

THE LIFE OF
COLONEL WEERESOORIYE.



BY
COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

London:
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICES, 56, SOUTHWARK STREET, S.E.

by the dying hands, and she left this world crying out that she was "lost!"

It was to scenes like this that the Colonel's mother wisely took her children, reminding them that their turn too must come when they would leave this world, and bidding them to do their utmost to prepare for eternity, even when she was in the darkness of Buddhism. There were certain sacred flowers which might only be touched by purified hands, and could then only be taken to be presented before the image of Buddha in his adjoining temple.



AT WORK IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

The meritorious action of laying aside food for the priest was carefully observed, and one of the earliest recollections of the Colonel, was of having to visit the temple in company with his mother, to bow before these images, and to present the offerings of food and flowers. It was true that he noticed even as a child, that when his religious grandmother was performing her very best acts of merit, and coming from her feasts and vigils, her temper never seemed to be any the better for the exercises, but she would seem to rather become more harsh and fretful at such times. Yet he felt an intense attachment to his own religion, and used to look with pride and pleasure at the thread which had been tied round his arm by his parents as a token that he himself had been dedicated to the service of Buddha, and was to become a future member of its priesthood.

When, however, he was but a child of six, he could remember how, to his astonishment, a

sudden change came over his father. An old man, who did not acknowledge the faith of Buddha, had come to visit their house from time to time. He brought with him books which taught a new religion. Too young to understand what was going on, little Arnolis found that disunion and sorrow had come between his father and mother, and one day, the latter—with all her children—after some very stormy altercations, left the house sooner than remain with one who had forsaken her ancestral religion. Yet though she had left him, Mrs. Weeresooriye could not cease to love her husband, and she cherished in her heart the hope that she would yet be able to persuade him to abandon this new religion. For this purpose she would get the best Buddhist controversialists to visit him and argue with him as to the truth of her religion, earnestly persuading him to return to it. The Colonel



AN INDIAN DRUMMER.

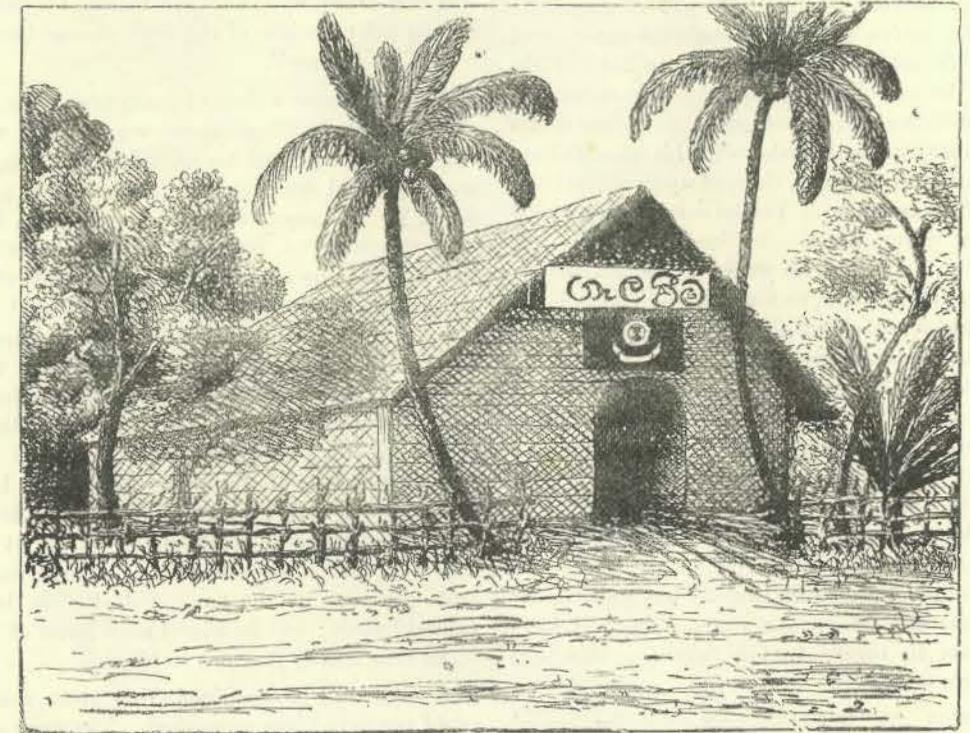
could remember, as a little boy, listening to the arguments that were carried on in his father's home, and could not help being struck by the patience with which his father and the old man, who had been the means of his conversion, spoke with their opponents.

It was a simple argument which finally convinced his mother that she herself was in error, and induced her to forsake Buddhism and join her husband in his profession of Christianity. Her Buddhist advocate was arguing against the existence of the Deity, when the old

man held up his fingers, and said "While this hand is so admirably fitted to place into my bowl of rice and lift up the grains to my mouth, and while my arm is so admirably adapted in length, so that my hand can reach to my mouth, and neither goes beyond it nor falls short of it, you cannot convince me that there is no God." Simple as was the argument, it convinced his mother, who returned to her home, and became from that time an earnest helper of her husband.

his parents caused him, with the rest of their children, to be baptized.

His father owned a large estate in the neighborhood of Galle, and was anxious that all his family of twelve children should obtain the full benefits of an English education. Hence from an early age, Arnolis was sent to school. As he grew older he was sent from his village home to be educated, at his father's expense, in the college at Kandy, a large town in central Ceylon, about one hundred miles distant from his home.



A MORATUWA SALVATION ARMY BARRACKS.

Now that the parents had professed Christianity, they felt that every symbol of Buddhism must be banished from their house. One of the first things that was done by them was to break the sacred thread which had been tied round the arm of Arnolis. Young as he was, the lad was indignant, and gathering together the Christian books which wrought such a change in his father, he was about to carry them off and make a bonfire of them, when he was caught in the act. But though his heart was unchanged,

His father having been appointed Arachi, or village head-man, by Government, it was natural that he should look forward to his sons following in his footsteps, and rising to hold high positions in Government service. Hence, like other young men of Ceylon, Arnolis adopted the European style of dress, with coat, trousers, boots, and hat, in place of the usual Cingalese waist cloth. His hair was also cropped, instead of being worn long, according to the custom of the country, and the comb, which is

worn by the men as their sole head-dress, was discarded. He passed through the school with credit as a scholar, and then obtained a good position in the same institution as a master, gaining a salary of £5 a month. His prospects were bright; he had many influential friends and relatives who were ready to push him on to advancement; he was the idol of his home. At school, too, his influence was very great, and he was even appointed president of the Young Men's Christian Association.

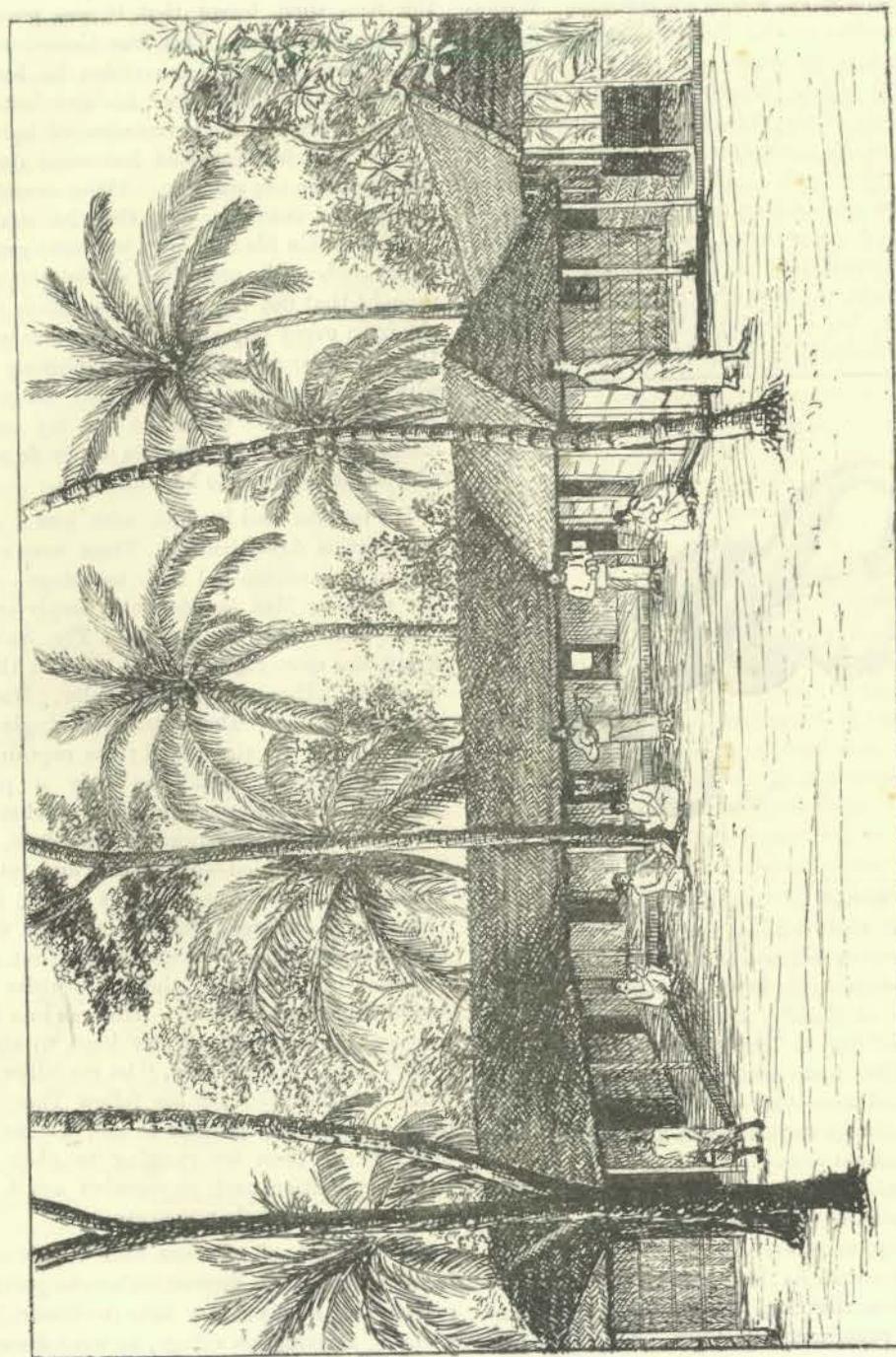
Kind-hearted, and ready to please others, he took an active part in the different games, and when his schoolfellows arranged to act "Pickwick," he was chosen as the chief character. I have with me still a photograph which was taken of him at this time, together with his schoolfellows who acted in the play, dressed up in all sorts of ridiculous costumes. Yet he carried about with him a heavy heart—he knew that he was unsaved. At times he would go to his pastor, and would complain to him that he had not got the experience of which Peter spoke when he said to the disciples of old, "Ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," and that if Christianity had got nothing more for him than what he already possessed, he felt that he would sooner go back to his old ancestral religion, and get more satisfaction from Buddhism than from Christianity. It was in vain that those around him sought to comfort him with the assurance that he was "all right," and that so good-living a young man need have no fears in regard to the future. His soul conflicts increased.

During one week in particular he passed through the greatest spiritual agony, and felt as if it were unendurable. In vain he prayed and sought for relief in various ways. The anguish of his heart only increased more and more, until it became well-nigh intolerable. At last, one morning, while attending service in the chapel, as the whole congregation knelt in prayer, a great light burst into his soul—he knew that at that moment his sins were forgiven, and that he had become a child of God. His heart was filled with the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" about which he had thought so much. He looked round him at the congre-

gation which was so unconscious of the change, lifting up his head proudly, and thinking to himself, "Do you not know that I am a child of God?—I am born again." He looked round behind him at the clock, and marked the very hour to which its hands pointed. He could scarcely contain himself whilst the usual service was gone through. At the end of it he rushed into the vestry—"Oh! Mr. G—, at last I am saved. I am born again; I am a child of God," he eagerly exclaimed. The pastor was astonished, and could not believe his ears—he was not conscious of any such change having passed over himself.

And now came a time of great trial. In the whole of that college there was no one who seemed to understand his spiritual condition, no one who could sympathize with him in his new-found joy. Many attempted to persuade him that this was "a new step of faith"; others told him that he must wait a little—that these feelings would soon cool down—they would not last; his pastor would ask of him from time to time, "Do you still feel as you did at that moment? Have you still that 'joy unspeakable and full of glory'?" He himself was almost frightened lest he should lose it; his soul was flooded with love of Jesus; he would shut himself up in his little room, and, bathed in tears, would pray there by the hour, and pour out his soul to God. He took a little slip of paper, and wrote on it the name "Jesus," in large capital letters; and he kissed each letter of the name that was so precious to his soul.

As may well be imagined, this great change could not take place unmarked. The news soon ran through the school like lightning that Weeresooriye was saved. He felt that he could not keep it to himself—his heart was full of yearning for others. He announced that he would hold a meeting at a particular time out of school hours. He commenced it alone; nobody would attend. But soon, as he went on, he could see the forms of several schoolfellows lingering round the doors and windows. Then, overpowered with the mighty influence of God's Spirit, they came inside. Struck by a power which they could not resist, one after another came out, weeping, to the front, threw



THE PALM-LEAF TRAINING HOME, CEYLON.

themselves on the ground, and sought salvation. The whole school was in a commotion. Weeresooriye rushed to the Principal of the college, begging him to come and see this new and wonderful sight. Meeting after meeting followed, some of the worst boys in the school were saved, and the work spread to other places in the neighborhood. At the same time, the opposition and difficulties became greater,—whilst some sympathized, many hindered. He noticed himself that if the Principal attended his meetings, the powerful influence seemed to disappear; hence, with the boldness that always characterized him, he begged him to remain away.



A MEMBER OF "THE SKELETON ARMY."

Just at this critical time the town was placarded with notices announcing the arrival of a Salvation Army captain, who was visiting the town of Kandy, and would hold two or three meetings to explain the work of the Army. The first notice that young Weeresooriye had ever had of the Army was two years previously to this, when he saw a picture of the Sheffield riots in a religious newspaper. He remembered how at that time his heart had beaten fast as he read the account of these "latter-day apostles," and how, even then, though unsaved, he had longed to be one of them. Now that they had visited his town, of course he could not stop away. The chapel in which the meeting was held was packed, and Weeresooriye was amongst the throng. Besides

hearing an account of the Army, he then, for the first time, learnt that it was possible to have a clean heart. This was blessed news to him. Ever since his conversion he had been afraid lest he should lose his new-found joy; finding in his heart the remains of indwelling sin, he had felt troubled lest some day they should obtain the mastery. Those around him had poured into his ears that he could not possibly retain his first love, but must gradually grow cold. He was full of delight at the thought that not only could he retain it, but obtain in every way an increased measure of it. He sought for and obtained the blessing forthwith, and during the years that followed, in four out of five of which he was my constant companion, I never knew him say or do a thing which was contrary to his profession.

The captain had brought with him a supply of Salvation Army books. These were eagerly bought by Arnolis, and their teachings—especially those by Mrs. Booth—sank deeply into his heart. The more he knew of The Salvation Army, the more eager was he to join them as an officer. Then came the difficulty. How was this to be done? There was not a single corps of the Army in the island; the captain who had visited his town was only a passing stranger; there was no prospect at that time, of work being commenced in the island. He held a good position—his parents and relatives would be utterly opposed to his giving it up. There were sufficient difficulties in his way to have damped the most ardent spirit; but, as he described in after life, those difficulties only served to inflame his soul. He was in a hurry to obey the call, while it was hard to obey it. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed, "let me follow Thee while it is difficult; let me follow Thee while there are sacrifices possible to me; let me show my love to Thee by running to obey Thee whilst opposition and persecution await me." And so every obstacle was overcome.

The hardest of all was that of his much-loved parents. His disposition was so peculiarly tender that he could not bear to thwart their wishes. Leaving his college, he went home and pleaded with his parents to allow him to follow the dictates of his conscience. Of course, it

could not but be with a severe struggle that his father gave up the hopes and ambitions which had gathered round his darling firstborn son. But at length permission was obtained, and, full of joy, hope and faith, Arnolis set sail for Madras and joined the Army as a cadet. After remaining here for some time, he was summoned to the Bombay Headquarters, remaining there, in the Training Home, from November, 1883, to March, 1884.

It was just at this time that I had felt more than ever the necessity of coming down still further in order to reach the natives of India. I could not but realize that during our first year and a half's fighting, we had been surrounded rather by Europeans and Eurasians than by the people of the country. The latter had come in crowds to our meetings,



PREACHING SALVATION TO NATIVES.

but only a few of them had sought salvation. Hence, I adopted the more purely native dress, and commenced to go about barefooted. One of the first and most eager to follow me in the new paths of sacrifice and difficulty, was Cadet Weeresooriye. His feet were as unaccustomed to the stones as were my own. He, too, had been surrounded with European comforts from his childhood. Yet he never for a moment thought about himself; his only anxiety was lest, perchance, my feet should get wounded, and he would try to remove the bits of glass or nails that might be lying about the floor, lest I

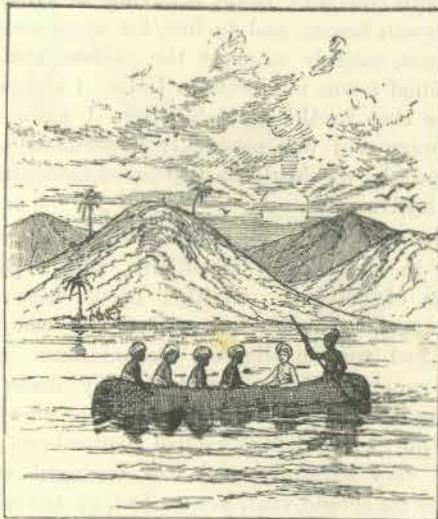
should be injured and crippled from carrying on the work, and thus other weaker ones should become discouraged.

I can well remember, just about this time, an anxious prayer-meeting which we held at our Bombay Headquarters, in which we resolved ourselves to sally forth, cast ourselves amongst the natives, and find out, from personal experience, how they were to be reached. Little did we think that, within a fortnight our prayers would be answered, and that we should have the joy of seeing hundreds of natives seeking salvation. It was on the 21st March, 1884, on the evening of my own birthday, that we started from Bombay to commence a tour through Northern India, resolving to avoid all European houses, and to live, for some months at least, entirely amongst the natives, visiting the chief towns in Northern India. I had great hopes that in the Punjab, where I knew the language and was personally acquainted with the people, we should be able to commence some real native work.

The first town upon our list was Ahmedabad, in the country of Gujarat, with a population of 120,000. Neither of us knew the language, we had never visited the country, nor had we the slightest acquaintance with the people. Hence, we had fully made up our minds that our stay should be as short as possible; but although we had planned out our tour very carefully, and had arranged what towns we should visit, yet we had, at the same time, promised the Lord to break up all our arrangements if such should be His will, never imagining that this very town was to be the one in which our native work was to commence.

Arrived at the station, we sought out a sarai (resting-place), and were just commencing to cook our food when a couple of tall Hindoos stepped in, and invited us to go to their house, and be their guests during our stay. We gladly accepted the invitation, and were received with the utmost hospitality. Several meetings were held in the town, attended by large crowds of people; but we had scarcely been there more than a few hours when important news came to me, compelling my immediate return to Bombay. I decided to leave Weeresooriye in the town,

and to rejoin him the following week, when we would continue our tour. Just as I was about to start for Bombay, a letter was placed in our hands from an adjoining settlement of native Christians, urging us to visit their village for the purpose of holding meetings. Although the invitation was endorsed by their pastor, yet I was very loth to accept it, remarking that our mission was to the heathen, and not to the Christians, and that the visit might lead to future complications. So urgent, however, were the entreaties of those who brought the letter, that I finally agreed for the Colonel to visit the village during my absence, in order to hold some meetings there.



SALVIATIONISTS IN CANOE.

The following Monday, after my return to Bombay, I was surprised to receive a telegram from him, saying that nine of the natives had sought salvation, and that the whole village was under deep conviction, and urging me to come at once. Never had such a thing been heard of or seen in all that country; the meetings were simply marvellous. Although most of them nominally Christians, and some of them so from their birth, they assured us that they had never heard of the possibility of getting the forgiveness of sins before death; conversion and baptism had been so mixed up in their minds, that when asked whether they were saved, they

could only reply that they were Christians, and had been baptized and accepted the doctrines of the Bible, believing in Jesus Christ as their Saviour; the idea of getting their sins forgiven before death was like a new gospel to them, and was welcomed with the greatest delight.

Among the first of those to get saved were some of the most notoriously bad characters in the village—some who had been living in open adultery, and who had rivalled the heathen themselves in the wickedness and drunkenness of their lives. It was terrible to hear the history of many of these so-called Christians. The first who sought Salvation was Harka Jetha. He had been a drunkard, had lived in adultery, and on one occasion had tied a rope round his wife's waist and let her down into the village well until the water came up to her chin, threatening to drown her if she uttered a single cry.

Another time he would not allow her to cook food for seven days in succession, pouring water upon the fire each time she attempted to light it; at other times he would dress up in his wife's clothes, and go about the village as if he were a woman, insulting the people that he met. To him conversion was a very, very definite change, not only in heart, but in life. His wife and little ones sought salvation at the same time, and for years afterwards he would point proudly to them, and call upon all his neighbors to witness the wonderful change that God had wrought. It was he, moreover, who afterwards sheltered our officers in his own house, giving up part of it as our first village barracks; and it was upon his piece of land that the first large hall for our meetings was erected in Gujarat. Since that time two of his children have been promoted to glory, bright, happy, thoroughly-saved little soldiers; and only last March the father followed them himself, after a brief illness, to help swell the number, no doubt, of those who would welcome dear Weeresooriye only a few months afterwards, when he, too, was called away from us. What a joyful meeting must it have been between the first Gujarat convert and the one who was the means of his salvation!

During the next few days a wonderful change passed over the whole village. The converts

told us with joy that they could scarcely recognize the place as being the same. They would tell us, of their own accord, about their drunken riots, in one of which they were suddenly taken by surprise and thrashed by the missionary who had charge of them; they would point out to us the man who had once beaten his missionary, and actually laid in wait with a loaded gun, intending to shoot him.

From this place we were invited to visit the town of Borsad, where, just at this time, a general gathering of the native Christians of the district had been arranged. The newly

devious, under a tree in the open air, we found that a crowd of something like four hundred persons was present waiting for us. The moon shone down upon us from a cloudless sky,—the quietness of the night being only disturbed by the distant howl of the jackals. In the simplest words we explained to them the possibility of getting sins forgiven before death, of having a full assurance of salvation, and the difference between a nominal and a real Christian. Mixed up with the crowd were several Hindoos. All listened eagerly to the message of salvation, and as soon as the invita-



A SHORT AND EASY VICTORY.

converted ones went before us with great joy, telling the story of their own conversion, so that when we arrived we found the people eager to listen to our words. In order not to interfere with the regular programme of meetings, we decided not to address the people ourselves at all till they were all over. It was eleven o'clock at night before we could gather them together, and we might have well imagined that, tired out with the meetings of the day, we should be able to get but a small congregation, especially as numbers of them had walked very long distances to be present. To our surprise, however, when we reached the appointed ren-

tion was given for those who wanted salvation to come forward, to our great delight no less than one hundred and thirty persons immediately stepped into the ring which we had cleared. There, kneeling on the ground, their faces bathed in tears, with cries of sorrow and repentance, and then with exclamations of joy—they sought salvation, and then rose to their feet to testify to what God had done for their souls.

The meeting lasted long into the night, and the scene was one which could never be forgotten by any who were there present. Weeresooriye was in his element, going about

from one to another, with the assistance of an interpreter, explaining and helping each one according to their need. His face beamed with heavenly joy, and he kept shouting and clapping his hands as he passed in and out amongst the penitents.

The following incident will show how thoroughly these people understood what they were about. When questioned shortly afterwards, one of the converts, an old man of about seventy, who had for upwards of forty years professed Christianity, and who had himself invited the missionaries to his district, replied as follows: "It is true I have been a Christian for many years; it is true that with all sincerity I have received the doctrines of the Bible, yet all this time I have been like a match hidden away in a box—everything was there except the light. Now the Muktafauj have come in my old days; they have opened the match-box, they have taken out the match, they have struck it, and now there is light." "Well," said his questioner, "you say that you are saved. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'" "Sahib," replied the old man, "you see this stick which I hold; wherein is its strength?—Is it in the stick or in the hand that holds the stick? Even so, I am but a feeble stick, but I am in the hand of an Almighty Saviour, and He is able to keep me to the end." A grand answer this, and a wise rebuke to the unbelief of his questioner.

We now proceeded to turn our attention more strictly to the heathen, amongst whom there was a remarkable awakening, upwards of three thousand professing conversion during the next few months. In order to enable them to get at us at all times, and in order that we might more effectually break through all barriers of caste, we made it a custom during this time to sleep in the open air, under the shade of trees, and spend our whole days in the same place. We felt this to be necessary at the time, owing to the intense prejudices of the high and low castes in this particular tract of country. We found that if we lived amongst the low caste, the higher classes could not, by their social customs, approach us; and if, on the other hand, we made our home amongst the higher

classes, the low caste could not reach us. By living constantly in the open air we could be sure of reaching the largest number of people, and of combatting, to a great extent, this caste difficulty. Numbers of those who professed conversion at that time are now amongst our best and most reliable soldiers in Gujarat.

After a few months, however, we were obliged to leave the work in that country to be carried on by other officers, whilst Weeresooriye and myself proceeded to Ceylon. Here the scenes which we had so recently witnessed in Gujarat were again repeated. In the neighborhood of Galle alone, close to the Colonel's home, upwards



CAMPING OUT.

of three hundred persons sought salvation in the space of four or five weeks. This was followed by a break in Central Ceylon, not far from the town of Kandy, where about two hundred souls professed salvation. We were next invited to open up a tract of country in the neighborhood of Colombo, where a native gentleman, at his own expense, erected us a barracks, and undertook to be responsible for the support of our officers. In this place upwards of three hundred souls sought salvation, and two corps were established, which now number nearly one hundred soldiers.

In laying the foundations of the work both in Ceylon and Gujarat, Weeresooriye was of the

utmost assistance. He was a thorough native in heart, and seemed to understand fully the feelings of his fellow-countrymen. They, on their part, felt that they had got in him a religious leader to whom they could look up, and in whom they could place the fullest confidence. At the same time, he was a thorough Salvationist in heart, and accepted the principles of the Army, feeling that it had been raised up by God, and was in every way adapted to the needs of his country. He delighted in the war, and was ever ready to make every sacrifice in pushing it. Hence, he formed a beautiful connecting link between myself and the natives, and during those happy months when we worked together we learned to love and understand one another as never before. His character behind the scenes was such that he was a special comforter in times of difficulty and disappointment.

In 1886, an event took place which was to completely revolutionize our Indian work. I was summoned by the General to attend the great international meetings, which he had decided to hold in London, and was instructed to bring with me a group of our Indian converts. Feeling the immense importance of this opportunity, I decided on taking Weeresooriye with me to push India's claims in the strongest possible manner on the attention of the English Headquarters, and with a view to enlisting the sympathy of the officers, soldiers, and friends of the Army in England. A group of converts from Ceylon and Gujarat accompanied us. The result of our visit was far beyond our own most sanguine expectations. We were received with open arms by our English comrades.

The meetings in London were succeeded by a tour through the country, under the leadership of the General himself; and as a result of those meetings, we were able to take back a party of forty officers from England to India. The responsibility of managing them was thrown upon Weeresooriye, and this afforded another opportunity of developing his inborn tact and common sense. The voyage of the "Clan Ogilvie" to Colombo will always be remembered by everyone who took part in it as probably the

most wonderful thing of the kind which had ever taken place. Out of the thirty-five officers who landed there on the 19th September, 1886, which happened to be, by a strange coincidence, exactly the fourth anniversary of our first landing in India—no less than twenty-eight are still connected with the work in that country; and though they have not yet been there for two years, they have almost, without exception, become thorough masters of the language. This is the more remarkable considering that the majority of them had no special advantages of education, so that it was necessary for them to learn the various languages of India without a previous acquaintance with grammatical terms.



NEWS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY.

In fact, no sooner had the party landed, than they were able, by means of the lessons which they had learnt during the voyage, to sing many of the native songs, and give a short testimony in Cingalese.

In the course of two months we could send them out to take charge of stations, and they were sufficiently advanced to lead the nightly meetings and conduct all the ordinary business of the corps. Within six months, the majority of them were able to speak fluently in the language. (Of course, the Army system of employing every convert to speak in the meetings, has been a great assistance to us in using our English officers to carry on our Indian work when they had only a very slight acquaintance with the language.)

Although during the next two or three months no new stations were opened in Ceylon, while the party was still studying the language, yet we had the joy of seeing several hundreds seek salvation at the five corps which had previously been opened, and which have since been increased to fourteen. One of the most remarkable facts of the landing of this party was that large numbers of Cingalese came forward to offer themselves for the work in Ceylon, so that though half of the party were soon afterwards removed to South India, and though at the time of landing we had only nine officers altogether in Ceylon, yet during this brief period their number has risen to seventy-four, of whom all but twenty-one are natives of the country.

In February, 1887, I proceeded with Colonel Weeresooriye and half of our party to commence work in South India, having left Ceylon under the charge of Major Jai Bhai. We had scarcely reached Madras when a generous donation of £5000 from an anonymous friend enabled us to telegraph to the General for reinforcements. The General replied, promising to send us fifty more officers, and as it was necessary to send some one to assist in making the necessary arrangements for bringing them to India, Colonel Weeresooriye was chosen for this duty, and sailed for England in the beginning of April. Owing to difficulties having arisen in collecting so large a party, I followed him myself a few weeks afterwards. The result of the visit was still more successful and satisfactory than had been that of the previous year, and we were able to set sail for Bombay in the following August with the now well-known "Jubilee fifty."

The majority of this party being destined for South India, started at once for the town of Coimbatore, where arrangements had been made for their reception, and where they were left under the sole charge of Colonel Weeresooriye and Major Musa Bhai.

Since that time—although barely eight months have elapsed—the corps have been increased from three to ten, and the latest letters informed us of twenty-three souls seeking salvation at one of them, whilst fifteen more had been out to the

penitent-form during the previous week at another one, and the meetings were everywhere crowded with natives. Best of all, no less than fifteen of the converts had already come forward and had been accepted as cadets, and were being trained to become officers—one of these—a native schoolmistress, having given up a Government appointment of more than £100 a year.

It was during this last visit to England that the General decided to promote Weeresooriye to be Colonel, and appointed him as second in command for the whole of India. This was in itself an unheard of step in the history of Indian missions. Here was a native of the country actually appointed to take charge of our



CROSSING A RIVER.

European missionaries, and instead of the latter having complete control of the funds, as has hitherto invariably been the case, a native was placed in charge of the war chest, and had the control of the expenditure of our Indian funds. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the way in which our European officers universally accepted the leadership of our dear comrade—everyone felt that he was the right man in the right place. The two favorite mottoes which were hanging in his Bombay office, and on which his eyes would often love to rest, were "THE CROSS IS THE ATTRACTION," and "QUICK MARCH." They were strikingly characteristic of his heart and life.

When I left India, in March last, Colonel Weeresooriye was appointed by the General to

have the sole charge and responsibility of the work during my absence. Owing to my sudden departure, the entire management of our first great Indian Council, at Bombay, was left in his hands. The gathering was a complete success, and marked a new era in our Indian work. Since then he has travelled through South India and Ceylon, and was visiting Gujarat, travelling night and day through the intense heat of May. The last business about which our beloved comrade was engaged was strikingly characteristic of his tender thoughtfulness for others and forgetfulness of self. He had gone to Mount Aboo with Major Eshwar Das, in search of a Home of Rest for our officers in Gujarat. Returning to Ahmedabad, he found one of the officers, Captain Smart, had been seized with cholera, which was then raging in the city. It was no doubt from this comrade's bedside that he caught the infection. Already he had, when at Coimbatore, exposed himself to the malady in nursing Captain Franks through it, pouring the food and medicine down her throat at intervals of every few minutes through the night. This time he was, however, tired out with an exhausting journey in the hottest season of the year, and hence became a too easy prey to the disease.

The following extract is taken from the last letter ever written by the Colonel with his own hand to the Commissioner, just a week before his death, when he was enjoying perfect health and little thought he was so near his end:—

It was a treat to get your letters by the last mail. I am now with such a longing, looking out for your letters; sometimes I seem almost to dream about them. I have never before experienced the love of the Lord so much as I do now; especially in definite help in getting through difficulties in the war. How thankful I feel about the whole of the past, and how a more intelligent confidence upon the Lord has grown, as a natural result of my position! Dear Commissioner, I am VERY HAPPY—happy because the Lord is drawing near and giving victory every week. . . I am sending you a lovely little photographic group of myself, Jaya and Anagi (his brother and sister who are captains in the Ceylon Headquarters' Staff). As I looked at the picture, the thought came to me that they are living, and must live in the future, for one purpose only. They are called out to live for that alone—namely, to make it easy for the dear General and you.

In another private letter to the Commissioner, sent just previously to the above, he says,

There is a heap in my head. I don't know how to get it on paper. In my anxiety to make you feel as of you were here, I have tried to give all the news, you know just as if I were seated by you, telling you all, right or wrong. Of course I have tremendously felt, more than at any other time, the need for your advice, when terribly perplexing questions came like waves. However I have had victory right through up to date. I am imagining often that both you and Mrs. Tucker are here in this office, and I am in the usual way telling you lots of things about the war. . . . I am well fortified and feel very strong, feel tremendously like fighting. Yet if I have made any mistakes I should like you to let the General pitch into me and deal with me, as he would with one of his own children. I know all of you love me so much and have entrusted me with such a great responsibility. I thought the dear General had given no one else in the colonies, raised up and converted in them, the sole charge of their country. To-night my spirit of sympathy and help goes out afresh for both of you and India. My heart is full of "Make it easy for them." This is my whole duty. Notwithstanding the daily growing burden of the work, my heart gets filled, and strength comes without an effort. Sometimes I think, if I were more able, what a greater help I could be. However I am perfectly satisfied by doing my very best. I have made a great many blunders in the past, but I think not so many just now. Oh, how that saying of the General has often helped me to cheer officers everywhere, "When you are knocked down, get up and go at it again!"

In an earlier letter he says:—

Just getting on splendidly. How wonderfully was I left to arrange and lead the Council. I begin to see more and more the hand of the Lord in all the arrangements. How differently I feel. Such an intelligent grip of all that I have to do and look after, such wisdom in all things, such quick perception to decide. I feel altogether different, just on the top of the wave. After the Council I saw it marked on the faces of all the staff-officers that the Lord had given me their hearts as it were. They all recognized it, and the Lord showed it with power. As we dealt with each question, how I was enabled to reply and explain, which brought over and over conviction and silence upon the meeting. Each staff-officer knew me and I got a good heart-knowledge of each one, a sudden power to deal with them as if they were children whom I should correct and direct and give fatherly help to. My love to the English officers is growing and very great. I see more and more their value. The very troubles prove it. We cannot get on without them. Bring them in large numbers. I praise God for all that are here. They are so devoted. I have just got into the feeling with regard to

India and Ceylon that will make both of you feel very happy about me. I should like you to feel free from all anxiety about the Indian Territory the few weeks you are there, so that you will push in all parts of England to get the best band of officers that has yet landed in India. I do believe it. I feel extremely happy. The Lord is very near in this little office of yours, and helps me wonderfully. . . My soul seems to get overwhelmed with the needs of this great city (Bombay). As I go about I have the same feeling that I had when I first visited Trichinopoly, where God gave such a mighty victory. Now, dear Commissioner, my heart is full of the needs and prospects of Bombay and the Maratha country. Get one hundred volunteers for Bombay alone. The Lord has surely given it into our hands, and there will be great and mighty victories that will surpass our most sanguine expectations. Without Marathi work we won't be able to stretch out our arms and legs on the platform of the Bombay Presidency. Yes, we will again in another form be able to make the noted, terrible, killing Maratha Army, into a soul-saving, mercy-spreading Army! It is very late now. I must close. My love and faithfulness to both of you again for India's salvation. *Bring me a special blessing from the General and Mrs. Booth.*"

The last press telegram sent by him for the "War Cry" was as follows:—

Jubilee lasses opened Ootacamund. Great conviction. Several remarkable captures first week. Presidency crack shot, native Tamil undergraduate; several Tamil cadets leave good positions and salary, enter work. Bombay, another Bengali, grand case; cadet Afghan chief in work, consternation of tribe. Afghan frontier natives calling. Bulman single-handed North India. Chackerbutty's country, thirty-six millions, two officers.

Lieutenant Gnanapoo (Mrs. Gray, from Australia), sends the following touching account of his last hours, she having nursed him during his illness at the risk of her own life. The other officers of the Bombay staff showed similar courage on the occasion, and it is comforting to know that all was done for him that human love and care could devise:—

I write this letter to express my sympathy with you in this saddest of all events to a soldier and

leader, the loss of not only your tried comrade, but your friend and lover. I can imagine a little of what you must feel by my own grief. I feel that my best and truest friend, next to God, has left me. Yet he died like a soldier, with no sign of fear, and amid the most terrible agony, his face lit up with such a strange brightness, as he said, with a smile, "*It's nice to be saved!*" As the dreary hours of night wore on, and our hopes grew fainter, we learned how much we loved him. Never before did I realize what a hold our gentle and loving Colonel had on my heart. We each felt, "Lord, if it be Thy will, take us, but spare him." He didn't talk much. He wanted to know if we had written to England. His thoughts were evidently with you. Then he asked if we were neglecting the work by being in his room. As time wore on he spoke of trust being trust, and when Staff-Captain Muktanand began to sing softly his old favorite hymn, "Blessed Lord, in Thee is refuge," he joined in singing the chorus over and over, "I will trust Thee! all my life Thou shalt control!" He sang it both in English and Cingalese. (The translation of the hymn into the latter language was by himself, and it is interesting to know that the original words were composed by Mr. Herbert Booth.)

Near the end I thought he was unconscious. I asked him if he knew me. He said "Very well." I then asked him who I was. He replied, "Gnanapoo, of course." The dear hands had grown very cold. We strove to warm them all we could. I held them to my own warm face; but all in vain. He then thought he was dictating a letter, and signed himself, "*Yours for the salvation of India.*" After a little struggle, he passed calmly away. I felt that the Lord had taken our bravest and best. I closed his eyes, and kissed him for you and his loved ones. Then we dressed him in full uniform, and he looked every inch an Army Officer—just like as if he was only tired, and had fallen asleep, with the Army flag, which he had carried so bravely, spread over him. Next day, at 4 p.m., crowds thronged the Esplanade—rows and rows of carriages. With band playing, we marched him to the cemetery and gave him a proper Army funeral, over two hundred comrades and friends following him to the grave. As they laid him to rest I felt as if no sorrow was like unto ours. I give you most of the details, because I think you would like to hear everything about your loved one. God bless you! He is not dead—only gone before.



PUBLICATIONS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

HOLINESS READINGS.

By the GENERAL, Mrs. BOOTH, the CHIEF-OF-STAFF, Miss BOOTH, and others.

Being extracts from the "Salvationist" and the "War Cry." 200 pages. Price, paper, 1s.; cloth, 1. 6d. Strongly recommended.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.

HEATHEN ENGLAND AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

(FIFTH EDITION.)

This book contains full descriptions from life of the utterly godless condition of millions of the inhabitants of the British Islands, of the origin and history of The Salvation Army and its General, together with hundreds of examples of the value and success of the various operations which it carries on. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

CAPTAIN TED:

Being the story of the Holy Life and Victorious career of Captain Edward Irons, of the Salvation Army, drowned at Portsmouth, 1879. Paper covers, 6d.; cloth boards, 1s.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS' SALVATION ARMY.

Filled with thrilling incidents of the War, and giving what has been so long desired by many friends, a Sketch of The Salvation Army work from its commencement. Paper, 1s.; cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE "WAR CRY."

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Consists of sixteen Pages, sixty-four columns, with Illustrations, and contains the latest intelligence of the progress of Salvation Army work in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. Also contributions from the General, Mrs. Booth, and other members of their family; stories of wonderful conversions; interesting accounts of the work of the Slum and Rescue Brigades, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Homes; original Salvation Songs; Lives of prominent Salvation Officers, with Portraits and other Illustrations.

EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Post free, 1s. 8d. per quarter; 3s. 3d. per half year; 6s. 6d. per annum.

THE "YOUNG SOLDIER."

THE SALVATION ARMY CHILDREN'S "WAR CRY."

Sixteen pages. Largely illustrated. Price, 1/2d., or post free to any address, 1s. 1d. per quarter.

"ALL THE WORLD."

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the record of Salvation Army work in all lands. Price 2d.; 3s. per annum, post free.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

THE SALVATION SOLDIERS' GUIDE.

Being a Bible Chapter for the Morning and Evening of Every Day in the Year, with Fragments for Mid-day Reading. This book contains almost all those portions of Scripture which would be read as lessons in a public service. The four Gospels are harmonized, the historical books of the Old Testament condensed, and the genealogies, the Levitical law, and the portions of prophecy referring to particular heathen nations are omitted, so as to bring the book down to pocket-size, in a type easily readable in the open air. 570 pages. Price, limp cloth, 6d.; red cloth, red edges, 1s.; superior red leather, gilt edges, gilt lettering, 2s.; red French Morocco, circuit edges, gilt, 2s. 6d.