



Highgate.

Highgate have two comrades who were in the famous Household Troops Band.

Brother James Cardy assisted in the tent campaign in Margate, and also in at Eastbourne at the time of the riots.

After several years at Regent Hall he removed to Highgate.

He is always good for a vocal solo, and can give an earnest and forcible appeal to the unconverted.

Brother A. Spencer is not so demonstrative, perhaps the opposite.

Quiet and unassuming, he is a very conscientious, skilful on his euphonium, and can take a solo part successfully, or assist in a quartet. (The Bandsman and Songster, May 18, 1907)

Under the shadow of the dome.

The publication, in a recent issue, of the photograph of the Household Troops Band, taken in Holland, stirred up the memories of the veterans, and the inevitable letters of appreciation were soon forthcoming. To many of us Bandsmen of to-day, who never knew the Household Troops Band, it is somewhat of an enigma that this combination, which was disbanded exactly forty-five years ago, should still be looked back upon with almost reverential awe by those who did know it. Why? Was its playing superior to that of our best Army Band of today? Doubtful, some of our modern music is acknowledged to be much more intricate and difficult, yet it is often superbly rendered, and surely the instruments themselves are of a finer quality than those used by the Troopers. Was the Bandmaster a cornetist of such rare ability that no single one among us in these days could "hold the candle" to him! Doubtful, especially if we remember that "distance lends enchantment to the view". Did some mysterious, inexpressible influence clothe that early-day Band with a charm that has endured from 1893 to 1938? We think the following extract from a letter, written to us by retired Bandmaster Albert E, Munday of Islington, gives the answer to our questionings: "I was speaking to an old Trooper, and when he came to mention the matter of the Household Troops Band disbandment, a lump rose in his throat, he looked at me pathetically, and for several seconds could not speak! Then, as his eyes filled with tears, he said: "Excuse me, but I can never think or speak of that time without being overcome". It was a very touching moment, and made me feel more than ever "how strong and deep was the love that bound those men together". Would that our Bandsmen in these days possessed a love for each other as strong and as deep as those of the Household Troops Band! And why not?

(The Musician, March 12, 1938)

In the post.

Household Troops Band personnel.

Thanks for publishing the photo of the Household Troops Band in Holland a few weeks ago. It came out splendidly. Bandmaster Twitchin asked me to let him have a list of the names, and it occurred to me that other of your readers might like to know them. Here they are: Left to right bottom row: Three Dutch Staff Officers, Drummer French, Brigadier C. Mitchell and Colonel Govaars. Second row: Troopers Walton and Cartwright, Lieutenant Bone, Bandmaster Appleby, Commissioner French, then in charge of Holland, Troopers Tomlins, Corke and Stubbington. Thrid row: Troopers Cripps, Astley, Nicholson, Lewthwaite, Dobson, Lewis, Graham, Hawkes and Burgess. Fourth row: Troopers Gilliard, Jubb, Wilson, Garlick and Henderson. Back row: Troopers Stubbington, Parkhouse, Kemp, Davidson, Earl, Marchington and Shaw.

Frederick G. Hawkes

(The Musician, March 12, 1938) (Photo is used on the right of the top page)

True till death.

Major Henry Allen, promoted to Glory from Great Horton, was the first Household Troops Bandsman to become an Officer. He was converted at Wensbury, Staffordshire, in 1883, and on June 28, 1887, left home to join the famous this famous musical combination. His first training for Officership was received in the "Integrity" Van, which was then situated in a field of cabbages at Great Marlow. Soon afterward he was sent to his first appointment at Maidenhead, in April 1888. During his active career Major Allen commanded some fifty Corps, which included Burnley Citadel, Carlisle, Lincoln, Oldham and Leeds West Hunslet. He was always a Band enthusiast and his cornet was often heard in the open-air. He retired from Great Horton, and the writer, when a Young People's Band member at the Corps, well remembers the sterling worth of this grand Salvationist who was much loved and respected in the district. His son, Bandmaster Herbert Allen, of Great Horton, is a talented cornetist, concertina player, and composer. His song "Living in Jesus" is universally popular. "Glad Surrender", a Second Series march, was also written by him. D.J.R.

(The Musician, March 19, 1938)

The Household Troops Band.

Dear Editor, I read your leading article on the Household Troops Band in the issue of March 12th, with great interest, and your efforts to account for the influence of its playing were duly noted. As an old Trooper, this acted upon me as a strong stimulant, and seemed to invite a reply to those "doubtfuls". I know I run the risk of being accounted "a prejudiced person" in this matter, but, here goes! I am at least able to relate facts, and if you think your readers would be interested in what I have written from the Book of Memory, you are at liberty to publish my comments.

Technique.

Compass. A range of four, and even five, octaves, with a clear tone and good tune, was obtained by a number of Troopers. Two baritone players cultivated a range of five octaves, the octave above top C being clear and good. A euphonium player, a comrade from the North, by the way, who was also a good violinist, used to regularly practice violin solos on his euphonium, his tone on the upper register, an octave above upper G, being delightfully sweet and pure. Sustaining power. Some of the Bandsmen were very keen on slow scale practice, sustaining each note for eight slow beats, also practicing holding out the upper notes, Bb, B, C and D, and still higher notes, for as long a time as possible. These were measured by the second hand of a watch by a comrade and were compared with the skill and development of other Troopers. This practice meant not only strengthening the lips, but also lung development and breath control. By keeping records it was possible to note progress in those matters. Some amusing incidents anent this are remembered. On one occasion a number of bandsmen were practicing this feat when a resent recruit joined in, and on asking how long a bass player had sustained an upper C, was informed, "thirty seconds". "Thirty seconds?" said he. "Why I could hold out that note for double that time!" Our new Comrade, an Eb bass player, filled his lungs, struck his note, with some uncertainty, and blew. At the end of fifteen seconds he was dead beat! Another practice, private of course, was the playing of hymn tunes without breaking the phrases for taking breath. One bass player could perform almost unbelievable feats. That Troopers were constantly subject to offers to join outside bands is some evidence of ability. A trombone player went straight from the Household Troops Band into the Guards. I myself was asked to apply for a post as solo euphonium in Besses o'th' Barn Band, an offer which, I never entertained for one moment.

Unity.

The Band was, in a special sense, in complete unity. Living, working, and playing tighter daily, as we did, we were thoroughly amalgamated. The playing was therefore balanced to a fine degree.

Dynamics.

Command of various degrees of tone was another marked feature, particularly the pianissimo. The Band excelled in really "whispering pianos", without loss of tone quality. Also in finely graded crescendos and decrescendos. A forceful, heavy tone, such as was common with contesting bands of that period was not cultivated, hence of the Household Troops Band's fortissimos were not unpleasantly boisterous or rough.

Spontaneity and Buoyancy.

Seeing that the ages of the Bandsmen ranged from just below twenty up to about twenty-five years, we were a group of quite young men, and there was plenty in the way of elastic and buoyancy in the playing and energy, too, when that feature was called for. In tunes of a martial, rhythmic character this was clearly apparent. Consequent upon such a large amount of playing daily there was, naturally, a good deal of repetition, and because of this, memorizing of the parts was common. This was useful during the winter months, seeing that artificial light was not part of our equipment for the dark evenings, and as quite a number of our marches were memorized by all players our efforts were never hindered. One bass player cultivated memory to such an extent that, given a new part a short time before practice commenced, he could, and frequently did, dispense with the printed copy in Band practice.

The Music.

Granted, the music issued in those days was less intricate in some respects than that was published to-day, but, even so, if the early Band Journals, up to No. 200, are examined, it will be seen that some of them demand a good standard of execution, particularly with respect to the inner parts. Too much stress is sometimes laid upon this point of increased difficulty in the music now published. Instances could be quoted of real technical difficulties in some of the early-day Journals. There are far more rests and reliefs provided now than formerly, and the arrangements of vocal pieces were set in much higher keys as a rule. As a case in point, an early arrangement of "Grimsby" was set in the key of C. The present key in the Band Book is G.

Spirit and Religious Fervor.

The Bandsmen were inspired by ideals of the noblest character. They were in the Household Troops Band in response to a clear call, and were dedicated to a life of spiritual adventure and high endeavor. If sacrifice was involved, they were prepared for it, and as to reward, that matter never troubled them. Having food and raiment they were therewith content. What if one day the midday meal consist of bread and cheese? There was the anticipation of a more varied repast at the next Corps! Moreover, the memory of a hotel dinner, consisting of six courses, provided by a wealthy well-wisher, was in the background, and other feasts nearly equal in class and variety. What if occasionally our bed consisted of a rough military blanket spread on two forms in the Barracks? On other occasions we were quartered in mansions belonging to wealthy Army friends or sympathizers. Youth is splendidly resilient and soon recovers from temporary set-backs, and Troopers never allowed themselves to be unduly influenced by dark days, for the sun was never absent for long and ours was an open-air life. Ah! Those care-free, happy days of colorful and fruitful service, with the Penitent Form in evidence at the close of any musical meeting, and usually souls kneeling thereat! Thrills there were in abundance! Picture a new-comer dealing with a Penitent at the close of his first meeting with the Household Troops Band, and imagine his surprise when the man confessed that he had intended to commit suicide that night, but had mysteriously found his way to the Army Hall, and thereupon handed him the weapon intended for the purpose! "What" it may be asked, "has all this to do with playing?" To which Troopers Spiritual results were played for as well as prayed for, consequently the music was charged with deep emotional impulse and spiritual fervor. It was this quality of spirit, or soul, that was infused into the playing which makes it so vividly remembered. Technique alone might have astonished our hearers, but had this been all, the playing would have been forgotten years ago. Someone has said, "Nothing that is born of spirit can ever die", and the results produced were largely due to this magnetic force. The brotherhood of The Army in those early days was indeed a wonderful thing, and this was manifested to a remarkable degree in the Household Troops Band. An evidence of this was witnessed at our first reunion, held in 1922, when the majority of the men saw each other for the first time since leaving the Band. The scenes were indescribable. Now elderly men, overcome by deep emotion, were seen embracing and even kissing each other in the excitement of the great occasion. Yes! The brotherhood of the Household Troops Band was a tremendous force, and its repercussion was strikingly evident in its performances. In conclusion. Technique certainly reached a very high level, but of still greater importance and influence was the ideals, and charged with spiritual impulse and holy fervor. Would that this feature were more common today!

(The Musician, April 16, 1938)

Another Household Trooper "Crosses Over."

Household Troopers will regret to learn of the "crossing over Jordan" of yet another of their fast-diminishing number, Sam "Taffy" Taylor, a brother in law of Colonel John T. Hillary (Retired), and brother of Bandmaster J. Taylor of Canton.

It was "Taffy" Taylor who, being gifted with a good tenor voice, sang "Christ is All" to the Army Mother on the occasion of the Household Troops Band's visit to her at Clacton-on-Sea a few months before her promotion to Glory.

Trooper Taylor also travelled America with the Band under the late Bandmaster Harry Appleby. (The Musician July 27, 1940)

The Household Troops Band (March 1887 - June 1893)

By Colonel F.G. Hawkes.

Quite a number of present-day Salvationists have been puzzled as to why the name "Household Troops Band" or, to use the familiar abbreviation, "H.T.B.", was given to that famous band, organized in 1887 by Herbert H. Booth. At that period military terminology was being applied to every aspect of Salvation Army activity. In military circles His Majesty's Life Guards were referred to as "Household Troops", seeing they were attached for special services to the Royal Household, being called upon to form escorts for the King and Queen and other members of the Royal family at important public functions. Thus the name Life Guards was adapted to describe the cadets who took part in the famous soul-saving marches. It was a natural thing to form a band to accompany them on their tours. The musical combination was first called "The Band of The Life Guards". Four of these Life Guards Marches were organized, occupying from four to six weeks, and each had its own special band composed of cadets. Later Herbert Booth conceived the idea of forming a band for continuous service, and this combination took part in the final tour of The Life Guards in Kent. On the formation of the Household Troops Band in the early part of 1887, volunteers were called for and out of nearly 100 applicants about 30 were chosen. Tours in various parts of the British Isles were undertaken. Visits were also paid to Canada, America and Holland. While the original band was visiting Canada and the United States of America, a second Household Troops Band was formed. Later, the two were amalgamated, and after a further period of successful service the Household Troops Band was disbanded, most of its members being given appointments as corps officers. In giving a resumé of its work and formative influence on early-day bands, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Slater concluded his remarks as follows: "As a closing note I may be permitted to say how much I personally am indebted to the band, not only for the pleasure and stimulation I derived from its labors, but also for the inspiration and impetus it gave me as a composer and arranger of Army music. Some of the best early Journals (from about Band Journal 90 to 224) were written for the band in the first instance, and the splendid rendering of the band gave of them not only presented to other bands the pattern to work to but likewise opened up fresh fields and gave new stimulations to me as an Army composer and arranger". Here are some notable events in the Household Troops Band calendar: First tour in the Midlands, commenced June 1, 1887. Queen Victoria's Jubilee Celebrations, Birmingham June, 1887.

Demonstration at the Alexandria Palace, 1887. Tour in Ireland, February 1888. Campaigns in Canada and the United States of America, 1888. Demonstrations at the Crystal Palace, 1888-1891. The Army Mother's Memorial service, Olympia, and funeral, Abney Park Cemetery, October 6, 1890. First Band to break the notorious by-law at Eastbourne, when the names of all bandsmen were taken by the police, and participation in the East-Bourne riots, August 1890. Welcome from Lewes Jail of first batch of Prisoners. Campaign in Holland, January 1891. Farwell of the Founder for first African tour, Southampton, June 25, 1891. The Founder's Welcome Home Demonstrations at Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield, February 1892. Summer campaigns at Margate, 1891-1892. Winter campaign at Manchester Temple, 1891. Final Tour, Scotland 1893.

(The Musician, January 7, 1950)

Leaves from a Troopers diary.

By an old Trooper.

The days of which I write were days of "flying squadrons", iron-horse artilleries, "jaunting-car crusades", "Life Guards", and "Household Troops Bands".

With what light hearts we set out on bus, tricycle, or afoot, to save the world.

Sister Miriam had but to shake her timbrel, and Brother Eupho had but to play upon his trumpet, and, *presto*, the millennium had arrived!

How gaily we jumped into the saddle, for we were young.

In all the enthusiasm of our youth and inexperience we loosened our reins, lowered our heads, and tilted our lances against the windmills of the world, the flesh, and the Devil.

How rude was the awakening when we found that the windmills withstood the fury of our onslaught.

There are good days to think about.

When life goes hardly with us and there is found a suspicion of pessimism in our judgment, it is well, to let our mind travel back to the days of old, and drink in the spirit of those early escapades of the late eighties when we were out and about on Salvation Army service, and when, under the good blessing of a kindly providence, we did overthrow some windmills.

They were small ones, perhaps, but windmills they were.

So we were not so quixotic as it seems, were we, Sister Miriam?

This should make us kindly in our judgments upon the beautiful sons and daughters of The Army growing up in thousands around us.

It will encourage them and save our honorable selves from growing self-satisfied, and enable us to remember that self-complacency is one of the cardinal sins, and that charity is the highest virtue.

This, by way of introduction, for, at the beginning, Miriam had not entered our thoughts and we had scarcely earned our spurs!

Vagabonds of the turnpike.

Turning over the leaves of our time-worn diary, certain pages seem to shout aloud of battles fought and victories won, and it must be our duty in this, and any subsequent contribution which may pass the editorial censor, to make reference to them.

It is a pleasure to recall the wayside bivouac, when, weary of our long tramp, for we Troopers were vagabonds of the turnpike, we improved the shining hour with recitals of our experiences.

We can see the fellows now, in the long lush grass, sitting in tiny groups, or standing to grow good. How picturesque they look in their regulation uniform, with the sun beating down upon their white helmets, beneath which healthy, brown, jolly faces look out kindly and inquiringly at us as thought to say, "Who are you?"

We salute you, Troopers of the long ago, and in doing so we salute ourselves.

In praise or blame in the forthcoming leaves we include ourselves, which is over the way with Troopers and all who have eaten salt with them.

Today, as of old, we stand or fall together.

As thought it could be otherwise in any walk of life.

Only knaves and dullards contend to the contrary.

Thus is in any band.

If a fellow acquits himself well, the rest are the better for it.

If one makes a slip, it is as when a mountainer misses his footing, those roped to him feel the shock.

But we must not throw tabloid sermonettes about, or some may charge us with gaining their attention under false pretences.

It was an advertisement for Bandsmen in "The War Cry" which brought most of the Troopers together.

One or two were already Cadets in Training, while others were accepted Candidates, but the bulk of the fellows were Bandsmen pure and simple, especially the latter.

Those who remember having seen the old Band sweeping into a town after, say, a fifteen-mile tramp, impressing all by their military mien and workmanlike appearance, who, having observed the precision with which they marched, the striking way they wheeled, would scarcely credit that they were the

sorry-looking squad of odds and ends which faced the perplexed Bandmaster who was entrusted with the unenviable duty of licking them into shape.
Nor were they.
They had been changed as by a magician's wand, and they scarcely knew themselves.

A wise beginning

How do you think they began to redeem themselves, ye youthful Trooper descendants, who, like the convenient and playful young bears, have all your trouble before you?
Now do not smile.
They began upon their knees.
These they found that they were not such wonderful fellows as they had thought.
There, on the very threshold of their careers, they woke up.
Some Bandsmen never wake up.
They are Rip van Winkles!
Some are only half awake to sense of their shortcomings and need of help.
The saving virtue of that awakened squad, kneeling in a classroom at Clapton, was their realization that of themselves they were nothing.
Once realizing that, they were on the way to be something.

Then came the agony of those early practices.
What revelations they were!

The elongated piece of humanity who thought a bar or two of fireworks on an euphonium, he was a musician, save the mark, sat down at last in sheer despair for himself, and was presently aroused from his inertia and despondency by encouraging words and careful coaching.
We tremble to think what would have happened if the fellows had been permitted to commence their active musical careers on the particular instruments they preferred, and which they alleged in all the truthfulness of ignorance they could play.
It was whispered, and this must be referred to with bated breath, that one bright son of Jubal, a candidate for musical honors, when asked what he could play, replied, "Anything".
If our memory serves us aright, he was taken in hand at once as a bad case by the musical doctor, and given a dose or two of scale practice, which gave him, in due of course, a sense of the fitness of things.

"Wake, Nicodemus"

There were a few lugubrious faces, it is true, when the rearrangement of instruments took place but a practice or two revealed the wisdom of the change, and presently real progress was noticeable.
The lads themselves were no longer in doleful spirits.
They were, under wise and able tuition, beginning to feel their legs, as we say and qualifying for the time when they often did later, to the tune of "Wake Nicodemus":

*We're the Volunteer Band of the Household Troops,
And we're following the Master's call.
With the blasting of the trumpet and the booming of the drum.
We advertise Salvation where ever we may come,
And offer it freely to all.*

To this day, old Troopers feel the blood tingling in their veins when they have any of the old Journals played which formed part of their practice-room curriculum.
It is open to question whether even the famous International Staff Band, or any other of The Army's best musical combinations, could produce the same effects with the same Journals.
This assertion provokes a smile and suppresses a witty retort!
There was a vigor and vivacity, a dare-devil dash about their renderings of the marches and selections, especially the former, which was thoroughly characteristic of the times.
Say what one may.
The Army was all on a ferment in the days of which we write.
It was moving, it couldn't be still for the life that was in it.
It was rising, running over, and spreading its glorious evangel everywhere, and the spirit of its early life was inhaled by the Bandsmen, who all unwittingly, it may be, manifested that spirit in the dashing

way they interpreted the Journals which they were destined to play not only in Great Britain, but 'far away across the sea'.
In future leaves we shall follow the fortunes of the old Band from data recorded in our yellow-paged notebooks.

Surely there can be a few prouder moments in the experience of a Bandmaster than when, after having worked night and day upon the most unpromising jumble of musical oddments, at last he is able to look upon the work of his hand and pronounce it good.
One memorable day this was the experience of our sorely tried leader.
We had to come from all parts of the kingdom, varying in disposition, intelligence, gifts, and pliability, and were not all endowed with a full measure of the three graces.
How we pulled through that all, now we are older and able to look back with a sense of perspective, is a marvel to us.

A proud day.

It is, in our humble judgment, an entirely different and more difficult task. To create a Band out of no Band, that is to say, out of a group of musical illiterates, than to lift a Band of poor capacity from the lowlands to the highlands of excellence.

Having grappled with us as units and collectively, the proud day came, as we have said, when our "awkward squad" was such no longer, for, as we formed up line upon line, rank upon rank for inspection, though there was still room for improvement both in the matter of deportment and ability, yet, on the whole, we gave satisfaction to our creator, who was duly and justly complimented for the work of his hand.

We had learned many things during the days of our travail.

In the very forefront must be put the great, yet simple, some would say hackneyed, truth, that if we were to be of real service of God and The Army, we must be good fellows.

This does not mean that we felt ourselves bound to speak in pious phrases at every turn, or that we were constrained to throw texts at each others' heads, and quote religious poetry by the yard, all excellent exercises by the day.

Surely we all know goodness consists of far more than this.

We Troopers tried to grasp the simple, yet vital, fundamental, the kernel of religious experience, to love God with the whole heart, and manifest that love in service for the good of others.

We learnt that we were to be good in the very fountain of our being.

That we were to be straightforward and manly fellows.

Despisers of everything unwholesome, shady, or false.

What fights we had with ourselves.

Alone with God

How earnestly we used to pray when the door was shut, and we were alone as a Band, together with God and our leader.

It is not an unmanly admission to make that sometimes tears were shed over the failure of one and another who, to their credit, would frankly confess their shortcomings to their comrades.

There we knelt together, just a group of very human lads, in whose hearts burned a desire to be good ourselves and go out to help to make others so.

We counted it a joy and a privileged, though we had all left work, which brought us in a regular and sufficient income for our needs, and our worldly prospects were as promising as those of the average youth.

We were glad to give up our homes and wages and enlist under The Army's Banner to become tramps of Jesus without fee or reward other than satisfaction of our having been the humble instruments of winning souls for Christ.

The trophy we gloried in those days was the one we were able to link up from the drinking saloons and other places of evil.

Such a reward gave us greater joy than the "Gilded Spurs" won in combats of musical arena.

And all Troopers of the blood royal today are known by the manifestation of this spirit.

The greatest trophy an Army Bandmaster can know is a soul won for Christ!

Another important lesson we learnt .

Our musical leader, an ex-military man himself, had impressed himself upon us and made us realize that appearance counts for something, and that respect for authority is necessary to every group of Salvation workers, musical or otherwise.

So we listened to the old truth about 'a Soldier's first duty'.

We drank in the teaching like our morning coffee and afternoon tea, and it did us no good than either.

So it came about that when the whistle blew, we sprang into our places as to the manner born.

We presented a compact, business-like appearance as we stood, say, behind the closed gates of the Training Home, preparatory to starting out upon one of our memorable walking tours.

If the reader could have been on the outer side of the gates, he would have heard the voice of one of the lads raised in prayer for the success of the undertaking, and if he could have peeped through the chinks, he would have observed that every white helmet was off and every eye closed, and heard the fervent responses of the fellows who were not unmindful of the great responsibility which rested upon them.

A responsible position

Ah! Could we have known all we were to face, the vast crowds we were to be permitted to reach and impress in the United Kingdom, on the Continent, in Canada, and the United States, the hundreds of souls we were to win for Christ, the multitudes of Bandmasters and Bandsmen in embryo we were to inspire to achieve even greater things for God and The Army than we were to do, we should have felt the importance and responsibility of our position. One even than we did.

Presently the old gates fly open, that wonderful whistle blown, the stentorian command 'By your left', is uttered, the drums vibrate, and from twenty-five brazen throats the awaken the echoes, and amid a glitter of scintillating brass and a flood of Salvation sound, we disappear around the corner of Linscott Road, amid prancing steeds, waving handkerchiefs, and cries of 'Good luck' and 'God bless you!'

It was thus, that again and again, we went forth, modern apostles of Salvation, to help win the world for Christ.

Talk about the 'Romance of The Salvation Army' in a single volume!

No single volume could do justice to the experiences of the romance and adventure of the tiny fluttering wing to which we belonged.

Up with the lark, we knelt in prayer with the friends, who had entertained us, or rose from our plank couch, in the Hall, to pray for the skeletons who had regaled us overnight with eggs and other things!

On the boards or in a bed was all the same to us.

No, we must qualify that.

Plentifully supplied with good, pleasing food, as we were, and well equipped with rugs and blankets, the quarrel often was as to who should sleep in the Hall, such Salvation nomadics were we!

After breakfast, we arrived, helter-skelter, at the post of duty, running over with a super-fluity of life and energy, despite our twelve-mile tramp of the morning before, and the prospect of a sixteen-mile walk to dinner.

Those tramps along the highway and highways!

No fellow who is privileged to walk thousands of miles through the heart of the United Kingdom need remain altogether an ignoramus.

With a pair of good eyes, and a heart beating behind his ribs, and a tongue in his head, he can graduate in the University of Nature.

What sights we saw!

What visions of rural beauty burst upon us!

What things we heard!

What voluminous notes we made!

What resolutions we formed!

What 'sermonettes' shrieked at us from the hedgerows and singing birds!

And all on tramp.

The journey ended, we could find the Captain and a few comrades waiting on the outskirts of the town.

When 'the lame dog' of the party drew near, as the last man to arrive would be dubbed, we formed up as at the Clapton gates, but now bronzed and more fit and covered with the dust of the highway. Few folk told us to go and work when they saw us perspiring under the heat of the day while we swept by regaling them with a musical lunch, while on the way to our own plentiful spread provided at the local Corps, a spread to which we always did ample justice.

Who can wonder?

On the road, as we were at almost all hours from daybreak to sundown, we met with many new and strange experiences.

Encountering all sorts and condition of men, from the driver of the miller's team to the village priest, to whom we sometimes called to give a reason for the hope within us, we developed our latest gifts, and became more than ever worthy of our vocation as peripatetic Bandsmen of The Salvation Army. Though far from faultless, we had many virtues, not the least being our willingness to pocket our own feelings and testify boldly to those whom we deemed needed a word in season.

Many a mile have we walked chatting quietly to some footsore pedestrian who has unfolded to us the story of his wanderings in the far country, and while we have tried, in our own plain way, to tell of Christ, our hearts have burned within us.

Who dare say that the seed thus sown by the wayside did spring up and not bring forth a good harvest?

Though we were bubbling over with vitality and gloried in a run, a jump, a tug-of-war, or a swim with the best, for we were just a band of strong, sturdy-hearted seas of people, and had not the ghost of a desire to spend our days amid the solitude and serenity of the cloister, yet our chief joy was the greatest joy that can be known, the joy of having won souls for Christ.

When a couple of the fellows arrived at the Hall in the morning from their billet with the news that they had been able to win their host or hostess for God, there was a general rejoicing.

Our leader set us a good example in this respect.

Upon one occasion we remember him quietly changing his seat while in a railway compartment in order to get next to a gentleman who was reading the paper.

Tactfully, quietly, but with deadly persistence, he spoke right to the listener's heart, until the paper fell crumbled to the floor, and presently a seeker's head was bowed in prayer.

Billet experience

What an interesting record could be written of our billet experiences!

At one time we have been entertained in a mansion, at another in a cottage.

Never shall we forget being cared for in the stately home of a kind-hearted gentleman in the South-East of England.

Five of us were favored.

There were many things which made that billet memorable, including a gracious evening talk and a drive along the seacoast, but what made the deepest impression upon our young minds happened one morning in the early hours.

There was a knock at our bedroom door, and then, without further ado, our host came in with a large tray upon which was a comforting spread of warm buttered toast and several cups of steaming tea, which despite the presence of servants in the house, he had prepared for us with his own hands.

It was a lesson to us in humility and service worth more than a thousand sermons.

We learnt, too, that the happiest man in the house that morning was our host, for it is as a truth as old and as abiding as the hills that if one would be truly happy, one must forget one's own happiness and minister to that of others.

On another occasion two of us stayed in the house of a poor old woman who insisted so earnestly, despite her penury, to be allowed to take in "two of the boys", as she put it, that the Corps Officer consented.

When we entered the place, we longed for the brush of a great artist.

In the rush light sat the silver-haired old lady spelling out the text from her large and well-worn family Bible.

The words of a solo we used to sing in our Meetings fit the case:

I entered once a home of care,

*Age and poverty were there,
Yet joy and peace withal.
I asked that aged mother whence
She found her widowhood's defense?
She answered, 'Christ in All'.*

To hear that brave old soul talk of the Lord's doings for and dealings with her amid all the long years of need, trial, suffering and bereavement, was a sacrament to our souls.
What cared we that we went supper less to bed.
That ill-lit cottage was none other than a sanctuary.

Self-sacrifice

In the morning, we stole down to leave the cottage early for a walk, when we found the widow asleep on the settee.
There she lay, with the pale haze of early morning filtering through the window, its soft light falling upon her cold, pinched face.
Her needle marked fingers were crossed upon her breast.
We stood and looked at each other, while inexpressible feelings surged within us, for we understood, in that moment, that the widow had given up her bed for us.
The projected walk did not take place, instead, we went back to our room and talked in a low tone of the deed of loving sacrifice, which is inspired in our memory and recurs after many years.

These, and many other experiences, were of untold value to us in impressing our minds and helping to mould us into the full stature of Salvationist Bandsmen.
Life with us was by no means a round of psalm singing and antheming.
We had been saved to save, and we learnt that deeds count more than words.
Ours was a gospel of hard work, and the driving force was love.
Heeling and toeing it up hill and down dale, starting out in the morning by eight of the clock with, as on one memorable occasion, nineteen miles to do before dinner, picking brambles by the road-side and down bypath meadow en route, and losing ourselves into the bargain, negotiating hills a couple of miles long with a blister for company, cogitating upon our addresses to be, startling pheasants and partridges, and sending the rabbits and hares scurrying off about their business while we made the welkin ring with our improvised practices.
Amid heat and cold, sunshine and rain, we plodded on, making history for Salvation Army Bandsmen to read of the world over, and trying to be as good and devoted as our leaders expected us to be.

The ass and its baggage

Happy days!
Life went merrily with us.
Many things happened which added to the gaiety of nations.
Our baggage was often carted from town to town.
On one occasion, a member of the Band, who had once owned an ass, was pressed to stay behind with it the baggage and bring it on later.
Not at all unwilling to leave himself a long walk, he stayed, determined, we suspect, to show to his comrades his power over the brute creation.
Alas, for his plans!
The cart, he found, when he got far away on the turnpike, was too small for the load, the consequence being that the curious little cavalcade was shedding knapsacks every few yards, while now and the ass paused to reflect and uttered its protest by sundry vocal and gymnastic performances.
Finding our comrade did not arrive, some of went out to meet him, after the manner of Saul, the son of Kish, and discovered him late in the afternoon dusty and travel-worn, still picking up knapsacks and 'saying things' to the unrepentant quadruped.

This same martyr to circumstance, who, we remember, was rather short-sighted, was once called upon to give out the opening song at one of our Meetings.
Whatever the difficulty, he would overcome it, or make a gallant attempt to do so.
That was one of many reasons why we liked him.

Rising to his feet in a dimly-lighted Hall, upon the occasion referred to, he found to his horror, that the only remaining pebble had fallen from his spectacle frame. Dismayed, but undeterred, he went straight to the task entrusted to him in a thoroughly characteristic way.

He began the first line of a favorite song correctly, after which memory refused to surrender the words, and his eyes sorely needed their usual aid, with the result that, to the astonishment of all, with much halting between the lines, he gave out the following highly original rendering:

*Upon the crystal pavement, down
Upon the crystal sea,
Joyfully I'll cast my golden crown,
Thou art enough for me.*

How we played the accompaniment to the singing of that first verse we never knew, especially as our leader's eyes, sparkling with suppressed merriment, were turned full on us above his shining cornet. The audience scarcely realized what a 'tragedy' had been averted, and sang the proper words most heartily, while our victorious comrade led with credit.

It was thus he snatched a victory from seeming defeat by 'keeping his head', and when later he was called upon to speak, he covered himself with glory.

Caps off to the boys of the old Brigades!

They are worthy of your salute, as, we hope and believe you are worthy of theirs.

You are asked to salute all that is best in them.

It is not our desire or intention to magnify any mother's son into a model of all the virtues, but there was much about our fellow Troopers which is well worthy of emulation.

We trudged along, filling up our days with glad service, proving every clock-round that music possesses a power over the hearts of men.

The roughest as well as the most refined were drawn together on the station, along the King's highway, on the market-squares, and in our Citadels and other buildings.

Having attracted them, we poured forth earnest words of exhortation, and with happy result.

We have been struck by the number of old Troopers who are still in the ranks either as Officers, Bandsmen, or Soldiers.

It is fitting here to mention their names.

We do so with a conviction that the list is far from complete, and that other Troopers stalwarts, of whose whereabouts we are unaware, have an equal claim to distinction.

There are those, too, who have rendered excellent service in other fields of Salvation labor, where their musical gifts have been utilized in the cause of Christ.

First on our roll of honor is Major Tucker, of the United States.

How well we remember dear old Teddy and the songs he sang.

We recall the occasion when, having nothing else to do, he began to sing an entirely original song, which Topsy-like, 'grewed' while he sang it to a tune which came 'out of the anywhere'.

It appeared subsequently in 'The Musical Salvationist', and was well received where ever rendered.

Of Staff-Captain Hawkes no words of ours need be said.

All the boys of the old Band are proud of his musical achievements, the more so because we know full well that he is a true-blue Salvationist.

We mention the names of the rest of our comrades as they occur, remembering that every man Jack of them has undergone experiences on land and sea which would make a thrilling three-volumed biography.

Here they come: Ensign Green, Ensign Collier, Captain Nevill, Captain Burgess, Adjutant Broom, Adjutant Kirk, Adjutant Allen, Adjutant T. Walton, Adjutant Edwards, Adjutant Kemp, Ensign Skinner, Captain Halliday, Adjutant Gilliard, Captain Winn, Bandsman Parkhouse, Bandsman Nutley, Bandmaster Cork, Bandsman Taylor, Bandmaster Goodacre, Bandmaster Lewis, Bandsman Carter, Bandsman Butcher, Bandsman Spencer, Bandsman Cardy, Bandsman Barker, Adjutant Aspinall, and ourselves.

The list would be incomplete if we omitted to mention Troopers Pegram and Walton, who 'died in harness', and whose memory is kept green in the hearts of those who served with them.

We shall be specially glad to hear from the old Troopers whose names we have omitted, to whom we extend our comradely good wishes and apologies.

What memories come surging up from the heart and mind when one recalls the old songs, solos, and Band Journals.

There was the song about 'Knee-Drill' and 'The Army ABC', by means of which one member of the Band learnt the alphabet, and ever afterwards walked the highways and byways with a dictionary for company, learning words 'new and strange', which he made a point of firing off on the next audience he addressed, and sometimes with astonishing result!

Whatever defects the Household Troops Band revealed in their interpretation of the old Journals, non could truthfully say that they rendered their marches and selections without sympathy.

There was soul in the playing.

What a splendid burst of passion there was when we began the Journal beginning 'Shout Aloud!'

It was immense, and, succeeded as the opening bars we by double *piano* passages, the contrast was most striking, and by the time we came to:

*Forward, Soldiers, marching on to war,
Step out boldly, keep the foe in view.*

we had got into our musical stride, and swept everything before us, even the belated critic, who felt the music getting into his very legs!

'Onward, yes onward', has spoken God's message to thousands.

The liquid notes of our leader's cornet seemed to plead with the unconverted, and woo and win them from a mood of hostility to a spirit of acquiescence to God's will.

This capacity to put soul into the music was, in our humble judgment, one of the secrets of the success of the Band.

Our leader possessed this gift in an eminent degree.

When, for the first time, we played 'Jesus came with peace to me', at practice, the tune, coupled with the words, rang so true to his experience, that, before he had finished playing, the tears were coursing down his cheeks.

We wonder is Bandsmen are affected in that way today!

We believe the best Army Bandsmen are those who can ally sympathetic interpretation with first-rate mechanical skill.

Of a number of favorite three-four movements, perhaps 'Calvary's Stream' was most in vogue in the days of which we write, and not without reason, for it was a very bright and inspiring piece.

From some of the most unpromising arrangements we were accustomed to get high results.

Though this may be challenged, we do not think we are mistaken.

We shall never forget arriving late at the open-air upon one occasion, when we met our comrades sweeping along the high road of a provincial town.

The sun was going down, a stiff, bracing breeze was blowing.

Light atmosphere, the general fitness of the fellows, who were in excellent spirits, were all in the Band's favor.

Marching along with Flag flying and instruments shining, they presented a picture which the eye received and impressed upon the mind.

On they came!

There was the fluttering Flag, next came our leader, with the flashing bell of his magic cornet's pointed roguishly our way, while behind, line upon line, marched our comrades.

It was, we recall, No. 49 they were playing.

There is a martial swing and ring about that Journal, features which were specially noticeable on this occasion.

After the verse and chorus were rendered softly, but with spirit, spring, and daintiness, came the connecting passage between the chorus and bass solo, where the cornets have a spirited bit of work. This made the blood tingle in our veins, and when the manly notes of the bass solo rolled forth, and the words, 'Fight on, for we shall win the day', occurred, we felt like flinging our cap into the air and giving a street performance in order to lift off steam, so proud of the boys we were, and when, from the bell of that wonderful cornet, the verse having begun again, the liquid of music of the air rang out on the octave, we felt that here was music for the gods.

So enthusiastic were we on arrival that even our sternest disciplinarian smiled, and we were forgiven our late arrival on promise that it did not happen again.
As for ourselves, we were unrepentant, for such an experience was worth being late for!

It was our privilege to lead, in a musical sense, of course the last, shortest, and best equipped of the Life Guards Marches.

Number 84 Journal was, we believe specially written for that important occasion, and our respective parts were handled to us in manuscript.

The column was comprised, all told, of nearly 150 units, the majority of whom were Cadets in Training.

We were a complete contingent, ready for any Salvation filibustering exploit in city, town, village, or on the King's highway.

Our itinerary included many such centers as Reading, Fenny Stratford, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, Luton and St. Albans.

We jot down these few of the numerous places of call just as they come to mind, and not in order of march.

As may be imagined, by this time we Troopers were seasoned roadsters, as hard as nails, with every ounce of superfluous weight worked off.

Consequently, we were the envied of the several companies of which the column was composed.

How we smiled at sight of the broken-winded Cadet puffing along laboriously like an overdriven engine off the rails!

How we rejoiced, too, for was he not working down his weight and acquiring valuable experience! We had qualified as knights of the road, and we were glad to see others doing the same.

Supporting the General

How proud we were to be called upon to support The General during a weekend campaign!

With what joy we saw the brokenhearted come forward in response to our honored Leader's appeals.

The impress of those early campaigns is still upon our minds, despite the flight of time.

To see our column marching out in the early hours was a sight worth witnessing.

The bugle generally sounded at five of the clock.

After munching a treasured crust saved from supper, and after a swill, say, at a running stream, we tumbled into line, company by company, and, at the word of command, started off awakening the echoes with our music and song.

After a night in a barn, amid the sweet-smelling hay, where, from our rough-and-ready couches, we could see the stars marching across the heavens, while we heard the voice of the leader of the column lifted in prayer to God on our behalf, we would start forth, breakfast less, upon our tramp, full of joy for the life that was in is and braced by the tang of the morning air.

We generally steadied our pace to the slowest man of the weakest column.

That old Journal exercised a magnetic influence over us when our breathing time came and the whole contingent thundered forth the words so full of meaning.

As we write, we can almost hear the rumble of cavalry forts, the rattle of chains, the tramp of feet, and many other strange and indefinable sounds which indicate a force of men in motion.

The dust is not yet rising, for the hour is early and the dew scintillates like diamonds and flashes back the rays of the sun.

While the men of the column song lustily, the skylark and thrush join in with their liquid melody.

How the words re-echo up hill and down dale!

*Our every rank, the Lord be thanked,
Is formed by Soldiers true,
Bravely in front or rear,
If you're prepared for war,
There's a place for you.*

So we played and sang in the days of which we write.

God bless you on earth and in Heaven comrades of the long ago.

How are you faring?

But we must not tarry, for we are on our way to breakfast!

It was our custom to walk from four to six miles for our porridge and 'doorsteps', as the substantial slices of bread and butter were called.

And, believe us, we thanked Heaven they were 'doorsteps'.

Sitting in companies in some friendly farmer's field, we enjoyed those breakfasts prepared by the indefatigable kitchen staff almost as much as we enjoyed our sleep on the boards.

After breakfast and prayers, we made good walking until dinner-time.

Turning over the leaves of our diary, we come across such entries as 'seven conversions' 'fourteen surrenders'.

This, after all, was the primary purpose of all our efforts.

We were out and about, not for the fun of the thing, but for the highest good of the people.

So, when nearly blinded with dust, tantalized by flies, soaked with rain, smothered with mud, and maltreated by 'skeletons', we set our teeth and plugged away with as much grit as 'if all were easy, if all were bright'.

Perhaps Bedford was one of the best-fought Salvation battles of our campaign.

Here, reinforced by the 'Flying Squadron', all toiled for the Salvation of the unconverted.

From the knee-drill, attended by 300 or 400 people, until we closed the day's campaign with twenty-five seekers at the mercy-seat, that Sunday was one of incident and adventure.

The fact that we had had to spend the night on the cold floor of the old skating rink with one end of the building open to the four winds of heaven, did not make our experience one whit less sweet.

An interesting incident

Of all our adventures, from the start, until we banqueted with the 'Flying Squadron' at the Training Home, in company with the Naval Brigade, we can give but one incident which positively insists upon being recorded.

After a good swinging walk from St. Albans to Clapton, we braced ourselves up from the last mile.

The scenes of that tramp come back as though we saw them yesterday!

We thought 'Dixie Land' an ill-advised march to select to cheer our flagging spirits during that interminably long Irishman's mile.

But our musical leader's wisdom was justified.

The jumpy, jerky, little rag-time piece quickened the slackening pace, for it must be remembered we had walked over twenty miles since reveille.

How the words rang out: 'We care for nothing but the saving of souls'.

What a defiant challenge it was to all that was respectable, conventional, orthodox!

We shouted it out.

We had almost said we screamed it out.

Anything to awaken people from their complacent respectability and arouse them to a sense of their need for Christ.

Ah! that was a march! That was a song!

While we passed along, dusty, toil-worn, but exhilarating, ridiculously happy, an undreamed-of thing happened.

At the psychological moment, a door flew open away yonder on the left of the wide boulevard along which we were passing.

We Troopers were amongst the first to see it.

We could scarcely believe our eyes, yet there, standing on the step, stood our beloved General, and at his side, supported by his strong arm, but looking, Oh, so rail and much paler than when we heard her sweet voice making Regent Hall ring again with her message, was Mrs. Booth, the Mother of The Salvation Army.

How we loved her!

And there, too, tall and beautiful, was the Consul.

It was a picture we shall never forget, and the cruelty of it, we Troopers, who wanted to yell, had to keep on playing!

It was hard work, especially when the General ran nimbly down the steps waving his handkerchief and breathing benedictious upon us.

It was an hour worth living to see!

We were good for another twenty miles after that, at least, we ought so.

Of the huzzas of our comrades on the Congress Hall steps, the jingling of Sister Miriam's tambourine as we passed through a wall of cheering humanity to the strains of 'Home, sweet home', much could be said.

The long day's work ended, like the village blacksmiths having attempted a task and having done it, was went with gay hearts and good consciences to bed, and slept so well that the morning bugle failed to arouse us!

Hitherto, we have referred to our tramps in England.

The day, or, to be strictly correct, the night came, however, when we were called upon to negotiate the Irish Channel.

There was nothing of the tide, which 'moving. Seems asleep', about the rampaging flood upon which we crossed the bar.

The sea has inspired many graphic descriptions, but no pen, however gifted, could describe the sensations and experiences of us unhappy Troopers during that night of nights.

One worthy fellow, after enduring the swing-boat horror for an hour or two on end, began to wail, pathetically, 'Bring me a knife, bring me a knife'.

Alarmed at such a request from a Salvationist Bandsman, the steward sought for the reason of it before complying, and breathed freely when our prostrate comrade explained, between his moans, that he wanted to cut his bootlaces, the knots, this in not a suitable, nautical joke, being too much for him!

Summoned!

On Sunday morning, which was the day following, some of the constabulary were in evidence at the open-air, and accompanied our sweeping procession through the main thoroughfare to the Hall, where God set His seal upon our labors, and souls were won for Christ.

At the conclusion of the afternoon service, a number of our constabulary friends called upon us and took our names, with the result that half a dozen of us received an interesting little document.

One such souvenir hangs before us while we write.

We transcribe it for posterity.

It runs: 'Whereas a complaint has been made to me that you did willfully obstruct, interrupt, and prevent the free passage of persons and carriages along the public street at, this is to command you to appear as a defendant on the hearing of the said complaint at the petty session, Court House, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, before such justice as shall be there.'

This was a bolt from the blue, or, shall we say, the man in blue.

That fateful forenoon came along in due course, and having left our comrades to continue the tour through the Northern Counties, we the unfortunate or fortunate, whichever adjective the reader may care to employ, half a dozen Troopers presented our credentials, we trust, without loss of dignity, and entered the court with that lofty mien which is sometimes, not always, the mark of the innocent.

Entertainment.

We were surprised to find the bench engaged in disposing of a number of most trivial cases.

Citizen after citizen stepped into the defendants' dock to answer a charge of permitting their canine quadrupeds to walk the streets unmuzzled.

These cases were followed by one not altogether devoid of interest, as our diary suggests.

A ratepayer was called upon to explain why his horse and vehicle were permitted to be on the wrong side of the road.

This is how the jolly red-haired solicitor pleaded for his client: 'If ye please your warships, my client's horse and vehicle were not on the right hand side av the road, an' they were not on the left hand side av the road, an' they were not in the middle of the road.'

We unsophisticated Troopers wondered where on earth they were.

'Ye see, your warships', he continued, 'the cart was rather more to the right hand side av the road than to the left hand side av it.'

An' there was a raison, your warships, for this, observing the road was rough for man and baste on the left and observing also the constable waiting for a case, and not wishing to be brought before the bench in a charge of cruelty to animals, my client went more to the right than to the left av the road, and now he is charged with being on the wrong side av it!

If you please, your warships, what was my client to do?'

'He must pay six pence and costs', was the solemn answer, and the court laughed merrily.

Then came the, to us, case of the day.

One or two fine-looking fellows of the constabulary went into the witness-box, where they undertook to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

They testified that the six defendants and their fellow musicians had caused a tram-car to slacken speed and a milk-cart to stop.

'Did The Salvation Army officials try to keep the lines clear?' cross-examined a kindly solicitor who had taken up our case without fee, in court.

'Yes, sorr', answered the constable.

'Were these gentlemen themselves clear of the tram lines and the milk cart?' he continued.

'Yes sorr.'

'Then how on earth can you contend that they obstructed?'

Hysterics

Then light seemed to dawn upon his mind, and he blurted out, in all the gaiety of innocence, we embraced him in our hearts for the naïve admission, 'If ye please, sorr, it wasn't the gentlemen who obstructed'.

'Indeed' queried the solicitor, dryly, 'then who was it?'

'It was the crowd, sorr.'

'And where were you, constable?' came the question, swift and rapier-like.

'In the crowd, sorr, but...'

It was no good, the court went off into hysterics, and even the constable had to smile, bless him!

All this entertainment, and much more thrown in, was certainly worth the half a crown damages we were mulcted, but we had no half-crowns, we counted nor our value in that way, but though we were not eternally talking about it, we had principles, and for these we were prepared to spend a night in a prison cell.

Truth to tell, Brother Troopers, for we may as well make a clean breast of it, we were eager for the experience, all the more eager because we were innocent and green.

'They refuse to pay, every wan', said the usher, in disgust.

'Or, in default, twenty-four hours in prison', was the answer.

So we were led below to a cell from whence we presently emerged and were bundled into a prison van, in which, 'over the stones rattled our bones', to the large prison hard by the court, where, with a strong February breeze blowing up the corridor, we were called upon to strip and take a plunge into a bath which gave striking and animated evidence of the old scientific truth that water contains life.

Dripping from unkind immersion, after vain efforts to dry ourselves upon 'towels' which had been used by other 'guests', we went into the tailoring department, and instead of our beautiful Salvation Army Bandsman's uniform, we never loved it so much as then, we climbed into a set of the most commodiously built overalls it was ever our privilege to see.

They surpassed those wonderful creation of Defoe which delighted our boyish imagination.

On the backs of the jackets we presently put on, were white stenciled letters giving the name of the city and the jail, while the seats of our trousers were also resplendent with the same legend.

The caps, a heap of which we saw in a corner, we found should have been labeled, like the doctor's medicine bottle, 'to be well shake before taken'.

We, that is half of us, went chuckling and gurgling into the hairdressing department, where, sitting upon a form, were several ferocious-looking 'criminals' arrayed even as we were.

We looked at them pityingly, and they looked at us likewise.

Then we began to laugh.

It was our other half! That was the first time we learnt the value of clothes and the truth of the old tag, 'give a dog a bad name and you might as well hang him.'

Scissored

The warder who cut our hair had a sharp temper and a blunt pair of shears.

Ugh! It hurts us to think of it.

Remember, our hair was still wet.

One-half he cut off, the other half he left on.

Clip, Clip, and off came the beautiful moustachios of our comrades, as for ourselves, we were devoid of that embellishment, so we were spared the humiliation of losing it.

Of how we spent eighteen solid hours in our separate cells, with a window that wouldn't close and on a wooden plank which wouldn't yield a soft square inch, we do not care to dwell.

It makes us cold and sore to think about.

We thanked Heaven it was only twenty-four hours.

All honor to those who have done more.

But enough is as good as a feast sometimes.

How we congratulated ourselves when it was over, and now once more in our dear old war dress we were shown to the gates and 'turned loose' upon the great crowd of warm-hearted citizens who had met to give us a rousing welcome to freedom again.

There, too, were our dear comrades.

God bless them!

What a shout they gave us.

We blushed for shame, for we did not, honor bright we did not, deserve such an ovation.

We never join in singing the well known hymn beginning 'Eternal Father, strong to save', but what we conjure up a picture of Sabbath day scenes at sea with the Household Troops Band, and when we do so, it takes no great flight of fancy to imagine one can hear the voices of our comrades of the days of 'auld lang syne' lustily rendering the oft-recurring couplet:

*Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.*

We have sung the words under a variety of circumstances, with the vessel vibrating from stem to stern and the rude waves splashing through the half-open portholes, while we have vainly striven to keep up at least a show of decorum.

On one occasion, on the old storm-beaten "Polynesian", we remember beginning the hymn with a full complement, and as we sang it verse by verse our ranks were thinned, until even the stoutest hearts amongst us feared that they would have to suddenly obey the imperative summons of King Neptune. When we entered active Salvation Army service, we Troopers were prepared for honey and other things.

We have already shown that we had our share of honey, and this was one of the 'other things'/ Nor was it by any means the only occasion when, as in the case of the immortal Mrs. Gummidge, things went 'contrairy' with us.

The time came, of course, when we were quite at home on the high seas, we entreat our renders not to regard this as a musical pun, when we could strut about proud of our sea legs, while 'the rocking Polly', as, for an obvious reason, our vessel was dubbed, creaked and groaned and leaped in a desperate effort to be worthy of her name and reputation.

But we are anticipating.

Off to Canada

The great day came when we set sail for Canada.

Lest any Bandsmen should think we each occupied a sumptuous cabin en route for the Dominion, we place it on record that we travelled steerage, and very much steerage, too.

Before we left London for Liverpool, via St. Katherine Dock and the Humber, the Chief of the Staff snatched a few minutes from his multitudinous duties to wish us God-speed.

How proud we felt of our Leader's kindly attention!

In an upper room at International Headquarters, the Chief impressed is with the high importance of our mission, and made us feel that the man who was untrue to his calling ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

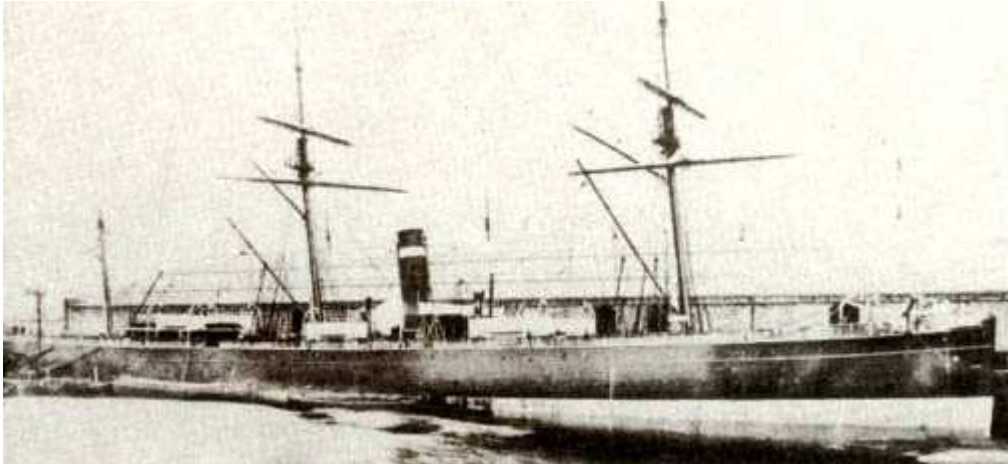
Some way or another, while listening to the Chief, the old code of schoolboy honor came back to us, and we felt game to punch our own heads if we failed in the trust.

We sat listening intently in that upper room, and when we bowed our heads in prayer and hearkened to our Leader's words commending the honor of the Flag to our charge, we vowed, God witness that we did, that we would die rather than the dear emblem should trail in the dust.

Judge us not only, dear comrades, by what we did, but by what we meant to do.

When we left the holy ground of that upper chamber, our hearts were high with resolve for noble service.

So, with words of admonition, counsel, and encouragement ringing in our ears, we set out upon our "Santa Maria", like Columbus of old, to discover a new world.



The S.S. Polynesian was built in 1872 and sunk at Trepassey Bay, Newfoundland on September 6, 1909.

We went on board the SS "Polynesian" during one memorable afternoon when more than a capful of wind was blowing.

We had previously supplied ourselves with the, then, usual emigrant's outfit, including the indispensable tin plate and tin mug.

With such jangling oddments dangling about our person, and a straw mattress on our back we jostled our difficult way through jabbering crowd of cosmopolitan voyagers who were to be our neighbors on the run from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal.

We discovered that our 'berths' were amidships, near the main hatchway.

There was a dim though by no means religious light about this lower sawdust-strewn deck.

Rough deal tables were fixed each side of the deck, with a little space for the stewards to move about in while serving up our rough and ready but substantial meals.

Swung up above the tables were a number of hammocks of the real Tom Bowling variety.

They were so closely hung, that when we got into them and 'rocking Polly' made us fear for the safety of The Army's property we carried, and incidentally of ourselves, we rubbed sides with our respective and respectable neighbors.

"Rocking Polly"

During our first night at sea, we tried vainly to make ourselves comfortable in those hammocks.

We lay upon our backs listening to the hoarse shout of the bo'sun, the piping of his whistle, the stamp of hurrying feet overhead, and the swish of the water as it came pouring down the hatchway.

How we held our breath while watching the 'beam' above our heads going over more and more, and at such a nerve-tantalizing angle that we leaned the other way and said a little prayer, lest 'rocking Polly' should make a mistake for once and out-rock herself!

The sounds we heard from the rudely swinging hammocks were not all those of prayer and praise.

Presently a tin cup broke loose from the cupboard, then a tin saucer joined it for company, and when the vessel heaved in sympathy with us, the cup and saucer, after a noisy game of ping-pong, enjoyed rollicking intervals of catch as catch can.

This, of course, naturally caused the rest of the tinny inhabitants to break loose from their moorings in the cupboard, and for an hour on end, with every creaking groaning roll of the vessel, and while we continued our lessons in pronunciation and emphasis, there was a perfect stampede of tin-ware, every piece of which seemed to take individuality to itself, and clanged and banged to its heart's content, reminding one of the pandemonium of a general election.

In due course, the squall abated, and the ship found herself and went plugging steadily along day after day.

We made friends with the officers, the crew, the passengers, and last, but not least, the cooks in the galleys!

How sweet our music sounded at sea.

We stood on deck in all the glory of shining sun and with, say, that wonderful and awe-inspiring sight, a great, towering sailing-ship leaping along with a few cables' lengths of us, with her great bellying sails bulging gloriously.

On such occasions we drank in the atmosphere in joyful gasps, and felt it was a good thing to be alive.

How heartily the passengers applauded our renderings of Army music, and with what ready generosity, you see, they knew we were Salvationists, they took up a collection on behalf of the work we were doing.

When our playing ceased, off would come our caps, in the strange bush, one and another of us would pray God's blessing upon every soul on board.

These little gatherings on deck day by day opened the door to other opportunities, which we can eagerly seized.

So the days passed, until, one misty morning early, several of us joined the men on the lookout, and were amongst the first to sight land.

In a few moments we rushed out of the white mist into sunshine, and were soon running through Belle Isle Straits.

Much more could be written of that, to us, memorable trip across the Atlantic.

We could tell of the schools of whales we saw disporting themselves off the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, where, in the offing, we saw the whaler preparing to give chase.

We could tell of that never-to-be-forgotten journey up the noble St. Lawrence, with its thousands of beautiful islands bedecked in all the glory of their Indian summer foliage, of picturesque riverside townships with white wards Heaven, of waving handkerchiefs from many a far away chalet, of the westward bounder with crowded decks, which we regaled with the moving strains of 'Home', of how, at long last, we steamed under the precipitous fortifications of Quebec, and later crept along cautiously, league by league, amid a fairyland of summer glory, to Montreal, where we heard the shouts of welcome from our comrades on the 'other side', but space forbids, suffice to say that we, the pioneers of the many Army Bandsmen who have followed in our wake, arrived sound in wind and limb in the land of the maple and the beaver, where we met dear comrades whose friendship we treasure to this day.

During several months we were in the Dominion of Canada, we visited well over 100 cities and towns in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, where we conducted successful musical campaigns, raised thousands of dollars for the war chest, and won souls to the glory of God.

The last fact, gave us the highest satisfaction.

It was with leaping that we saw a sturdy, colored man come deliberately forward to the mercy-seat in our introductory meeting in Montreal.

We regarded that incident as an answer to our prayers, it was the Divine omen for which we had waited, so we turned our faces towards the many weeks of nerve-taxing labor ahead with light hearts, for God had given His sign and we were not afraid.

One of our first impressions of the Canadians who thronged our meetings in the larger cities was that they were both kind and critical, and we were confirmed in this by the entertainment we afforded them, when, while testifying, we gave them an example or two of "English as she is spoke".

The provincialisms of certain Troopers caused no end of fun.

The people laughed merrily at us, and we laughed merrily at them.

With all our faults they fell in love with us, and with all their faults we fell in love with them!

One Trooper spoke with such a pronounced Yorkshire accent, that upon more than one occasion our worthy Bandmaster felt compelled to interpret for him sentence by sentence, bringing the house down in the progress!

Friends and comrades

When one has stayed in a hundred different Canadian homes, intermingled with people of various social grades, though Jack is as good as his master in sentiment, at any rate, in Maple Leaf Land, rubbed shoulders with them on the lakes and at the railway depots, experienced their bouncings by way of welcome, and heard them singing "God be with you", by way of farewell, gripped hands with publican and sinner, and fared sumptuously every day on pumpkin pie, doughnuts, and other things, sweltered with them amid the heat of the dying summer, and stamped and sleighed with them on the crunching and sparkling snow and ice with the thermometer thirty below, during a marvelously living and vigorous winter, when, we repeat, one has thus rubbed shoulders with our transatlantic cousins, one may be considered qualified to express an opinion of our friends and comrades across the water, to whom we now, after all these years of silence, send fraternal greetings.

We have hinted that the work was hard, but hard work rarely kills.

But we were like to be killed with kindness.

We were not "swagger folk" giving ourselves airs, we were simple a band of thoroughly British boys from the Old Country, who were there to bring down blessing upon the people and regale them with airs of an entirely different character.

We did not talk about our pedigree, the only boast we made was the we were children of the blood royal Salvationism, of whom we found strong battalions in many parts of the Dominion.

The hospitable, warm-hearted folk quarreled amongst themselves as to who should billet us, and we verily believe that if we could have been cut up into quarters without hurt to our honorable selves, that there would still have been billets enough to have gone round.

What billets they were!

If we had been the children of a belted earl, we could not have been feasted more.

The best from those wonderfully stored underground Canadian cellars was placed at our disposal three times a day.

Ah, me, we believe we suffer from those groaning tables to this day!

This brings us to our story.

One boy fell sick.

It was a heart-breaking experience for him to be left behind, and incidentally it was a heart-breaking experience for him to join us again, for, truth to tell, he had fallen sick of another and more fatal malady.

Poor boy!

A good, sensible Salvationist lassie nursed him out of his sickness, and, all unwittingly, into another, in plain English, our brother Trooper fell in love.

In due course, he sought the lady's hand, and was refused.

Now here comes the strange part of the story.

We helped him to carry his "broken heart" to England, where he married somebody else, and lived happy ever after.

So did the good little Canadian girl, bless her.

It was a narrow escape for all parties, and was not without its lesson to us.

Well shepherded as we were, and kept busy from walking to sleeping, we had no time to do other than the work to which we were pledged.

All things to all men

Jack Frost was tardy in coming.

Those glorious days of that memorable Indian summer live as a fragrant memory in our minds.

With all the leap and spring of youth we marched two deep amid a blaze of torches and a blare of instruments, along the wooden sidewalks, making the old townships ring again with our Salvation melody.

To the Frenchmen of Quebec we played the "Marseillaise", to the Germans of Berlin we gave "The Watch on the Rhine", striving to be all things to all men, of by any means we might save some.

Presently from Hudson Bay way and the realms of the wild, there came a breath of cold wind.

Not cold and shivery in the English sense, but a tightening and bracing cold.

Then the mercury rose a trifle, and one night the blizzard came swirling down, if not like a wolf on the fold, then like an eagle.

All night long it flapped and screeched and swirled, and in the morning it was goodbye to autumn with a vengeance.

The storm windows were frosted with a million scintillating diamonds, and we thanked Heaven for the glowing stoves and warm pipes all over the well-constructed wooden domiciles in which we found ourselves.

Canadian weather

It was *ugh! ugh!* when we tried our prentice hands on the storm-doors in the early morning as we assayed to start for the depot.

It takes a true-blue Canadian, a son of the north wind, to open, without loss of time and temper, a storm-door, against which five feet of snow has drifted.

By and by "dug out" from our billet, and followed by the merry remarks of our friends, we blundered through the drifted snow to the *dépôt*, with a dreadful fear in our hearts that we would be too late for our train, only to see the uninspiring notice staring at us on the wind-swept platform: "Train due at 6.15 will arrive at 7.45"!

Yes, at last, Jack Frost was up to his games, and jolly work was ahead with the snow plough.

When the pale light of day was breaking, we heard the clanging bell of the on-coming locomotive, and soon, in response to the sonorous cry of "All aboard", we jumped on to the cars and waved our hands to our comrades.

After a run through snow-sheds and over creaking, groaning, swaying trestle bridges, we reached our destination two hours late, being enthusiastically greeted on arrival by our comrades.

By this time, we had reached a new world.

The sky was almost as blue as in the tropics, and the sun was blazing down as on a summer day, yet the dry, glistening snow dust crunched beneath our feet when we marched, and despite the alcohol bath we had given our valves, we were unable to finish our reception journal.

Instead, with all keys frozen down, we regaled the delighted inhabitants with a series of improvised bugle marches, including the inevitable "Come to the cookhouse door, boys", which was not altogether inappropriate.

The air was now like the elixir of life, which indeed it was, and the scene was one which we shall never erase from our memory.

Instead of hacks, buggies, rigs and what not on wheels, darting hither over the glistening snow were all conceivable varieties of sleighs and cutters, in which were seated ruddy-faced, healthy-looking folk of various ages and sizes who had come out with characteristic zest for the first winter drive.

How silently and swiftly the sleights flit hither and thither, save for the chink, chink of the harness, the jungle-jangle of the bells, and the cluck-cluck of the drivers, no other sounds are heard till once again we awaken the echoes from our twenty-five brazen throats, and while we play our breath freezes about our faces, and we are glad presently to pull down our gloved hands upon our instruments or hug them under our capes.

If we were asked to put our impressions of our tour through the Dominion of Canada into a single phrase, we should be inclined to call it a good, hearty hand grip.

For we were greeted in a spirit of fraternal fellowship everywhere.

Indeed, as we have hinted, the people were altogether too kind.

The wish of a Troopers had but to be expressed, and it, was granted forthwith.

On arrival at The Army Hall from a railway journey, the men and lads of the locality would eagerly seize our coats, capes, caps, and travelling impediments, and while we ourselves saw to it that our instruments were placed in security, the matrons and maids of the Corps would occupy themselves putting the last touches to the gaily-bedecked tables to which we presently sat down.

It is pleasant after the lapse of years to recall those scenes.

Interrogatives

What a cross-fire of interrogatives we had to face, interrogatives as wide as the poles asunder, from "How is The General?" and "Have you seen the Queen?" to "Is your Bandmaster the world's premier cornetist?" and "Where did that drummer of yours with the India-rubber arms learnt to manipulate his drumsticks?"

After dinner, on the rare occasions when there was no afternoon Meeting, we found interest sometimes in watching the sleighs arrive from distant towns and farmsteads. In the most matter-of-fact way in the world sleigh after sleigh came swooping along the roads which were so deeply snow-laden that the tops of the snake fences could scarcely been seen. In a thoroughly business-like way our hosts and hostesses, as we presently discovered many to be, threw aside their rugs and stepped briskly out, and led their horses to the rear of the Hall, where improvised baiting arrangements had been made. Everybody knew everybody else, and was on the best possible terms with his neighbor. The very atmosphere in Canada seemed conducive to optimism. At any rate we do not recall having met a single pessimist during the whole of our travels in the Dominion!

Pleasant memories

In those days, as in the present Commissioner Coombs was the Territorial Leader, to whose kindly counsel and wise oversight we owed much. To this day we recall many words spoken to us by the Commissioner. One night journey specially comes vividly to mind. We had boarded the cars after having been subjected to the doubtful pleasure of a Canadian bouncing, and experience which is better felt than told, and were all settling down for a long railway run, when the Commissioner, standing at the car end, addressed us every helpfully in the natural and informal way, and then, while the engine bell clanged, awakening the echoes of the night as we sped through the darkness, he committed us into the hands of God. And soon we were as fast asleep as though we had been in our beds at home. On the occasion referred to we recall our special car bore, in large striking letters, the announcement, "The Household Troops Band from England", so that wherever we stopped the general public were left in no manner of doubt concerning our identity. When unable to be with us on tour the Commissioner kept himself fully apprised of our movements, and we were again and again made sensible of his practical thoughtfulness and care for our spiritual and temporal wellbeing. We suppose, on a push, we could have got through the winter without any special provision being made for us in the way of clothing, at least we thought so, but the Commissioner very kindly saw to it that we were well supplied with warm, fleecy capes, with collars of enormous width, and beaver caps, which, on occasion, we could pull down over our ears when necessary, for which more than one English mother breathed benedictions on his head, as may be imaged. By the time we were fully attired, from our fur-covered craniums to our toast-warm feet, which were encased in comfortable overshoes, we were proof against the severest weather, and when now and then the thermometer went thumping down, as it did upon one occasion to thirty-five below zero, we sang doxology of thanksgiving for the forethought which had foreseen from afar the coming of the cold winter-snap.

With collars up and caps down, and our breath freezing with every respiration, we each presented a striking picture.

When we met in the morning it was sometimes necessary to unbutton our collars before we could recognize one another.

Thus clad, more than once we went running through the town to the depot in order to maintain our circulation.

Winter in Canada is glorious, but it has its disadvantages.

Upon several occasions certain of us suffered the sharp rebuke of Jack Frost, when, just as we were about to start a bugle march, we foolishly put our tongues to out frozen mouthpieces, and instantly discovered that we had left a strip of skin in the icy metal!

One comrade came within an ace of losing an ear which he had thoughtlessly left uncovered.

Vagaries of Jack Frost

The coldest winter day in the Dominion is, we found, endurable if there is no wind, but when the thermometer is down and the wind is up, it is like pushing one's way through sheet ice, and, well, the least said about it the better!

During several memorable walks to Sunday Knee-Drill, the salt tears, which the biting blizzard called forth, froze our lashes down, and for a little while our condition was pitiable in the extreme. But we pushed on, and when we reached the brightly lit Hall and gathered around the red-hot stove and joined our comrades in songs of praise and prayer for the success of our campaign, all regrets that we had left the cozy beds provided for us by our friends vanished like vapor before the morning sun.

After a spell of typical Canadian winter weather, that is, a blazing sun, a blue sky, the snow as hard as steel and glistening like countless millions of miniature diamonds, a sudden thaw set in and the sidewalks and roads were aswim.

Then the frost set in harder than ever, and the roads, roofs, wires, and trees were shining with a solid encasement and covering of ice.

This made marching tedious work.

Despite the creepers we fixed to our shoes and the most gingerly walking, when we came to a road at anything like an angle, we found ourselves slithering in various directions.

In the city of Quebec, a Trooper in the front rank was so absorbed in rendering his part, that he did not notice that he has sledged a yard or so out of position, and the worst of it was he could not stay his progress.

In a futile effort to save himself, he stretched out his hand and, with finger and thumb, caught hold of the end of another Trooper's cape, and he, too, went gliding off.

Finding himself aslide, he, too, grasped the hem of the garment of the nearest fellow to him, which caused him also to gather additional momentum, with the result that in the middle of the march there were these three unhappy Bandsmen gliding away down the hill in an altogether ludicrous way, and all the king's horses and all the king's men could not stop them!

More than one gallant Trooper when about to cover himself with glory by an exception rendition of a semiquaver passage, the ice-covered road, and no man has been more astonished than he.

On one march, we missed the drum beats for a few moments, and looking round we saw our worthy drummer trying vainly to extricate himself from his drum and trappings, and rising but to fall again.

Still, it was all in the bargain we made when we set out upon our campaign for the Salvation of souls.

Life went merrily with us in those days.

Galloping along with a double team hauling the whole jolly crowd of us along the river from one appointment to another, experiencing the mad *swoosh* of the toboggan, the elevating sensations of a bouncing, which sensations were more indescribable in our "downsittings" than our uprisings, as all can testify who have received that practical mark of the Canadian's goodwill.

Blockaded meetings

To say that our night Meetings were crowded, conveys but a faint idea of the truth.

They were blockaded.

There is no other term for it.

And what inspiring audiences we were privileged to play to.

The veriest dummy would have shown some good points in such circumstances, and we were not dummies, and our leader was a genius.

There were occasions when we excelled ourselves, and when our Bandmaster's wonderful cornet won the hearts of the people where the most earnest and polished address would have failed.

What happy pictures we can recall of those winter evenings, when, the Meeting over, we separated for the night outside the Hall, where dozens of sleighs and cutters were seen moving about in the moonlight, preparatory to the long, merry race over the frozen snow to billet.

While the harness and sleigh bells jingled as the cutters swerved around and around preparatory to starting.

"Good night, old fellow: God Bless You", and with the flick of the whip we, the favored of the favored, would soon be racing by the towering pines over the moonlit road to our billets, where our hosts would sometimes keep us talking until the small hours about The Army in the Old Land, The General, and the Chief, and then we would tumble into our beds to dream that with instruments, playing and Flags waving, we were climbing up the golden stairs to Glory!

Mile for mile, one of the stiffest bits of our traveling we did in the Dominion was our night trip across the Bay of Fundy.

After a series of more or less thrilling experiences, and passage by sleigh, rail, and steamboat through some of the finest winter scenery of the universe, we found ourselves fatigued but otherwise fit at a charmingly situated town called Annapolis, whither we had come by water amid a perfect fairyland of forest and pictures, flashed upon the mind so long ago, retain their vividness.

But more grateful than this is the recollection of the upturned faces of the people who attended our musical festivals and Salvation Meetings as they drank in our simple but heartfelt words.

Enshrined in our hearts are fragrant memories of personal talks with those whom we met in the Halls and the homes of this part of Canada whom we had the satisfaction of leading to Christ.

From Annapolis we worked our way by easy stages to Digby, where, the weather being tempestuous, we had to defer our departure for St. John.

The vessel on which we were to cross, the "S.S. Lansdowne", was a sturdy craft designed to visit lighthouses and lightships along this stormy coast.

The "Lansdowne" was acting as supply in place of the regular packet, which was on the sick list, nor did we wonder at it, when, the wind shifting round a point or two, we essayed to cross the bay!

A jumpy, jerky journey

Happily, or should we say otherwise? we were not alone in our tribulation, for a number of Nova Scotian Officers had fellowship with us in our sufferings.

The "Lansdowne" had no accommodation for night passengers.

Indeed, there was scarcely sitting room for the crowd of Salvationists in the baby saloon, and when the vessel got to sea and old Triton began to blow his "wreathed horn", she was thrown about like an egg-shell on the leaping, hissing waters.

The scene below was pathetic in the extreme.

We must not particularize!

Several of us Troopers sat at the top of the stairway, where every time the vessel tried to turn a somersault, which was pretty frequently, the doors flew open, and wind and water came roaring and flooding in, and we were plunged in the gulf of deep despair.

Truth to tell, we were in *in extremis*, and groaned out a painful word or two valedictory!

After one of the wildest, maddest, jumpy, jerky journeys on record, we made the harbor of St. John in safety, hours late, but thanking our lucky stars that we were in still water near land.

It was bitterly cold when we stepped ashore in the early hours of the morning with our instruments and valises, we remember the cold distinctly, for our glove finger-tips required attention.

Alas, no one was on hand to meet us, for our comrades were sure the vessel would not cross on such a tempestuous night.

So we dragged our weary limbs through the silent town, and roused somebody from his slumber in double quick time.

To his credit, the man responsible took in the situation at once, and, with the aid of his comrades, saw to it that we were escorted to our billets, where, after making apologies for the bad behavior of Messrs. Neptune and "Lansdowne", we made our way to our couches to sleep of the just.

By noon next day, we had all made a good recovery, and were eager for the series of Field Officers' Councils in which we were to participate.

It may occur to the reader to wonder how we kept fit amid such taxing work, work entailing a great output of energy, and less than the normal quantity of sleep.

Truth to tell, there was one or two nasty physical breakdowns, but such occurrences were reduced to a minimum by the sensible arrangement made by our considerable Bandmaster, who arranged for certain of us to "ease off" from duty night by night.

This provision of extra rest saved more than one from collapse.

A spiritual epoch

Though we have attended many Councils since that memorable assembly at St. John, it stands out clear from the rest as an occasion of exceptional spiritual enlightenment and uplifting.

In company with numerous Canadian Officers, we were privileged to "share and share alike" with all the good fare spread by the Commissioner for our help, encouragement, and blessing.

Some of us regard the first day of those gatherings as a spiritual epoch in our lives, and we humbly testify, after all these years, to the help the Commissioner's words were to us upon that occasion. Before the assembly broke up finally, many of the Officers had received their new appointments, the first intimation of which was when the public announcement was made.

The public functions of that campaign are worth referring to, for they convey in composite some idea of many such campaigns in which it was our privilege to take a leading part. Amid blazing torches, waving flags, and fluttering bannerettes, we swept through the thronged streets a striking and imposing procession. Later, in the crowded Halls, we supported the Commissioner in his crusade for souls. We rarely walked to engagements in Canada. At home, as we have said, we were almost entirely dependent upon our own exertions to carry us from town to town, but in the Dominion we went whither we listed, comfortably accommodated on the railway cars.

Unlicensed

One of two journeys afoot, however, we remember. On one occasion we were trudging along when a man drove by and invited us to take a seat by his side. So cordial was the invitation, that we availed ourselves of it. By this time we were taking the forest road hard by an Indian reserve. On we raced through a thoroughly typical bit of Canadian scenery. Noticing a rifle at our feet, we inquired the reason for it. The man told us he had seen a fine buck the previous morning, and had brought the gun to replenish his larder with a little venison. When we presumed that he held a license for the weapon, he was hugely entertained. "No, boys", he answered, "I guess we don't require a license here for such playthings in these parts. I reckon we can shoot anything on sight, nobody objecting." Before we alighted and thanked our friend for his kindness, he informed us that he entered the country twenty years before from the Old Land with 16s. in his pocket. "Now", said he with a suggestion of honest pride, "I'm worth 25,000 dollars, and own that sawmill we passed away back, timber's my line, boys, timber." We gave him a parting shot about laying up treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt. And though we did it a bit shakily, he thanked us for our word in season.

On one occasion a darkie, whom we discovered was on his way to a wedding, gave us a lift on the way. In the district through which we journeyed were many of his color, and as we passed their wayside Uncle Tom's cabins, darkies old and young, comely and otherwise, elegant, clean, and starched, and far from it, came to the doors of their old cabins and waved us a good natured greeting. In those days we were wont to associate religion more with funerals than with weddings. Of course, we had not got the right hang of things then, though we were on proper lines. This was an exception, however, friend's name to be, whether he was ready with the wedding garment on. "I don't wear no weddin' garment sonnie", he responded with a bland grin, which showed his shiny teeth off to advantage. "It's de odder fellah." A bashed but undaunted, we rubbed in our message, with what good we know not. But atrociously, and with such inimitable humor and goodwill, and laughed so uproariously at our efforts to fix the wedding garment on him that we gave over our attempt to Salvationize him. Joshua carried no whip, and when not coaxing his nag along, or listening to our religious impromptus, he hummed a queer old plantation dirge. Ah! Joshua was a dear fellow, and we shall not be surprised if when at last he comes to the gate, he will laugh his infectious and innocent laugh, and sing his song, and will have a pass to a seat at the Marriage Feast.

As may be imagined, we had a lot of time on our hands while travelling on the cars from appointment to appointment.

On such occasions, we always endeavor to profit by the excellent maxims of our Claptonian days, and improved the shinning hour.

Unlike the man who attempted to learn Hebrew while shaving, we did not essay the impossible, and it is no use disguising the fact that many things we did put upon our program were not done.

Still. Human nature being what it is, and we were human to our finger-tips, of which fact we were painfully aware on more than one occasion, on reflection we think we did not do so badly.

We invariably occupied a special car.

This afforded us greater freedom of expression and movement than would otherwise have been the case.

Here, there, and everywhere on tour the car became, in a sense, our home for the time being, and when we knew that we had a three, four, or five hour journey before us, we settled down to various occupations.

While one read his Testament, another for diary writing!

Here a student of shorthand sighed while he grappled with Pitman's and longed most ardently for Amen Corner, while there a Trooper sat reading, having set himself the task of reading through the entire Bible, on the cars, a feat which he accomplished.

One studied the Field Officers' Regulations and, we must tell the whole truth, another studied a daintily written letter from Sister Miriam, of the Old Land.

A mixed crowd

We are loth to convey the impression that we were all built for the cloister and the oil lamp.

We were a mixed crowd.

Our tastes were as different as our personal appearance.

Some of the boys were studious, other who were never able to find much delight in mental gymnastics, beguiled the time in a variety of ways.

Coming cheek by jowl with all sorts of people, they were able to acquire considerable knowledge by their daily intercourse with their fellow passengers, whom we found were not nearly so self-centered and exclusive as is the average Britisher.

The rolling panorama of Canadian scenery through which we passed was a never-failing source of interest.

So much so, that even the bookworms of the party were compelled to throw aside their volumes to feast their eyes upon nature's lavish display of forest, river, and hill.

We started out upon a journey, which we shall never forget, one stormy morning.

The St. Lawrence was all but impassable with ice-floes.

Yet we had to negotiate the river, which we did at no little risk.

We started in the train on the other side only when the snow-ploughs had been ahead making the line clear.

The slowly we puffed along under dark snow-sheds and right clean bang into an enormous drift.

And there we stuck.

Engines and snow-plough having at length done their work, we crept on again for a few miles, only to be "held up" again.

It was hard to improve the shining hour on this occasion!

The long stormy day passed, and still we were an enormous distance from our evening's appointment, and our provisions had run out!

What were we to do?

We sent a telegram on to our comrades saying that we could not stay with them as the train was eighteen hours late and begged them to bring some provender for the starving musical garrison.

So sanguine were the good folk of prevailing upon us to remain with them, that they did not bring any provisions.

So during the brief spell the train stopped at their station, we regaled ourselves with a musical lunch, which was all very well in its way, but far from satisfying.

By this time our experiences had revealed what gift we possessed, and we remember with satisfaction the good spirit displayed by the fellows when, for twenty-four hours on that eventful journey, they went short of relations.

When, ultimately, the train reached its destination, after two days and a night a-wheel, and we did get our legs under a table, well there, we simply threw discretion to the winds!

Bouncing

We have already made reference to the curious practice of bouncing in Canada.

It was not until we were in the middle of the winter that it dawned upon us that bouncing was probably practiced in order to maintain one's circulation.

Upon an extremely cold day, while travelling at a good rate in a large sleigh outside Montreal, we decided to try our prentice hands at the exercise, and one courageous Trooper submitted himself to be experimented upon.

Three fellows each side of the conveyance locked hands beneath our trusting comrade, and while the sleigh was flying merrily along at a good rate, we shot him high into the air, expecting him, in our experience, to fall upon our locked hands again.

As may be imagined, the result was far otherwise, for, by the time he came down again, the sleigh was yards ahead, and our unhappy Trooper came down *chunk* into the snow like a stone in a pond of mud.

How merrily we laughed, especially when our comrade, none the worse for his fall, came racing along in mortal fear of being left behind.

A Royal welcome

This fate did actually befall one Trooper.

One day the train waited five miles from anywhere such an unconscionably long time, that, solely to keep warm, we alighted from the end of the last car to indulge in an innocent game of snowballing.

Suddenly, and without any previous warning, as it appeared to us, off went the train while, in a perfect panic, we stumbled up into the last car.

Every second the speed increased.

We were all aboard but one Trooper, who, with good running, might have made the car in time, especially as we were all cheering him on by way of encouragement when, foolish fellow that he was, he tumbled head over heels into a "cattle guard", and, by the time he had floundered out, he had lost his marathon, but with characteristic pluck he kept on running until we lost sight of him.

We gave him a royal welcome when he came marching into The Army Hall looking rather pale after his exertion, but with that indefinable look about his mouth suggestive of "something attempted, something done".

Upon one occasion, half the Band was left behind.

We had set off for the distant depot in two vehicles.

The travel was hard and the horses none of the best.

During the last thirty minutes it was a race against time.

Never was a race more pluckily run, the result being that vehicle number one caught the train for Peterborough, while vehicle number two, which contained our honorable selves, just missed it.

So there we were stuck up at a most lovely spot for seven solid hours.

Rather than permit the time to hang heavily upon us, some of us organized an exploring expedition, and set off into the wild and lonely forest, from whence we emerged just before sundown, and in due course caught the next train, on board which was Commissioner Coombs, with whom we travelled to Peterborough.

How proudly we, the number two section of the Band, despite our unequal instrumentation, played the Commissioner from the depot.

Our advance guard were equal to the emergency.

They, too, turned up trumps as a musical fighting force, and not only regaled the Commissioner with music, but with flares and fireworks also.

So the honors were with them!

All too soon came our last musical festival in Canada.

Those festivals were, in our humble judgment, models of what such functions ought to be.

The reader must, of course, make every allowance for bias, for we own frankly to a prejudice on favor of the programs rendered during that memorable tour, which from no matter what standpoint one viewed them, each deserved to be pronounced a downright success.

In addition to paying our heavy travelling expenses and clearing off a considerable debt, we were able to raise funds for The Army's work amongst women and girls in the Dominion, thousands of people who had never attended a Salvationists' Meeting thronged the largest halls procurable, and received their contact with the Band from the Old Country, best of all, we had the gratification of concluding many of our engagements with broken-hearted seekers at the mercy-seat.

We were alive to the power of music, and used it in the highest service always with the supreme end in view, the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Dash and spirit

There was, we emphasize, dash and spirit, which were thoroughly characteristic about our renderings of every march, and each selection pulsated with sympathy and appeal.

The lighter section of the festival always came first.

For sixty minutes, or thereabouts, the place would frequently re-echo with the thunder of clapping hands as song after song was sung.

Good, hearty laughter generally followed some of the items on the program.

The inimitably-rendered "Knee-Drill Song" was pronounced to be worth a dollar in itself, while the "Drum Song", to the tune of "Slap, bang, here we are again", was reckoned even higher in value.

The "Amen Song", with its "volley" at the end of every verse, which we gave with all our stops out, springing to our feet to do so several times during the song, was a very popular feature.

"The army ABC" was pronounced of high worth, and was never sung for the first time before a Canadian audience without bringing the house down.

Such striking and original songs as these were rendered between the various instrumental items, to mention one of which, to wit, the clever pianoforte selections of our old friend and comrade, Trooper Harry Green, now Ensign Green of the International Staff Band, conveys some idea of the kind of items we rendered before our Canadian audiences.

Leadership

When local musicians looked at the simple arrangement of our parts, they expressed their amazement that we managed to get such excellent results from them.

Of course, we were well received in the matter of leadership, which was half the battle.

Our Bandmaster worked untiringly, keeping us musically fit, and eased us off as occasion permitted, so that we might not develop staleness.

Some of our most common-place melodies were transformed the moment our musical wizard turned his glistening bell towards the audience and poured forth his enchanting impromptus.

Woe to the Trooper who did not observe his marks, or whose rendition of his part betrayed a loose grip or slovenly style.

The guilty one was in disgrace for the rest of the evening!

Here and there between the quick-change program, a Trooper would be called upon to testify for Christ.

Ah, we were on our mettle then, and God helped us to be ourselves and say just what was in our hearts.

May we ever maintain the simplicity and sincerity of those early-day testimonies!

Once during every festival a comrade was called forward to tell in brief the history of the Band.

This little tabloid lecturette was always listened to with keen interest.

The Meeting always steadied down during piloted it quietened down slowly and surely, and invariably realized the great object for which Salvation festivals are held.

By the time "When Satan comes in like a flood, God lifts His standard high" was sung, everybody was in the spirit for the Prayer Meeting, and if, before the benediction was pronounced, we had been able to lend a hand in leading souls to the mercy-seat, we felt that we had been more than repaid for all the expenditure of nervous energy always necessary to the success of any musical festival campaign.

Few Salvationist cornet players can say they have stood in Canada with their bells pointing towards the United States, and rendered a solo so effectively that the people over the frontier have been able to hear and appreciate it.

This was so on our leader's experience at the "jumping-off place" of our tour.

We were at St. Stephen, where, from the bandstand, our gifted leader's cornet could be heard over the water.

Our goodbye Meeting with Commissioner Coombs was a little informal affair, but it left its impress on our minds and hearts.

The Commissioner exhorted us to be as good, loyal, and zealous as we were expected to be, and added a few words of kindly council, then we knelt together, and were committed into the care of God, and, with the benedictions of our Canadian comrades and friends ringing in our ears, we crossed a bridge so easily and in such a few minutes, that we could not realize that our Canadian tour was at an end, that for better, or worse, it had gone, that even God Himself could not recall the opportunities that once were ours.

You may be sure we crossed the border in a sober frame of mind, and more than once we cast a "longing, lingering look behind".

The two flags

Ah, thought we, in our ignorance, now we have left The Army behind us.

You see, we were young and inexperienced.

Stay!

What is that.

It is a Flag.

And there is another.

Some comrades are coming towards us from the American side, and they wear the same old familiar uniform, and they appear to be as much the sons and daughters of Salvation as the comrades we had left.

One of the Flags was The Army's tri-colored ensign, the other was the emblem which flies over the freest people in the universe, the Stars and Stripes.

Soon we were saying "How d'ye do?"

And we "suppose" this and that and the other.

While our American comrades gripped us by the hand in proper Anglo-Saxon style, and for our "suppose" gave us "guess" and "calculate, with good measure pressed down and running over.

Soon after, with Flag flying, drums vibrating, instruments playing, we marched through the streets of Calais, as the township was called, where, that night, after packing our baggage, which had been disarranged by the loving attentions of the custom officials, we held our first Meeting in the land of the Stars and the Strips, and, by the time we had fraternized with our American friends and comrades at our billets, we felt that we were in a land of freedom and a land, too, where the folk were not afraid to ask questions and not averse to being cross-examined themselves.

We were beginning to learn the simple, but great lessons, that your true Salvationist is a brother of every man.

He is a patriot in the common interpretation of the misused term, also a patriot in a far more comprehensive sense, believing, as he does, in the universal brotherhood of man.

Our tour through the New England States of America being of but a few weeks' duration, though of abounding interest to us, does not afford the almost unlimited data of the Canadian tour, suffice to say that we continued to attract large crowds of our transatlantic comrades and friends, whose attitude towards us was all that could be desired.

Our new friends contended that it was our misfortune rather than our fault that we were Englishmen, and received us with open arms.

Special permit

At historic Boston, the scene of many a glorious Salvation campaign, we had to secure a special permit to play into that city of culture and learning.

And play we did, stirring the place from its very centre.

A most cordial spirit was here manifested towards us, despite the fact that in those days The Army was not so well understood as it is today. There were not Salvationists who took a keen delight in conveying gratuitous information at Bunker's Hill, which we visited, concerning the speed with which British redcoats had fled helter-skelter before the sturdy colonists in the days of the rebellion.

It was Augusta, we believe, that we were called upon to visit the House of State Representatives, where, after having regaled the legislators and citizens generally with "Marching through Georgia", and several other inspiriting selections, we were shown a number of treasured relics, including flags and small arms, and were made to blush at sight of a tattered ensign or two which, with the utmost coolness, we were informed had been taken from the Britishers.

We returned to our billets saying very little, but, like the Irishman's parrot, doing a powerful lot of thinking.

We had no time to get unduly moody on Christmas Day, which was as it should be. In a certain large city, on the morning of the 25th, we took a humble part in an Army Holiness convention, and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of seekers surrender fully to Christ. Our diary bears record that more as a spiritual epoch in our careers.

That was a Christmas Day to be remembered.

Instead of the usual afternoon Meeting, we were hospitably entertained at the house of a well-to-do friend, and, the weather proving genial, we regaled the household with Salvation music on the front lawn.

At once an interested crowd assembled, so we seized our opportunity, and played sang, and testified for Jesus.

At night, amid a blaze of torches, we swept through the city to the Salvation Temple, where upwards of 2,000 citizens spent one could judge by the sea of smiling faces and the hearty character of the applause.

We reached our billets at about eleven o'clock thoroughly tired out, but supremely happy in the assurance that our first Christmas away from the Old Land had been spent in self-forgetful service for the good of others.

How swiftly the days sped by during our brief tour in the United States!

Yet our mind retains most vivid impressions of the kindly way both comrades and friends treated the group of Salvationists, itinerants who were there today and over the sea and far away tomorrow.

American cities

The name of every American city we visited suggests some incident.

When Bangor is mentioned, we think of the old prison, hard by which we billeted, where we saw the pale drawn face of a murderer looking appealingly at us through the bars of his prison cell, a few yards from where we sat in freedom and security.

Haverhill, which was in those days the Northampton of the Eastern States, was notable for the spontaneity and heartiness of its reception.

Portland struck us as being an English-like city, save for the Stars and Stripes, which fluttered everywhere.

The mere mention of Lewiston and Saco suggests rapids and waterfalls, which reminds us that the whole crowd of us, months before, had conducted an evening Meeting at Niagara Falls, where, at our billets, we laid awake in the stillness of the night listening to the faraway murmur of the falling water. We dare not attempt to describe the indescribable, so we pass over our visit to Niagara.

At Lawrence, hundreds of loyal American citizens, who spoke with a pronounced Yorkshire accent, greeted us most enthusiastically.

Many of them were Salvationists.

Strangely enough, here of all places there was an urgent demand for our Yorkshire Trooper to relate his experiences in the dialect.

How hungrily those American citizens listened!

They followed every word with painful interest, and when our comrade had finished they were ready to eat him alive for very joy.

It was good for them to hear one from the Old Land speaking in the dialect they knew and loved.

They laughed and cried, and all but embraced each other, did those faithful subjects of Uncle Sam!

At New Bedford and Fall River, we were right royally received by thousands of citizens. It was like a visit to Lancashire in some respect, especially at the latter place. Where 10,000 cotton operatives being on strike, almost everybody was available to wait an hour or two on end at the depot, where they positively frightened us with the thunder of their reception.

What prodigies of valor were performed by the drum-major who marched in front of the local Band, swirling his staff like a windmill in the rampage!

How valiantly those dear fellows blew their instruments and what a terrific volume of sound they got out of them!

Bless them, when they heard the Household Troopers with the magic of that angel-possessed cornet of ours soaring to the skies making music for the gods, they did not get grumpy, they said, "Well done, boys, well done", and we loved them on the spot, more-ever, we recognized what exceedingly sensible fellows they were, and how fine was their judgment!

From Fall River we departed for Newport, with the old railway bell on the engine ringing like a mad thing.

Afterwards we boarded a floating White City called *The Pilgrim*, upon which we passed a good night *en route* for New York.

Off duty

On *The Pilgrim* a unique experience was ours, we were permitted to do just as we pleased, and, true Bandsmen that we were, we spent the time listening to the orchestra on board rendering a most enjoyable program.

Then we went to rest in mortal fear of Hell's Gate, which, happily for us, we passed at 4.30 in the morning, when we were fast asleep.

At 7.45 we went on deck and found ourselves passing under the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

Presently we got alongside the quay and, in two ticks, as we say, we were ashore fraternizing with a number of Officers and Cadets, the latter sprang upon our baggage. And covered themselves with glory in their eagerness to show that they were right down glad to see us.

Then it was *buzz-whizz-swoop* on the elevated cars, and in due course we found ourselves at the Old Training Garrison in Seventh Avenue.

Of our campaign at New Brunswick (N.J.) and the fraternal spirit of comradeship experienced at the Territorial Headquarters, where we were entertained to tea and eulogistic speeches, of the gift to our leader by the National Staff Bandsmen of a much-needed baton, and the husky way we all began to talk when it came to "returning thanks", shaking hands on it, and saying farewell, little can be said as we reluctantly draw these chronicles to a close.

An event of first-rate importance, which we must mention was our valedictory Meeting, in the Association Hall, which was filled to its utmost capacity, notwithstanding the charge of admission being as high as a dollar.

The tony folk were there in force.

We boys gazed with breathless awe at several most ordinary-looking individuals whom we were informed were millionaires.

Whether in dollars or sovereigns we were not told.

To our justice, be it said, we played for the ten cents at the back as well as for the greenbackers on the front seats, and rejoiced that our labors were not in vain.

A last farewell

We were genuinely sorry to say farewell to the good-hearted fellows of the National Headquarters' Staff Band, and they were sorry we were going, but the brightest day has an end, and thus it was with our Canadian-American tour.

One morning we boarded the elevated cars with our odds and ends, and soon found ourselves alongside the "S.S. Aurania", chatting to the comrades who had come to see the last of us and, metaphorically, of course, to throw an old shoe at our heads.

While we stood leaning over the taffrail throwing kisses to our comrades, we could hardly be expected to be able to project our minds into the future and see ourselves once again tramping along the dusty highways of England, Scotland, and Wales, or conducting a memorable campaign in the land of canals and windmills.

Still, we confess we did have our "referee", as the inimitable Tony Weller once called a brown study, but it was concerning the days which had gone, and while we were "in it", "all ashore" rang out through the vessel, the *ting, ting* of an electric bell was heard, the screw revolved, simultaneously the *thud, thud, thud* of the machinery commenced, the waters astern were churned into boiling foam, and slowly but surely, amid waving handkerchiefs and cries of "God bless you, boys!" the good ship carried us on, on, on to the end of our story.

Now our pleasant task is ended, and we commit these "leaves" to the tender mercies of the Bandsmen of the Salvation Army the wide world over in the sure and certain hope that in bidding them an affectionate farewell, we are not saying goodbye, but *au revoir*.

The end.