I had no thought then of joining the Salvation Army. I felt I had a clue which might, in time, make me useful to souls in one Episcopal sisterhood, for I had always said that if ever I came to believe in Christianity, Christ should be everything.

An analysis of the mental processes which led me soon afterwards into the Salvation Army as an officer would be too personal to be of use to others. One strong motive was a desire to encourage my sister, who was suddenly converted through its means from a life of the most intense worldliness, and who is a prominent officer in its ranks to-day. The personal 'magnetism' some people claim for the Booths never existed for me. The beautiful lives of obscure officers whose names are never known to 'The Family,' who have no recognition to hope for, and no prizes to play for in Army politics, won me. Such lives, woven of prayer, hold the Army together.

My seven months as a cadet have always looked like a bad dream. My one idea was to live through them and get at my life work. Never was there more pliable novice than I. In those days we suffered real hardship. That was, perhaps, the best feature of our training. I was always cold, always exhausted and overstrained, generally hungry, and I blindly but steadily offered all up to our Lord for the sins of what we called 'great, dark London.' I gained immensely in indifference to externals, in habits of unquestioning obedience and outward humility. So far as I can learn the life of a Poor Clare or a Trappistine is comfortable compared to that of a cadet in my day. Spiritually I learned nothing. But a soul which has surrendered all, however mistakenly, gains some grace; and I clung to God. Outside the homes, Army life can be healthy enough, mentally and spiritually. It is as the individual makes it.

After finishing my training, I spent three months in my own home, applying Salvation Army tactics to the habits of American villagers, then returned to London as member of the Training Staff, as well as editor of the international monthly, 'All the World.' For several years I worked steadily on the 'War Cry,' also visiting nearly every Continental country

As Preacher and Journalist,

spending a great deal of time in the slums, helping in rescue and social work at every possible leisure moment, picking up stray children who needed caring for, rushing off into the provinces when wanted for lectures on Darkest England or at the General's great meetings, and getting from my own work and through the loving intimacy accorded me by the Booth family, as round a knowledge of the Salvation Army as it is possible for a woman to have. The General has ever been generous enough to say that I gave him the germ of his great social scheme. Lives so crowded as mine was leave little scope for theological questionings, and the readiness with which much contact with human nature and facile familiarity with my Bible enabled me to answer queries and objections, kept my ignorance from what George Eliot calls 'a painful sense of limpness.'

During the years up to 1890, I never remember a shadow of doubt that I was doing God's will. Sorrows were many, difficulties thick. I agonised often over my lapses from Salvation Army standards of perfection. I toiled to conquer my hot temper, I strove to crush the 'worldliness of the intellect' which wearied of Wesley and Fletcher and Finney and Mrs. Booth, and longed even for a mathematical work to let my mind out on. But I believed all wrong was in myself.

Father Faber's 'Growth in Holiness and Spiritual Conferences' came into my hands at this time, and I have no words for the help they were to me. I told my superior officer, who, to a faithful Salvationist, takes the place of a director, that they helped me more than my Bible, and he solemnly warned me against drawing either comfort or help from 'a tainted source.'

Next came a Catholic sermon—the second one I had ever heard—preached in the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, in which city I was lecturing and collecting for the Darkest England Fund. In it, the three-fold power of prayer was clearly brought out, and the value of acts and sufferings, as well as of mere words offered up to God. Oh, the light and healing that came through that sermon!

After that

I Wanted More Catholic Books,

and discovered St. Joseph's Library, Mayfair. I cared not at all for theology, but revelled in lives of saints and founders of religious Orders, and I strove to weave all I learned into my own life and work, and to popularise them into the War Cry sketches.

'Get us another saint for next week, won't you?' the editor used to say, coming into my office; 'but not too Popish a one.'

My own feeling was that I was working into my writing 'the best in Catholicism.' Mdlle. Marie Belloc came to interview me as a woman editor somewhere about this time, and thrust an unwitting pin into me by speaking of the marvellous stability of Catholic foundations and their irrepressible vitality. But it only pricked a day or two.

My fellow-editor did me one very good turn.

'I've got a wonderful little book,' he said to me one day. 'Remarkable. It's called "Catholic Belief," by a Father Bruno.'

'Lend it to me,' I pleaded.

'I daren't,' he said. 'But it's only sixpence, and you can get it in the Row.' ...

I did before I slept. I grew fond of 'Catholic Belief.' It's denunciations of Justification by Faith only furnished me many a text against what Salvationists abhor as 'Only-Believe-ism.' But it didn't stir my conscience, and a 'Hail Mary' which I essayed to say once nearly choked me. I never could even remember the 'Hail Mary' till I really wanted to pray it.

A 'Life of St. Teresa,' with a preface by Cardinal Manning, made a great impression on me. I felt, as does my old auxiliary, Dr. Whyte of Edinburgh, that she knew how to draw near to God. May she do for him all she has done for me! One morning I opened the book before breakfast, and laid it down with a strange terror. Somehow, from somewhere, through the cold London daylight in that ordinary little room, Teresa d'Ahumada spoke, and told me she should never let me go till I too was a child of the Church.

Confession and Communion, as I knew they were linked and used in High Church parishes, seemed so me to supply

A Need of Human Nature

only partially met by Army penitent-forms and 'personals,' as manifestations of conscience to a superior is called. Confession would enable the officers to know the state of their soldiers' consciences, and, if insisted on as a duty incumbent on all, often prevent losses of which we knew nothing till they had occurred. 'Some substitute for the communion service would,' I argued, 'meet the need some of us feel of a regular external act of worship. We can't go out to the penitent-form unless we have done wrong. But we often long to fling ourselves down before God in special humility, when we are not conscious of sin.'

For myself I always wanted to go to the penitent-form when I was living closest to God, and my longing for such confession of sin was a great trial to my Army friends.

'I'm best when I'm sorry!' I used to say. 'It's almost worth while to be a poor sinner; to come to God in a sorry heap and be forgiven.'

Indeed, truly devout Salvationists could hardly live save for the meetings in which they may voice their 'experiences' and all their imperfections. No doubt the possession of an honest 'abiding sorrow for sin' on the part of people who are taught, as I was, that admission of a sense of sin after one has 'obtained the second blessing' is dishonoring to God, accounts for the melancholy tone so often taken by those experiences among Methodists. 'Getting the second blessing' with most English Salvationists, the General among them, means no more than striving to follow counsels of perfection with a consequent deepening of one's sorrow for sin, though the influences of American religious emotionalism have, in this country, produced a far more dangerous tendency in 'holiness' teaching.

All these ideas I voiced with the utmost frankness to Mr. Bramwell Booth, his wife, and Commissioners Railton and Corleton, who were my close friends.

'But I never took you seriously,' protested Mr. Booth when I reminded him of these talks after my conversion. He could hardly have shown more clearly how Salvationists regard the most sacred dogmas as pure matters of speculation. They were never such to me.

In 1895 I was set to work, among waif and stray boys in London, and, later on in the year, given charge of the Auxiliary League of non-Salvationists who support the Army by money and influence. This involved much speaking from Protestant pulpits of all denominations, an intercourse with Protestants which only deepened my love for the Army. 'We know neither Catholic nor Protestant,' say its members. 'We are Salvationists.'

In March, 1896, at the time of Mr. Ballington Booth's quarrel with his father, which threatened the complete disruption of the Army in America, I was sent hurriedly to New York to do what I could to uphold the principles of the Salvation Army—of internationalism, of unity in faith(?), of surrender of individualism for the sake of union in a Spirit-guided body.

But Providence Ruled it Otherwise

for me. Just at the critical moment of my mission to what I had believed to be a Spirit-guided body, I was summoned to my mother's deathbed, where I was obliged to watch for a period of five weeks, during which my mind was distracted from international schemes for