

1903

Our ❁  
Training  
Home ❁  
Days. ❁

A MEMORY.

.. BY ..

LIEUT.-COLONEL MILDRED DUFF.

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Training  
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THE CONGRESS HALL, CLAPTON.

Our  
Training Home Days.

A MEMORY.

BY  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MILDRED DUFF.



INTERNATIONAL TRAINING HOMES,  
LONDON.

1903.

## THROUGH THE HOMES AT CLAPTON.

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THROUGH the Homes at Clapton! How many hearts to-day  
Are linked together by a chain that never can decay!  
A chain quite indescribable, a chain of untold length;  
A chain whose hardest testing-time has but increased its strength.  
When to a snow-clad country, or 'neath a tropic sun,  
To tell the old, old story a T.H. lad has gone;  
When heart and flesh have failed them, what timely aid has come  
Through God-sent recollections of a God-blessed Training Home!

Through the Homes at Clapton! Who is not glad he went  
To Congress Hall, to learn the way a life can best be spent?  
Show me the lad or lassie who cannot stand the storm  
The better for what happened since the day they "got their form"!  
Who has not been the gladder, though at times one's cheeks *are* wet,  
That we heard the old Home ringing with the words, "a new Cadet"?  
Who has not felt his calling higher, nobler than before,  
Since he learned a point of doctrine by the scrubbing of a floor?

Through the Homes at Clapton! Oh, what a precious load  
Of grave responsibilities we brought from Linscott Road!  
Responsible to God and man, to never shirk the foe,  
Nor miss an opportunity 'gainst sin to strike a blow.  
And not alone responsible, but able, in the might  
Of Him who can do "all things," to win the hardest fight;  
Responsible and able—though ignorant and weak—  
To follow all the way the One "who came the lost to seek."

Through the Homes at Clapton! How swiftly time has gone!  
The old Home now is far behind, the new Home farther on.  
In spirit we grip hands once more, though we are far apart,  
Though fighting now in many lands, bless God! we're one in heart.  
On in our great Commander's name, our war-cry "Fire-and-Blood!"  
Though hell may rage, our war we'll wage, true to the Home and God.  
With holy courage, Christ-like zeal, we'll fight 'gainst hell and sin,  
Till, as of old, on streets of gold, we hear, "Cadets, fall in!"

## Our Training Home Days.

### A Memory.

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"CARRY coals to Newcastle!" you say. "Why should you try to tell me anything more about the Training Home? Don't I know all there is to be known? Have I not read 'The School of the Prophets'? and are not my own Training Home memories fresh and clear before me to-day?"

Quite true, dear Comrade, I dare say; and yet—spend a few moments this lovely summer afternoon, in walking round about the old grey walls with me!

Do you remember how you felt when you turned down Linscott Road, and saw, for the first time, those stone pillars, and the flight of steps leading up to them?

You were from the country—perhaps it was your first visit to London—and, oh, how your heart sank as you looked at the great upright columns, and the bold flag-staff above them all!

But those pillars have swept awe and despair into many hundred hearts besides yours, I know.

I remember Mrs. Booth-Tucker—"the Training Home Mother," as she was called in those days—once telling us how, before the Congress Hall was finally taken over, she used to stand and look at the pillars until she felt the building was far too great and imposing, and that work which lay before her, within its walls, far too burdensome and responsible for one so young as she then was!

Perhaps the day you saw them first, those pillars were wrapped in fog and mist, and the wings on either side seemed to stretch away in mysterious distance, and your heart beat

as you passed through the great gates, while you felt, "Call *this* a home! I have heard of it, and read of it, and thought about it, but, oh! why ever did I come to it?"

There was something, too, about that wide gravel stretch in front which made one feel so insignificant, and your box, and your bag, and your parcel, and your uniform, and your whole self, seemed so out of keeping with the vastness of the place.

And so, before you had been in the building many hours, I think it is not unlikely that you had a "fit of the blues," or, perhaps, even a good cry, and wished yourself back at home again.

And yet—it is a strange thing, when you come to think of it—if you cried on coming into the Training Home, you probably cried a great deal more at leaving it!

You have not forgotten how the swinging brake, or creeping, luggage-burdened cab ground through those gates, and carried you away from that group of earnest, believing hearts, and those warm hand-clasps that you had learned to prize so highly. Can you remember the lump that came into your throat as you peered back and waved your handkerchief, while the Linscott Road houses grew blurred and misty as you looked at them for the last time?

And then there was the last lingering shout from the Home steps—ah! when would you hear those blessed voices again?—and you turned the corner with the knowledge that your Training Home days were henceforth a memory.

It is very much the same now as it used to be in our time, although some things are better arranged, and there is no longer that mysterious confusion of boxes, the running, and shouting, and the bewildering agitation that some of us recollect.

Breakfast was a farce, was it not, those last mornings? And, if we had not slept much during our first night in the Training Home, we certainly did not sleep much the last.

Not many Sessions ago, a lad, who had given his leaders an unusual amount of trouble during his term, and had rather resented being so often "on the carpet," climbed into his brake with considerable satisfaction. But, once there, it dawned upon

him that he had stood for the last time on the Training Home steps, and his feelings found relief in a perfect roar of weeping.

"What's Green howling for, like that?" asked some of the Staff, when the noise had attracted their attention.

"He's sorry to go, sir," was the reply.

"Cheer up, Green, old man," they shouted. But Green was not to be put off so easily.

Slowly and heavily, he climbed out, treading on innumerable feet, and causing no little confusion; and then, sobbing and spluttering, he went around to each member of the Staff to shake hands, and, as best he might, to thank them in an incoherent fashion, and tell them how sorry he was he had been "such a bother."

Poor Green! He was too much overcome to look up again, and was carried off to the station a helpless bundle of grief. But, if his eyes happen to rest on this page—and they may—he will know that there is a very warm corner for him in the hearts of the men who would not let him slip, and who do not grudge an hour of the extra work he gave them.

Perhaps you were not one of the "Green" type. You passed through your Training days with unruffled calm, and rattled down Linscott Road calmly enough, too, grateful, certainly, for all that the Staff had done for you; but glad, at last, to have an opportunity of trying life on your own account.

And, it was not until you had been some weeks away from the old grey walls, and from the Sergeant's whistle, and from those great passages which took such a lot of scrubbing to keep them clean, that you woke up to all that the Training Home had really done for you.

Then your tears came! Maybe things were hard and difficult around you, and so echoes and memories of "Lectures" that had impressed you little at the time came back with new force and power.

*"Oh, what an experience I have had!"* writes one newly-made Officer. *"When we used to talk and sing about the hardness, I am afraid I never fully realised what it meant; but I do now."*

*"There have been times of loneliness, and at such times my mind has gone back to the days when I used to sit in the Bible-lessons, and once more I have seemed to see you, and hear your voice, saying, 'There will be times of sorrow and*



THE TRAINING HOMES (BACK VIEW) SHOWING "THE TEMPLE" ON THE LEFT.

*loneliness, and human sympathy will be denied you, but remember Jesus.'*

*"I cannot tell you how it has helped me, and spurred me on to do more for God and a dying world."*

*"Those precious spiritual days," writes another, "helped me wonderfully; but now they help me, if possible, more. The distance makes the people and their words stand out more vividly. Who could help being blessed by the memory, and the notes, of that wonderful last Prayer-day of the Chief's?"*

If your Training was in the summer, I am quite sure you noticed the old ash-tree, which stood in the corner on the Women's side; and, perhaps, you are one of the veterans who remember the days when the nursery children used to swing and play under its branches.

Some of those Training Home children are Officers in the Field to-day. Some are away fighting for God in India, and some have been called higher, waiting for the last grand rally of the Training Home warriors on the Golden Streets.

But we could loiter all day outside the old building, recalling memories, and little scraps of talk we had as we paced up and down the gravel in our "free time," or between the Lectures. Let us come inside, and have a look again at the passages and dormitories, which used to seem to us, so endless at first!

For, did not the size of the building stagger you when you first came to Clapton? You had lived, perhaps, in a little five-roomed cottage, or in even a tinier home in some crowded city, and those long dormitories and passages seemed to fill your mind with awe.

One terrified new Cadet was met by a surprised Staff Officer not long ago, sobbing hysterically.

"What was the matter?" "Why, the place was so big; she'd got lost three times already, and it was driving her crazy!"

You probably felt less distressed than this dear girl; but did not the thought, "I shall *never* be able to get at home here," force itself upon you, as, for the first time, you tried to pack yourself and comrade into the little ship's cabin, which we used to call a "box"?

If it was summer-time, the light came pouring down upon you at four o'clock in the morning from the great curtainless

windows. And if it was winter—oh! will you ever forget having to turn out into darkness, and hunt about in the cold for your dusters and scrubbing-brushes?

The passages and stairs were not well lighted in those early mornings, and we got many a fall over a stray bucket which some comrade had left standing in a dark corner, and many a tear dropped because we could not get our work finished before the breakfast-bell rang.

And yet, in spite of it all, what precious, sacred memories gather round those little wooden cubicles!

What might they not tell of conflicts and battles, if they could but speak! How many feet, that now stand in high places on far-off battlefields, have hurried through their doorways, while trembling hands have dropped their curtains, and burdened hearts have found relief while their owners sobbed out their struggles and gained their victories with faces buried in the crested, cotton quilts!

Yes, and when the lights have been lowered, and everyone else in the corridor has been sleeping quietly, how many of us have not slipped from our beds, to wrestle and agonise in silence, fighting out some battle on which, could we but have seen it, our whole future depended!

A stranger, walking down those corridors, might think them very institution-like, and say, with a scornful glance, that the cubicles are all exactly alike. But they are not alike to us!

And, though it may be five, ten, or twenty years since you slept on the "Long," or the "Square," there is to you one sacred number. It has been almost constantly tenanted by others since you left it, yet it still remains "your box," enshrined in your memory as a Bethel of your own.

Ah, well for you and me, dear Comrade, if we can return in spirit, to the boarded floor to-day with the same single aim and childlike faith that we had when we last said good-bye to it!

But come down with me to the Lecture-room. Let us sit in a corner, and look on.

There are more Cadets now, you see, than there used to be in our days, and there will be more yet, when The General's new scheme for increasing the accommodation is finished.

But watch them. They are so busy, scribbling in their note-books, that they seldom pause to look up at the speaker.



OFF TO CORPS DUTY.

But he does not mind that. He knows he is speaking, not for the present alone, but for days to come, when these note-books will be among their owners' most valued possessions.

"Ah," you interrupt, "there never can be *any* Lectures like the ones I used to listen to!"

No, never to you. I, too, have an old book which I sometimes turn over, and as I look at the faded pencilled pages, and think of the light and inspiration they recall, I feel, with you, that no Lectures can ever be like those of my early days.

"But do the Cadets of to-day really feel as we used to?" you ask, perhaps.

Yes, indeed they do, and their note-books are as valuable to them as ever yours, my dear Major, or Brigadier, have been to you.

Listen. Here are some extracts from letters written during the last two or three years. This one comes from the Cape:—

*" . . . I am making use of some of the Commissioner's Lectures in my Soldiers' Meetings. Will you kindly ask him whether he minds. The people are so ignorant of what The Army is, and expects of its Soldiers, I thought I could do no better than to give them extracts from my Lecture-books."*

And this from the United States:—

*" . . . I often think of you all, and also of the wonderful lessons you taught me in the dear old Training Home, and the Commissioner's Lectures. I still read them, and I read them to my Captain, too. They help me wonderfully."*

Here is another little bit, also from South Africa:—

*" . . . We often look over our old note-books on spiritual days, and our Lecture-books, and our hearts become very full as we realise how very far away we are from the spirit and glory of the good old Army. All the glory we get here is what we make ourselves; but, praise God, by living close to Him, He keeps us fresh!"*

And here I would remind you of what, perhaps, you have already realised: that it was not always the clever or deep things which were said to us in those Training Home Lectures which made such an everlasting mark upon our minds; for,

when we read over our notes, some of the Lectures from our experience to-day seem quite ordinary.

It was rather the spirit in which they were given, and the spirit in which they were received, which made a light, almost as of a Shekinah, to rest upon them.

*" The lessons you taught me in the Training Home,"* writes an Officer, who has been four years fighting on the Continent, *" I have never forgotten; they have been the means of helping me on in many a dark hour. You once said these words to us in a Lecture, ' Can God reckon on me?' I wrote them in my Bible, and have never forgotten them, but have often applied them. This, I think, will cheer you—to know that your words are not lost."*

*" The dear old Training Home,"* writes another. *" How often I think of all the beautiful times I have had there. How often I have wished I could just peep in, and have a look at you, and a ' GOD BLESS YOU ' from you. My pen cannot write what those three little words have meant to me. They thrill me through and through even now. I like them so much, and they have been such a help to me that I am passing them on to bless someone else."*

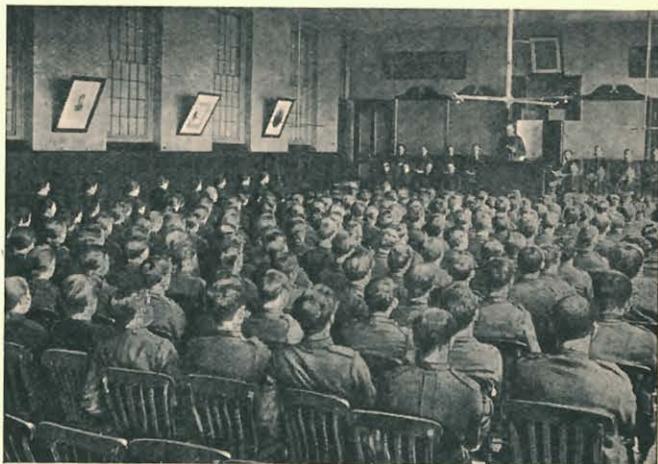
Perhaps you, also, have in your memory some " God bless you," whispered in your Training Home days, which lingers in your heart like the sound of your mother's voice.

And we made use of our Lectures, did we not? They entered into our work, and almost unconsciously we turned back again to them for light and counsel at any difficult moment, though all of us are not so frank and childlike as the Officer who wrote:—

*" I often think of the lovely Training Home days, they stand apart from any home days in my whole experience. Those Bible Lessons, what a help they are to me now! Our Soldiers say they could listen all night to my Bible-readings and*

explanations (please don't think I am conceited); I tell them all that it is your teaching. May God ever bless you!"

Again, the singing, and the praying in those Lectures, what a revelation they were to us! Some of us had come from little Corps where it was always an effort to keep the singing



A LECTURE.

up, both inside and out; and to hear those voices, like the rush of many waters, seemed to tell us with new force to what a mighty Organisation we belonged.

And then, you recollect—not nearly so popular as the Lectures, though quite as necessary—there was School.

Many bitter, scalding tears have been dropped in school

hours! Many hands, unused to pens, have suffered from "writers' cramp"!

From the first days, when some of us remember Cadets, who came in unable to write their own names, down to the present time, when girls and lads have to face the terrors of Examinations, Grading, and other fearsome details of which we were ignorant, "School" was dreaded.

Did you have any Cadet in your batch who was tempted to go home over the School? Do you remember how you tried to encourage him or her, and how anxious and concerned you were because you felt, though their spelling might be inferior to your own, yet, in the management of a crowd, and all that went to make up a successful Officer, they were so infinitely above you?

Well, the Cadets of to-day are, now and then, tempted just as they used to be, although, of course, they have had more schooling, on the whole, than was the case twenty years ago.

"Ah!" says somebody, turning over these pages, and glancing here and there at a line or two before flinging the little book on one side; "Ah! the Training Home is altered to what it was in my day. Why (in a tone of triumph), we used to drink out of galley-pots!"

"The first cup of tea I had in the Training Home," says one Major, who might have come from Hibernia, "was out of a jug without a handle!"

Yes, dear Comrade. But it was not the galley-pot, nor the handleless jug that brought the blessing. It was the spirit in which you accepted all that came; and the same spirit of determination and sacrifice is in the Training Home to-day, even though the galley-pots are replaced by cups and saucers, and the Cadets have now a room in which they may sit to read, and write their letters.

Perhaps you, Cadet of the "galley-pot" age, are tempted to forget it was not these outward things that brought the cross, or the struggle—the roughness of the Training Home was sweet to us—our victories did not consist in these matters. And look, in this very Library, not so long ago, one of the

Cadets obtained leave to spend an All-Night of Prayer instead of retiring with the rest to the dormitory.

After three months in the Training Home the conviction had again been borne in upon her by the Holy Spirit that she was called for India.

In vain she tried to shake herself free from the thought, and to consider it fancy. Each new day, each prayer, each song, each lesson, each verse from the Bible, had for her only one interpretation and meaning—"India, dark India." And she stole away into the Library to fight the battle out to a finish.

It was a long struggle, lasting till the dawn. But she came out with a look of triumph on her face, and joined her comrades at the morning's work.

"I'm ready," was her quiet testimony to one of the Staff, who asked her what had been the result of her night's conflict, "ready for India, or anywhere else where God wants me."

And, after two years' good work in Ireland, her consecration in that Library was put to the test, and the girl is to-day doing good service in her yellow robes—an Indian Officer.

She is not the only Cadet either who is on Foreign Service in consequence of an All-Night of Prayer.

Yet another felt called by God, but the thought of her mother held her back. She, too, wrestled and fought the battle out alone, and to-day she is also doing good service on the Indian Field.

You, maybe, have an experience to place alongside of these two.

Was it in the old "glory-hole" on the men's side, away down under the Congress Hall, where no ray of sunlight ever pierced, that you fought your way through?

Many a Staff and Field Officer has glorious recollections of that dusty, lumber-filled old cellar.

There is, among the dust and cobwebs, a little cell-like corner which you can only reach by climbing through an opening in one of the underground walls. In this retreat, a Cadet from a distant field used to spend hours on his knees. He loved to get away and alone, and the darkness became light, as he sought God's face with strong crying and tears.

Or, maybe, it was the hours you spent in some other quiet corner of the grey old building which has made a new man of you, that has taken away your fear and nervousness, and brought you into the conquering experience of "all things are possible."



EXAMINATION MORNING.

Looking back to-day through the years that lie between, you recognise, do you not, that it was a wise training, which taught us to fight our battles out alone with God?

Only a few Sessions ago, a high-spirited Scotch girl declared she was going home *at once*, when leave to walk out with a visitor instead of attending her Class was refused to her.

"I am not used to such discipline; I have never been crossed in this way, and I am certainly not going to stand it now," she flashed.

"Pray about it, my dear," was the counsel she received. And after a couple of days' conflict, she, too, came, and asked for an All-Night of Prayer—spent it in the ironing-room, I believe—and was remade spiritually by it.

Captain Macpherson, if this little book reaches your hand, I pray that you may always keep to your Training Home policy, and take an All-Night of Prayer before you embark on any line which may lead you out of the will of God!

For, useful as the lessons in fighting we have learned in the Training Home, fighting in our meetings, our open-air, in public-house booming, and house-to-house visitation, yet the greatest lesson of all was to fight with our own natures.

Thousands of men and women scattered all over the world to-day first learned that kind of fighting at Clapton.

Some of them have left our ranks as Officers, and are settled in far-off Corps, with home and children of their own; but the influence of their Training days is not passed away.

"I am glad to see you up here, Harris," said an Officer to a Junior Sergeant-Major who had come up to the Chief's Junior Councils this Whitsuntide.

Harris was now the mother of a family, her eldest girl wanted to be a Corps Cadet, and red-jerseyed Jim had proved "the best husband in the world," but her only answer was a burst of tears.

"Oh, this building," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to look at it; I shall never forget its lessons. God help me so to train my children that one day they may be worthy to enter through its doors!"

Ah, yes, dear Harris, and hundreds more like her, are training a new generation in the lessons they learned here.

You recollect how we used to talk about "the Training Home spirit," sing about it, and pray, and wrestle that we might get it?

I have often wondered exactly what we meant by the "Training Home spirit." I think to us it implied everything

that was good, unselfish, desperate, and fearless. It embraced faith, and love, and mercy, the never-mind-me and never-give-in spirit—the Spirit of Christ, in fact.

Oh, dear Comrade, you remember how you used to feel as we sang:—

"True Training Home Cadets we are,  
For God and souls we march to war."



FREE TIME.

Ah, if all of your batch had kept that experience—or all of mine!

And this brings me to another, and most blessed, memory of our Training Home. Its companionships.

Why, it is a link all round the world to-day, and neither time, nor distance, nor changing circumstances, can wholly break the tie!

If you met one of your batch as a backslider, or with a wrecked life, would you not feel as though you had met your brother, or your sister? Would you not seek to bring back again the old promises, made as you both knelt side by side in the Lecture-room—that little talk you had as you went out *War Cry* selling together, or some other special event of your Sessions?

It is strange how the friendships of our Cadet days endure and last! They often strike me as being like the friendships of our childhood.

"Know him? Why, we played together as children!" or, "we went to the same school," we say; and it implies much the same, when we exclaim, "he was in the Training Home with me," or "she shared my box."

Ah, those Training Home friendships! How sacred, and sweet they were! And does it not cheer us to-day to remember the comrades whom we have not seen since we parted under the Training Home clock, who are yet keeping step with us away on some far-off battlefield?

We never write to each other, rarely indeed do we come across each other's names in Army papers, and yet, and yet—the very memory of "good old Jones," or "Smith 2," comes to us, bringing a breath of blessing from the past.

How, in our first few months in the Field, we used to look back to the "Ten Minutes," and think, "they are praying for us now."

We might be struggling in the middle of stagnation, difficulty, and darkness, but in spirit we knelt again, in a corner of the old room, and heard them sing:—

"When tempted in The Army,  
To leave their God-given post,  
Oh, give them grace to conquer  
The foe's most mighty host."

And how we used to sing it for the warriors on the Field, in our day, did we not? Well, the Cadets of to-day have caught

up the echo, and they still sing it, dear Comrade, after all these years, for you and me.

"I often look at the clock," writes one lately commissioned, "at five p.m., and think of the dear Cadets praying for us



THE WOMEN'S BOX ROOM.

*who are in the front of the battle; and often when I feel a little discouraged, it cheers me on, when I think of the many prayers which are going up to God on our behalf."*

"... How often," says another, "we talk about you, and what Lesson is going on, especially the Ten Minutes!

*Sometimes, when out visiting three and four miles away from the Quarters, we look at the time, and say, 'Yes, they are praying for us in the Training Home.' It does help us."*

There is one more memory that I want to bring before you, although, indeed, as we muse, we could spend hours thinking over those bygone days.

For we remember the Cadets in our batch, who seemed so likely to fail, and who, after all, turned out such mighty men and women, and can recollect some on whom we built such hopes, and who—ah! well, there are sad, as well as bright, memories gathered round Clapton!

Then, there were the personals, too—how some of us have dreaded them, and come out of our first interview with eyes red and swollen, all knocked to pieces, and feeling we had never seen ourselves in this way before!

The new light, the undreamt-of faults, weaknesses, and failings we had never stopped to consider—all stood before us like a row of accusing justices. And some of us felt, "I may as well go home first, as last."

But we had other personals, too, personals which brought us comfort, and hope, and inspiration, and as a girl lately gone out writes:—

*"The dear old Training Home is often talked about, and our dear Officers in it. We often fancy we see you all, and wish we could have, what once we so dreaded—a personal."*

But the special memory to which I allude is that last swearing-in meeting, sacred and wonderful, when, kneeling round the Colours, we vowed in the strength of God, to be true to Him, and to The Army, and to the dying world around us.

Ah, those moments! You can recall exactly where you knelt, can you not? And

"If I had given way to my feelings yesterday, I should have gone home; but, somehow or other, the old Training Home came before me, and the promise I made to God, that I would be faithful. I entered the Training Home, not knowing

much, only a gipsy, but I left it with the one aim to win souls for God, and to be a credit to The Army."

Perhaps, you think, as you read this, Yes, if I had only kept my vow, I should have been a better man or woman than I am to-day!

Dear Comrade, even though your vow is irrevocably broken in the sense that you can never be an Officer again, yet, thank God, you can do something; you can, at least, renew your devotion to Him, though in a limited sphere, just where you are. Begin now, and seek from the Lord a fresh gift of that old Training Home spirit, which linked you on so mightily to Heaven.

You say it is impossible. Yet, recollect those blessed promises in Joel: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten and the canker-worm . . ."

Claim those words for your own experience. You know the locust, or the canker-worm, which has spoiled your heart, once fresh and fruitful as the garden of the Lord; yet, even now, He waits to "restore," and give you back the peace and blessing which you are tempted to think is gone for ever. Will you let Him do it?

Why are you writing all this to me? you ask, perhaps.

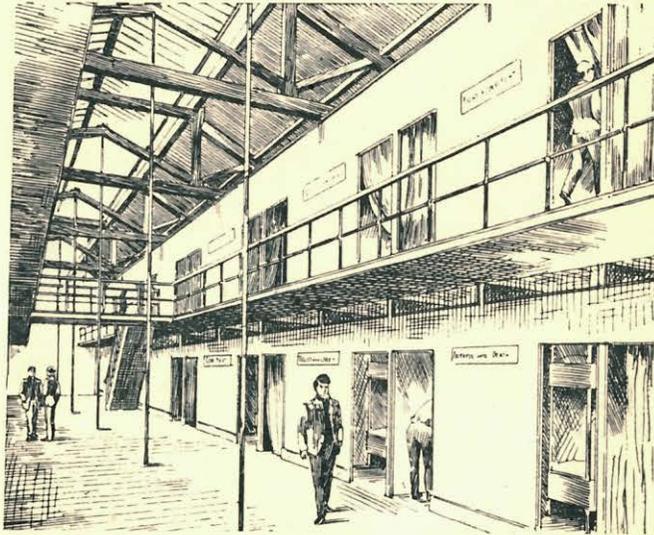
First, because I want, if I can, to help your soul, as well as my own, to live in the experience of victory we gained in those bygone Training Home days. And then, also, because we have, at this moment, an opportunity of helping the old building to enlarge and extend its influence.

At present, contrive as they may, the Training Home authorities can only find sleeping accommodation for three hundred Cadets. And thus, to give to the world the six hundred new Officers needed in the year, it is impossible to keep them as Cadets more than six months.

But The General has decided that the term of Training should be lengthened, and that, instead of six months, the Cadets should now be in the Home for ten months, and the advantages of this will be many and great.

It is found that the first few months of Training are necessarily spent in foundation work. Old difficulties have to

be faced, and fought, in many hearts, and it takes some time before the Cadets, anxious as they may be, settle to their new life in real earnest. And the lengthened term of Training will help them. Scores of Cadets feel they are sent into the Field



SKETCH SHOWING NEW DORMITORIES.

just at the moment when every Lecture, every Lesson, is becoming of increasing value and service.

But the question, of course, has been, How to increase the accommodation without pulling the building down and beginning to build again; but at last a scheme has been

evolved, and plans prepared, and approved by The General, which meet the necessities of the case.

Instead of the cubicles being placed, as to-day, down the centre of the dormitories, they will be removed to the sides, and a large central passage will be left.

All round the walls a gallery will be raised, and upon this gallery a second row of cubicles is to be built. In order to give the necessary light and ventilation, the roof and dormitory will be raised and fitted with proper ventilators and glass windows. So that the whole, when completed, both on the men and women's side, will be according to the accompanying sketch.

The gallery will be reached by staircases on either side, and no washing will be done by the Cadets in the dormitories.

Another great alteration in connection with this scheme, is the utilising of the basement, where the kitchens and women's dining-room will henceforth be placed.

This will, of course, give additional room for Class and Lecture-rooms on the ground floor.

Besides these very important changes, the scheme includes a plan for improving the Congress Hall, utilising the space to better advantage, and giving the Corps greater accommodation in Soldiers' and Bandsmen's rooms, and so forth.

The cost of carrying out the whole scheme—which will, when completed, infinitely improve the value and utility of the property—is estimated at £15,000.

It is towards this sum that you, dear Comrade, who are glancing through this little book, are invited to contribute.

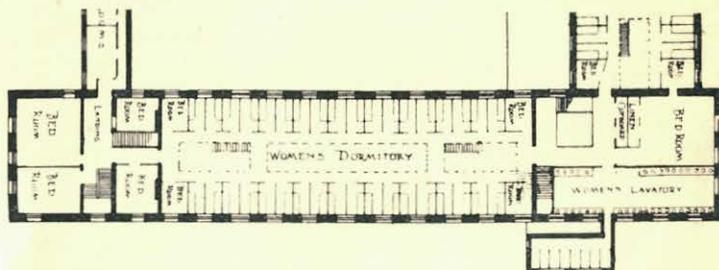
The sum required sounds a large one, and yet, if each one who has been blessed in the past by the old Training Home, either directly or indirectly, does their part, its greatness will melt away rapidly.

You remember afresh, do you not, what the Training Home has done for you?

Now a moment has come when the Training Home turns back to you again, stretching out, so to speak, its hand, as it says, "I want to do more than ever for the Officers of the

future. I want my influence to be even deeper, and more lasting. Will you help me?"

And surely, from all round this great Army, from every corner in which the Training Home spirit has made itself felt, and the Training Home Officers have sung, and fought their way, a response will come back, which will gladden the heart of our General, and cheers those whose whole lives are spent within these old, grim walls.



PLAN OF A PART OF NEW FIRST FLOOR.

What do you say, my Comrade? Will you throw the little book aside, and say, "I can do nothing"?

Or, will you sit down for a few minutes, and think what the Training Home has meant to us as a people?

Think how much poorer, and weaker, untaught, and undisciplined, we should have been without it.

Think of the Training Homes that have sprung up, as it were, from its shadow in foreign lands! And then, as a thank-offering to God, tell Him that you will do your little part towards helping this new scheme.

Commissioner Rees has a plan whereby he hopes that each Officer, who can do so, will raise one guinea towards this extension.

This sum may either be collected, or contributed. "And if the comrade is too poor, and can neither give, nor collect, the sum?" you ask.

"Then," says the Commissioner, "we shall be glad for them to send us whatever they can. While we ask no one individual to give more, we would like as many as can, to share by sending us their mite, and thus feel they have a part in the new and wider Training we desire to give."

What do you say, my Comrade? It will mean some trouble, I know. Some sacrifice, some effort. But our Army is built up on these principles, is it not? And, maybe, the very fact that you take up a little bit of work specially for the old Training Home—you, who through time, or distance, or circumstances, are so widely separated from it to-day—may link you on afresh to the source of all its strength and blessing, and to the Saviour who made your Training days a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

If you are a Local Officer, bearing the constant strain and responsibility of your Corps, year after year, without murmuring, you remember what the Training Home has done for those of your Officers, who have been of the greatest blessing in your town. They referred to it sometimes in moments of confidence, they told you a few of the soul-truths they had learned in it, and you blessed God that The Army had such a place for the preparation of its future Officers. The Commissioner includes *you* also in this scheme, and asks from each of the leading Local Officers of The Army, half a guinea, to be either given or collected, as in the case of the Field Officer.

Or, perhaps, you are one of those who passed through the Training Home and still carry its memory sacred and fresh in your own heart, although to-day circumstances prevent your still serving as an Officer.

The Commissioner believes that your interest and love for the old building are not changed, and he invites *you* to have a share in this new undertaking, by giving, or contributing, half a guinea as well.

What do you say? Will you—into whose hands this appeal may fall, under whichever class you may stand—will you help this scheme?

If so, then read carefully the letter which Commissioner Rees encloses, and act as he asks you to do.

So let us, dear Comrade, one in spirit and in purpose, work, and pray, and serve each other under the dear old Flag till fighting days are done.

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, LONDON,  
June, 1903.

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