uncle, Mr. Thos. Humpries, at Crewe, I spent a very interesting morning at a little old-fashioned town called Nantwich. There is a Church over six hundred years old from which the rings that Cromwell tied his horses to when he used it as a fort have but recently been removed. It is a fine old building; the carving is splendid. Vidy was very much frightened by the solemnity of the Church and told me

I was "too inquisitive." Her inquisitiveness was afterwards shown in her interest in the copper boiler, dolly tubs and strange English kitchen fire place in her uncle's home.

Another place of fascinating interest was Chester, where we walked, the old Roman Wall, and visited the tower where King Charles looked out upon Marsdon More.

From Euston Station to Peckham I had a most delightful ride as we rushed past many interesting and historic places my heart was strangely moved, and I could not keep back the tears when I saw the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral glittering against the blue sky in the distance.

"Of course, my first visit was to Abbney Park and my second to the great S. A. Headquarters, teeming with activity and life. I was unable to stay in the confusion of London so rushed away in a few days to visit some friends in the South of England at a most delightful place named Oakley, in Hampshire.

I spent an afternoon during my visit to my husband's friends at Romsey at the Sunday School fete of the Congregational Abbey Church. The town band turned out and led the procession, and the Sunday school pupils from the Bible class, which my respected father, Mr. Read, taught for over fifty-five years down to the little tots which held on to each others skirts, passed through the streets. The picnic was held in the Broadland's estate. This is the home of the late Prime Minister of England, Lord Palmerston.

While in England, through the kindness of rela-

tives, Violet and myself were invited to visit one of England's grand old ancestral homes with its spacious grounds and beautiful gardens. We passed through the lovely grottos and conservatories with sparkling fountains and the vineries hung with heavy bunches of luscious grapes, and under a green arbor covered with white roses, and through it into one of England's most wonderful rose gardens. Roses in all varieties, of every hue and color, bloomed in richest profusion.

"The little Canadian girl clapped her hands in an ecstacy of delight, rushed to me, and, pulling me down to her, whispered, 'Oh, mamma, may I kiss the pretty roses?' I told the gardener who accompanied us what the little one requested. He turned away and brushing off a quick tear and said, 'Bless the child, she may kiss them and she shall have some, too.' The result of Vie's innocent and shyly-expressed admiration was that she and the friends with us came away with arms full of the most exquisite roses we had ever seen. But when the next June roses bloomed, the little maiden, whose passionate love for flowers made her want to caress and kiss them, had herself been transplanted and was blooming in the heavenly gardens.

"Westminster Abbey was a place of great interest to me on our return to London; my first exclamation on entering was, 'It is worth coming to England for,' and that feeling was intensified as we passed among the monuments of the great men and women of the British Empire. Among the objects of deepest interest to me were the tombs of Oliver Cromwell, Queen Elizabeth and other members of royalty, the memorial erected to

Wesley and the Poets and, of course, the coronation chair.

"Of course, I visited the British Museum. The greatest attraction to me there was the reputed oldest Bible in the world. It is called the Alexandrian manuscript from having once formed a part of the library at Alexandria. It was written probably about the middle of the fifth Century and has been in the possession of England since it was presented to King Charles 1st in 1628 by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople. It contains both the old and new Testaments, though it is not quite perfect. It seemed marvellous to me to find a document written so many hundred years ago in so perfect a state as this. All the usual and some of the unusual points of interest in England were visited, including the Isle of Wight, where the good Queen Victoria died.

"As a part of the Tower of London contains some very gruesome relics of the darker days of English history, I was rather uncertain as to whether I should permit my young daughter to accompany me to this place, but Vidy had heard so much about the Crown jewels, and was so anxious to see the crown the great, good Queen had worn, and begged so hard to be taken, promising not to be frightened by the coats of mail, the armour of past centuries, that I finally consented to her going. Her delight knew no bounds when she saw all the magnificent jewels which were to be used in the coronation of the new King and Queen, and we talked of them often afterwards.

"An amusing little incident happened while we were passing through one of the large rooms filled with

relics of warfare. I was standing looking at a glass case in which lay the cloak that the Duke of Wellington wore on the field of Waterloo, when one of my friends said, 'Oh, come, here is Wolfe's cloak, the one that was wrapped around him when he fell at the siege of Quebec on the Heights of Abraham.' 'Oh,' I exclaimed, as I examined the huge drab garment, 'I think we ought to have this in one of our Canadian Museums, there is so much of interest in England.' 'That is what I think,' answered a lady who was standing by. I looked up and found two ladies by whose voices I immediately recognized as Canadians. One said, 'Are you a Canadian?' I answered, 'Yes.' And she said, 'So are we, and we were just thinking that Sir Wilfrid Laurier ought to get this cloak for one of our Museums.' We had quite a laugh over this strange co-incidence and passed on to more sombre scenes and sober thoughts.

"I wish I could depict a bus ride across London. It is a unique experience and gives one an opportunity to 'see life' as one cannot see it in any other place. I drove across the city one Saturday night, crossing the great Tower bridge and passing a huge building where a fire was raging. For dramatic, pathetic and almost tragic experiences and an insight into the throbbing, seething, appalling life of the world's greatest city take the top of a bus and study the passing crowds and conditions.

"On account of my health I was not able to do public work but I accepted invitations to address three meetings, one in the little Corps at Romsey, another in the little village of Whit Church, where the

Army had very bitter persecution and fighting in its earliest days, the third, a great meeting in the Congress Hall at Clapton, London.

"I was particularly touched by a little incident which took place while I was visiting one of the Army's numerous Social Refuge Institutions. It was evening and I had gone down to the notorious White Chapel and passed through a night shelter for women. Before leaving the place I entered a large sitting room, furnished with plain benches where between two and three hundred of the poorest and most wretched of London's womanhood where seated. They were of all ages and from all grades of social declension. Many of them had miserable little bundles wrapped up in dirty paper and tied with dirtier ends of string. I said to the officer who conducted us over the building: 'I wish you would request them to sing.' I had heard them singing at the regular service, which is held every evening at seven o'clock. She repeated my desire to them and they immediately commenced to sing, 'There is a better World, they say, Oh, so bright!' and they all sang it heartily—many of them, sweetly. My heart was moved and I had difficulty to restrain the tears. Such a picture of woe and despair they presented and yet they could sing so brightly. I thanked them for their singing and said I would remember them on my three thousand miles of journey across the wide sea. The poor things swayed their bodies to and fro in sympathy and many exclaimed, 'God go with you, God Bless you!' It seems that in the heart of the most depraved and benighted there is a tender spot that may be reached by a kind word of interest and sympathy.

"One of the delightful remembrances of my visit to England is my visit, with my little daughter, in the home of Mr. Jesse Page, erstwhile editor of the British Workman and author of the 'Black Bishop,' 'David Brainard,' and many other well-known books. His daughter, Miss Agnes, now Mrs. Agnes Page-Palmer of New York, had shared my home in Toronto some years previously when she first came to Canada in connection with literary work. Mr. Page's conversations upon the subject of literature were intellectual treats long to be remembered. He conducted us, one well remembered afternoon all through the city proper and to view a special collection of pictures from the Continent in the historic Guild Hall. Some weeks before he passed away to higher service he wrote a letter highly-valued in which he said:

" 'We do not forget your visit here and the little chats you and I had about literary matters. I am still hard at it with my pen for the night cometh.'

"The week I was leaving England the Founder-General was holding a series of councils for leading staff officers of the British Isles and the Continent. He was good enough to send me an urgent invitation to be present. During the interval for the tea hour of the first day I was invited to have tea alone with Mrs. Bramwell Booth and talk over Canada's work for the reclamation of unfortunate girls. Mrs. Booth afterwards arranged for me to be conducted through the various social service enterprises of the Army in the great City of London.

"I spent my last two days in England attending the

National Staff Council of the Army listening to the words of its great General, his subject being that all-important one 'Faith.'

"After three months of much interest, the memory of which will live long in my mind, my little Violet and I left Liverpool on August 29th (in the midst of a rain storm) just as the City clock pointed to five.

"We were favored with exceptional weather and a most pleasant voyage. One day of the journey will stand out in my memory for a long time—the day we crossed the banks of Newfoundland. All travellers will remember how very uncertain and trying the weather is usually at this point. But the hours we spent were some of the most pleasant on the sea. The sun was shining brilliantly and the sea was as smooth as glass. The sunset in the evening drew the passengers spontaneously to the western part of the ship as the glorious orb of day dropped into the sea spreading a mantle of color and beauty across the sky which seemed to form into a perfect dome.

" 'Home, sweet home, there is no place like home, Canada is the place for me,' was involuntarily the first exclamation that came to me as we found ourselves after a few days in Boston and an all day on the train, safely landed at Montreal."

## CHAPTER XXII

### FROM THE LIMELIGHT TO THE WINGS

THE little "Violet" as she grew, became a very fragile flower indeed. Never precocious, she was devoted to her mother to an extraordinary degree. Whenever she did accompany her she saw that both high and low, from the poorest to the highest officials received her with respect, "My mother" was the centre of attention wherever they went. The child when only six years old, remained standing till her mother was seated, in the home or in public life. On their visit to England "Sweet Violet" endeared herself to everyone. There were twenty-four cousins! all delighted with the "little Canadian," and all—from the stately clergyman uncle, Rev. J. C. Postans, to the "little cousin Winnie"—were struck with the child's innate beautiful manners. Many people remarked: "That child is too good to live." On the return to Canada the little flower faded more and more. Never robust, she contracted black measles and for four months the little life verily hung on a thread. From all the long journeys, over-fatigue, anxiety for years about Mr. Read, and parting from her two babies, it was small wonder that Mrs. Read's health broke down, and she suffered terribly from acute heart attacks, as she described it—"Like mad horses tearing along, and it is so much worse you know *when they pull up suddenly.*"

We have seen dear little loving letters to her mother

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VIOLET READ

from Violet, written as soon as she could write printed letters with a pencil with the little message, "I send you, my heart Sweetheart mother." Or "I talk to you *in* my heart, mamma," and her singing, a pure high tone, was delightful. At times when the mother came home from the office, so weary, the child would stand before her flushed and indignant and say: "You shall not work so hard when I grow up, and I will go down to the office and do the work myself."

"But it was not to be," her mother says:—The flower faded and the little one *in the early spring-time* was transplanted to a fairer garden.

"She said to me one day," says her mother: "You know, darling mamma, I can sing, *I can sing.* If you will take me on your next tour I will sing for you every time, only take me, mamma." And one morning, just previous to her death, she raised herself up and sweetly, oh so sweetly and touchingly, she sang Eugene Field's pathetic poem, "Little Boy Blue." My heart was almost breaking as I listened, and when I turned to my fragile darling, my eyes were full of unbidden tears. The sweet singer's own eyes filled up also but she did not say a word. It seems as if by some strange instinct, she knew that soon the hearts of all those who loved her would be sad and broken because the toys put away by her loving little hands would be waiting for the tender and playful touch of those hands.'

"The sweet little girlie was laid to rest among the flowers she loved, in the family plot—this is situated in the part of that paradise of beauty, Mount Pleasant Cemetery, near Yonge Street—that her grandfather—

my father—the lover of the 'great out-of-doors'—designed and laid out, in conjunction with another engineer—many years ago.

"The evening birds trill their gay songs under the soft light of the gentle spring-tide evening. My heart was broken. I was ill a long time, I felt I could never gather up the threads of life again.

"One never 'gets over' such a loss—with the years the wound heals and we go on living the every day round—but the scar remains and ever aches.

"A friend of my girlhood, who had never worn the crown of motherhood, came to see me, she made a remark which comforted me greatly, 'Just think of having her for seven sweet years.' And it was a great joy to remember that; though for the work's sake I had often denied myself her dear society: yet partly through my own indifferent health, partly through hers, I was with her practically the whole of the last precious year."

. . . . . .

Miss Booth wrote this in the Army official organ when Mrs. Read returned to duty after the death of her little Violet:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Mrs. Read, after her long sick leave, fraught with so many painful memories, is once more in her accustomed seat of office, and I feel sure that all around the Territory her comrades will unite in the warmest and heartiest of welcomes.

"The Lieutenant-Colonel's absence has not only been a calamity to the important work for which she is responsible, but has left a vacancy at headquarters

which has made a corresponding miss in the hearts of all who know and love her. Especially have I missed her gentle presence and valuable help from my own side, and am more than glad and thankful to have her back again.

"The responsible position which she holds, and the exceptional abilities with which God has endowed her, have long made Mrs. Read an essential and prominent figure at our Territorial centre, and the long months during which she has been unable to direct her usual work, and exert her usual influence have been of loss to our warfare in every way. Major Stewart has acted the part of a heroine in the emergency and bravely shouldered her extra portion of responsibility.

"Although so far recovered as to be able to resume her official responsibilities, yet Mrs. Read's health is still all too frail, and I feel sure that I can bespeak for her the fervent and loving prayers of every comrade and friend, that the Lord who has so tenderly brought her through so much shadow and sorrow, may further strengthen and completely restore a strength which is so precious to the world's needs, and to us all."

Mrs. Read's gift for organization was brought into action when Miss Booth asked her to arrange and invite the General's platform of guests for Massey Hall.

Mrs. Read had planned her own lengthy tours down to the slightest detail, also co-operated in arrangements in other great campaigns so she was very pleased to render this service to the Founder General, whom she revered as a Leader, and loved as a Father. "I felt it might be the last service I should have the privilege of

rendering him," she says, "for I could see the time rapidly approaching when I must relinquish my Rescue Work responsibilities."

With the assistance of two secretaries, she telephoned, wrote and interviewed the leading people in Toronto with the result that the Lieutenant-Governor presided, the Premier moved a vote of thanks and the Leader of the Opposition seconded it. There was a civic welcome! And one hundred and fifty vice-presidents of the great social gathering occupied the platform. They represented every phase of life, Church, Education, Legal Circles, Commerce, Police, Art, Music, Literature, the leaders of all the larger societies, an august assembly.

"I was very much touched when the General sent for me and expressed his great sympathy for my recent sorrow, thanked me for my service to the work during the years, and my personal devotion to 'my daughter Eva.' And when the farewell from my position came, the General sent me his blessing and assured me that I should always have an honorary place on the staff."

"What about your pension?"

"Oh yes, without pension," with a merry twinkle, "you see I got married!"

"I do not see why you should not have a pension after all the strenuous, devoted twenty years," I said. "Neither did I but that is the way it was, the Headquarters paid me a small allowance until I retired," was the answer.

"Will you give me some of the fundamental reasons of your success?"

"Well any success I may have achieved, I attributed to several reasons: First, early in my career, I seemed to understand that in the redemptive work of Christ there was Hope for the uplifting of humanity.

"Second—I think my eyes were opened to see, and my heart to feel and sympathize with the world's need, and my ears were to the ground to hear the Voices calling me to do my small share to meet it.

"Third—I soon learned to discover latent talents in others, and my positions afforded me opportunities of starting them to work.

"Fourth—I felt the importance of concentration and developing and improving any natural gift I might possess.

"Of course, you will understand it was a great disappointment to me to have to relinquish my work with many pet schemes unrealized and plans unfulfilled. One of these was the Hospital for women in Toronto and another the opening of a Home in Calgary and the development of the work we had already inaugurated in Vancouver. Mr. Cushing, M.P.P., had been to see me in Toronto, urging the need of our Rescue Work in Calgary; also inviting me to come to reconnoitre, promising every assistance. So I planned a farewell tour, embracing all our Western work; both sides of the line. At Winnipeg our splendid Social meeting was held in Grace Church.

"On the Sunday three services were arranged in our spacious new Salvation Army Citadel."

"I humourously remarked, 'Formerly we used to meet in a "Barracks"!—now in this magnificent "Citadel".'"

"Three services! Too much," interjected the listener.

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Read-Johnston. "Years before a Professor of Phrenology, who knew nothing about me or my work, said, 'You will always undertake more than your physical strength can bear.'

"For once he guessed correctly.

"So it was on this occasion. The morning service passed. In the afternoon the Citadel was packed, to its remotest corner. Hundreds of Winnipeg's best citizens, people from all over Ontario too, came to greet one from 'way down East.' "

"My subjects were: Morning, 'Faith'; in the afternoon, 'One of the three great things, Hope.' The crowd was most inspiring. I outlined a few of Hope's characteristics.

"Then followed my lecture on my work in the Prisons with its Gospel of Hope for the hopeless. All at once I felt my strength leave me. I was just at the final peroration. But I could not make my last appeal. I did not wish the people to see my weakness, so covered it by saying I was sure my friend Major Southall had some remarks to make upon this subject; to conclude our afternoon program. I knew that Major Southall was always versatile and ready, I subsided. The Major saw my distress. He followed the 'Hope' line a few moments and closed the great meeting.

"I had a serious collapse and for a time it seemed as if I should have to abandon all further meetings. Major and Mrs. Southall, Provincial Officers, were very kind. They felt it to be a risk, but knew the peo-

ple expected me at the night service. Word was sent to the Army soldiers that I was ill. They began to pray. By 7.30 I managed to reach the platform. Such a sea of faces greeted me, packing platform, auditorium, gallery. I felt as if a great wall of prayer and sympathy surrounded me. When I rose to speak the air seemed electric. I lost all consciousness of my own personality, of bounding heart, tingling nerves, and throbbing temples. There was only one thing in life—that great mass of eager listeners and my message to them.

"For fifty-five minutes that was all I knew! 'So Great Salvation' was my theme, and the people drinking it in, like thirsty men in a desert.

"I can understand a little the feeling of the soldier when he risks his life as I almost did that night, for duty. I was carried on a wave of mental and spiritual exaltation.

"It was, indeed, one of the great nights of my life."

"But afterwards?" was asked, anxiously.

"A terrible reaction. Everyone was very good to me. Mrs. Jewer, and her officers in the Rescue Home where I was a guest, even to the humblest of the girls was glad to render any little service to help me to get well. My ever faithful Secretary, Miss Bell, relieving me of all the duties she possibly could. Doctors, everybody, thought I should return to Toronto. But I knew that in all these cities special buildings had been taken and outlay made in advertising. The work seemed to need me. I had made it my rule never to disappoint, so in two days we proceeded to Calgary, stopping *en route* for a Social gathering at Brandon.

"We crept out of our sleeper at Calgary on a cold winter's morning, at 2 a.m. We were guests at Mr. Cushing's home and when he and Mrs. Cushing realized my weak condition they were a very kind host and hostess. I had a series of meetings, the chief being the Social gathering. Mr. Cushing presided. Many leading citizens were present and at the close of my address pledged themselves to support the proposed Home. Another cold morning, after the Rescue meeting, at two o'clock we started through the Rockies to Vancouver: walking back to the station the same mile we had walked the night before, people not realizing how a carriage would have helped me in my exhausted condition.

"At Vancouver a Rescue Meeting was held in a large Presbyterian Church. I conducted many other services in spite of my handicap of weakness and found more commodious quarters for our Rescue work."

"And then?"

"Oh, you have already told the story of our adventures and the mud slide. Miss Bell and I visited Spokane for a week's campaign and Butte for several days and returned to Toronto."

"And the Homes? What happened to them, after all your sacrifice and risk?"

"The Women's Hospital in Toronto was opened by Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, the pioneer leaders who returned to Canada for a period. Miss Booth went to New York about a year after I retired you know."

"And Calgary? What happened there?"

"Oh, yes. A splendid work was instituted in Calgary, and Vancouver, too, expanded their borders and developed the work greatly, moving into a splendid building. I have never been able to go back to Calgary and Vancouver. That pleasure, I hope, is one of the good things in store for me, for I am so much attached to the Golden West."

Miss Booth wrote, upon Mrs. Read's relinquishment of the Dominion Superintendency of the Woman's Social Department and Prison Work:—

"With the incoming of the New Year I am compelled, with much reluctance, to make known the enforced change in Lieutenant-Colonel Mrs. Read's appointment. This event has long been a dreaded prospect, but the fitful changes in Mrs. Read's health, my personal concern at her relinquishment of reins which she had long held so well, and her own heroic spirit to keep at the front so long as she could stand there have prevented its earlier announcement. For a long time the Lieutenant-Colonel has struggled on against exceptional physical weakness, with a bravery to which those who know her best testify first. Again and again unexpected relapses have thrown her, and again and again has she struggled up once more to meet the needs of work which she not only carried daily upon her mind, but which, I know, she bore upon her heart.

"But the unsparing service given in heavy journeyings and extensive toils have made severe inroads upon her strength, and the dark sorrows which have come into Mrs. Read's own life, have all combined to pull down her physical powers.

"Now we are grieved to find that the Lieutenant-Colonel is in so shattered a condition, and her health so undermined, that it would be both unwise and impracticable for her to longer maintain the arduous responsibilities which she has held as Superintendent of the Women's Social, the position which she has filled so ably and devotedly. During these years this branch of our work has grown into a work of widespread prosperity, whose results are the admiration of a sympathizing public. In every city of any size this work is now represented by a more or less spacious Institution, which, in the majority of cases is subsidized by the government or municipality. The exceptionally large percentage of satisfactory cases of the four thousand girls who have passed through our Homes during this period is an eloquent statistic that needs no comment save that of commendation.

"The League of Mercy, which has sprung from a handful of devoted hearts to an organized band represented in all cities and towns, who are the angel visitants of nearly one hundred hospitals, jails, and poor-houses, is a fruitful plant, destined to bring forth yet more abundant flowers of eternal blooming. Naturally, Mrs. Read's regret at having to relinquish this work which she has not only served, but loved, is very great, but I am happy to be able to state that the condition of her health will permit of my committing to her superintendence the care of our Auxiliary friends. Here she will find a field for which her abilities especially fit her."

EVA BOOTH

"An Honourable Withdrawal" (from the Army's Official Organ).

"Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read who was compelled by her prolonged illness to relinquish her position of Woman's Social Secretary some months ago, but has since held the position of Auxiliary Secretary, has . . . felt it was the wisest course for her to withdraw from the ranks, and was married last Thursday to Mr. Johnston of Barrie, a tried friend and Auxiliary of the Army for many years."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### WOMANS' FULL HERITAGE

"I am a citizen of no mean city."—St. Paul.

BLANCHE READ JOHNSTON sat at her roller-topped desk in her library in Barrie, with its well-filled book cases and shelves. Before her on the desk the photos of her mother and loved little daughter and niece Emma and a few other favorite pictures—a calendar, sealing candle, letter scales and the tiny silk flags of the Allies. Her reading lamp invitingly close, her letter baskets and pigeon-holes in their usual order, for she is first of all business-like and systematic in her work.

"I have never," she said, "emphasized the idea of *woman's* rights, for I have always felt with Tennyson that 'The woman's cause is man's,' and the tremendous tasks confronting us to-day, and those which will confront us in the reconstruction period, are not such as can be solved by men alone or by women alone—they are problems that call for the united and best service of both."

So for years she has with voice and pen and personal influence been advocating Equal Citizenship for men and women, and when the psychological moment came for active propaganda she was alert and ready for participation in it. When the provisional prohibitory law was passed in Ontario, in 1917, she saw the necessity of the women having the vote so that they could

exercise their power in making prohibition not merely a provisional measure but a permanent one. She saw also that one of the best things to do in the interests of the men returning after the war would be to give to them a country which would in every sense be safe for them to live in.

As a member of the Advisory Committee of the Woman's Equal Franchise Association she plunged whole-heartedly into the work of the Special Campaign Committee which largely influenced the Ontario Legislature to grant Provincial franchise and thus achieved a grand climax to the years of endeavor in the Equal Franchise movement.

As Chairman of the Business and Advisory Board of the same Association, in addition to her committee work she did a great deal to further this movement through the press, and on the platform, and was a member of the deputation to the City Hall with the chairman of the Campaign Committee, Mrs. Ormsby, and the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Campbell McIvor, Mrs. Becker and others to extend the proposed request to the Provincial Government for the municipal enfranchisement of married women to cover the full franchise. Speaking on this deputation of the referendum to be taken after the war she said:—

"We think the women will greatly strengthen the hands of the Government in passing the prohibition act. That is one reason why we feel very strongly the need of obtaining the Provincial franchise at this time. We feel it is a definitely patriotic object on our part! That we may be able to protect our boys when they come home from the evils of the liquor traffic."

Mrs. Read Johnston was a member of the Win-the-War Council. Early in the war she began to think a Union Government would be a solution to many war-time and after-war problems, so when it was suggested that the National Franchise Union should send a resolution to Ottawa to ask for Union Government and urge that there be no election during the war, she drew up this recommendation for the Union to forward.

"Resolved: That the National Equal Franchise Union desire to urge upon Sir Robert Borden the urgent necessity of making one further effort to form a National Government, as a general election at this moment would be fatal to the unity and economy so necessary to win the war.

"Further, it is urged that an election should not be held when the foreign and slacker element can vote, and the men at the front cannot do so."

A letter embodying this resolution was forwarded on July 28, 1917, by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, the president, to the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, to the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a copy to each member of the House of Commons. Answers were received by Mrs. Hamilton from the Premier, and many of the members endorsing the sentiments expressed and thanking the ladies for their interest and good suggestions.

The first fruits of citizenship came to the women at the great Win-the-War Convention at the Arena in Toronto, July, 1917. Invitations had been sent out on which it was stated, "Regretfully, ladies would be asked to occupy seats in the gallery." Mrs. Johnston wrote to

the Executive of the Convention and pointed out that it was now time that women should be given full recognition of their citizenship, and that there should be no differentiation between men and women delegates. Mrs. McIvor, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, and other representatives of the National Franchise Union took the same stand, and as a result the "gallery restrictions" were withdrawn, and Mrs. Johnston received a telegram from the Executive inviting her to a seat on the platform. At the Women's Meeting of the Convention she led the great audience in prayer.

It was afterwards decided that to make conscription possible a general Dominion election was inevitable.

Mrs. Johnston was a speaker and organizer for the Win-the-War Council. She took an active part in the federal election campaign, writing, organizing, and giving public addresses.

A climax came, when, the last day before the great election of 1917—Canada's crisis hour—she went to Orillia, the home of her childhood, to plead the cause of Democratic Freedom. To the great crowd of men, mothers, wives and sweethearts, who thronged the opera house she gave assurance that like British women they would be as splendid in their service at home as the men in the battle lines. The story of the little British drummer, who when told to beat a retreat said, "Sir, I have never learned the tune," emphasizing this idea! She told of the heroism of Canada's sons and assured the large assembly that because of one little boy, loved and lost long ago, "all soldier boys are dear." And that was why with clarion call she

would urge all Canadians to rally to the need of the hour and stand true: with no note of retreat—with the ballot as they had so nobly done in every other respect.

She concluded her address in the following words:

BECAUSE OF ONE

Two little hands held in my own,
Long, long ago,
Now cause me as I wander through
This world of woe
To clasp each soldier hand stretched out
To fight a foe
Not one can ask my aid in vain,
I loved him so.

"Our opponents and indeed some of our friends are asking us 'What are you going to do with the vote now you have it?' Your wide and varied experience with woman's problems should give you some valuable ideas on this question," was our question.

Mrs. Johnston's answer at first, was a negative one—gradually leading into a positive aspect of the subject. "We are not going to bring in the millenium—with it. I do not believe the woman's ballot or any purely legal method will do that. You see, I may be considered visionary and idealistic when I say that I agree with the late Mr. Gladstone when he answered a question by exclaiming: 'Talk about the questions of the day; there is only one question and that is the gospel.' And to my mind the solution of the world's problems will be found in a practical outworking of the love of God as set forth by the Golden rule of Service and exemplified in the brotherhood of mankind.

"I believe the true law of God's love understood and

practised by all people would work for unselfishness and bring about an ideal condition. I would remind you of what a recent writer says, as it voices so clearly my own views. He says:—

" 'The World's Greatest Need is Christ. He is the only panacea for the world's sickness, and christianity is needed, not for the individual only, but for nations as great moral organisms, which have failed to keep His law. Nations must get right with God, in order to find true prosperity and prevent war. Civil government must be Christian in order to secure internal and external peace. Human wisdom and human plans are insufficient. Economic, legislative and military arrangements all fall short. Treatises and alliances fail. Arbitration is not enough. Peace movements alone cannot bring peace. The world needs Christ. The only road to lasting peace is the highway of the principles of the Prince of Peace.'

"But in the meantime," she continued, "I again agree with the grand old English Statesman I have already alluded to, 'That it is the duty of Governments to make it easy for the people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.'

"I would therefore suggest that there are several ways the women can help along this line, and we must do our own thinking."

"What would you suggest as an urgent subject for the women to take in hand?" I asked.

"I would elect those who would consider moral issues as important as mines and railways!

"There is one cause for which I first worked which