G. M. Hosegood.

1936.
MILDRED DUFF
"Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Drop from her, noiseless, as the snow."

LOWELL.
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FOREWORD

To give anything approaching an adequate impression of Mildred Duff's life and influence was felt from the first to be an almost impossible task, and after many attempts it seemed wiser to draw a pen through most of that which had been written, and allow the heroine largely to tell her own story. Wherever possible, then, Mildred Duff's own words have been used, gathered either from her writings, or from the recollection of those who came under her influence at different periods.

Necessarily the results are somewhat disjointed, but it is hoped that they at least give a faithful picture of the leading phases of a life which, as in a crystal mirror, reflected Christ.

To all those who have contributed in any way towards achieving this end I tender my most grateful thanks, especially to Brigadier Blanche Stevens, of The Salvation Army's Literary Department, and for many years Mildred Duff's private secretary, without whose help my share in the book would have been impossible.

Noel Hope.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPTER</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Foreword</td>
<td>V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prologue. Winter 1895</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. Threads on the Loom</td>
<td>II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. The Dawn of a New Day</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. The Contact Made</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. Renunciation</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. In Sweden</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VI. Early Experiences</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VII. &quot;All the World&quot;</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIII. Home Life</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IX. &quot;The Young Soldier&quot;—Making Friends</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>X. &quot;The Young Soldier&quot;—Wider Fields</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XI. &quot;International Company Orders&quot;</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XII. Ministry to Youth</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIII. &quot;By Mildred Duff and Noel Hope&quot;</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>XIV. Heroes and Heroines</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CONTENTS

CHAPTER                          PAGE

XV.  Radiation—At Home . . . 152
XVI. Radiation—Abroad . . . 160
XVII. Spiritual Teaching . . . 168
XVIII. Retirement—The Use of the Bible . . . 182
XIX.  Last Days . . . 194

Epilogue, Spring 1933 . . 207

Bibliography . . . 213
PROLOGUE

WINTER 1895

"MAJOR DUFF is coming to us this morning!" Had the little Slum Captain been heralding the arrival of a princess she could scarcely have spoken more impressively. "Major Mildred Duff—you must have heard of her?" she said, as she turned to her visitor.

The visitor had breathed slum air, smelt slum smells and touched the filthy fringe of slum life for the first time that morning, and was suffering too acutely from that mixture of loathing, indignation and stark helplessness which is the inevitable consequence—to a non-worker—of even a brief visit to the slums. Who was Major Duff, and why should her coming to this Salvation Army Slum Quarters be hailed as an event of importance? What could she—what could anyone do in this welter of human misery?

"You don’t know Major Duff?" The little Captain’s eyes were frankly incredulous. "Why, I thought everyone had heard of her—she’s just one of the most beautiful Officers that ever came
to the slums! They do say,“ the Captain's face grew mysterious, and she lowered her voice to a whisper, "that she belongs to a high family, but she's never 'high' with us—just talks to us like one of ourselves, and thinks of everything and everybody. You'll see.

"No, I don't rightly know how she came into The Army, or why the General put her in charge of the Women's Social in the Slums, but I believe it is quite a story. Anyway, I am sure the Lord sent her along just when we needed a special lift-up. Hurry with those cups and saucers, lassies—the Major is coming to breakfast, and she may be here at any moment now."

At that time, nearly forty years ago, prospective Slum Officers of The Salvation Army received their training in the Slum Corps itself, and the Captain of this special Slum Post had a promising band of Cadets entrusted to her care: eight lassie warriors who were ready for anything—from scrubbing out a filth-grimed room to leading a meeting in the battered little hall or at the corner of a rowdy street; from dressing festering sores to getting between a drink-brutalized man and his whimpering wife.

It was a bitter morning in January, with a pall of brown fog hanging low over the river, and chilling to the bone the little groups of workless
men who stood about listlessly in draughty corners. A dockers’ strike was in progress, and relief funds had run very low.

The visitor had entered the district long before the first glimmer of dawn had begun its hopeless struggle with the fog, but the Salvationists had been up and doing for at least a couple of hours before this. Those were the days of the farthing breakfasts provided by The Army, and with two hundred hungry children hammering at the thick wooden gates which opened into the primitive little hall, there had been no time for conversation. The visitor had been politely told to take a back seat until the “regular customers” were satisfied.

The clamour and scramble over, the little Captain and her helpers had breathed more freely, and begun to consider the postponed subject of breakfast. They all had healthy appetites, and were of the cheerful type of mortals. Having heard the call to a consecrated life, each girl there had given herself unreservedly to the service of God and the people. Yet none can serve long in the slums without feeling the weight of the cross, and this morning it was evident, now that the hurry was over, that the little Officer herself was feeling that her fighting strength was running low.
MILDRED DUFF

She had not said so—to utter a word suggestive of fatigue or depression was unthinkable to one of her creed; but there is a grim reality about the slums which cannot be argued against. Sin is apt to take crude forms in that festering atmosphere, and diseases unknown to healthier localities run riot among the ill-nourished children. The visitor felt a sympathetic thrill. Against all these fruitful sources of heartbreak, the little Captain had set a single fact—Major Duff was coming that morning!

"The Major just gives herself to the Slums," she said, visibly brightening. "She sleeps in the slums and eats in the slums—and that wants a bit of doing until you are used to it. She's coming on here after spending the night at another Slum Post, and then she will go on to others. We've had lots of splendid Officers put over us, but the Major—well, she's just different from anyone else!"

Although a slum house in a slum street, the Army Quarters was exquisitely clean. Well scrubbed floors and tables; a clean, if coarse linen tablecloth; the General's prophet-features looking down over the mantelshelf; the Army Mother smiling a benediction from the opposite wall.

"Here she is!"
The Cadets formed up and saluted, and the little Captain stepped forward eagerly as the Major and her secretary entered the room. No particular mention had been made of the secretary; but that was in strict accord with the second Officer's ideas. All the Army world knows her to-day as Colonel Forward, but she never sought the fame that came to her with the passing of the years.

The Major's mushroom-shaped hat—the regulation "Slum Hat" of those days—shadowed her face, but as she came forward in the dim light of the fog-bemused January morning, the radiant smile with which she greeted each Cadet in turn was as bright as spring sunshine; while her voice, somewhat low-pitched, and completely under control, had the satisfying quality of a full chord of music.

The Cadets, honest country girls, drawn from the shires, had received the Major's greeting in awed silence, gazing shyly at her tall figure and the unconscious grace of her movements. But she soon put them at their ease, and presently they were all talking together on equal terms over their coffee and brown bread and butter.

Yet neither the Major's sweet voice, nor gracious bearing, nor even her comradely talk
could account for the subtle influence which almost imperceptibly made itself felt in the little Quarters. The Captain's face brightened, and her worried look vanished. The Cadets, unspeakably shy to begin with, opened out and began to talk naturally. The visitor wondered: how was it done? What was the source of this new power which had come among them?

Did it spring from the Major's intense interest and tireless patience in all that concerned the working and workers of the Slum Station—an interest too real and absorbing to shrink from the most loathsome details, a patience sufficient to meet even trivial difficulties with wisdom and understanding?

A question here—a word of caution there—little by little the Officer in charge was making herself acquainted with every detail of this Corps, was testing its fighting efficiency, taking stock of its difficulties, and at the same time inspiring and uplifting those who bore the brunt of the battle. And all this without visible effort or the least parade of authority.

The visitor's wonder increased as the Major sank on her knees beside the breakfast table. For her prayer was none other than speaking to God. Here was one who, because she knew God as a Friend, could bring the sense of His presence
into the hearts of all who knelt beside her—
could cause the Divine Light to shine through
the gloom and depression engendered by a
hard winter spent in the slums, and bring
spiritual renewing and refreshing which left
none untouched and which none could ever
forget.

A warm handshake, a "God bless you!" which
seemed to carry its own fulfilment with it, and
the Major was gone. She had many other visits
to make that morning, and time pressed. She
had gone; but she had left a changed atmosphere
behind her.

"Silver and gold have I none," said Peter
of old to the crippled beggar; "but such as I
have give I thee" (Acts iii. 6). The Major's gift
had been neither silver nor gold: a brief visit; a
few low-voiced enquiries; a prayer, and—a new
spirit.

If anything, the fog was denser now, the raw
cold of the morning more penetrating, the smell
and flavour of slumdom more dismally depressing.
But within the Slum Corps Quarters itself all
was now light and warmth and enthusiasm.

How wonderful were their opportunities! How
priceless the privilege of service! So eager were
the Cadets to begin their morning's round of
visits—to enter the stricken homes of the sinner
and sinned against, to speak a word of cheer to
the helpless and carry the message of hope to the
hopeless—that the household duties were got
through in record time.

And the little Captain smiled to herself, and
felt her own burden lighter than it had been for
weeks.

All would go well with the Captain and Cadets
of the Shadwell Slum Corps for that day, at
least. Their leader had been among them!

Saints in the slums there are in plenty, thank
God!—the little Captain and her Cadets were
saints in the making—but Joan of France herself
could not have borne more truly the impress of
a divine commission than this nineteenth century
woman-warrior.

But from whence had that leader derived her
marvellous powers of perception? From what
deep wells had she drawn her Christ-like
sympathy? The visitor to the slums met Mildred
Duff for the first time on that January morning
long ago, but later, as "Noel Hope," had many
opportunities of observing her methods and
appraising her wisdom.

What then was the secret of that influence
which, working quietly like the leaven of the
parable, not only changed the lives and lightened
the burdens of thousands of men and women of
her own generation, but will continue to help and inspire all who come within the scope of its power for many future generations?

In an attempt to answer these questions the following pages have been written.
CHAPTER I

THREADS ON THE LOOM

In teaching the young we should never forget that they are under our influence for a very little while, and that we have no idea of what may be awaiting them in the future.—M.D.

Our quest carries us in the first place to Norfolk—a land of exquisite sunrises and sunsets, of wide, wind-swept spaces, of beech and oak woods and winding waterways.

The bird-life of Norfolk is perhaps more varied than that of any other part of Great Britain; goldcrests and long-tailed tits are comparatively common in the woods and coppices. A sea-county, from time immemorial migratory birds from the north have made Norfolk their winter gathering place.

A land, too, of flint-built churches and, in all villages of the older type, flint cottages, roofed with deep thatch, and set down in narrow roads, winding, in the northern section especially, through high banks crowned with golden gorse,
or shadowed with pine or beech woods. A land of good wheat, and of contented cattle who grow sleek in the keen pure air. Rosy-cheeked children tramp up and down the narrow roads to school, and the cottage gardens are full of old-fashioned flowers. We are very far from the slums in this favoured county.

We are farther still from the slums in the grounds of Westwick House, as they were in the middle of the last century. Old-established shrubberies, winding walks, red brick walls where peaches ripened in the season. The glass-houses and hot-houses, the vinery, the winter garden with its lacework of tree ferns, and the fragrance of tropical flowers.

No sensitive child could have a more perfect setting for her thoughts and fancies, or one more calculated to develop a keen sense of all that is beautiful in wild nature in the lanes and fields, and of controlled nature in the gardens. From her babyhood little Mildred was peculiarly alive to beautiful things. The opening of each new flower, as its season came round, was a miracle to her; the blackbirds and thrushes and robins that sang in the shrubberies were real personalities; the migrant birds which swept in from the sea were beloved visitors, whom she was never tired of welcoming.
In a wing by itself, separated from the rest of the house, were the nurseries and schoolrooms. Mildred and her brothers and sister loved to scamper down their own special passages and the staircases which took them straight into the garden.

There were two boys and two girls in those days—Mildred Blanche, the eldest of the family, born 1860; Lilian Amy, 1862; and two brothers, Bernard and Granville. Their father, Colonel James Duff, grandson of Sir James Duff, served in the Crimean War, and was taken prisoner at Inkerman. He was in command of a picquet in White Horse Ravine, where he was surrounded, rendered unconscious, and captured. During his captivity he suffered great hardship.

"It must be terrible to be as hungry as father was," mused little Mildred, and this thought remained with her, becoming in after years one of the keys which unlocked her heart to the needs of others.

No one who has felt the real pangs of hunger can ever forget it (she wrote at a later time). My father was taken prisoner as a young man, and to the end of his life he always had a crust of bread placed by his bedside. He never forgot his awful hunger as he was marched with his brother officers across Russia.
"Give him a sixpence, Stevens—he looks hungry," she would say to her secretary. In a very real sense she saw her father's famished face in every hungry man.

Although Colonel Duff was not the owner of the Westwick property, he was by no means a cypher in the county, taking an active part in its philanthropic activities. In 1876 he was elected Member of Parliament for North Norfolk, and he gave strong support to the Norfolk and Suffolk Fisheries Act.

A pioneer of many modern movements, Mrs. Duff never lacked the courage to translate her convictions into facts. She was an advocate of the temperance cause when temperance was looked upon as narrow and ridiculous, and an active worker herself in every charitable movement, often to the amazement of her associates. "One never knows what Mrs. Duff will do next," they said.

Mrs. Duff was interested in amateur photography, and to her we owe a series of child studies dating from the early 'sixties. For example: Mildred, at the age of three, taken during the family's annual visit to Colonel Duff's shooting box in the Ross-shire highlands.

A thread of story connects us with the quaint little figure in its brown velvet frock and pelisse.
The small child was almost as much at home amid the purple moors and beside the shining sea-lochs of Ross-shire as in the woods of Westwick. She must greet every room at the beginning of her stay, and give to each a special farewell when leaving for the south!

On this last morning a large bath of soapy water had been left in the nursery, the servants being too busy packing to empty it. “I must say good-bye to every room,” the child thought, her little brain full of importance, her short legs hurrying unsteadily over the floor. Alas! just as she passed the big bath she sat down suddenly—in the soap suds—and had to be rescued by one of the nurses.

“The morning of the ‘soapy bath’,“ still stands in faded ink under the quaint little picture.

Then, Mildred at the same age, proudly seated on the back of her donkey, quite determined to show the groom that she was perfectly capable of keeping her seat without his assistance! Mildred at the age of four, a white rabbit in her lap, visibly anxious that mother should do justice to the rabbit’s portrait, and quite forgetting her own.

A few years later, quite a series of pictures of the two small sisters together—with their
donkey, "Primrose"; working in their little garden with the background of summer flowers; having good times after a heavy fall of snow, the lawns and broad walks muffled in a mantle of dazzling whiteness; on holidays by the sea among the beauty spots of the Cornish coast.

Cousins of all ages were frequent visitors to Westwick. "Mildred is so splendid to play with," they agreed.

In nearly all the photos taken after Mildred’s fourth year, the two sisters are dressed precisely alike; and all their childish joys and sorrows, their pleasures and excitements, their lessons and holidays, were shared experiences. In those days they travelled a great deal, and often went to London to stay with their grandmother, who had a house in Upper Brook Street. Indeed, they visited so many places that once, when a friend asked the small child where her home was, Mildred answered, "What is a home?"

"The place you live most in," was the answer. "Then my home must be in the train," said the small person, with a serious shake of her head.

The squire’s pew in the chancel of Westwick Church was always a place of solemn interest to the sisters. From the high chancel windows sunlight streamed in on fine Sundays, lighting up the lettering of the marble slabs on the
opposite wall—monuments to the former owners of Westwick, from whom their mother was descended. The church service meant a great deal to both, but especially to Lilian, who gave her heart to God before she was ten years old, and was more seriously inclined than her high-spirited sister.

"Lilian is Mildred's inspiration," people said; and even in those early days it was easy to see that religion would always take a first place in the younger sister's heart, while Mildred's interests and amusements gave no indication of what the future held for her.

Mrs. Duff had definite views on religion and was careful in her selection of a governess. Mademoiselle Delphine Chatenet, an enthusiastic student of the Bible, inaugurated a Sunday afternoon Bible study in the nursery, and both Mildred and Lilian took the meetings seriously.

When my father was very ill (relates Mrs. Cubitt, an old friend of the family), my sister and I were left in charge of Mrs. Duff, and of course the two girls invited us to attend their schoolroom Sunday School. Mademoiselle asked each of us to select and learn a text from the portion appointed for the day, and I was particularly pleased with my own selection. I used to fly into violent tempers at
that time, and the words 'Be ye angry, and sin not' (Eph. iv. 26), struck me as most comforting and appropriate. Being angry, then, wasn’t being naughty? I was quite charmed with my interpretation, and said so.

But Mildred was extremely shocked, and explained at length that to be angry and show you were angry, was very wrong. I can see her earnest face now as she talked to me. She was then about ten years old, and before she had finished I felt quite ashamed of myself.

A little incident occurring somewhere about this time is very characteristic. Jesus drew many of His most priceless lessons from the book of Nature, and to the end of her life Nature was a rich source of inspiration to Mildred Duff.

While still a young girl, on her way to a meeting one afternoon she noticed that the rain, which was falling heavily, had left a large puddle in the ill-made farm road. Water still dripped from the drenched hedgerows, and the puddle, thick with mud, looked very unattractive. Returning that way a little later, she saw that the puddle was no longer dirty. The mud had all sunk to the bottom, leaving the water crystal-clear.

The sun shone brightly (we quote her own words), and the little pool of water reflected,
as in a beautiful picture, the blue sky and light-flecked clouds. As the girl bent over it her own face was mirrored there, and a Voice said, "God can make your life, if cleansed and pure, reflect His glory, as this puddle is reflecting the heavens!"

Always full of the spirit of adventure, Mildred was extremely popular with the young people of her acquaintance.

Her original ideas were greatly in request, and she was generally followed implicitly whenever and wherever she chose to lead (a cousin relates). Having heard rumours of a wonderful daffodil wood, during a family visit to Rendlesham, Mildred at once organised an exploring party, and volunteered to act as leader to all the children in the house.

They set out in high glee, and the expedition proved a thrilling success. Sheets of golden daffodils in full bloom stretched away as far as eye could see. The children wandered on for hours, until their arms were filled with treasure, and they were all so tired that they could not pick another flower.

Not until they sat down to rest did Mildred remember that they must be a considerable distance from home. Herself tall, slimly built,
and extremely active, five miles more or less meant nothing to her; but the children were already beginning to flag, and yet there was no help for it—they must trudge all the way back.

The march began, but some of the children were now so weary that they could scarcely trail their little feet over the rough ground.

We were dreadfully tired, but Mildred was wonderful. She told us lovely stories to while the time away; she encouraged and helped us, and let us rest as often as we wanted. And when at last we reached home, long after dark, she took all the blame on herself. Every keeper and every servant on the place had come out with lanterns to look for us.

Preparation for confirmation was a very solemn time to Mildred and Lilian, then just entering on young womanhood. They were confirmed in Norwich Cathedral, on October 26th, 1877. We see them dressed alike for the last time, in their mother’s portrait album of this date—each very sweet and serious in her white confirmation frock and simple veil: two young girls standing on the threshold of life.
CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

When we feel our coldness and lack of love, we must draw near to the centre of light and tenderness and pity, until the spirit which is in Jesus fills our hearts also.—M.D.

Presented at Court by her aunt, Lady Rendlesham, Miss Duff easily became one of the most popular young people in the county. Tall, graceful and distinguished, with expressive grey-blue eyes, clear complexion, and hair with gold-brown lights in it, she was received everywhere as one of the most attractive debutantes of the season.

"Miss Mildred has the best hand for the reins of any young lady in the county," the coachman remarked with pride, and there is still extant a photograph in which she figures on the box-seat of a smart "four-in-hand."

In after years, Mildred Duff, in one of her nature parables, drew a striking parallel between
the life of a girl whom God is calling but who has not yet found her vocation, and an unhatched egg in a robin’s nest. The little egg looks very pretty and smooth in the mossy nest, and the girl may be much admired in her home circle; but the baby bird will perish in the egg if it does not burst the shell, and the soul-life in the girl’s heart must dwindle away if denied the freer action for which it was created. To “live,” for both the robin and the girl, is to break the bonds which hold them.

It is in the burst and broken shell that the egg is a symbol of Easter (she wrote), and this shattering of what has been, is often attended with sorrow.

In December, 1878, came the first great break in the smooth surface of Mildred Duff’s young life: the death of her father.

The love and sympathy between Colonel Duff and his two elder daughters had been of an exceptionally happy and intimate character, and Mildred bitterly resented the loss of her father’s companionship. To Lilian, however, grief became an additional incentive to useful service, and more and more she identified herself with the joys and sorrows of those among whom she lived.
At the death of her uncle, in 1881, Mrs. Duff inherited the Westwick property, assuming with her eldest son the name and style of Petre; her other children, Mildred, Lilian, Granville, and Basilia—a daughter considerably younger—retaining the family name. Many changes followed this second death in the family. Mrs. Petre enlarged the scope of her philanthropic activities. Owing to these bereavements Lilian was not presented at Court, but it was soon evident to all who knew her that the desire to serve God in a very definite fashion had become the chief ambition of the younger sister's life. Lilian Duff was never so happy as when visiting the cottage homes on her mother's estate, or assisting at a village meeting.

Mildred had now lost much of her interest in the social life which had once absorbed her energies, and, almost unconsciously at first, she too was seeking.

During the next few years Mrs. Petre and her children resided each winter in London. A year was spent at Norwich, where Miss Duff took a course in Nursing at the Jenny Lind Hospital. At various periods she worked in association with Sir Edward and Lady Birkbeck, Miss Elizabeth Waldegrave, and Lord Kinnaird's daughters. Yet in none of these activities,
admirable as they were in themselves, did Mildred find the satisfaction she sought.

Lilian's opportunity of definite service came to her through the Mildmay Mission. She joined the Brixton branch with her mother's consent, and entered into every phase of the work with the thoroughness which marked all she did. She had learned to play the concertina, wore the flat "deaconess" bonnet, visited the local infirmaries and hospitals, and had a large Bible class for rough lads. Mildred was keenly interested in every detail of her loved sister's work, and Lilian's self-sacrifice was an eloquent advocate of that "better part" which is so easily forgotten.

When the Lord called to Moses from the flaming bush, the future leader of Israel was bidden to remember that he stood on holy ground. We stand on holy ground as we draw near to the first great crisis in the spiritual life of Mildred Duff—her conversion. How this greatest of all experiences came to the high-minded girl must be told in her own words:

It was an Easter when God saved me. As a child I had belonged to Him, but, like so many children, when I grew up and "came out," I somehow lost my love for Him; and then, when He sent us sorrow [her father's death], I really got to hate the thought of Him.
THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

For a long time I avoided "good people" and did not like to hear religion talked about. Therefore, I shall never be able to make out how I came to go to that tea meeting. Tea meetings were, as I told the lady who invited me, not in my line. "It would suit my sister better. She likes that sort of thing." But it was of no use. I had no other real appointment for that night, and so, very reluctantly, I consented to go several miles out of London, just for one night, to attend this tea meeting.

So I and my maid—for in those days I and my maid were inseparable, because (humbling confession!) I could neither do my own hair nor pack my own box—started off. I was put down to a little table to pour out tea for a lot of people I had never seen before, and never wanted to see again. The meeting was no better. It was very free. Some sailors testified and seemed so really happy that I grew wretched.

I left the meeting in low spirits, and when I saw the room in which I was to sleep I was still worse. It was a tiny room under the roof, with only a small window just over the bed, and no fireplace. Very cold and very unhappy, I cried and prayed in an uncertain sort of way. I wished I had never come; and yet I knew God was speaking to me. My train left early the next morning, but not too early for my hostess to take me into her room and say: "Now, dear, give your heart to God."
I knelt down beside her, feeling, oh! so miserable, but not a bit like a penitent.

She prayed. I don’t recollect what I did, but I rose to my feet feeling as unsaved as possible, got into the cab, and drove to the station.

“Now,” said my conscience, as I settled into a corner of the railway compartment, with my maid opposite me and some rather smart people beside me, “if you really are converted you should read your Bible. All Christians read their Bibles.”

“I don’t feel a bit different from what I did before,” I argued.

“But you did give yourself to God, and you should now obey Him,” said my conscience. So with a sudden plunge I bent down, unfastened my bag, took out my Bible and spread it out—open—on my knee. To read it was out of the question. I felt my face grow scarlet, and was self-conscious to the very tips of my fingers. But, oh, the tender, pitying love of God. I suppose He knew what that first little trembling step of confession cost me, for in the very same moment He came right down into my soul and sealed me His for ever. I have often thought of it since. It was not the reading of my Bible that brought me peace—it was the “acknowledging Me before men.”

My maid got saved soon afterward, and she told me it was this act—reading the Bible openly in a carriage full of smart people, so
THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

different from anything she had ever seen me do before—that first made her think.

The new life had come. Like Paul of old (Acts ix. 6) she asked the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Unlike the Apostle to the Gentiles, Mildred Duff received no immediate answer; but home ties were strengthened, and the two sisters especially were drawn even more closely together.

Having worked for a considerable time as deaconess in a hard parish, Lilian had come home to rest—very tired in body but with the secret hope that she might grow strong enough to join a China mission, though of this ambition she spoke to no one save to an intimate friend. The elder sister was deeply conscious of the younger's wider knowledge of that spiritual world which was beginning to claim all her thoughts. They walked in the grounds of Westwick, noting the flowering of plant and shrub, the songs of bird visitants. Much as Mildred had always loved nature, she now beheld its beauties with new eyes.

"Mildred has become as serious as Lélie," said friends and connections, noting the change in her. The sisters held a weekly Bible reading for women, in the hall of Westwick House, which brought blessing to many. Very quiet meetings,
and no formal address. After opening with prayer, a portion of Scripture was read, and a well-thought-out talk followed. Cousins, friends, maids, village folk—all were invited to attend and encouraged to talk. The whole idea was novel and unusual, and many of the ladies of the district were distinctly surprised at finding themselves taking part in what was virtually a Bible study circle.

Tea was served after the meeting, and both Mildred and Lilian spoke of their guests as "Sisters in Christ." The complete absence of conventionality in these little meetings did not appeal to everyone, but all the ladies agreed that the Duff sisters were exceedingly plucky to hold them.

Lilian’s hope of future work in the mission fields of the Far East lay at the back of her thoughts. But in all Mildred’s activities of these days we can trace a growing restlessness of spirit—the ever-increasing sense of an emptiness that must be filled; a thirst of the soul that would not be quenched. She was ever seeking, yet never finding what her heart told her was the greatest good; knocking at many doors, yet more and more dissatisfied with what she found within them.
CHAPTER III

THE CONTACT MADE

No hand but our own can "open the door." . . . Opening implies deliberate action, the use of our own free will and choice. Often there is much to unlock, many a bar to remove; but the door, once opened, opens more easily each time, till we naturally open as we hear His knock.—M.D.

"I LIVED much the same as most of the other 'Christian' girls I knew—better than a good many." We quote from an article entitled "God's Dealings with Me," written by Mildred Duff shortly after joining The Salvation Army, when the experience was still fresh in her mind.

But I was never contented. My soul thirsted for more of God, and for more power to work for Him. But one seemed so hemmed in! What could one do?

Her home life, beautiful as it was, had definite limitations; her numerous connections had a strong claim on her time, and many responsibilities were already shared with her mother.
How was it possible that she could break away from it all? Yet the same mysterious power which transformed the gay young knight Francesco Bernardone into the humble-minded "Brother Francis," was urging her to make a surrender as complete as his had been.

A new world opened before her when she came into contact with The Salvation Army. Miss Plessance Burroughes, a special friend of Mrs. Petre's, was spending a few days at Margate with General William Booth's eldest daughter. Miss Duff was invited to join them.

I shall never forget those days (she writes). How often little words, little sentences, remain in one's mind, when long addresses have quite disappeared! It was so with many words and sentences in those spring days at Margate.

The last night came, and Miss Booth took me into her room and prayed for me, and then told me to pray. I stammered a few broken little requests and wishes . . . how weak and far-away my praying seemed.

The struggle continued for many weeks with ever-deepening intensity.

The very real opinions and influence of one's friends seemed to melt away. . . . But
it was often very hard! I used to try to picture in my mind what it would be like to be absolutely unfettered and uncramped by inconsistencies and fears and love of ease and self; to be practically willing to do anything for God; to be able to say, "Speak, Lord"—and then not close one's ears to avoid hearing His voice calling to some "impossible" step. But I could not fancy such a state of things. It seemed too dazzling, too wonderful. I never expected to reach it!

I suppose it is so for all. Our struggles, our efforts, our new starts and fresh attempts would fill up whole volumes if they were written down.

Miss Burroughes had introduced Miss Duff to the meetings at St. James' Hall and Exeter Hall, and here Mildred listened to the inspired messages of Catherine Booth, the "Army Mother." She describes how she read religious books, and went to Holiness meetings, and yet felt herself to be as far from the holy life as ever.

I knew it, I felt it, and I was consequently miserable. Other people might say I was as good as I needed to be. I hated and despised myself, and felt almost like saying to God, "Is this the best Thou canst do with a soul that desires only Thee?" For I had reached that point now. I was willing to let everything
else go and follow only Jesus, if He would but save me from myself and sin.

An incident which was not without its effects on her spiritual development probably belongs to this period. Mr. Cubitt, a county neighbour of Mrs. Petre’s, had become personally interested in The Salvation Army, then seeking to extend its activities in North Norfolk. Commissioner W. Elwin Oliphant, formerly a Church of England clergyman in the West End of London, was at that time in charge of The Army’s pioneer work in that part of the country. He was kindly welcomed by the squire, and it is quite probable that Miss Duff met Staff-Captain Oliphant (as he then was) at Honing, Mr. Cubitt’s home.

The Army was little understood in those days, and the village children made rather a merit of giving its workers a decidedly rough reception. On one occasion Staff-Captain Oliphant was forced to take refuge at Westwick House. Lunch had just been served in the dining-room, whose windows command views of the home park and the more distant woodland, and in the absence of their mother the two elder daughters cordially invited the harassed Salvationist to share their meal; the younger sister, then a child of five, gazing at him with big, serious eyes.
"We had a delightful conversation on the Kingdom of God," the Staff-Captain wrote. Miss Lilian and little Basilia leaving the room soon afterwards, he felt led to talk to Miss Duff on the joy of a fully-surrendered life.

"My present surroundings are not helpful to the claims of Holiness," Miss Duff said, with an expressive gesture.

"Courage and decision helped me to break loose from cherished surroundings," he answered; "they will help you; God will help you." She bowed her head in the spirit of prayer, and he left her.

Mildred had never been strong, and during the early part of the year—the family were in London for the winter and spring—her health became seriously affected.

It was Good Friday (she wrote later), and I was very ill. I had been ill for some time already. All that day, as I lay in my room, I looked at Calvary. I thought of my life, and oh! how I longed for

"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine."

I thought about opening the wounds of Christ afresh by my inconsistencies and selfishness. I thought of having only one life
to give Him in return for His blessed sacrifice. I had a “Day at the Cross,” alone with Jesus.

All the night before Easter Sunday I could not sleep. I lay awake and thought, and heard the clocks strike, and prayed, and wondered why God did not give me the sort of heart I wanted, and now I had laid “all on the altar.” And then I prayed again. At last, by degrees, very slowly, the things in the room began to show grey against the blackness; and then, after a little time, the birds began to twitter on the roof—only little London sparrows they were, but they had such soft, gentle little voices. I thought: ‘It is dawn now—Easter morning—Christ is risen!’

“Lo! a new creation dawning!
Lo! I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning—
I am Christ’s, and Christ is mine!”

I had not been to an Army meeting for a long time . . . I loved it, in a way, but felt it after all suited the poor people better than the educated; and so it was not as an Army song that these words came into my mind, but as my own heart’s feelings. They were true for me that Easter morning; a real resurrection seemed to slide into my soul! God had answered my prayers at last. It was not only Easter in all the world outside, but “In my soul an Easter morning.”
Mildred Duff had always recognised that Salvationists lived on a different plane from her own. Their lives were spent in complete surrender to the will of God. Their logic was as simple as it was practical and direct. Since Christ came down from Heaven to seek and to save that which was lost, they must needs go and do likewise. His Blood could make the vilest clean—then to the vilest they would go.

New vistas of unimaginable glory opened before the young girl as she thought of these things in the light of her Easter experience, and she saw at last that The Salvation Army was nothing less than a mission wide as the world. Herself the daughter of a race of soldiers, she recognized in these people auxiliaries of the celestial army, warring against the hosts of Satan on earth, as Michael and his angels warred in Heaven.

God keeps accurate time, and no sooner were her heart and mind ready to take the next step, than the call to advance came. The Army’s first International Congress was drawing to a close, and a contingent of French and other Officers who had attended the Congress as delegates were about to conduct an extensive campaign in England. Miss Duff was already known to General Booth as an accomplished linguist. The
Continental party needed an interpreter. Would Miss Duff undertake the work?

We know from her own words that she received the invitation as coming from the Lord Himself.

He opened the door a very little, and said, "Come!" It was easy to say "Yes, Lord," and to obey.

Easy now to leave all—and she had great possessions—and follow Him.
CHAPTER IV

RENUNCIATION

Jesus, speak to me of sorrow, darkness, loneliness, if Thou wilt, but never, my Lord, of separation.—M.D.

The Salvation Army’s International Congress had come as a revelation to many people. Mrs. Petre had sympathised with every forward movement, and could have no objection to Mildred undertaking temporary work for an organisation with whose social aims she was in such complete accord. Lilian had worked as the deaconess of a poor parish; now Mildred would have her experience, and as just a translator she would probably not be required to submit to the severe restrictions of regular service in The Salvation Army.

But, from the first, Miss Duff refused to take advantage of her position. For her the old command, “Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ” (2 Tim. ii. 3),—had gained a new significance, and she not merely accepted the
conditions of service with patience—she rejoiced in them.

The lodgings, the food, the personal habits of the people with whom she came into contact, were in sharp contrast to all her previous experience. She had known poor and ignorant folk only from the "lady visitor" point of view; now she must stand beside them, eat roughly served food, learn to dress her own hair and clean her own shoes, and to pack her personal belongings—which at one time had overflowed into several trunks—into one small bag. She must accustom her sensitive ear to rough talk, and train her cultured mind to comprehend the needs of uneducated people. All this she did, not merely from a sense of duty—she welcomed the conditions with joy.

Among the foreign delegates with whom Miss Duff toured England, Major Ouchterlony, of Sweden, was an outstanding figure. Hanna Ouchterlony is remembered throughout the Army world to-day as one of the greatest women-warriors in the history of the movement. A lady of commanding personality and indomitable will, her qualities as a great leader were singularly combined with a deep vein of mysticism and a heart on fire with love and sympathy for all suffering souls.
At forty years of age, Hanna Ouchterlony had found her life-vocation in The Salvation Army, and her aim was no less than to introduce The Army into her Swedish homeland.

She belonged to a nation whose daughters were unaccustomed to stand alone in the world, or to take prominent and leading places either by word or action . . . (wrote Mildred Duff, describing the pioneer activities of her leader and friend). Miss Ouchterlony knew of no precedent to fall back upon in the course she was contemplating; she was alone; literally and entirely alone. . . .

Stockholm had determined to do without The Salvation Army. . . . Days of sensation followed; days of riots, mobs, police difficulties; days when, from break of day till the small hours of the morning following, she could scarcely snatch a moment’s peace; and yet days of such glory and blessing that their very memory to-day is an inspiration to like whole-hearted, fearless consecration.

From Miss Duff’s own words we gather the nature of the influence the Swedish Officer exercised over the sensitive English girl. Whole-hearted, fearless consecration—how gladly she would pay the price!

At the close of the tour, Miss Duff invited Major Ouchterlony to spend a few days with her
mother at Westwick. The visit must have been one of deep interest. Two gifted women, differing widely in character and outlook, but each a perfect example of her own type. Mrs. Petre was favourably impressed with the Scandinavian Salvationist. Hanna Ouchterlony appears to have been much struck with the dignity and order observed in an old county family. The servants filing in to morning prayer, and the management of the house and estate, helped her to realize the nature of the sacrifice the daughter would be called upon to make if she threw in her lot with The Army—in those days still regarded as an eccentric and unorthodox organization.

Mrs. Petre was an acute judge of human nature, and from the first recognized the great qualities of the Swedish leader. She would certainly have no objection to her daughter going abroad under the protection of such an experienced guide. The problem of her wearing Army uniform, too, would solve itself in a Continental appointment. Mrs. Petre had always believed in allowing her daughters full liberty to serve God as their hearts prompted them. She could not understand the attraction Mildred felt, but she would not refuse her consent.

Miss Duff accompanied the Major on her return to Sweden. As she could speak French
and German, but did not know a word of Swedish, the young lady's own choice would have been France or Germany—both of which countries were at that time in the throes of Salvation Army pioneer warfare; but Hanna Ouchterlony, recognizing the unique qualities of her young recruit, had determined to secure her for Sweden. In Sweden Miss Duff had everything to learn. Her renunciation was complete, yet she made it without effort. "It was easy for me to come into The Army," she wrote in retrospect.

In 1886 the battle of Lilian Duff's life was fought and won: she was still cherishing the hope of undivided service in the mission field, when she heard of Mildred's call to The Salvation Army. Not a word of complaint did she utter. "Mother must not spare us both," she said to an intimate friend; "it is more important for Mildred than for me." If she could not have the joy of definite service herself, she would be the driving force behind her sister.

As may be supposed, the family connections and associates were one and all amazed at Miss Duff's decision. Although Mrs. Petre and her daughters had been known throughout the county as pioneers of many forward movements, that a daughter of such an historic house should
leave her home and throw in her lot with The Salvation Army seemed absolutely incredible! The Army was certainly justifying its existence by its work amongst the outcasts of society, but few could see any connection between this type of home mission and Miss Duff of Westwick.

"Merely a passing phase which will wear off—we shall have her back again amongst us in six months," was the current opinion. Yet there were some who saw farther into the future. The Honourable Miss Emily Kinnaird recalls that several of her Christian friends were glad that Miss Duff had joined The Army. Her wonderful energy and initiative were dwarfed and cramped in private life; she must have room for fuller action. In the wide activities of The Salvation Army she would find an outlet for all her powers.

Mildred Duff seldom spoke of her own feelings, and the written records of those early days are singularly lacking in detail. Yet like all sympathetic writers she revealed much of herself in her books. We quote two passages which throw considerable light on her spiritual outlook at this time.

In her "Life" of Hedwig von Haartman, of Finland, occurs this passage:

How few of those who have been brought up amongst the higher circles of society ever
dare to step down to mingle with the poor, in any approach to real brotherhood and sisterhood! But this our heroine did at one great leap . . . and without ever after showing the least desire to draw back from that act of true devotion. Remember, too, that she did it not when The Army had become a great power in her country, but when it was in its very first feeble beginnings.

In the second passage, extracted from her popular "The Children's Saviour," it is interesting to note that in describing the rich young ruler's reasons for rejecting Christ, she gives, point by point, just the things she had to renounce herself.

Jesus has no home; and I like my beautiful home and garden. . . . I like to be with my own friends, and to enjoy myself. What would my friends say? They would laugh at me and call me a fool.

Knowing what she did herself, none can fail to feel the force of the words with which she concludes:

All the riches in the world cannot bring us joy and peace; none make up for the friendship of Jesus.
I choose my friends from Thine (she wrote at another time). I do not follow Thee for success. I do not serve Thee for the sunshine of heavenly emotions. No, Lord, where Thou diest, Thy life apparently thrown away, no results, all a failure—there, in the darkness, I too will dare to die.

She was eager to give all; to leave no depth unsounded, no sacrifice incomplete. Christ had emptied Himself of His glory, had chosen the life of a poor man in which to work out the Salvation of the world; and Mildred Duff felt that she was drawing nearer to Him with every fresh renunciation.
CHAPTER V

IN SWEDEN

To lose one's life, or, in other words, to be unconscious of one's self is the highest happiness. It is to the soul what perfect health is to the body. . . . Men have discovered that to lose the "I" is to find life.—M.D.

"I REMEMBER the first time I put on my bonnet," Miss Duff once wrote. "I thanked God for it then, and said a kind of grace over it, and I have gone on doing so ever since."

In London and Norfolk the wearing of a Salvation Army bonnet would prove—many supposed—a heavy cross to the girl who had once worn beautiful clothes with grace and distinction. But they did not understand. Where others saw a cross Mildred Duff beheld a crown.

In Sweden, indeed, she learned to regard her bonnet as a crown too precious to wear. In those days Swedish women of the lower classes wore neither hat nor bonnet, and Miss
Duff entreated Major Ouchterlony to allow her to adopt the national custom. "Let me wear a little woollen shawl on my head," she said. "A simple Swedish girl wears no hat—it is pride to wear a hat in Sweden."

Major Ouchterlony refused her request, and Miss Duff had to continue to display "pride" in her bonnet.

Service in The Salvation Army necessarily implies obedience. Miss Duff had been a person in authority herself, but in the enthusiasm of her quest for complete union with Christ no regulation could be too severe, no order too irksome for her submission; and reason and instinct alike taught her that without obedience to leaders a successful campaign is impossible.

The poverty and restrictions of her life in the little Training Home at Stockholm, far from revolting her, were an additional attraction. Nothing could have been poorer than the food and accommodation.

In the garret were three small rooms (we gather from Dr. Laura Petri, of Sweden); the women Cadets occupied one, a second was allotted to Miss Duff, and the housekeeper was supposed to sleep in the third. Alarmed by the rats which overran the place, the housekeeper fled to Miss Duff's room, who
promptly surrendered her own couch, and made up a bed for herself on the wooden cover of the sofa.

The housekeeper demurred. “Surely you cannot sleep on that, Miss Duff?” she objected. “Why not, Klara?” was the answer. “Do you think Jesus had a more comfortable bed?”

Always the same thought in her heart: He gave all; should I fare better than my Saviour? Never by word or look would she allow anyone to hint that she came from a home and connections of a very different character; in all things she was as simple and humble as the other girls, “ate raw fish with appetite, sold War Cry, and knew every ‘pub’ in Stockholm.”

We are just beginning our Self-Denial Week (we quote from an article signed M.D., which appeared in an issue of All the World of this date). We don’t expect four thousand pounds, but we are all going to do our best, and we expect to get a good lift on “Gröt”, “Välling”, and “Kålsoppa” (porridge, gruel, and cabbage soup), our chief articles of food at Headquarters during this week—together with a salt, very salt, sort of fish called “sill,” and black bread.

The spirit of romance and love of adventure, which Mildred Duff shared with all healthy-
minded young people, found full satisfaction in enduring all these things without a murmur. Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Powell, for many years Hanna Ouchterlony’s private secretary and travelling companion, gives many reminiscences of those days.

One bitterly cold winter’s day Miss Duff begged to be allowed to wash down the freezing stone staircase of the Training Home. Margaret of Scotland and Teresa of Spain had suffered great hardship in their struggle to subdue the flesh; Mildred Duff also longed to show her love by definite suffering. But Major Ouchterlony’s stern common sense refused to acquiesce in needless self-sacrifice.

“You will do nothing of the kind,” she said in her blunt fashion. “What would your mother think if she saw you at work on those stones?”

For the same reason the working people’s clogs strongly attracted Mildred Duff. “Charwomen and washerwomen wear clogs—then why not I?” But again the Major refused. “Not according to regulations!” she said.

Utterly oblivious of the charm of manner which distinguished her through life, Miss Duff was anxious only to take the lowest place. Yet, as one of her companions remarked, “If she had
IN SWEDEN

dressed in a sack, she would still have looked what she was—every inch a lady.”

After a brief term of further training in London under Miss Emma Booth, Mildred Duff, now bearing a Salvation Army rank, again took up service in Sweden. For a short period she was in charge of the work at Malmö, and here occurred a little adventure typical of Army pioneer work.

A police constable arrested her and her comrade, Lieutenant Bydén (the late Mrs. Colonel Benwell), while they were selling War Crys in the market place at Lund, and conducted them to the police station. The two girls were questioned as to their business in the town.

“Selling War Crys,” they answered.

The officials looked stern. “You have no right to do that here. We cannot tolerate The Salvation Army in our town. We have ministers and do not need you.”

A policeman escorted them to the station to make sure that they left Lund, but as Dr. Petri comments somewhat drily, “That constable must have been sleepy, for the two young girls managed to sell out on their way to the station!”

In 1887 Staff-Captain Duff took charge of the women Cadets at the Territorial Training
Home at Stockholm. An article signed “M.D.” which appeared in *All the World* at this time has historical interest.

Our Training Homes? Well, we haven’t got any—at least not what you in England would call Training Homes. We just have to manage the best way we can. Hiring rooms is very expensive; but squeeze as much as we will, we cannot do with less than three sets of rooms. Four rooms and a kitchen on the ground floor compose our “Headquarters.” But only wait till we get a Congress Hall and Training Home\(^1\) in Stockholm!

She had many interesting experiences.

During a visit she paid to a public-house, a deaf and dumb man came to her, caught her by the hand and drew her through a dark passage into a lighted room (Dr. Petri relates the incident). She felt rather nervous, but an inner urge made her follow.

In the crowded room was a young girl who at the sight of The Army uniform burst into tears. Recognizing the girl from a previous meeting, the young Salvationist talked lovingly to her about Salvation, and then offered *War Crys* to the others present.

\(^1\) A reference to The Army’s famous Congress Hall at Clapton, London, adjoining which, for many years, was the International Training Home.
As the deaf and dumb man piloted Mildred Duff out again, he gratefully and encouragingly patted her on the shoulder. She was deeply touched by the poor fellow's efforts to save the unfortunate young woman, and her heart was filled with longing to do something for him also. Her prayers had a beautiful answer, when, a few years later, The Salvation Army, with Captain Octavia Wilkens as pioneer, began work amongst the deaf and dumb in Sweden—a work which has developed and spread throughout Scandinavia.

With the help of Baroness von Kothen, a Salvationist friend from Finland, Staff-Captain Duff managed to start a miniature Rescue Home for fallen girls. The baroness set aside a room for the purpose, in her own little flat in South Stockholm. In the year 1887 an advertisement appeared in the Swedish War Cry, begging for situations in Christian homes for "our saved girls". "Apply Baroness von Kothen or M. Duff."

Amongst the girls in that primitive little Home (writes Dr. Petri) was one who was sent to a situation where she remained to the end of her life.

The freshness and keen enthusiasm which Staff-Captain Duff put into her work, was a constant source of joy to her leader.
Her broken Swedish sounded sweet in the Major's ear (we are told). Mildred Duff's, "Beloved little Major, cannot I help thee?" was like balsam to her heart. The only Officer who ever dared to address Major Ouchterlony with this familiar "thou" was Staff-Captain Duff!

The English girl did not understand in those days that in Sweden the pronoun "thou" should never be used in addressing superiors. Some of her mistakes called forth sarcastic remarks from the less thoughtful Cadets, and on more than one occasion she was reduced to tears. But she never bore the least malice and would often laugh merrily at her own blunders.

No more hopeless barrier exists between race and race than the barrier of language. Yet the Holy Spirit swept away the confusion of tongues on the first Pentecostal morning, and still, where men receive God's Spirit without measure, all artificial divisions between His children disappear. Staff-Captain Duff's Swedish was far from perfect; she often made ludicrous mistakes; but there were soon no barriers between her spirit and the spirit of the Cadets who came under her care. Her love for them was so complete, her reliance on God so perfect that—with all reverence be it written—of her
work also it might be said, "I kept them in Thy Name: those that Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost." (John xvii. 12.)

Miss Duff was nearer to us than anyone else except God (is Mrs. Colonel Hjelm's testimony). Her love called forth so much that slumbered in our young hearts. Without her we should never have become what we did become, and neither would The Salvation Army in Sweden have been the same. We could trust her and confide everything to her.

I remember how she once gathered us Cadets for a meeting in our garret room (says Mrs. Colonel Hammar, another Swedish Officer). She read to us about the Virgin Mary, and her wonderful reply to her great call: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." And then she spoke to us in her broken Swedish, telling us that we should cherish the same qualities, so that people might say also of us, "Behold the handmaids of the Lord."

Her broken testimonies melted the people's hearts. She made funny little mistakes in the language, yet they did not detract from the force of her words. She thought of everybody and everything; in a special way she bore us all on her heart. She was zealous to win souls, and, with her Cadets, sought and made converts in the lowest haunts of vice. The
Cadets were so young and childlike, and had seen so little of the great world; but Staff-Captain Duff widened their horizon, and gave them a larger outlook. Like a messenger from a higher world, she was a harbinger of coming battles and glorious victories.

What was the secret of her lasting influence over the lives of the Cadets whom she trained? Her power lay in her practical Holiness and tireless patience. She always came down to a Cadet's level, and, having made the great surrender herself, knew how to help those who were still tempted to look back. Rooted and grounded in Christ, her teaching already partook of the timelessness of her Master, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

An article which appeared in the Swedish War Cry at this time—"Souls for Wages"—faithfully reflects her attitude.

I saw these words written under the photo of one of our Officers (she writes). They deeply impressed me. "Those are high wages," I thought to myself, "very high. Those are the highest wages!" Jesus regarded them as sufficient payment for thirty-three years' absence from Heaven, for Calvary, and the grave. Can I gain the same wages? Yes, on the same conditions.
IN SWEDEN

Fulfilling the conditions herself, she could teach others how to keep them.

In the autumn of 1887 Major Ouchterlony, with the Founder’s sanction, widened her frontiers by “attacking” Norway. It was her desire to put Staff-Captain Duff in charge of the newly-invaded Territory, but in the summer of 1888 Mildred Duff was recalled to England. Her last thoughts were for her “dear girls,” to whom she addressed a farewell letter:

If to-day you are happy in the fight, and are fighting not only because to do so is a duty, but because you love to share in Christ’s Cross and life, then I know that your heart is in the same childlike trusting attitude as when you left us. . . . God dwells in you; you dwell in God. Therefore your life is Immanuel.
CHAPTER VI

EARLY EXPERIENCES

Forget yourself! Drink in the air and light and dew and rain. Let Him choose in what part of the garden to plant you, and how long to keep you there; do not try to grow taller or be whiter than other lilies, but help them to grow and be white too.—M.D.

After her term of service in Sweden, Staff-Captain Duff received an appointment on the staff of The Army's Central Training Home in London—the women's side at that period being under the direction of "Mother"—Miss Emma Booth—assisted by what she called her "inner circle" of half a dozen Officers. Many veteran Salvationists look back with grateful affection on the days spent under "Mother."

As The Army developed and widened its scope, new regulations and a more defined set of duties necessarily took the place of the old "Home" conditions. But "Mother" was a host in herself, and her influence lives on in the hearts of all who were privileged to know her. Young as she was
then—still not much more than a girl in years—she had the true mother-love for each of her Cadets, and to belong to the "inner circle" of her helpers was felt by each member of her staff to be the greatest privilege that earth could hold.

"When I saw what Miss Emma was," Brigadier Eliza Drabble, one of the "circle," recalls to-day, "I grasped what a woman could be if only she had the opportunity, and fitted herself to take it."

In Commissioner Ouchterlony, young Staff-Captain Duff had been brought into intimate contact with one type of leader; now she was to come under the direct influence of another. If Mildred Duff gave up much to come into The Salvation Army, she received much in return.

The story of her coming to the Training Home has a touch of romance in it. She arrived so late one night that the gates were closed, and most of the staff had already retired to rest. She had not been expected until the next morning. Very lonely and desolate she must have felt as she stood waiting there, whilst the night-watchman took in a message. The sea passage had been rough, the journey wearisome; and she was sadly in need of food and rest, and the kindly welcome of a friend.
She had not long to wait. Captain Forward, a member of the staff, prompt and practical, at once took all arrangements into her hands. The travel-worn girl soon found herself smilingly welcomed by the cheery-faced young Officer, whose slight north-country "burr" sounded pleasant in her ears. The impression they made on each other that night was instantaneous, and never afterwards effaced.

I never knew Forward do a selfish act; she was the most unselfish person I ever met in my life. She was my right hand, and my left.

I saw at once that Mildred was the most exquisite thing I had ever touched.

In those two sentences we have the complete analysis of a friendship which, beginning with that first meeting, only increased in depth and intensity with the years, and endured to the end.

"You have had no supper. You must go to bed." The watchful care with which Forward was to safeguard her friend's health throughout her subsequent career, dated from that hour. Mildred Duff had never been robust, had indeed suffered from severe illness only a short while before she came into The Salvation Army. It is impossible not to see a special providence in the alliance which was to do so much for both young
Officers. Forward gained immeasurably from the spirituality and intellectual ability of her friend; Mildred Duff could not have lived through the stress and strain of her own wholehearted devotion to her work, had she not had a practical friend to think for her, to manage her household affairs, and to see that she took essential food and rest.

The Commissioner works in a world of ideals (said one who knew them both well); and God sent Colonel Forward to help her on the practical side—

a very practical side, even on that first night. In spite of the lateness of the hour, the assistant house-mother procured a bowl of bread and milk—probably prepared with her own hands—and then, no accommodation having been provided, put the tired traveller to bed in her own cubicle, contenting herself with a cubicle that had been unoccupied for some time, and left "in the rough." Anything would do for her, but this new member of the staff, so unlike anyone she had ever met before, must be properly cared for.

Forward had many duties to attend to next morning, but this new duty—laid upon her, as she came to believe, by the Lord Himself—
MILDRED DUFF

bulked large in her thoughts. A hot bath and a well prepared breakfast were essential to the newcomer after the fatigue of the previous day. These duly disposed of, Mildred Duff was ready to meet her fellow Officers in the staff room. Forward took her down and introduced her. All present felt that they were welcoming an unusually gifted young Officer.

She was a lady, well read and well educated; but she never paraded the fact (says Brigadier Drabble). Her personality was charming, but it was her Christlike humility and self-forgetfulness which impressed us most.

In those days, "Mother" would have little gatherings for prayer and counsel around her arm-chair; and, to many, "Mother's" room became the most sacred place on earth. The duties of different members of the staff, as we have seen, were not so clearly defined then as they are under modern conditions, but it was understood that the two young Officers, Duff and Forward, should work together. The health and general well-being of the Cadets were under their care, and Staff-Captain Duff also assisted in the educational department.

During a lesson on "Giving out a song" (relates Mrs. Brigadier William Richards, a
Cadet of those days), Staff-Captain Duff asked one of our session to go through the lines of No. 555, verse by verse. The Cadet stood up and repeated them in a monotonous sing-song. At the close the Staff-Captain paused a moment, and then said very gently, "Those are beautiful words. A call to fight against sin and sorrow all over the world. God's call to His soldiers: 'To the front! the cry is ringing'." Her voice was only slightly raised, but its passionate earnestness stirred and held us. I shall never forget her look as she gave out the last verse:

"'To the front! thy Lord obeying,  
Stoop to help the dying there!'"

Those words have lived with me ever since. At home or in faraway non-Christian lands, they have never ceased to help and inspire me. Her teaching was always the same, but apart from anything she said, there was in Commissioner Duff a personal magnetism which influenced you long after you had left her presence.

The following extract is taken from Mildred Duff's earlier writings:

My career as an Officer had only lately begun, and I happened to be in the office of the Consul— the Training Home Mother, as

1 A title by which Miss Emma Booth later became known in The Salvation Army.
MILDRED DUFF

she was then called—while she was speaking to one of her staff about some young Officer. I have no recollection of the conversation, but I remember the way in which Miss Emma Booth rose from her seat, crossed over to the fireplace, and then, turning round, exclaimed—I fancy she was pleading the cause of the one under discussion—"Well, there is one thing about her, I have yet to trace her tongue,"—neither gossip nor slander had been among the offender's shortcomings.

What passed further, I do not know, but those few words made a lasting impression on my mind, and I registered a mental vow: "Right! I see. You shall never trace mine."

When Miss Emma Booth married, and with her husband, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, took charge of Army work in India, her sister, Miss Lucy, and later Miss Eva Booth\(^1\) took charge of the Women's Training Work. Mildred Duff was thus brought into close association with the Army Mother and her daughters. We know from her later writings how deeply grateful she was for having had this privilege, and for the insight it gave her into the ideals to the realization of which The Army's Founder and his family were giving their lives.

\(^1\)Now Commander-in-Chief of Salvation Army forces in the United States of America.
At this time the "Garrison" system of training Cadets was in operation, and towards the close of her service in the Central Training Home Staff-Captain Duff would travel round to the various local Garrisons, inspecting and getting into touch with the Officers and the Cadets under her care. Lieutenant-Commissioner Clara Case (now retired, after many years' service in India) recollects how Mildred Duff would come and spend a week-end with them when Case was a Garrison Officer at Kilburn—sharing a bedroom with two or three others, having long intimate talks with them, interviewing the Cadets, and generally cheering everyone up. In "Notes from our Training Depots," Mildred Duff wrote at this time:

"Where are the Training Depots you speak of?" asked a lady a few days ago; and she seemed quite surprised when we rapidly gave her a string of names—Battersea, Notting Hill, Norwood, the Borough, Stoke Newington, Kilburn, and so on.

We are opening them in many parts of London, we told her, and they are increasingly becoming centres of light and blessing. The lassies, two and two, visit or sell *War Crys* all the afternoon, and the mornings are spent in school; in the evenings they go to the meetings. It is our "Cradle of
MILDRED DUFF

Empire,” only on a different scale. Instead of one great cradle we have many little ones! But the system and the principles are the same in each. We want our Cadets to love their training days, and to look on their Depots as “home”.

“London is a wonderful training ground! I shall never forget my first march through these streets,” one of the Cadets said to me, and the mere recollection made the girl’s eyes fill with tears. “The buyin’ and sellin’, the drink, the sin, the bairns wi’ hardly any clothes—oh, it’s awfu’.” And, truly, the change from her quiet home in the north of Scotland to the crowded thoroughfares of South London must have been like a plunge into a new world!

“I never really felt the need for The Salvation Army till I saw London,” is another’s testimony. So the great city itself trains them and calls out the pity and love, and the yearning to help, without which no one can be a true Salvationist.

We feel that in these words the Staff-Captain was speaking of her own experience.

The following incident has a quaint interest—especially when we remember that the “young Officer” who spoke had once shone in social circles as the beautiful Miss Duff of Westwick.

Unable to find a seat or even standing room in the last London-bound excursion train, a section
of the Bank-holiday crowd had boarded the guard’s van at Portsmouth. The men slightly hilarious with drink, the women dog-tired, both men and women looked more than a trifle sheepish when they realised that three lassie Officers of The Salvation Army had been stranded like themselves, and would be their travelling companions to London. One of the young fellows, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Come, tune up, sister!" he cried, pointing to the guitar carried by one of the Salvationists.

"Certainly," was the ready reply. "We will do our best—if you will give out the words."

The young fellow caught at the idea. A "Hallelujah" meeting in the guard’s van—after a day spent in coconut shies, switchbacks, dancing on the front, drinking in saloon bars and all the fun of the fair—was a first-class novelty. So he gave out, "We’re travelling home to heaven above—will you go?" in flourishing style; the whole party joining in the chorus as the train rushed past darkened fields and hamlets and screamed through wayside stations.

The chorus ended, the young Officer who had suggested the song spoke a few words—a simple explanation of the verses they had been singing. She did not raise her voice or use any high-flown expressions, but the women looked impressed,
and the men fell silent. They could not put their feelings into words—they were not an articulate set, and their senses were slightly muddled with drink—but as they listened, an indistinct feeling crept into their minds that it was good for them to be there.

"Keep it up! keep it up!" cried the young fellow who had constituted himself master of ceremonies, directly the speaker had finished. "What shall I give out next, sister?"

And they did keep it up; songs and little talks sandwiched in together, until the London terminus was reached, and they parted with mutual goodwill and many a fervent "God bless you!" It was a Bank-holiday journey that none who took part in would ever forget.

An article, signed "Mildred Duff," and entitled "A Village Corps," dates from a slightly later period, and gives us an insight into the process by which the once reserved Miss Duff of Westwick had been transformed into the "all-things-to-all-men"-Officer of The Salvation Army.

How I wish that our criticizers and detractors could have been at my side during the past Sunday, and have seen and heard what I did! It is a very tiny Quarters where these two Officers live—kitchen and a little
wash-place downstairs, and one bedroom above—but its rent is quite as high as they can afford, and as they boast of three chairs in the kitchen we can all sit round the little table to supper comfortably on Saturday night. . . . The first thing that strikes me is the nice white tablecloth, a great improvement on *The War Cry* that took its place at my last visit.

"Why, how nice you look, with a white tablecloth!" I observe, and the Officer in command smiles composedly and agrees that it is "like home". But the Lieutenant bursts into a laugh and lets out the secret.

"It's only one of Captain's aprons with the band taken off!" she says, and we all three enjoy the joke together. . . .

"Sometimes we feel very down at supper-time, Staff-Captain," and the girl looks over at the Lieutenant in a tell-tale way. "When we've had no souls saved, and perhaps little money, it *has* seemed hard. We didn't feel we wanted to do anything but sit and talk and cry!"

It does need patience to go on night after night. But God gives the patience, and in spite of little money or sympathy, hardened sinners, and, worst of all, professors who do not live as they say, our two lassies, and hundreds more like them, are sticking to their posts, and doing their best to bring the people in the little country places to the feet of Jesus.
When she herself was in charge of a Corps, Mildred Duff had been given a Lieutenant, a girl five years older than herself, who had been a Captain, but, not having done well, had been reduced to a lesser rank. A more difficult position could hardly be conceived. The young Commanding Officer was new to Salvation Army work and ways, and her Lieutenant thought she knew everything that was to be known. She was not definitely bad, but thoroughly "difficult," and at first her Captain felt that she would have to ask the authorities to have her removed.

Then the thought came: "Why should I get out of difficulties by handing them on to others?" So the Lieutenant stayed on. In the end she was completely won over, and became the loyal friend and admirer of the woman under whom at first she had been so reluctant to serve.

It was from Corps work and from the Training Home that Mildred Duff, with the rank of Major, went to take charge of the Slum work. She had learned to see the beauty in common things, to detect the nobility of soul which so often lies behind the crudities of unlettered enthusiasm. God had made these men and women, Christ had died for them, the Holy
Spirit had come to dwell in their hearts. She could not, therefore, allow the slight difference between her speech and personal habits and theirs, to interfere with the work of the Triune God.

Thus Mildred Duff learned not to “talk down” to the seeker and the sinner, the waverer and wobbler—but to stand beside them; to see their difficulties as they saw them, to feel the pain of their sorrows and the weight of their burdens; to follow the Saviour step by step through the sordid by-paths of the world, and in doing so to know the radiance of a joy that seldom left her, and the blessed assurance that, whether joy or sorrow should be her lot, He would be with her even to the end.
CHAPTER VII

"ALL THE WORLD"

Is it possible to have the mind of Christ and not the missionary spirit? . . . Those who have known the hunger and thirst for peace, for pardon, for all that Christ alone can give, can never think with indifference of those who have never tasted the Bread of Life.—M.D. (From an unfinished article found after her death.)

"WHO is to be the new Editor?"

The enquiry was very general throughout The Salvation Army in 1895. Susie Swift and Eileen Douglas, joint Editors of All the World, were leaving the paper. Who would come in their place?

The answer was arresting. "Major Duff, from the Slums." Accustomed as the members of the Editorial Staff of those days were to quick changes, and to the adaptability always taken for granted in an Officer of The Salvation Army, this new appointment came as a distinct surprise.
"ALL THE WORLD"

All the World had to be well got up (Lieut.-Colonel Taylor tells us, recalling the incident) —good paper, good printing, well illustrated. We had all felt that Susie Swift and Eileen Douglas were the only possible Editors, and although "M.D." was already known to us as a regular contributor to our journals, and all she wrote breathed a Christ-like spirit, yet contributions, however clever and original, do not in themselves make an Editor.

Mildred Duff's surrender to the claims of Christ had called out all the latent heroism in her character, and she had gone to Sweden as to a great adventure, entering into every phase of the work there with all the enthusiasm of a pioneer.

"I must have quite young people—children—for my work here," Hanna Ouchterlony had said. "the fighting is too hard, the privations too great for older people to endure." Mildred Duff had been still young, and her zeal knew no limitations. To draw a young girl away from a life of sin, or to hold an old man back from a drunkard's grave, were to her thrilling adventures—as heroic as, and far more wonderful than, the fabled victories of St. George. She had left Sweden with regret, and, after a brief term of service in the Training Home, had found what she hoped would prove her life-vocation in the slums. A warrior
now tried and tested, who had sounded the depths of human sin and human suffering and seen God in the darkness, her training for front-line fighting was complete.

Yet with all its problems and perplexities, and its deep hold on the mind and heart of every earnest Salvationist, work in the slums is only one side of The Army’s great effort to uplift and restore fallen humanity. The Editor of *All the World* must have sympathies as wide, and interests as varied, as the world itself. “*Go ye into all the world*” (Mark xvi, 15) is the command; and to do its utmost to obey that command, and to inspire and instruct those who feel the call to the mission field, must be the aim of The Army’s chief missionary paper.

There could be no doubt as to the Major’s spiritual gifts, and the quality of her leadership; but to edit a magazine requires, besides, talent of a particular order. Editorship has a technique of its own, generally acquired by special training—as in any other business.

It is a distinct profession, with a very practical side to it. To “make up” a paper, is by no means a figure of speech.

An Editor, moreover, needs unlimited patience, rare intuition, and above and beyond all other qualities the power of getting out of
writers, artists and correspondents exactly what the paper requires. Each journal has a special work to do, a special object to serve. How can it best be made to achieve its object and to carry out its purpose? The Editor must answer that question afresh with every new issue.

Could a successful leader of work in the slums fill an Editor’s chair, and give the right tone and “thrust” to a missionary paper?

But General William Booth had long recognized that Mildred Duff possessed abilities which could be of immense service in other fields of The Army’s warfare. She had consecrated herself without reserve to a life of service, and whatever the change might cost her she could not hesitate. Her full stops, as a comrade once said of her, were all of the Lord’s making.

We learn from her first “Editorial” how Major Duff approached her new work.

All the World Office.
Clerkenwell Road,
April, 1895.

The motto given to London Officers, Cadets and Soldiers by Miss Booth [Commander Evangeline Booth, then The Army’s Field Commissioner for the United Kingdom] at the beginning of the year was “Courage.”
felt it specially suited me. It was to be mine through all the year, in all the beautiful opportunities that opened to a Salvationist in the slums. I and “Courage” were to meet continually in a new sense as the days lengthened. And now, in an office that has become so much a part of S.F.S.—Susie F. Swift—that I still feel like knocking at the door before I turn the handle, I have fastened up the Field Commissioner’s motto again, and it seems as much at home here as it did on the other side of London. Perhaps more so; for to me the paper and its Editors have been so united, that I can scarcely fancy them apart, or see my hand at the helm. But the motto helps me to make a start.

Easter is always a wonderful time to me (she wrote). Each spring, with the new life all around, seems the occasion for a fresh work of grace in my heart. Not that last year’s grace had been a failure, any more than last year’s leaves were all a mistake—but because fresh needs make fresh channels for grace.

Her deepest spiritual experience had come to her at Easter, and at Easter she took the first step on the new road, that was to lead to such wide developments for The Army of the future.

I want to adhere to the lines laid down in the March number (she resolved), and keep strictly and carefully to Truth.
The Salvation Army, so she believed and taught, had been raised up by God to give the world foundation truths in such a fashion that the humblest and most ignorant person would not fail to make them his own. Then to publish in Army papers anything that fell short of the truth, or attempted to go beyond it, was to betray the cause which had called those papers into existence. Salvationists are constantly being brought into contact with facts which are stranger than fiction—far more exciting, humorous, pathetic. With such a rich storehouse to draw upon, readers of all classes can be catered for.

Then she must give no less than herself to the task.

When one of our monthly magazines was put into my hands (she wrote later), the Chief of the Staff—afterwards General Bramwell Booth—said to me, “Cultivate your soul in its interests. Recollect that what you are, it will be. Go anywhere where you can best learn and feel, and get your heart enlarged for its pages.”

Major Duff fully agreed with this ideal of an Editor’s life, but she doubted her own capability.
"How long do you think I shall stay on it?"
(We have her own account of her interview with the previous Editor.)

I felt rather disconsolate as I asked the question. It was my preliminary debut to the Editorial chair. The All the World office was littered knee-deep in papers, books, pictures—the accumulation of ages, I thought—and the overseer and foreman of the printing department, to whom I had been formally introduced, had just left the office.

Eileen Douglas laughed. "Oh, not so very long," she said consolingly, but, as it has turned out, with prophetic instinct; "perhaps two years!"

At which measurable limit I felt much encouraged, for, to be quite candid, I was coming to my new work with a heavy burden of dreads and fears, most of which have since proved to have existed only in my imagination.

My own complete ignorance of all journalistic writing was another threatening cloud in those early days. It seemed to me so difficult to have to learn "how not to do it."

She might have added, "And how to do it, also."

What Mildred Duff leaves unsaid, we gather from the recollections of those who worked with her on the "Editorial" in those days.

She came and captivated us all with her Christ-like spirit (one of the War Cry staff at
that period recalls). We lost sight of her lack of experience in her sweet humility and the spirit of comradeship she showed for us all.

We used to go in and out of each other’s offices very freely at that time. “Now, dear comrade, do tell me what I ought to do with all this over-matter?” she would say; or, “Would you please show me what to alter in these slip proofs?”—never too proud to consult the least of us; ever ready to learn.

At that time Editors and printers all worked together in the same building, and the occasional hitches which are bound to occur between editor and printer could be dealt with first-hand. Many a time have I seen our old master-printer come puffing up the stairs, red-faced and indignant over some little difficulty, for which he was not disposed to take the blame! But the foreman particularly associated at that time with the production of All the World has no disagreeable incidents to remember.

He was not a Salvationist, but after he retired from active work would often call at Headquarters to enquire after old friends. “And how is Miss Duff?” he would always ask—he never could get used to Army ranks!

On one occasion he related with great satisfaction that a visiting minister at his church had preached a sermon on Christian humility, and among other examples had quoted that of Mildred Duff of Westwick. After the service the old chap went round to
the vestry, and thanked the preacher for his words. "I worked with that lady, sir," he told him, "and she was all you say. Never any trouble under Miss Duff; if there was a bit of difficulty she always smoothed it away."

The official business of a monthly magazine such as *All the World* is conducted in a far more dignified style than by the hustling methods necessary to the production of weekly papers. Certainly Mildred Duff's office, with its wide table-desk, piles of books and letters, maps, lists of Officers serving in the mission field, and ample correspondence-baskets with gatherings from all quarters of the globe, created a very different impression from the bare walls and floors and the business-bustle of the *War Cry* office above. We are speaking of nearly forty years ago.

A little cluster of early summer flowers gave an air of refinement (writes an early caller on the new Editor), and the dominant features of *The Army's Founder*, inspired and inspiring as those of a Hebrew prophet, looked down from the wall. In the swivel-chair, before the broad desk, sat the new Editor.

It was June, and the office bright with summer sunshine; and it seemed that the clear
light which surrounded her was a natural accompaniment to the serene expression of her eyes and the perfect poise of her mind. For here was one with a spirit so attuned to the will of God that she could afford to leave perplexing problems in His hands, and apply herself with undivided attention to the business of the moment.

Major Duff’s courtesy was of so complete a character that it created, as it were, an atmosphere of trust and confidence. Yet not a moment was wasted; in clear-cut sentences the Major proceeded to explain exactly what she wanted; equally without hurry or unnecessary loss of time.

And to every piece of business, small or great, she brought the same clear thought and penetrating intelligence.

"I want you to go down to Hadleigh—our Farm Colony," the Major said. "We are having an article on the Farm Colony in next month’s All the World. The subject is a wee bit heavy, and I want the pages brightened here and there with little bits of scenery, sketched on the spot. This will give the columns a more readable and attractive appearance—don’t you think? Readers turn naturally to the illustrated pages—they need less effort to understand."

Who could fail to understand such clear instructions, so carefully given? Here was an
Editor who not only knew exactly what she required, but had the much rarer faculty of making her orders understood—of impressing her own idea on the mind of another; of taking, as it were, her employee into a mental partnership, and creating an atmosphere of mutual interest.

Compared with the wide interests involved in the Editorship of an important publication, the instruction of an outside artist, on so small an affair as the decoration of a single article, seems scarcely worth a moment's consideration. Yet the Major had contrived to stamp the little transaction with the hallmark of some of the great principles for which The Salvation Army stands. The most insignificant worker is entitled to a fair chance. None is beneath consideration, or outside the pale of Army sympathy and Army help. The Army's Founder claimed an equal opportunity for all.

With the rapid increase of The Salvation Army's activities new interests came into being, and new needs had to be met. The official young people's organ, The Young Soldier, with its increased opportunities, demanded strong leadership. General William Booth cast about for an Editor with initiative and ability sufficient to
thrust the children’s paper into a broader stream of spiritual usefulness.

“Major Duff, of All the World!” The thought came to him with all the force of inspiration. But would she take it on? All the World was a dignified magazine, printed in a good style—The Young Soldier was a halfpenny weekly for the children. All who knew her acknowledged Miss Duff’s ability; would it not be beneath her dignity to take control of the little paper?

The Founder arranged an interview. “I am much concerned about The Young Soldier,” he said. “I want someone to take the paper over and develop it, but where am I to look for such an Editor?”

The Major thought for a moment. “I should think it the greatest honour if you would entrust the paper to me,” she said.

The old General received her answer with enthusiasm. “I have found a worker after my own heart!” he cried, and it was arranged that she should enter upon her new duties almost immediately.

Again the Lord had called a full stop. For this new appointment meant not only a different type of work, but work that would probably tie her for an indefinite period to the office routine from which she had hoped to escape.
If at times she had found the Editorship of a monthly magazine somewhat exacting, beyond question the hustle and hurry of producing a weekly paper would prove far more burdensome. Looked at from a business standpoint, the transfer of a little paper from one Editor to another was a matter of small significance; but Mildred Duff saw the Lord’s hand in every new call to service.

I take this new appointment not only from the General, but from God (we quote from her “Farewell” to All the World), feeling how great and important is the charge. For if it is true that “the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,” then surely the hand that guides a children’s paper with a weekly circulation of 120,000 must have no unimportant share in training and moulding the coming Army. . . .

When once God, through our leaders, lays a work in our hands, it becomes our first duty, not to stop and think how much better someone else would do it, but, instead, to claim the wisdom and inspiration and guidance that the Lord is ready to give.

And that is why I am going to The Young Soldier with all my heart.
CHAPTER VIII

HOME LIFE

We are respected not merely for what those over us see in us, but for the personal qualities which those have detected who have watched our daily life.—M.D.

BEFORE entering on the period of Mildred Duff’s greatest achievements, both spiritual and educational, a glance at her life when “off duty” may prove interesting.

“Mildred is lost to us,” one of her cousins had said, on hearing that Miss Duff of Westwick had joined The Salvation Army; but such fears were groundless. When she revisited her home she was as ready to advise and sympathize as in the old days, taking the same interest in all that concerned her family and friends, enquiring after her old acquaintances, and remembering the special needs of each.

Mildred Duff usually spent Christmas with her people, bringing with her carefully thought-out presents for every member of the household;
and her arrival was regarded as the special event of the Yuletide season.

Mrs. Petre resigned the house and estate of Westwick to her eldest son, and built a new home for herself nearer the coast. In 1896 "Furze Hill," as the house was named, was completed. The building stands on high ground with wide views over the surrounding country, the long line of the North Sea forming the eastern boundary of the landscape. In planning the arrangement of the grounds Mildred took as keen an interest, and bestowed as much thought for her mother's comfort, as in former years—though there was no looking back in her thoughts, not a moment's regret for her early decision and the surrender of her life.

In attempting to sketch the nature of Mildred Duff's influence over others, the difficulty which meets us at every turn is faithfully to portray her "unlikeness" to many "religious workers." She was at once so wise and yet so simple; so perfectly disciplined and yet so absolutely free; so humble—yet no one could take liberties with her.

When I had to go into hospital, she came to see me (the wife of a former coachman relates). I had been feeling dreadfully down, and she came in and we had a prayer together.
Just as she was going, she put her arms round me and kissed me! It was so wonderful that she should do that—I felt what she was—and then everything seemed different and I didn't worry any more.

Perhaps it was in her extraordinary power of carrying her own "atmosphere" with her that her greatest strength lay. In Continental cities, in her own home; amid the sordid scenes of Shadwell, or in the struggling village Corps; in the drawing-rooms of her family friends, or on the platform of a crowded Hall; "making up" a paper in the Editor's chair, or discussing current topics with intellectual intimates—she was always, altogether herself.

For many years Mildred Duff shared with Forward, her devoted friend and co-worker, a house in Gunton Road, Clapton, London E. Staff-Captain Forward's practical good sense had made this modest home a model of comfort and convenience—though always on strict "Army" lines—and the young girl who "helped" with the work was generally a protégée whom Forward had taken under her kind and generous, yet always eminently practical care. (North Country house-wives, she would say, had no time for sloppy sentiment.)

The friendship between these two Officers,
dating from Training Home days, had ripened and developed with the passing of the years.

I just grew into it (Forward said in retrospect), grew into knowledge of my leader, and learned to grow myself as I grew to know more of her. I was offered independent commands on several occasions, but the authorities respected my wish, and allowed us to serve together.

In the year in which Mrs. Petre moved into "Furze Hill," a new inmate appeared at Gunton Road—the little Armenian refugee Helenko. Many people still remember the shock of horror that ran through the world as the frightful details of the Armenian massacres became known—burning villages, cold-blooded murder, children sold into slavery. Before the horrors of the Great War wiped most other records from people's minds, the "Armenian atrocities," as they were called, stood out as perhaps the worst episode in modern history.

Among the refugees who had been brought to Paris by The Salvation Army, was a little orphan girl, five years of age. The poor child's home had been burned, and her father and mother murdered before her eyes, her own little face being scarred from the fall of a burning
rafter. Terror dwelt in her large black eyes, and her childish mind was darkened with the memories of the awful scenes she had witnessed. It would be hard to find a more pitiful case.

Mildred Duff and Forward were asked whether they would give her a home. "We will gladly take her!"—Forward's answer was characteristic, and the little frightened thing looked up at the kindly face and felt that she had found a friend. Not a word of English could Helenko understand then, but actions sometimes speak louder than words; with touching confidence she rolled up a corner of the Salvationist's cape in her small hands, and clung to it as though she would never let it go.

Forward did not say much—that was not her way—but she registered a vow that she would stand by that child for life, and, as was her custom, she kept her word.

Next morning the child was seen by a doctor, and later, with the approval of Mrs. Petre and the Army authorities, Mildred Duff and her friend formally adopted the orphaned girl.

Little by little, memories of the awful scenes through which she had passed grew less distinct in Helenko's mind; her dark eyes lost their look of terror, and she became a thoroughly happy child. She used to wear little white frocks in
those days, with her black hair tied in a scarlet "Army" ribbon. She was definitely converted when seven years of age, and quite early became a Junior Soldier of The Army in the Clapton Congress Hall Corps. She had a sweet voice, music coming to her as naturally as it does to a singing bird. Above all other songs she loved the old hymn, "Rock of Ages." "That is the song I shall sing in Heaven," she said in her childish fashion.

Helenko had many playmates: the little daughters of Salvation Army Officers, who were left in Forward's charge for a while, or whose parents lived in the neighbourhood. The best time of the whole day to those children was when Brigadier Duff—Major Duff had received promotion—and Forward came home from the office. A little hot meal was provided by the thoughtful management of Forward, and they all sat down to it together, Helenko and her small friends recounting the happenings of the day, and listening to the interesting stories "Brigadier" would tell them.

A cup of coffee after dinner was the supreme treat.

How the children looked forward to that coffee and the friendly chat that went with it! (Major Rosamond Whatmore, of International
Headquarters, recalls). The day began with a cold water bath—such splashing we used to have—and finished with coffee and prayers.

"Brigadier" was always so sweet to us, so interesting in what she told us, and so interested in all we told her about our small doings. Sometimes she forgot a piece of work she had undertaken to do—interviewing a tradesman or writing a business letter—and would suddenly remember and turn to her desk. But Forward always intervened. "Oh, I'll see to that. Leave that to me, Mildred; I'll see to it. You're tired out—go to bed!" Forward was always saving "Brigadier" trouble in that way.

It will be seen that Mildred Duff's little London home was in strong contrast to "Furze Hill," her mother's residence in Norfolk; yet she was equally at home in both places, becoming in herself the link which brought people of many varying interests into line together. And wherever she found herself, her loyalty to The Salvation Army was always supreme. She could see the beauty and reality of other forms of worship, but "aggressive warfare" was for her the only logical outcome of faith in the Redeemer's work for the world.
CHAPTER IX

"THE YOUNG SOLDIER"—MAKING FRIENDS

It is remarkable how quickly children read character and discover things about us that win or forfeit their confidence. . . . By admitting that we are not perfect, but only learners with them in the school of Christ, we link the young people to us by closer bonds than if we stood aloof and claimed superiority because of our rank or position.—M.D.

"I WANT us to be friends right off!" Mildred Duff explained to her readers in her first Young Soldier Editorial.

How I would like to know you each—every Mary and Tom and Flo and Willie! We must be quick and get to know each other, because there is a great deal I want you to do for me, and a great deal I want to do for you; and oh, so much we can all do for Jesus and His Kingdom down here! What do I mean? Ah! I must tell you later on!

A simple, intimate little talk with her readers, which quite a small child would understand.
Most adults have forgotten the feelings of childhood, and lost touch with the thoughts and interests of their own youth. That is why the mind of a child is an unsolved problem to a great majority of writers. But the same spirit which had enabled Mildred Duff to deal with the difficulties of a Swedish Cadet or a burdened Slum Officer, helped her to enter into and understand the heart of a child. The following extract from a birthday letter, written to a small person of eight, illustrates her facility for getting at a child’s point of view, and turning a child’s vivid imagination to good account. All children are fascinated by a telephone, and thrilled at the mysterious voice coming from they know not whence, and few could fail to be touched by the following appeal.

My darling—,

I have been thinking about you, and praying for you—on and off—all day. Now I want to send you a line to tell you so; for though those who love you can do very much to make your life happy and useful, your Father in Heaven can do much more, for He is always near you and waiting to be your guide and helper. I pray that each year you live you may know Him better. Then you will have, as it were, a little telephone in your heart, by which you
can ring Him up, and ask His help and blessing; and He can ring you up, and tell you what He wants you to do, or to leave off doing. Those who keep their wonderful telephones in use, are saved from doing stupid things, or what they are sorry for afterwards.

In 1897 there were already many signs of a coming revolution in the education of the youth of the nation, and the new century was to see an immense advance in all that concerned its health, physical culture and recreations. The nation of the future was to become the recognised responsibility of the nation of to-day.

Repressive restrictions on the aspirations and activities of childlife were already out of date, and Mildred Duff realised that her special task was to translate the new movement into the terms of The Salvation Army. In an early issue of *The Young Soldier* she made a strong appeal for support in her new campaign. Commenting on an illustration entitled "Feed my Lambs," she wrote:

Peter knew more about nets and hooks than children, but Jesus did not excuse him on that account, neither will He excuse you. The children crowd round Christ in the picture—the untaught, the cripple, the ragged. Would not Gabriel and Michael rejoice if they might
lead them to Him! They may not do it; but you and I have this wonderful opportunity within our grasp! Let it not be said of us, "Inasmuch as ye do it not to one of the least of these, ye do it not to Me."¹

Nothing that interests a child was beneath her notice; no childish trouble was too small to enlist her sympathy. This was the day of small things, and she had much to learn.

I am delighted to receive any plans for making *The Young Soldier* more than ever the friend and counsellor of the children (she wrote). So now, dear children, listen! If you lived near here and had anything that troubled or puzzled you, I should be pleased for you to come, and shut the office door [this is very characteristic, implying as it does a confidential talk all to themselves], and sit down and tell me all about it. But you don't live near the office—many of you live a long, long way off; still, if you would like to write me a little letter, or only a post card, telling me just what your difficulty is, I would send you an answer back in our "Question Column," and it will be nearly the same as if we had a little talk together.

These letters necessarily entailed a great deal of extra work—a "post" inundated with

¹ See Matt. xxv. 45.
correspondence, much of it very difficult to decipher, or to make sense of when deciphered: feeble little requests, trivial difficulties which most Editors would consign to the waste-paper basket. Yet each claimed her full attention. And through those little letters she was learning to understand the material on which she had to work, testing her opportunities, planning big things for the future. She had patience sufficient for all, ready sympathy for every childish trouble. Intensely sensitive herself, she never administered even a modified "snub" to anyone.

Her Christmas message, to a possibly lonely reader, illustrates the wide nature of her sympathy.

Christmas, 1897.

If you have no one to wish you a Happy Christmas, The Young Soldier wishes it to you very heartily just now. I only wish I could get hold of your hand, and look you in the face, and tell you that if you will but allow the Saviour of Bethlehem to come into your heart you will have a very blessed New Year, in spite of your loneliness and all that may be against you.

Always excepting Forward, there was no regular Young Soldier staff in those days. As
occasion arose, the Editor borrowed assistance from the writers and artists of the other Salvation Army publications, and filled up with casual labour from outside sources. Brigadier Duff had not only to transform a children’s newspaper of comparatively restricted usefulness into an organ for the spiritual and mental development of young people throughout the world; she had to begin by fashioning the tools through which the work was to be done.

Thought must precede action; the new Editor began by teaching her embryo staff to think.

“You wrote this?” she said, pointing to a little illustrated article which had appeared a few weeks before she took over the paper. “Well, I should like you to think out one or two ideas of the same sort, as bright as possible—there is no reason why spiritual lessons should be dull. Children, as a great writer reminds us, are merciless critics. They dislike twaddle and are quick to detect the weak and unreal. It is a great mistake to think that ‘anything’ will do for a child.”

Then the Editor rose from her chair. “We will ask God’s blessing and guidance on the work we are called upon to do together,” she said, and kneeling beside her desk she prayed that the Holy Spirit might direct and inspire all that
should be planned and written in that office, and that He would rest in full measure on each of the workers; that in all things God might be glorified.

The dullest spirit must have striven to rise after such words as these—the slackest worker feel the necessity of speeding up his output and improving its quality. The new Editor did not believe in half-measures, and within a few weeks made it clear to writers and artists alike that she wished to be regarded merely as a fellow-worker, and the Lord Himself as the actual Editor-in-Chief of *The Young Soldier*.

We want stories of real experiences (she said), true histories of defeats and struggles and victories. Every saved soul has passed through an experience far more thrilling and wonderful than any recorded in a sham-adventure serial. Suppose you begin by writing the story of your own conversion? In story-form of course, changing the names of the people and places—it would not be wise to have it recognised.

Look at your subject from a child's point of view; try to put yourself back into the time when you, too, were a child. Write in simple language, and as clearly as possible; avoid involved sentences.

And remember, you *must* be interesting. A child is always intensely interested in the daily happenings of his life, and unless your story is
interesting it will have no appeal, and cannot be truly child-like. Learn to concentrate without cramping.

Try telling a complete story in 500 words—it is excellent practice. Then never forget that *The Young Soldier* goes into many homes which no other messenger from God can reach. We must be faithful.

The "Tinies" were as dear to the new Editor as any other class of reader, and she spent as much thought and care over planning the "Little One's Page" as she did on the pages intended for the elder girls and boys.

Although Forward made a most practical business-editor—looking after office business, the indexing, binding, filing, ordering of drawings and making of appointments—the increased circulation of the paper called for an enlarged staff. "What you have to do, Tracy," the Editor said to "Cousin Faith," one of the recruits, with a humorous twinkle in her grey eyes, "is to grind out the berries as I drop them into the coffee mill. I supply the ideas, you hammer them into shape."

"M.D.'s" was ever the long view (Brigadier Ruth Tracy, whose verses to-day are known throughout the Army world, says in retrospect). Seeing, she made others see new
depths of the Divine. . . . Stories and pictures and rhymes were not an end in themselves, but a means to an end.

The dawn of a new century always marks a period in the history of human affairs; it did so especially in the life of Mildred Duff. The closing years of the nineteenth century had been for her a time of preparation; with the first years of the new era she inaugurated some of her most important contributions towards the spiritual and mental development of young people.
Although the stores at our disposal are so vast, and urgently needed by the young people of to-day, we must have gained them ourselves, as Peter gained his first-hand knowledge of the power of Christ, before we can hand them on.—M.D.

"What is an Editor?" somebody asked a boy the other day—we quote from an early Editorial of The Young Soldier.

"An Editor," the boy replied, "is somebody who does not do anything himself; and when somebody else does, he goes and tells other people about it."

"Not bad," the Editor comments. "M.D." repeats the story with the relish she always had for a joke—especially one directed against herself.

It would be hard to imagine a more perfect example of a schoolboy "howler"! As a paper grows and develops, the Editor's responsibilities multiply, and 1900 saw many new lines of
thought brought into action in *The Young Soldier*.

In these days, when practical psychology is taught in the schools and has a place in every new scheme for promoting child-welfare, it is perhaps worth while considering in some detail the nature and extent of the influence Mildred Duff exercised on the rising generation of those days. Before she retired, *The Young Soldier* had almost doubled its circulation, while the twenty-nine sister *Young Soldiers*, published in various languages in all parts of the world, gathered many of their leading features from the pioneer paper.

It is interesting to gather from the files of *The Young Soldier* between 1900 and 1926, how her work was done. The first original note was struck with the publication of "Fallen Stars."

"Boys and Girls who Became Great" is a rather ordinary subject (she said to an assistant). Children get tired of too much of the good-boy-who-got-the-cake story, and are attracted by the "Penny Dreadful" style of literature—if only by way of a change. How would it be to give them a "Penny Dreadful" series—with results, of course! the true stories of men and women who might have shone like stars, but who, through some great fault or
weakness, fell; "wandering stars," whose light has been swallowed up in "the blackness of darkness," as St. Jude tells us.\(^1\) I believe that would help them to see things as they are and judge for themselves. I have always a special child in mind when I am planning a story, an especially sharp and up-to-date small friend of my own; if she is interested I can be fairly certain I have hit on the right method of getting my points home; it is quite useless to write over a child’s head.

We can glean knowledge from our lowliest friends (she observed to an assistant on another occasion). The office boy or the little servant girl may know something we do not; let us take every opportunity of learning from them.

Where the interests of the Kingdom were concerned, she was the reverse of thin-skinned.

Our Editor was ready to scrap her own ideas at a moment’s notice if a better idea turned up; I have seen her do so scores of times. (The office girl of that period still recalls the fact with keen appreciation.) I recollect her coming into the outer office one day with some papers in her hand and looking dreadfully puzzled. I don’t think she saw me, for I was bending down over the gas-ring on the floor, boiling milk for her lunch.

\(^1\) Jude 13.
“Listen to this, Forward,” she said, leaning over the Business-Editor’s desk; “I have been trying to get the title I want for my article for I don’t know how long, and I can hit on nothing which gives the idea. There is such a lot in the title, you know; a striking heading gets there at once, and can help out even a poor story; and a weak title can almost spoil a good one. I do want this story to go! Now, would any of these titles do?”—and she ran over a whole string of suggestions, explaining the subject of the article as she went along.

A pause followed. No, nothing satisfactory. Then Forward added her contributions to the list. No, the Editor still looked worried.

At that moment she caught sight of my interested face turned towards her from the gas-ring. “Well, —, have you any suggestion to make?” she asked smilingly.

I am sure I got frightfully red. “What about ‘Friend or Enemy?’” I blurted out.

She uttered a quick exclamation and, crossing the floor, she smote me on the shoulder so unexpectedly that I nearly fell on the top of the gas-ring, boiling milk and all. “Forward, we have got it!” she exclaimed with intense satisfaction. “That’s the very thing!”

A memory of many years ago now, but if the office girl lives to be a hundred she will never forget the thrill of that moment!
A large and always increasing number of teachers and workers among children came to her for help and advice with the problems they encountered. At this time many had been seriously disturbed by reading books which cast doubts on the authority of the Old Testament—especially when taken in conjunction with geology and allied sciences. Geology was being taught in the schools. Could she do anything towards bridging the gulf which well-meaning, but unscientific writers had helped to widen between modern discoveries and Bible records?

We ought to hit on something that would make the subject less difficult for our young people, don't you think? (she said to her assistant). In the Bible we have a clear account of the order in which creation took place, and, looked at broadly, there is surely no contradiction between this orderly progress and the progressive stages of the geological periods. Could we not make this clear by giving the main facts in so simple a fashion that the children would understand and make the application for themselves?

"It seems to me that God has left His people two records"—this was a fundamental truth with her, and the starting-point of much of her teaching:
The brief record needed to make the Bible a complete account of His work for men, and the slow sure record written age by age in the earth itself. Can we not bring the two records together?

Naturally there were many difficulties to overcome before her idea could be carried into effect.

We must aim at giving our children knowledge in such a fashion that it leads to the higher gift of wisdom (she said). Nothing is more true than that a little—that is, a superficial—knowledge is a dangerous thing. Men and women are always making shipwreck of their souls because their knowledge stops short of wisdom. A "good education," as it is called, is merely a dangerous instrument in the hands of an unwise person.

This conversation resulted in a geological serial entitled "God's Writing Underground."

But if knowledge without wisdom is a danger, there is no question that ignorance is responsible for many terrible disasters. None could measure the amount of misery caused by ignorance of the laws of health. Even a child should know something of the marvellous mechanism of the body through which it thinks and acts.
The laws of hygiene are becoming a popular subject with the instructors of youth both in Europe and America. Can we not do something of this kind in our paper? (was her next suggestion.) Physiology in action, the rules of health given in story form, but scientifically correct—how would that be? To give less than our best would be to cheat the children.

The story of “The Don’t-Know Family” appeared shortly afterwards, and later was published in book-form; again a new note had been struck.

A long series of instructive stories, articles and, subsequently, books resulted from this and similar conversations. But the Editor never allowed the instructive side of her work to obscure the spiritual aim or cause her to lose personal touch with her readers. Science, she often observed, should be the handmaid of religion, and must never usurp the place of more definite teaching.

Her “Editorial Notes” were always a reflex of the times. In the autumn of 1903, Mrs. Booth-Tucker—the “Miss Emma” of the old Training Home—lost her life in an American railway accident. Mildred Duff had many exquisite memories of the Consul, and the loss to The Salvation Army seemed irreparable.
If you would live like her you must turn your eyes away from other people and look at Jesus (she said in her Notes), and find out what He wants you to do. And then you must not let yourself rest or be content until He has made you like Himself.

The monthly magazine for young people which made its appearance in 1906, was a further development of the "Corps Cadet" pages which had been for some time a feature of the children's newspaper.

What is it? (we quote from the Editor's Notes.) Why, a little monthly paper altogether for the young people. I want you to pray that God will make it His messenger to young people of every class and grade. It is not for children, and not for fathers and mothers. It is for all between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one.

We want you to write this paper for yourself (the Editor explained). We want a young woman who has had a hard fight in Glasgow to be cheered by the experience of her sister at Plymouth, and the lad at Cardiff to feel that he knows what he ought to do because of the hint his brother workman in Newcastle gave him! And this is just what Paul meant when he spoke of the fellowship of the saints.

1 Corps Cadets are young Salvationists undertaking a course of study and practical training at their own Corps, in order specially to equip themselves for Salvation Army service.
The new journal, now known as *The Warrior*, dealt with a variety of subjects spiritual, educational and practical, and the names of several well-known women Officers have been associated with the paper from its earliest stages.

*The Life-Saving Scout and Guard* came into being much later, and was not long under her Editorship, but she thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity it gave her, if only as an outlet for the humour which was always a marked trait in her character. "To get all that is expected into this paper is like trying to put Niagara through a three-inch pipe," she comments, and her summary of its aims in a quaint quotation cleverly hits off her ideas on the subject:

To each is given a bag of tools,
An hour-glass and a book of rules;
And each must build, ere his hour is flown,
A stumbling-block or a stepping-stone.

The personal interest in individual readers was never lost. In the 1906 Christmas number of *The Young Soldier* she wrote:

If this Christmas number should come into the hands of anyone who feels lonely or sad, then we would like to bring you a special message of cheer. Through these lines *The Young Soldier* stretches its hand to you, and
prays that the Saviour Himself may come and bless you, and give you a bit of real Christmas joy in your own soul.

Every picture, song and article in the paper, every word of advice, was directed to the same end. The Saviour was no abstraction who could be approached only through a set form of words, but a personal Friend, who gave personal help to all who sought it at His hands.

On the cover of *The Young Soldier* for August 31st, 1912—just after the death of The Army’s Founder—was portrayed the tired figure of William Booth, a very old man, battle-worn and weary, turning towards the waiting figure of the Saviour, who receives him into His arms.

Do not think of our beloved General as if he were dead (she wrote). The General has left the body which he has quite worn out in the service of his Master, and he has gone to his Eternal Home.

In the closing years of the Great War the nation’s supply of paper became strictly limited and *The Young Soldier* was almost “rationed” out of existence.

“I am hoping that after a few weeks you will get reconciled to your paper’s war-time
edition,” she wrote, and a later note warned her readers against unwise expenditure.

Look ahead and remember that the days of big wages and plenty of work will come to an end. A time of difficulty will come after the War.

Her clear insight into human affairs helped her to foresee the troubles from which the whole world suffers to-day.

A serious illness interrupted her work for a time, but after a few months she was at her post again, and her Christmas message of that year reflects her own experience:

Do not confuse quietness with idleness. Quiet people often get through a great deal more work than those who are always fussing and agitating. Think—this quiet unselfish spirit, if it came only to one heart in every home, would make the whole world different. For where Jesus reigns and says, ‘Peace, be still,’ calm follows. And then we are able to see what most wants doing, and to get on with the work.

It does not matter in the least who does the work; the one important thing is to get the work done (she wrote on another occasion). If I am privileged to carry out something which needs doing, why should I worry over
who gains the credit? Surely the fact that this thing needed doing should be enough for me.

Worldly people are always seeking to gain credit for their work, and measure their successes by the amount of applause won. Those who seek to follow Christ should do their work in a different spirit—should have no time to waste over trying for limelight effects. . . . Recognition may come; good men sometimes win credit even in this world. But often it is not so. Just go quietly on; let your work speak for you. The soul that is learning to rely on God can afford to wait, remembering His promised "Well done."
CHAPTER XI

"INTERNATIONAL COMPANY ORDERS"

If we have learned to make the Bible our own, by giving time to its reverent, patient and constant study, we shall be able, almost unconsciously, to impress on the minds of those we teach our own sense of its value and wonder.—M.D.

"EVERYTHING came second to his great work of saving souls," Mildred Duff wrote in the "Life" of Commissioner Railton. "Nothing on earth had the least importance compared with lifting up Jesus Christ before a dying world."

She might have been writing of herself. Nothing with her had the least importance—and she acknowledged every claim—compared with her life-work of winning souls for the Kingdom.

"Your duty is to be the connecting link between the child and God." No religious teacher could have a higher ideal put before him, but Mildred Duff did not stop at ideals; she translated ideals into facts.

For nearly thirty years she was responsible
for the "International Company Orders"—the Sunday School lessons taught in Salvation Army Schools and Bible Classes throughout the world. Beginning as short articles in *The Young Soldier*, and designed for the help of teachers, the "Company Orders" developed into a set of carefully prepared Manuals issued annually, and containing Bible Lessons for each Sunday in the year. Later, as it was found impossible to give an adequate idea of Bible history in a single year, the late General Bramwell Booth, then The Army's Chief of the Staff, suggested a six years' cycle.

In 1918 a further improvement took place. A separate Manual was prepared for the infants—or, as they are now called, the Primary Classes—thus allowing more scope for the lessons of both sections.

The term "International" is no misnomer. Children who come within the scope of The Army's influence in every part of the globe are taught from these Manuals, advance copies being translated into many languages.

"A link between the child and God." How was the link to be forged, the connection made? "You must be *consciously* working under His eye and for His 'Well done,' if your work is to be of lasting good," Mildred Duff declared. Again,
No one can hope to be successful in Junior Work who does not realize its importance and power. We desire nothing less than to raise up, in every part of the world where our Flag is flying, centres of teaching, training and character.

A sufficiently lofty conception of the work; yet, as the years passed, her spiritual aims grew in strength and intensity.

In teaching, strive to make Christ a living person to the children (Commissioner Duff wrote in 1925); not merely One who could do miracles and wonderful things, but One who loves us, and desires to live in our hearts, and to save us from our sins, so that we may become like Him in our daily lives.

Her final message before her Retirement in 1926 is even more definite:

Christ is recognized as the one great barrier to spiritual violence, hatred, and lawlessness. To study His life, therefore, is of vital importance to us all, and especially to the young people of to-day. The Saviour's every word and action is as the Bread of Life to the whole human race.

Recognizing the impossibility of adequately preparing the lessons amidst the distraction of
an Editor's office, General Bramwell Booth, ever ready to forward the claims of the children, relieved Mildred Duff from official attendance at the International Headquarters during several weeks in each year. She had always been keenly sensible of the debt The Army's young people owed to General Bramwell Booth.

Under his hand we have seen the whole world-wide Young People's work grow up and develop (she wrote at his death); and as Mrs. Booth has often said, "he must forever be especially remembered among us as the Young People's General."

The "I.C.O.", as these Manuals became known at Headquarters, were therefore prepared either at her Clapton home, or in Norfolk. Here, with the help of her secretary, Brigadier Blanche Stevens, she found the complete detachment the work required. Advance copies of the Manual had to be ready for transmission abroad before August. This meant that the lessons must be arranged and edited during the early months of the year.

The gardens of Westwick and "Furze Hill" were often deep in snow when she travelled to Norfolk; and when at a later period her mother removed to Trimingham House, cold winds
swept in from the wide expanse of the North Sea. But Mildred Duff did not go home for a holiday. "She was so absorbed in her work that I could scarcely get a word with her," a local friend recalls; and her secretary gives a vivid picture of the strenuousness of those days.

Most of our work was done at "Furze Hill," but later at Trimingham, either at the cottage or in the house itself. On sunny days we had a table close to the window, looking out over the lovely gardens, which were beautiful even under wintry conditions; but when icy winds swept in from the grey sea we moved close to the blaze of the log fire in the deep chimney.

Commissioner needed plenty of room for her papers, and sometimes our materials overflowed several tables. I remember how, on another occasion, when she was correcting and condensing the MS. of Commissioner Railton's "Life," our papers spread themselves across five. Mrs. Petre came in, and with gentle sarcasm asked, "Wouldn't you like another table, Mildred?"

A day or two would be spent in looking over the I.C.O. lessons of previous years, in suggesting alterations and improvements in style and making new plans. This done, a typist was installed in an adjoining room, and the actual preparation of the lessons commenced.
She used the simplest words possible—never losing sight of the fact that the lessons were to be translated into languages as far apart as German and Japanese, Hindustani and Spanish. An accomplished linguist herself, she always endeavoured to avoid the special pitfalls of translations.

The language had to be simple, too, for the sake not only of the children, but of the Company Guards,¹ some of them necessarily drawn from the poorly educated classes.

"The Friends of Jesus" was a subject entirely after her heart.

Aim at making each of the "Friends" a distinct personality (she said in her "Note" at the head of the section). Also show the way in which Christ drew out the best in each one; keep before your Company the thought that the same wonderful friendship and companionship is possible for all to-day, and that Christ wants them each one for His friend.

"Fellowship with Christ" was the secret of Mildred Duff's own spiritual life, and the lessons prepared under that sectional title revealed her intense desire that others should share this privilege.

No pains were spared in the preparation of these lessons. Well aware that without method

¹ The Army's term for Sunday School Teachers.
in teaching both time and material are wasted, she divided each lesson under headings and sub-headings, thus giving the pith of the subject at a glance. These headings were most carefully selected.

When we came up to the principal lesson, she would pause a moment (her secretary recalls). "Now is this just what we want?" Then she would cover her face with her hands, communing within herself; or, lifting her eyes to the window, look out across hills or woods or sea with the rapt expression of one who sees into the far distances of spiritual things. "Listen, how will this do?" she would ask at length.

She kept so much in touch with the Lord that He gave her new thoughts to meet present-day difficulties (her secretary continues). To give two instances only, the story of David's sin, in her hands, became a strong lesson on moral slackness; that of Saul and the witch of Endor on the dangers of Spiritualism. And always in gathering up the threads of a lesson she would make that characteristic pause, closing her eyes and seeking guidance from her "Friend."

In *The Scripture Manual*, the "Sand Tray" method of impressing Bible stories on the minds of very young children is fully developed. With this book Mildred Duff designed figures which
could be coloured, cut out, pasted on cardboard and used in the "Sand Tray."

We must keep that typical small child in our minds when doing this work (she would say). Children have such odd ideas sometimes.

On one occasion, when she was working out the story of Moses in the bulrushes for her little niece and nephew, Jane and James, children of Colonel and Mrs. Granville Duff, the small boy piped out, "But I want to see all the little drown-ded babies!" She quickly turned the subject into safer channels, storing the knowledge gained in order to avoid such pitfalls in future.

In preparing the earlier issues of the International Company Orders, Mildred Duff had the help and advice of her sister Lilian, the loved companion and fellow-worker of her youth. Lilian Duff died in 1910, her passing entirely peaceful—"such a mercy," Mildred wrote; "we are full of gratitude to God." None can read the words in which she wrote of her sister's death without realizing the depth of her grief. But private grief, with her, never interfered with public service, and after a very brief interval she was as deeply engaged as ever in her work for the spiritual education of the children.

1Lilian Duff, Y.W.C.A.
She generally gave two lectures each session to the Cadets at The Army's International Training College, and the notes of her last lecture, given during the 1930-1931 session—in the year before her death—set, as it were, the coping-stone on her work for children.

Earth's most precious possession (she said) is not its jewels or its treasures, but—its children.

"Suffer the children to come,"—not merely hear, sing, have texts about Me; but, deliberate action: "Come."

You need reverence, humility, faith. Pause and consider the sufferings of children; for wherever there is sin, children suffer—unwanted—untrained—hopeless.

Spoken from the platform of the Assembly Hall at the new William Booth Memorial College at Denmark Hill, to those who in a few months' time would be scattered throughout the land, and come into direct contact with children of all grades and ages, Commissioner Duff's words brought with them an atmosphere of inspiration and power. She was neither a startling nor an emotional speaker, but she spoke with the conviction of absolute faith, and out of the depths of her intense longing to pass on to others the truths on which she had built her own life.
The Penitent-Form is The Army’s meeting-place between God and the soul (she said); not a shrine or an altar [the words are underlined in her notes], but helpful only because of what is done there. By willingly coming, the child shows its own desire to be good, and does not mind letting others see that it wants to be different. Never despise its wish. Reverence its intelligence [a very characteristic touch, and one which escapes many lecturers on child-life]; children are not fools. “In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father” (Matt. xviii. 10). The child’s case is of such vast importance—immediate access to the Throne.

Following on the lines of the solemn preface, she asked for a most careful enquiry into the state of the child’s mind, leading up to confession and prayer for forgiveness.

Signs of true conversion are not constant victory or nice feelings, but to have new desires—to learn to love and hate what God loves and hates; new enemies, and a new Friend. Jesus is mine in spite of feeling. The child leaves you behind as it goes home, but it does not leave Him. The connection, once made, may be a life-long experience, an unbroken Divine relationship.

She adds a word of caution:
This is not to be done all at once, or by you. But your faith, prayer, love and watchfulness will create the spirit in your Corps, so that your comrades will be eager to co-operate with you.

Teach children to "think" (she said during one of her addresses). A darkened, misguided, and wrongly instructed mind engenders superstition; rightly taught, the same qualities call out reverence for God. It is easy to send a child away, but whom do you send it to?

Mildred Duff also lectured to Young People's Secretaries and Local Officers in this and other countries, on a variety of kindred subjects. Moral questions especially, though always handled with judgment and delicacy, were touched on with sufficient outspokenness to leave no doubt as to their meaning.

Her addresses were often given at great cost to herself, and in spite of most careful preparation she was seldom satisfied with the result. "I have not done nearly as well as I hoped," was a frequent comment. "It was a great opportunity, and I ought to have made more of it." But this opinion was never shared by her hearers. She opened new doors of service for many; and closed none.
CHAPTER XII

MINISTRY TO YOUTH

God does not call His people to a career, but to a life of obedience. . . . For those who leave their future in His hands He builds a career more wonderful and far-reaching than their most glowing hopes had pictured; but with the way, the time, and the cost to themselves they have nothing to do.—M.D.

"Mildred Duff at her best—kneeling at the side of a young girl at the Mercy Seat during the Young People's Councils\(^1\) at the old Lecture Hall (Clapton), quite unconscious of the passing of time; patiently leading a soul to the light," writes a prominent Salvation Army Officer. To forge the connecting link, as she herself called it, between the child and God, was the over-mastering passion of her life, the goal towards which all her thoughts and prayers, her words and writings were directed.

At a gathering of the Literary staff at International Headquarters, a number of years

\(^1\) A day's meetings devoted exclusively to young people.
ago, a storm of applause was evoked by the announcement of Brigadier Duff’s promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. Brigadier Ethel Roberts, the present Editor of *The Young Soldier*, relates the incident:

M.D. was asked to speak. She rose and saluted the Editor-in-Chief with a gracious gesture all her own. "Please thank the General," she said, "and tell him that I am fully appreciative of the wider opportunity for service;—but we need not waste any more of these precious moments talking about that. I think the rare occasions on which we can leave our work and gather together should be made seasons of heart-searching and prayer. I for one—" and there followed intimate words of personal testimony, bringing a deepening sense of spiritual atmosphere.

We knelt down to pray . . . and the burden was all the same: that our pens might be touched with the living flame from God’s altar, that cold type might go out to the world red-hot. There was a movement at my side, and my chum—then a junior clerk, now an Army Officer—made her way to the table, and knelt with head buried in her hands, her form shaken with sobs. . . . The new Colonel was kneeling at her side. We passed out, leaving the two together one pouring out her hopes and fears, the other earnestly counselling.
The connection made and a soul definitely linked to the Saviour, it became the duty of all those responsible, to strengthen and safeguard the God-given new life by every means in their power; demanding, in dealing with young people especially, faith, wisdom and tact of the highest order.

God called Mildred Duff out from her own class and into our ranks to be a special leader of The Army's young people; and though she has gone on ahead into the great Leader's presence, she has left her own distinct standards for us to carry on (wrote Major Madge Unsworth, now Editor of The Warrior). Valuable and far-reaching as was Mildred Duff's work for the children, and those who teach and train children, her influence on young people—boys and girls in their teens and early twenties—was even more remarkable. Of the young people she personally influenced it would be impossible to speak in detail, for their name is legion, and the number is no less remarkable than the adaptability she showed in dealing with individuals.

In practically every country where the Army Flag flies there are Officers who in their youth had some contact with the Commissioner, either through her friendship with their parents—Officers or Soldiers of The Army—or at Young
People's Councils. A handshake, a few words of advice, a short note, the gift of a book, or even a characteristic message in an autograph album was often the turning point in their lives. But with all this wealth of love and sympathy for young people she would never countenance any sentimental hero-worship of herself. It must never be, "Well, Commissioner, I'll do it for your sake," but, "Commissioner has made me see what God expects of me."

Some thirty years ago, during a visit to Copenhagen, Mildred Duff invited the few Officers' children in the city to a little gathering. Ten or a dozen young people met her, and as usual she began with a friendly chat and ended by winning the entire confidence of every girl and boy there. She asked them what they were going to be when they grew up and in what way they hoped to serve God? None will ever forget the keen interest she showed in all that concerned them and their future aims, and, the inference is direct—practically all of them have grown up to become loyal Salvationists.

Mildred Duff's keen intuition and unfailing sympathy safeguarded her against many errors common in dealing with young people, and she never failed to hold up her own belief that friendship with Jesus is within the reach of even
the humblest seeker. In a front-page picture of an early issue of *The Young Soldier*, a number of working men and lads are seen passing through the gates of a factory. In the centre of the picture is a young fellow whose higher standards seem to have met with the contempt of his workmates. "Do not be afraid, I have been a boy like you," Jesus, portrayed as a lad of the boy's own age, is saying as He takes the young fellow's arm and looks into his eyes.

The standards Mildred Duff put before young people were invariably those by which from the earliest days she had ruled her own life. She recognized that the friendships of youth are of supreme importance.

Young men and women rush into dangerous friendships just because they feel that no one understands them (she wrote). Thousands of young people make shipwreck here, and yet I believe that no one who has been great in the things of God, has not, for a time at least, had to walk alone without friends. . . .

It is better to have no friends at all than the wrong sort or those who drag you down, and very often to make one special friend and thereby shut out all others is both selfish and hurtful to your own soul. . . .

Try to be a friend to all who need you, and do not look so much to what you *get*, as
to what you are able to give of help and encouragement.

A true friendship inspires you to do something which of yourself you would not do. How wonderful if, between your friend and some temptation or sin, should rise up the memory of your face, or your example, and he should conquer where otherwise he would have gone down, just because of the thought of you!

Many young people for varying periods were under her care at Gunton Road, and many more came within her influence as typists and "office girls." One of these writes from Canada:

I regard those five years spent under her wise and kindly administration with feelings of joy and gratitude, for the education and training I received then were superior to any that could be obtained from any university or institution. What a raw recruit I was!

A former office girl, now an Officer who has spent some years in India, remembers with deep gratitude Commissioner Duff's advice to her before she left the office to enter the Training Home.

Don't worry yourself too much about your nervous fears and dread of public speaking. You remember the man who brought out of his
treasury things new and old? The Lord gives you a thought, you remember a little verse that goes with it, then a little bit of your own experience will fit in—something you have heard or done—and it will all come quite naturally. Do not worry, either, about the difficulty you find in speaking to people in trams and buses; just ask the Lord to give you something to say, and when He does, you will find that the saying of it will be quite easy.

Another, now a night sister in a London hospital, writes:

There was no time in her life for blame. Others might think the job had been bungled, but the Commissioner was far too busy encouraging and stimulating, to question things or to say what might have been done better.

I learned eventually why she understood a situation so well. She lived it as one talked, and got behind one's angle to see how it looked from that point of view. Among my dearest recollections is her talk with me before I set out on my nursing career.

In her little keepsake are inserted these words "That which I see not teach Thou me"—a simple acceptance of her own experience. . . . I left the room mentally hugging a few ideal rules for life which have always been

1 Job xxxiv. 32.
among the standards by which I have tried to measure each day’s work:

“Be a sport—do a kind turn to others whenever you have an opportunity. Don’t expect to convert the ward; let your influence speak. Admit a mistake immediately, and report it. Pray much—have a private telephone to Heaven in your pocket.”

I had learned through her eyes to see the blossom that thrives in sickness and poverty, and through her life and influence to live a little closer to God and to the creatures of His creation.

Young people were always made to feel at ease in Mildred Duff’s Clapton home.

When I was a Corps Cadet, two of us called at Gunton Road (says one comrade). Major Duff chatted pleasantly, and presently Forward came in with two big cups of cocoa, and bread and cheese, on a tray. While we were eating, the Major asked us about our Corps Cadet Brigade, and how we were getting on, and was so friendly and informal that we started telling funny little stories—how one of our Corps Cadet Guardians took our umbrellas from us at an open-air meeting on a wet night, and hung them on the belt at the back of his overcoat, “because,” he said, “they stopped us from clapping our hands.” M.D. chuckled appreciatively.

1 Leader of a group or “Brigade” of Corps Cadets.
This sense of humour was often a valuable asset.

"Nothing would induce me to be a worm!" cried a young Officer to whom Commissioner Duff was counselling submission. Major Madge Unsworth, so long associated with Mildred Duff’s work for young people, relates the incident.

The Commissioner sat silent for a while, and then, with a little twinkle in her eyes, asked whether her young comrade had ever realized the usefulness of a worm. Receiving no answer she proceeded to describe, with characteristic humour, the important part a worm plays in the balance of nature; preparing the soil, drawing down rotted leaves, and so on. "Until," as the Officer confessed, "I really wanted to be a worm! But before I could feel gravelled, the conversation was swiftly switched into another channel"—a proceeding entirely characteristic of the Commissioner’s method with young people.

This "worm" lesson finds its complement in a hint from the grasshoppers. To a young Officer who was facing a new appointment with apprehension she quoted the text, "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers" (Num. xiii. 33)—with the characteristic addition: "Davies, don’t be a grasshopper!"
Her counsels to modern young people on the subject of reckless and wasteful amusements were very definite. "The world is going mad on so-called 'pleasure,' and not in one country alone, but in every civilized land." She emphasized the point on many occasions, but in her efforts to curb the recklessness of modern youth there was no lack of sympathy with a love of adventure. She was keenly alive to the craze for thrills which exists in most normal young people.

"Appeal to the heroic; appeal to the spiritual; be in the world—up-to-date—but not of it; keep up the self-esteem," were her four rules for winning their confidence "in that critical period when youth is stretching out its hands to manhood, and the most abiding impressions of life are received."

A God-directed life has no need to seek thrilling adventures; in working for Him they are to be met with every day. She was deeply stirred by the wreck of the Larchmont on the American coast, in 1907. In the young people's paper she wrote:

You have all heard . . . by now, of how the collision took place at midnight. . . . How our comrades—seven . . . Officers and three . . . Cadets . . ., in the panic
that followed, sought to calm the passengers and to bring back order and discipline. And then how, when no way of escape opened, and the ship was settling down into the icy waters, they knelt in a little ring and prayed and sang, until the echo of their song . . . will roll right round the world.

Thank God for such an example! Thank God that our people know how to die as well as to live! . . .

I want you to see how gloriously God fulfilled His promise to them, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be" (Deut. xxxiii. 25). . . . When the moment came, God gave them divine strength and courage, and such a wonderful sense of His presence, that they were lifted in spirit right up from the icy waves to the throne of God! . . .

But do not forget—only one kind of life makes such victorious triumph possible.

Mildred Duff’s message to young people on her Retirement in 1926 sums up the experience and teaching of her whole life:

Friendship with Christ is within your reach. May it transform and enrich your life, and be to you a sun which will never set.
CHAPTER XIII

"BY MILDRED DUFF AND NOEL HOPE"

The science of to-day is increasingly revealing to us the marvellous truth and accuracy of the Scriptures. . . . The Bible is abreast and indeed ahead of the latest discoveries.—M.D.

“Our serial stories are not written in a hurry; they are the outcome of much prayer and thought concerning the present-day needs of young people,” wrote Mildred Duff in one of her editorials. She gathered opinions from many sources, and from all classes, always seeking to increase her knowledge; especially of the Bible.

God’s Book is like the sea (was a favourite saying of hers); there are shallows in which children may wade, and deeps which the wisest man can never sound.

“Noel Hope” had already been associated with this section of her work, and a slight incident led to a considerable enlargement of its scope. During a preliminary talk over the
possibilities of a projected "instructive" serial, the Editor observed that she was about to take the life of Moses for her Sunday Afternoon Readings in *The Young Soldier*, and that she had heard that recent discoveries in Egypt and Assyria had thrown fresh light on Old Testament history. "What a help this new archaeology would be to the story of Moses, if only one knew how to get at it," she added.

It so happened that "Noel Hope" was a student at the British Museum. Always on the look-out for up-to-date knowledge, the Editor's mind at once saw the possibility of the subject.

Then couldn't we do something on those lines? (Mildred Duff asked.) As the Chief of Staff [Mr. Bramwell Booth] says, "we should use all the talents we possess in the Lord's service; and if our hands can reach to the top of the tree, we should use them to hand down the fruit to those who are compelled to dwell at its foot."

Her eyes as she spoke were alight with enthusiasm—the keen enthusiasm of youth and hope and vision which never left her, even in age. Whatever her personal or official anxieties, she never lost her relish for acquiring new facts, or failed to respond to any suggestion for opening out fresh paths of service.
Ancient Egypt is a most fascinating study (she said), and very much to the fore just now. "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."¹ Now how about running the two series together—"Sunday Afternoons" for spiritual lessons, the "Back Page" serial giving historical facts?

And so it was settled. "But we must have a little note at the head of each chapter explaining what we are trying to do," she added. Later, enlarged and corrected, the series appeared in book-form under the title *Where Moses Went to School*, with the sequel *Where Moses Learnt to Rule*.

Some time ago (Mildred Duff explains in her Foreword), many clever people thought that the history of Egypt, as given in the earlier books of the Bible, was incorrect. But during these last years wonderful discoveries have been made, proving that, instead of being inaccurate, the Bible gives us a perfect picture of ancient Egypt.

These two little books were favourably received both inside and outside The Salvation Army, and were the first of a series on old Testament history, written on similar lines.

Mildred Duff had great faith in the influence of women.

¹ Acts vii. 22.
Even in Old Testament times, when women's position left so much to be desired, a godly woman could exercise considerable power (she said). Through Sarah the Promise came; Ruth was the direct ancestress of Mary, the mother of the Lord; Esther's courage saved her nation. We have given our boys a hero in Moses; Esther should make a splendid story for our girls. See what material you can gather from the monuments and inscriptions—perhaps it may be possible for us to carry out "Esther" on the same lines.

It was possible; and in due time Esther the Queen appeared, with the usual note from the Editor:

"This story will take us to the ruins of the wonderful old Eastern cities and palaces, which have lain buried under heaps of sand for hundreds of years. . . .

"The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?" That was Esther's trust. Let it be ours. Strong in faith and purity, let us go forward with confidence. Oh, for more men and women to-day who are ready to trust God, and act upon their convictions like Esther the Queen!

Although Mildred Duff availed herself to the full of the work of her assistant, she was always

1 Psalm cxviii. 6.
deeply concerned with what she called the "thrust" of the story, herself looking to the sharpness of the spear and the temper of the sword, never allowing the book to pass out of her hands until she was satisfied that it would strike, and strike hard, at some popular fallacy or superstition.

*Daniel the Prophet* came out in the following year.

The history with which this book deals all lies in the distant past (she wrote), . . . yet not an incident is chronicled which has not in it a message for us.

Daniel the boy, the statesman, the counsellor, the man of prayer, is a living force amongst us; and his life story . . . gives us a full-length portrait of the kind of character needed in every part of the world at this moment . . . a man who could not be bought, but who walked in the closest intercourse with his God. The story of Daniel shows us the possibility of living practical and holy lives in the midst of idolatry [and] sin. . . .

Her concluding words press the point home:

True greatness endures forever. Great was Daniel's power during his life on earth. Being dead he yet speaks. His words have helped
and comforted God's saints in times of doubt and trial; and have given them courage to trust on, fight on, to the end.

The new light which modern research cast on the reign of King Hezekiah aroused her interest to the highest degree. "We must give our young people this—we must let them see these things for themselves! They hear so much on the other side, we have no right to keep the truth from them!"

Though Isaiah's voice is silent (she wrote), his message lives, and his words are as powerful to-day as when they were spoken.

The privilege of following the career of David, the world's greatest warrior hero, under the direction of Mildred Duff, is one that can never be forgotten. As week by week the chapters were read aloud to her for criticism and "editing," fresh beauties were disclosed in the original story, and new applications of old truths brought to light. We grew, as it were, into the story; and the thrill of the lion and the bear, and the great brass-clad Goliath, was merely, as she often remarked, the introduction to the more subtly interesting aspects of the warrior king's dramatic career. His likeness and un-
likeness to Christ were often a fruitful source of discussion.

One or two instances stand out particularly. "David must have been living very near to God to do such a thing as this in those days," she said, her face radiant with delight as she read aloud of David refusing to avenge himself on his enemy:

David brought to the surface all the good that was left in Saul's nature; "Is this my son David?"—beautiful—see how the king has forgotten his anger. "Thou art more righteous than I."1 Oh, if we could only deal with the people who wrong and upset us, in such a fashion! This was a real victory—much greater than any he won with his sword. A man who could act like this was indeed a man after God's own heart.

Then the story of Abigail filled her with intense admiration:

David has gained the upper hand at last, but success has called the human side of his character into action. Nabal's insult must be washed out in blood! And then Abigail comes to him in that beautiful way, and turns his thoughts in the right direction once more—just as a good woman can.

1 1 Sam. xxiv. 17.
I have often thought (she added quietly) that Abigail was David’s true helpmate, the woman who would have influenced him for good all through his life if he had not fallen into the evil custom of the times and married other wives. She was a peacemaker who was not afraid to speak her mind when the right moment arose.

We are grateful to David for his childlike faith and heroic courage. . . . We thank God for the spiritual songs he wrote, for the kingdom he founded, for the example he left. Until Christ, the Son of David came, no king or hero in all history had given such rich and lasting gifts to the world (she says at the end of David: The Shepherd Who Became King).

*The Sons of King David*, the last of this series, was produced with far greater effort than any of the previous volumes. Not only was the subject in itself more difficult, but Commissioner Duff—she had, by this time, attained the highest Army rank—brought far less strength to the task. Worn with illness and personal trials, her tired frame refused to respond to the eternal spring of youth in her spirit, and all she wrote at this time demanded a conscious effort—enthusiastic still, but increasingly difficult to call into action.

Both the *David* books belong to the later years
of her life, when, although still Editor, she had gradually been relieved of routine duties, keeping the serials alone in her own hands.

We want to show the young people of to-day the inevitable result of wrong-doing (she said); they have all learned to argue from results now. How the type of our readers has changed since you and I began to write together! The simple little stories we commenced with would not pass muster to-day. Our books have had to grow up!

Have you noticed that the Tempter is always up-to-date? With every fresh development of the world's history comes a new temptation—new and yet old. We must keep pace with the times. In *The Sons of King David* let us aim, then, at giving results.

David (as she says in her Foreword to the book) sowed good seed; he also sowed thorns. Both yielded their harvest.

And towards the end of this story we read—the words might have been written of her who penned them:

"The Lord searcheth all hearts," the old king said, "and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts."¹ David had believed this as a child; now he knew it from his own experience.

¹ 1 Chron. xxviii. 9.
In her Foreword to *The Bible in Its Making* (a French translation of which was published not long before her death), Mildred Duff said:

The Bible has as literally "grown" as has an oak tree; and probably there is no more likeness between the Bible as we know it to-day and its earliest beginning, than we find between the mighty tree and the acorn from which it sprang. . . .

Our purpose has been merely to give some idea of the origin of the Bible books, up to the measure of our present light upon the subject.

Love, joy, peace (she wrote at the end of the book): the love of Christ from which nothing can separate us; the joy which even the fires of martyrdom cannot destroy; the peace which the world does not give and cannot take away. This is the message . . . which these first Bible pictures bring to us all.

. . . the Bible should be to us a living power, a Divine Voice, a constant source of strength and inspiration on the heavenward journey.

Whilst Mildred Duff gave much time and thought to the preparation of these books for young people, the needs of the children were not forgotten. Three Scripture books were issued—*The Life of Jesus, Old Testament Heroes, and Samuel and David.*
Some years after these appeared, a non-Salvationist friend suggested that an enlarged book on the Saviour's Life would meet a long-felt want, and Mildred Duff was asked to prepare this, a well-known artist contributing the coloured plates.

She regarded this as a special piece of work for God, and even a passing glance at the fifty-two chapters reveals how wonderfully she brought her thoughts down to the comprehension of the youngest reader. The tender, yet impressive way in which she emphasized the Saviour's example and precepts makes these so much a part of the story as to be scarcely regarded as "morals."

So anxious was she to meet the needs of all classes of children, that she severely and repeatedly sub-edited every chapter herself. And to this day her picturesque writing of the old, yet ever new Gospel story is read in the homes of rich and poor alike, while copies of *The Children's Saviour* have been seen in the children's corner of cathedrals and churches as far apart as Truro, Wells and Winchester.
CHAPTER XIV

HEROES AND HEROINES

The world's way of lifting up its heroes is to crown them with applause and riches, and to promise them ease and comfort; God's way of lifting up His chosen—beginning with Calvary—is ever by the way of the Cross.—M.D.

"You have been a very brave girl, and God will reward you," The Army's Founder wrote to Staff-Captain Duff in 1887; and a long series of letters which followed give a faithful picture of the friendship which existed between them.

We must keep on fighting the Good Fight. I intend to do so, and so does my friend Mildred—

William Booth says in a letter to her, written in very early days; while towards the end of his life he writes:

February, 1909. God help you in your Editorial; now is the time for Him to show His hand, and for my dear friend and comrade Colonel Duff to show hers.
Again:

I am always sure of your congratulations when things go favourably with me, and of your sympathy when the tide and wind and other things seem to be against me.

Before an operation on his eye, he writes to Mildred Duff:

It is now 2 p.m. In a few minutes the doctor will be here, and I shall have to submit my poor defective eye to the good pleasure of his will—perhaps I should say, his skill. Well, I am in the Master's hands.

And at a time of great trial and anxiety:

February, 1911. Thank God you and I have turned our attention to this great business! Pray for me. Hold me up.

William Booth was not merely Mildred Duff's General and spiritual father; he was her hero and friend.

She wrote a character sketch of Catherine Booth, too—the Founder's wife—and its pages give many proofs of the lasting influence which the life and death of the Army Mother exercised over the author's own career.
She thought for herself (Mildred Duff wrote), and though always eager to hear and learn as much as possible from others, she was not carried away by their opinions, but carefully weighed and considered their arguments, and then formed her own judgments.

In these words the writer accurately described her own method of reasoning.

For all students of psychology, especially those with a literary sense, the great figures of history have a vivid interest, and the heroes and heroines of Mildred Duff's books were her own heroes and heroines. Ruth of Moab and Jeanne d'Arc were as real to her as the heroines she had met in the flesh, and she derived as keen a delight from preparing the stories of their lives as she would have done from giving the world a just appreciation of dearly-loved personal friends.

From her earliest years she had been especially attracted by the character of Ruth. In an article published as long ago as 1888, she had used the example of Ruth and Orpah to press home the necessity of making right decisions.

The novelty, the sentiment of the thing, had attracted Orpah (she wrote), but sentiment, however beautiful, will not take the place of a fixed purpose—a steady resolve,
New scenes, new faces, a new life; there was excitement and novelty in it. So far and no farther. Such good impulses, and yet so unable to put them into practice. We meet Orpahs everywhere.

These words read like the record of an actual experience, and she often referred to the help Ruth's decision had been to her personally. With her it was always a cherished opinion that Ruth's loyalty, courage and patience—above all, her self-effacing love—reappeared long centuries afterwards in the character of Mary, the mother of Jesus. She never ceased to rejoice at the wonderful way in which God had blessed the influence of this far-away ancestress—according to the flesh—of the Saviour Himself.

There are portions of Ruth's history which sound strange to modern ears; they must, however, be capable of explanation, because obviously Ruth's conduct was considered above reproach by the strictest moralists of her own time. Would it be possible to make this fact clear to the young people of to-day? No personal vindication could have given her greater delight than Ruth's complete justification in the light of modern research.

"Ruth" appeared as a serial in The Young Soldier during the most strictly "rationed"
period of the War. The Editor felt that, printed in very small type, and much condensed, the old-time love-story had received scant justice, and a revised and enlarged version of Ruth was prepared with a view to publication at a later date.

As a type of Christ, Joseph was Mildred Duff’s most admired Old Testament hero. She gave his story several times in her “Sunday Afternoon” pages. “Joseph stands out as the one Christian gentleman in the Old Testament,” she said; “the one man who forgave his wrongs as Jesus bids us forgive.” Her face lit up with enthusiasm as she spoke of the old-time hero.

“In every great character there is something Christ-like,”—this was a favourite saying of hers.

Only, indeed, where they touch His character can they be truly great. And then—what a thrilling story! From slave-boy to vizier—no hero of fiction ever had more dramatic adventures—with a “happy ending,” too. We will do it one day, but we must take the right time, for the subject is too good to spoil. I have looked forward to giving our young people the story of Joseph ever since I became an Editor.

On several occasions the subject came up for consideration; once, indeed, a date was fixed; but the story of Joseph was never written.
The character and aims of Jeanne d'Arc had a strong appeal for Mildred Duff, and the story of the marvellous maid's mission and its sequel, stirred her spirit to its depths. But the difficulties to be overcome before the saintly warrior's story could be retold in *The Young Soldier*, for awhile appeared insuperable. At last, however, "Joan" ran as a serial in the children's paper.

It did not appear in book form until long afterwards. Although deeply disappointed at the delay, she accepted the decision and turned to other work. *Joan* was accepted for publication after the Commissioner's Retirement, and at a time when she was recovering from a severe illness. Her secretary describes the look of joy which flashed into her face at the news. "God's clocks keep good time!" she exclaimed; and, after correction and editing, the book appeared as the last of the "Mildred Duff and Noel Hope" series.

Whilst we can learn much from Joan's days of success (so the book ends), her failures and sorrows teach us even more. Instead of allowing the jealousies and wrong-doings of those around her to separate her from God, all her trials but linked her closer to Him. If others sought their own, and were untrue, the more reason that she should listen to the Voice from Heaven and obey her Saviour. . . .
She died with her character and name hidden in a thick cloud of hatred and deceit; but she died with the Name of Jesus on her lips, and the Spirit of Jesus in her heart. . . . To-day the words and deeds of Jeanne d'Arc stand out in ever-increasing beauty, a monument to the glory of the Saviour whom she loved so well.

During the last autumn of her life, Joan was translated into French, and achieved a success as gratifying as it was unexpected. The foremost historian of France, M. Gabriel Hanotaux, of the French Academy, wrote of the book:

"Jeanne d'Arc, the Universal Saint". . . . Such is the title of a book I have undertaken to write. . . . Now two English writers . . . forestall me, and narrate, not from a national standpoint, but from that of humanity as a whole, the true and simple history of the child who was among men so supremely "God's Daughter." Written for believers all over the world, in all simplicity and loyalty, and soberly keeping to proven facts, this book breathes purity, honesty and cordiality. . . . One cannot read it unmoved.

This so favourable review, by a leading critic of a sister nation, reached Mildred Duff at a time of great personal anxiety, and she received it as a message of comfort and cheer directly from the
Lord Himself. As it happened, "Noel Hope" had recently met with a serious accident, and was still under hospital treatment. "Hasn't the Lord sent us a beautiful message of encouragement just when we both needed it so much?" Commissioner Duff said, always eager to pass on good news, and seeing the Lord's hand in the happenings of everyday. "The guided life" was to her much more than a religious expression; it was a vital experience.
CHAPTER XV

RADIATION—AT HOME

Solomon received from the Lord "largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore."1 God can give this same blessing to each of us. Then no matter where we live, or what we do, we will love people and seek to bless them, and help them in all sorts of ways. —M.D.

"RADIATION—the emission and transfusion of rays of light and heat"—there can be no apter word to describe the nature of Mildred Duff's influence. Her words, her writings, her very presence radiated the light and warmth which have their origin in Christ.

Her little home at Clapton still holds a sacred place in the memory of all who were privileged to know her there as a personal friend. "A place of rest, refreshment and re-dedication"—in such words grateful friends describe 10, Gunton Road, affectionately known as "G.R.", as it was in the days of Mildred Duff and Frances Forward.

1 Kings iv. 29.
What a record the front door could give if only it could speak (writes an Officer). How many tired feet have tramped up those steps! How many weary bodies and discouraged hearts have entered at that door!

A "Bethany" home it was, where spiritual and material needs were equally catered for. Neighbours were drawn into the charmed circle. Colonel Joseph Pugmire\(^1\) especially recalls the numerous touches of mutual kindness which passed between "No. 10" and "No. 13," where he lived. "I am feeling rather 'down' to-day, Colonel," Commissioner Duff would say; "sing me the special verse from 'There's sunshine on the hill'—that always lifts me up." The Colonel will never cease to be grateful for the help and sympathy which the Commissioner and Colonel Forward gave to him at a time of great personal sorrow; and whether to sing a song or to shovel snow from their doorstep, he was always ready when wanted.

Helenko's strange and pathetic story, and her beautiful personality, lent a peculiar charm to the "G.R." household, and no pen-picture of the little home at Clapton would be complete without her.

\(^1\) Known throughout The Army as a "singer in Israel" and a skilled leader of prayer meetings.
Helenko’s nature opened like a flower in the sunshine (a G.R. visitor tells us). Always happy, always singing; no dark spots left in her life.

As she grew older, the child’s voice developed into a soprano of exceptional power and beauty. She did not sing very often in public, but her voice never failed to move her hearers to an extraordinary degree. Her favourite solo in later years, “The Toils of the Road,” was especially beautiful.

A set of rhymed birthday wishes, dating from the last war year, and signed “Mildred Duff and 40” (Helenko’s pet name for Colonel Forward), faithfully reflects the relationship that existed between the orphan and her guardians. The last verse runs:

We thank God for our darling. She, too, is His we know;
And daily in His favour we pray that she may grow.
Thrice happy be this birthday, and ere another nears
May blessed peace be reigning—to stay through all the years.

The year 1924 saw the close of Helenko’s life-story. After her thirtieth year her health was seriously affected, and an operation became necessary. Although aware of its critical nature, Helenko faced the ordeal with calm courage.
I have had such a happy life (she said). I would have liked to live longer and do more for God [she was fitting herself for medical work in the mission field]; but if I don't come through, you'll know it is all right.

For Helenko "the toils of the road" were over. Her loss left a blank in the G.R. home which, for Forward especially, could never be filled. "Doodles (Forward's pet name for her) never cost us a tear," she said, not many days before the end of her own life.

"Chip" and "Bessie"—Brigadier Martha Chippendale\(^1\) and Adjutant Firmin—were among the most frequent visitors at Gunton Road. "Chip," a Yorkshire mill-girl, who, as an Officer in The Salvation Army, had developed exceptional powers of leadership; "Bessie," the daughter of a former landlord of the principal hotel in North Walsham; Forward, typical Westmorland; and Mildred Duff—the harmony which existed between them was no less remarkable than the striking variety of circumstances which had brought them together.

The visitors would arrive for the Saturday midday meal, generously provided—Forward saw to that! The afternoon was spent in rest and talk; experiences were compared, Mildred

\(^1\) Whose life-story is told in *Mart the Mill-Girl*. 
Duff listening with never-failing sympathy and ready understanding. Tea—cakes or scones reminded them of the North so loved of Forward. Supper was followed by a short reading from the Bible; then Mildred Duff would say, "We'll pray," and, clasping her hands, speak to God so naturally that, as "Bessie" informs us.

We knew He was there. She lived in such close touch with Him herself, that she made others feel His presence also. And when anything specially troubled us, can I ever forget how she would lift her hands and eyes to Heaven, saying, "O blessed Lord, in Thee is Refuge!" Whatever her need or the need of any of us, she always found help in Him!

Mildred Duff was a great giver. Nothing was more difficult than to induce her to keep anything to herself. Gifts from her Norfolk home—of flowers or fruit—almost invariably found their way into the sick rooms of poorer comrades. "Oh, Forward, I gave it to——" she would say in gentle apology, when questioned as to the whereabouts of scarf or gloves, "she looked so cold." Useful little articles from her desk or table had an amusing habit of disappearing—gone to cheer some visitor from overseas.

"What a lovely thing The Army is! and what
comradeship!” Mildred Duff shortly before her death wrote to her secretary. And certainly none could have entered into the spirit of comradeship more perfectly than the writer herself. “Best congratulations and welcome!—and to Mrs. ——. Splendid!”—a little note passed to the Officers concerned during a social gathering is a treasured recollection of her last visit to International Headquarters.

She made life-long friends through her ability to see other people’s point of view without lowering her own ideals, her secretary tells us. “Yes,” she would say, “I do understand”; and then would follow a sentence showing her complete grasp of the position. Her friends were of all classes and most nationalities. Office cleaners, tired mothers in buses or trains, the messenger boys from the printing works, road sweepers, newsboys, the engine driver on a long distance train, and many others in humble walks of life received a word of cheer from her, and, more often still, one of her friendly smiles.

Mrs. Petre had long recognised the devoted service Forward was rendering Mildred through all those strenuous years—carrying her burdens wherever it was humanly possible, attending to her health, her home, her business; and, when in London, Mrs. Petre sometimes called at The
Army's International Headquarters and carried Forward off for a consultation and talk.

I used to tell her how children in every part of the world were named after Mildred, and how her influence was being felt in all the countries where the Army Flag flies. It delighted her to hear that,

Colonel Forward told us during the last few weeks of her own life.

Mildred Duff and her faithful ally had a marvellous instinct for sensing when an Army Officer or dependant was in need of rest, fresh air, and change; and Mrs. Petre often placed her cottages at the disposal of her daughter's guests.

"It was time you did something for your home Corps, Mildred," Mrs. Petre had said some years before her death, her daughter having refrained from public participation in local Salvation Army affairs from a sense of delicacy. "Mother has never spoken like that to me before!" she said delightedly to her friends—"Chip" and "Bessie" and Forward, who were week-ending at the cottage; "I am so happy!" And the little party of Salvationists went gaily on their way to help at a humble sale of work, got up in a neighbouring field, in the interests of the North Walsham Corps.
Oh, she was such a help to me when my husband was dying! (exclaimed a Soldier of the North Walsham Salvation Army Corps a short while ago). He had cancer, and she used to come and pray with me when she got down from London—straight from the station platform, before going home. She'd come in, put her hand on my shoulder and say, "Poor you!" and lift our hearts right up to God.

Most of her furloughs were spent at home, and whilst resting and enjoying to the full the beauty of high summer in Norfolk she passed on, almost unconsciously, the experience and happiness she had gained. Her mother's guests, members of the present and former house staff, and neighbouring friends—all came within the sphere of her influence.

Her visits to Colonel and Mrs. Petre at Westwick, and to Colonel and Mrs. Duff at Heydon or Furze Hill, were hailed with delight by all, especially by her nephews and nieces, who loved to be with Aunt Mildred. When they were small she used to tell them stories, often illustrated by little sketches as she went along. Her interest in them remained as they grew older. During her last holiday at Trimingham House her eldest nephew, Jack Petre, was staying there studying for an examination, and talks with his aunt provided helpful stimulus.
CHAPTER XVI

RADIATION—ABROAD

I would . . . remind our comrades everywhere, who are discouraged or lonely or tired, that in truth they are not alone, but form part of a great company scattered throughout the earth, who have laid aside every other ambition that they may live and die to spread the Salvation of Jesus.—M.D.

"COMMISSIONER DUFF held the key to many hearts at home and abroad," was an almost universal testimony to her powers of sympathy and understanding.

For some years she filled the important position of A.D.C. to Mrs. General Bramwell Booth, and accompanied her on Continental and Canadian tours. Realising the strenuous and important nature of Mrs. Booth's service for The Army, Mildred Duff upheld her leader's hands in every way possible. As a young Officer in Sweden, the Commissioner had been deeply conscious of the need for organized rescue work among the women and girls of Continental
cities, and she was especially grateful for the sympathetic understanding which Mrs. Booth brought to bear on the subject.

Mildred Duff had not lost touch with her old comrades in Sweden, and when she crossed to the Continent to be present at the funeral of her former leader, Hanna Ouchterlony, she was welcomed everywhere—the impression of her early work in Stockholm having never been effaced. The weather was so cold that in some places the sea itself was grey with ice, yet from all parts of Stockholm people sent to her, begging her to see them, if only for a few moments, or for a simple hand-shake. On one occasion, at a large gathering, many thousands of people unanimously rose to their feet at the mere mention of her name.

Her writings, too, had now penetrated into most countries. Boys and girls of many nationalities were reading her books, and missionary Officers from all parts of the world were anxious to carry a message from the author back to their children.

The daughter of an Officer once stationed at the Cape relates that, when the Commissioner in charge of The Army's South African Territory returned from a business visit to International Headquarters, he brought with him special
messages to his family from Mildred Duff, together with a length of material for a uniform for his eldest daughter, who was just going into the South African Training Home.

What a beautiful Officer she must be to think of sending something so useful for a girl so far away (the Candidate's friend said to herself). Doesn't it show what she is? I have always loved her through her writings; now I feel that I know her for myself.

An Officer's son, born in Japan just before his parents left for the Old Country, was given the name of Gunpei, after the revered Japanese Army leader (now Commissioner) Gunpei Yamamuro. Knowing of Commissioner Duff's love for children of all lands, the parents asked her to dedicate the boy. Owing to illness and other circumstances, however, the dedication was postponed from time to time.

In the meantime, Commissioner Yamamuro came on a visit to England and was booked to conduct meetings at the place where these Officers were stationed. "Since Commissioner Duff cannot come to us, would she like us to take our old leader in her stead?" the mother asked. "Happy thought!" was Mildred Duff's answer. "He shall act as my proxy, and he and I will
both write in the Bible I am giving to the boy." East and West had met in the dedication of a child who now, as a youth, looks forward to the high calling of a Salvation Army Officer’s life.

Lieut.-Colonel Matilda Hatcher\(^1\) relates a story illustrative of the influence of Mildred Duff’s writings on quite young children:

It was always my custom, when travelling, to take *The Children’s Saviour* with me, so that if any children were get-at-able I could introduce Jesus to them.

Once, coming home from Japan via the Trans-Siberian Railway, I got into touch with a charming little American about six years of age, touring Europe with her parents. The name and story of Jesus were as new to her as to a heathen child! We became friends and spent happy hours with Commissioner Duff’s book. “Read about where He died for us,” was a frequent request.

One day, walking down the platform of a junction, we saw in a siding a train filled with political prisoners—unshaven, unwashed, and wearing handcuffs and leg-irons; all huddled together in abject misery.

“Let us go back; I am afraid of those men’s eyes,” cried my little companion.

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\(^1\) A retired Officer of The Salvation Army, and author of several Army missionary books.
I told her how unhappy they were, and she threw them a kiss. One gaunt, black-bearded man tried to hold his chained hand out to her. He was near a door and looked so hungry for home and loved ones.

I said, "Go and put your arms round his neck and give him a kiss."

She hesitated for a second, and then looked up at me and asked, "Is that what Jesus would do when He was a little boy?"

"Yes," I said, "I am sure He would." Whereupon she went up to the man and kissed him.

"Oh, I am so happy I did something like Jesus," the little girl cried to her father, who had watched the little episode.

"That's all right—that's all right!" he answered. "You keep on doing things like that."

When we parted in Moscow I gave her the book. Her parents came and shook hands with me, and her father said, "If she wants an Army bonnet later on, I'll buy it for her!"

I told the Commissioner this story, and she remarked, "Oh, Hatcher, that one incident was worth all the effort of making the book."

"Mildred Duff's Life of Jesus has been a great influence in Eastern lands," says Commissioner Arthur R. Blowers, speaking from a wide experience—of thirty-seven years' service in India, and, since then, as International Secretary for Army work in missionary lands.
In India, especially, the native Officers read and re-read to their people the simply-told story, which brings the deepest truths within the comprehension of the most unlearned.

Commissioner Blowers tells a pretty story of what may be called an "international cot":

My daughter Mildred—Mildred Duff's namesake—was born in England, and Commissioner Duff gave my wife a little iron cot for her baby, which she took back with her to India. Since then that cot has held scores of babies, both Western and Eastern. Repainted, it has been handed round to any Officer's family who needed it—and is still in use!

Another "Mildred," radiating the Commissioner's spirit in far-away Australia, asked God to give her five years in which to serve her Saviour as faithfully as her namesake had done. She had been a very delicate, undersized child, and grew up to be a delicate young woman; but God answered her prayer. For five years she worked as a Corps Officer of The Army, and ere she died was known far and wide as "the Angel Captain."

So extraordinary was her influence that wherever she was stationed, people of all classes crowded to her meetings. "I've come to see you
—I want what you talked about the other night," said a man who had recently been convicted of a serious crime. That night he was gloriously converted; and this was by no means an isolated case of the kind.

Major Palaci, my A.D.C. in South America (Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg writes), told me that Commissioner Duff had always been a great blessing to him. He had seen her; and what struck him so much was her wonderful power to put the best side of everything and everybody before you.

Many young Officers have told me that some of the most difficult battles of their early career have been fought and won as a result of reading her writings.

Away in India and among the natives in South Africa, it was the same—her influence was felt. "It is not so much what you hear about her or from her, but what she makes you feel," said one Officer, and I think that was true.

"I shall never forget what she said to me when I received my Marching Orders to Italy," wrote a Swiss Officer on hearing of Commissioner Duff's death.

She knew it would be a hard field, so she gave me this verse: "He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together" (John iv. 36). In these twenty-three years I have done
perhaps more sowing than reaping, but certainly I have been rejoicing in my Master’s service.

In her later years of service Commissioner Duff for a time held a watching brief for the General in the Translations Bureau, a department supervising translations of Army literature. She also undertook, on Mrs. Bramwell Booth’s behalf, a share in the care and oversight of the children of missionary Officers, in the Children’s Lodge in London.

In her visits to different Army Headquarters on the Continent—in Norway, Finland, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and France—she had personal interviews with Officers, which did much towards linking all sections and nations into one harmonious whole, and kept the standards high.

At home and abroad—Mildred Duff was never off duty: always ready to help with advice or counsel; always giving of her best; yet never giving it without cost to herself.

We are an Army of strenuous workers (one of her comrades reminds us), but, remembering her watchfulness and the eagerness with which she made the most of every opportunity, Commissioner Duff was certainly one of the hardest workers of all.
CHAPTER XVII

SPIRITUAL TEACHING

The power of foresight and intuition . . . is the heritage of all whose ears have been opened to the Voice of God—who listen, who use their power of observation and reasoning, and who walk by faith, not sight.—M.D.

"She was always a head and shoulders above any of us in spirituality." Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker's wide experience as a leader makes the pronouncement all the more arresting.

"Balm in Gilead" was my pet name for Mildred in those early days when we were much together. She had such an extraordinary power of smoothing away a difficulty, and of taking the sting out of irritating happenings—and always on the highest spiritual grounds.

In the old Training Home, she and I, being utterly new to Army rules and regulations,

1 Colonel Minnie Reid, before her marriage to Commissioner Booth-Tucker in 1906, had rendered distinguished Salvation Army service in the United Kingdom, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. As Dutini she later became known throughout India, where she shared her husband's Command.
often made distressing blunders; but whatever the trouble might be, Mildred’s immediate resource was in prayer.

On one such occasion I remember her falling on her knees in great agitation. “O Lord, we’ve got into a fearful hole,” she prayed, “and we don’t know how to get out! Do come and show us how to get out, Lord!”

Her prayers were like that—just talking to God. When she and Forward went into their little house in Laura Place, for instance, she uttered a fervent thanksgiving: “O Lord, here we are in a lovely little house. If you had liked, Lord, we would have been quite content to go into lodgings!” A child running to his father with a cut finger or thanking him for an unexpected gift could not have been more natural.

I recollect how often we laughed at, and with, her. We used to rag her over her purchase of her first Army “S’s.” She had gone to our Trade Headquarters, and on being shown the Soldiers’ S’s, pointed to another box containing those reserved for the use of Staff Officers. “I’d rather have those,” she said, “I like them better.” She carried them off, too, and put them on!

Yet with all her simplicity her insight into spiritual truths was marvellous. I asked her once how it was that she always had so much light on what are generally regarded as difficult texts. With her habitual humility
she answered that she always read the Bible very slowly—so slowly that she could gather truth by the way.

Child-like faith; humility; the slow, sure assimilation of revealed truth—it was on these foundations that Mildred Duff built her spiritual life; and they made her, in later years, one of The Army's greatest exponents of the doctrine of Holiness. She made Holiness attractive; she made the experience seem possible to weak, struggling souls. But if she was successful in leading others up the narrow path of a wholly consecrated life, it was because she had first been every step of the way herself.

My chief reason for throwing in my lot with The Salvation Army was its faith and teaching that God can keep those who trust Him wholly pure and blameless,

Mildred Duff had said during her early days in Sweden; and from this faith she never swerved.

Miss Duff spoke about practical Holiness (writes Dr. Laura Petri, of Sweden). She attracted people by her sanctified presence even before she could talk in a language they understood.
SPIRITUAL TEACHING

Certain principles have, from the long ago days when I first claimed the Blessing of a Clean Heart, seemed necessary if I wanted to maintain a steady walk in Holiness (Mildred Duff wrote). I find that the path is for me a very narrow one. What others may do or leave undone without apparent harm to their spiritual life, has never been a sufficient guide to me. "What wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6)—I have to ask God hour by hour, and day by day.

She was fearful of mistaking personal ambition for zeal; of having a "double measure"—one standard for herself and another for others.

Christ makes tremendous demands on all who say they will follow Him. A holy life is made up for me of a multitude of small things [she underlined the word]—little acceptances, little decisions, little renunciations, to be decided by an overmastering desire for God's glory which governs every incident and accident of life that I am called upon to face.

Actions, words, thoughts—all must be safeguarded. SaintsHy men and women in all ages of the world have had the same ideal, but this Salvationist saint, intolerant only towards herself, had a wide charity for others. Spiritual attainment was useless in her eyes unless it
made her tolerant towards weak and faulty souls.

Nineteen years as her private secretary gave me an intimate knowledge of the Commissioner's character (writes Brigadier Blanche Stevens). She would not countenance anything "petty" or "small." Her keen sense of humour was a tremendous asset, and she would pass off trifling irritations, annoyances, or "slights" with a laugh. About things that hurt her she was wonderfully silent. Her sensitive spirit might be deeply wounded, but there would be no idle discussion. The trouble was talked over with her Lord, and He alone knew her whole heart.

As Mildred Duff herself wrote:

Like everyone else, I cannot help sometimes noticing in others conduct that seems to damage the Kingdom. . . . But since I have learned to share my disappointments with the Lord, the sting has been taken out of my spirit.

She is grieved for the Saviour's sake; she must not be afraid to speak out if she can help matters by doing so.

But for me to allow my thoughts to be influenced by, or to pass on to others, stories
about people’s failings which I have no opportunity of correcting, would be one of the quickest and surest ways of dimming my sense of God’s favour. Experience and observation convince me that many fail just here.

That this conviction went with her through life, all who knew her well can testify.

I have, therefore, deliberately to turn from and keep silent about things, the relating of which could do no good, but would only mar that intimate communion with God which is one of the most precious fruits of my experience of Sanctification.

I find that in many matters I must just trust the Lord to manage His own affairs. I have often been comforted by remembering that He knows how to bring good out of what to me seems only evil.

Deeply distressed as she was by the storms which now and again shook the Salvation Army ship, she loved and served God so devotedly that she could leave the issues in His hands.

All who walk closely with Christ share, in spite of everything, His boundless optimism and patience, and are content to leave the future with Him. . . . So I ask for grace to be ever ready for the unexpected.
The longer I live, the more clearly I see that Jesus Christ is the beginning and end of all true religion (she wrote). He meets all needs, and carries at His girdle the keys not only of death and Hell, but of every human heart.

Again,

We need to be under the constant guidance of the only One who is able to reveal and right the errors which arise in us. Spiritual health finds its parallel in bodily health. . . . The Great Physician would preserve the health of us all.

The Lord, in this experience of Sanctification, brings me a constant sense of companionship, so that He shares with me the varying hopes and fears of every hour. . . .

The following experience, given in the lady's own words, is one illustration of the influence of Mildred Duff's teaching and life of Holiness:

My mother was a true Christian, and I had been subject to good influences all my life, but disappointments, trouble, and finally a great bereavement brought me to a state of rebellion against God. What a mockery, I thought, to call Him a God of Love!

The voice of conscience bade this lady give her life into the Lord's keeping, but she thrust the
thought from her. Restless and dissatisfied with everything,

out of curiosity (we continue in Mrs. ——'s own words), I went to one of the meetings held in connection with the International Congress [of The Salvation Army, in 1914]. By that time my heart, as far as feeling was concerned, was like a dried-up cinder. . . . The sight of the happy faces I saw there moved me, and when a woman Officer, whose face was full of joy and peace, came to the front of the platform and spoke of the possibility of living in God's presence, and walking with Him day by day, I said to myself, "If any woman on earth could be the means of saving me, that is the woman." God was the health of her countenance; she possessed what I needed.

For three years after this, Mrs. —— went to every important Salvation Army meeting that she saw advertised, but she could find no peace. Was it too late? she asked herself. Had she lost the power to repent? At last she determined to end the wretched uncertainty; unless she found peace at the next meeting she would never attend another.

How well I remember that meeting (she says). The prayer, the songs, the testimonies, the General's reading from Ezekiel about the
stony heart—everything pointed to me, and the turmoil of my soul I could never describe. A young Officer came and spoke to me—one after another they came . . . but everything seemed hopelessly dark.

The meeting closed, and I was left sitting alone on the front bench. "It is of no use," I said; "there is no hope. I will go home; the Lord has rejected me."

The Hall was emptying fast, and Commissioner Duff, who had taken no public part in the meeting, was speaking to someone at the back of the Hall when a leading Officer hastened towards her. "I wonder, Commissioner, whether you could come and speak to a lady who cannot find peace?" he asked. "We have done all we can, but can get her no further."

Such a request would have called Mildred Duff from a sick bed; she returned to the front of the Hall. "Can I help you?"

The lady looked up in sudden amazement. That voice—that face! In the Salvationist who had come to her as a stranger she recognized the woman Officer of three years before—the one person on earth who she had felt could help her!

So God sent His angel to tell me that He still cared for me . . . and I went home
knowing myself forgiven. Since that day, many years ago, I rejoice in safety and liberty, and I love the service that is perfect freedom.

How Mildred Duff found the key to unlock this heart and the hearts of many others, was known only to herself and the Master whom she served. One of the secrets of her success was certainly her reverence for a confidence. To her a confession, even a trivial confession, was sacred.

Another secret was the perfection of her own faith in God. If God allowed a man or woman to be sorely tried, it was because out of the trial He meant to bring a richer blessing. St. Paul's "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. viii. 28), was literally fulfilled in her. She did know, having attained to that stage of spiritual development where doubt has ceased.

Indeed, I do understand something of what you feel in this long drawn-out suffering and trial of your faith (she wrote to one who had sought her counsel). But do you not feel that it is in these matters where God's love is so strong? I mean, He has, so to speak, His eye on that "eternal weight of glory," and works that out through the "light affliction,
which is but for a moment”—light not in its suffering, but in its duration. When it is passed, it vanishes like a dream; whereas the results on character and faith are eternal.

Relief does not come, as we hope, from a change of circumstances or the removal of the trial (she wrote to another friend, at a time of special difficulty). In every age God’s people have to learn, with the Lord Himself, “If this cup may not pass . . ., Thy will be done.” Nothing less than this could have carried Him through; nor can we get through on less. . . . Your attitude in this trial will help many to understand the Lord better, and be a light in dark places.

Wisdom and faith unite in the sentence with which she concludes:

I have lived to see that success and preferential treatment create jealousy, where trials and snubs, if accepted for the Saviour’s sake, open the door of other hearts.

Her life was like a diamond (writes Mrs. Lieut.-Commissioner Carpenter), so cut that from a thousand points it radiates light and beauty. I know of no other woman in The

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1 2 Cor. iv. 17.
2 Matt. xxvi. 42.
3 An experienced Officer, and one of The Army’s outstanding biographers; recently, with her husband, appointed to South America (East).
Army in my day who influenced so many souls spiritually as she did—not in a spectacular way, but, as is written of the Kingdom of God, without observation.\(^1\) The sweet influence of the Holy Spirit flowed through her life to others.

Many will endorse the truth of these words.

She believed in dropping a seed-thought and allowing it to grow, leaving the harvest to others (writes Brigadier Ruth Tracy). . . . Just before I started on my world tour, Commissioner gave me this thought: “Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them”\(^2\) —a seed-thought full of blessing. Never shall I forget the living faith that shone from her eyes as she spoke. Jesus indeed drew near, and went with me all the way.

The following “seed-thoughts” are gathered from Mildred Duff’s writings:

Originality is one of the fruits of the Spirit.
Nothing is small which leads to big results.
We cannot *command* confidence—it must be won.
Faith admits of no second causes.
Real love has something of reverence in it.
Dew never settles in a gale.
Trust your reputation with God.

The best part of happiness is sharing it. Only by our own choice can temptation become sin.

Humility and faith turn defeat into success. Value your influence more than earthly gain.

Be uncompromising with your own heart. Live the "giving," not the "getting," life. Without contentment godliness is of little gain.

Never find fault when it is a relief to yourself to do so.

Man needs an Example as much as a Redeemer.

Never judge actions apart from motives. God withdraws misused opportunities.

Teach children to reason—the power to think things out is all too rare to-day.

Only as you allow God to teach you can you teach others.

A candle won't give any light till you bring the taper to it.

If you do little things for God, He will make them great.

Be willing to do unsigned work for God. (She used to say: "A fair division of labour is that one should do the work, and another get the credit.")

People who aim at greatness seldom get there.

Be as grateful for the power to forget as for the power to remember; it is a lovely thing to forget.
Mildred Duff has left three precious things to the world (says Mrs. Commissioner Jolliffe): The memory of her own noble and beautiful personality; the memory of a selfless and Christ-like life; and her writings, which will go on enriching and blessing The Army and the world while time lasts.

"That which I see not teach Thou me,"1 was her prayer for herself and for others. That the prayer was answered, both for Mildred Duff and for those to whom she ministered, is abundantly evident to-day.

1 Job xxxiv. 32.
CHAPTER XVIII

RETIREMENT—THE USE OF THE BIBLE

The Bible, like both the Sabbath and the forces of Nature, is a gift direct from God to the race. . . . No circumstance or condition of human life can arise without there being somewhere hidden in the Bible a message which exactly fits a man's need at the moment.—M.D.

"How many have been blessed by revelations from the Commissioner," we quote from an article by her secretary.

"Last night—or this morning—or a few weeks ago," she would say, "the Lord showed me a new meaning in the words—"; and then she would quote some little-known text, adding a few sentences concerning the pondering on God's words and quick obedience to His commands.

A few of her interpretations on these lines, taken almost at random, bring back many memories.
“Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus” (Phil. ii. 5).—God’s laws on our lips, in our thoughts, in our actions.

“He . . . took her by the hand” (Mark i. 31).—In sorrow we need, not change of circumstances or of outward things, but His touch.

“Glorify Thy Name” (John xii. 28).—This is a key-text for life. When we say it He is able to work.

Psalm cxiv. Some people go through life and see only the sky and Jordan and the mountains. Others see God’s hand. We see only what we have power to see; our standpoint is very limited. The higher we get the wider we see. To walk with God is the greatest art, worthy of our highest powers.

The late Commissioner Theodore Kitching’s beautiful song, “How wonderful it is to walk with God!” was composed after he had heard Mildred Duff speak on “Walking with God.”

The Bible is absolutely up-to-date (she wrote), showing us life not only as it was, but as it is. Often the value of Bible stories is unrecognized because the characters are not dressed or speaking as to-day. Where passers-by saw a rough stone, Jacob saw the first rung of the ladder which would lead him up to the Throne of God. David had but a fragment of the Bible compared with our sixty-six books, yet he found in it inexhaustible treasure.
As with any other part of God's creation, there are many ways of studying the Bible. We may treat it critically, scientifically, historically, and so on. . . . David read it like a Salvationist—practically. According to him, it converts the soul, makes wise the simple, rejoices the heart, and enlightens the eyes (Ps. xix. 7, 8). As we study the Bible, we see how people succeeded, and why; how they failed, and why; how they recovered themselves—some of them—and why. Thus God's unchanging laws in dealing with humanity are revealed to us.

With these, and equally original interpretations, she helped, comforted and encouraged many people both in her public and private ministrations, and, always running through all she said like a thread of gold, her fellowship with Jesus bound her teaching into one inspired whole.

The beginning down here of something which will go on endlessly (we quote from her notes on the subject): "Is Jesus a close personal Friend?" This the question for us each. More important than health, or how placed. He wants to be. His Spirit speaks, admit it.

Her teaching on true humility in this connection is characteristic.
True humility is not sentimental, self-depreciating talk; a trap for flattery. If real it will show itself in counting no office too lowly that may help a brother.

Commissioner Duff was “retired from active service” in 1926.

“David, after he had served his own generation . . . fell on sleep” (she said to a friend). His own generation! Our Army Mother used to quote that text, emphasizing the fact that we are held responsible only for our own generation. You and I have served a long generation; it may well be that the new generation needs new teachers, new methods that we cannot give; at least we may be sure of this: the Lord knows best.

I have noticed (she said on another occasion, but referring to the same subject) that the Holy Spirit has gifts adapted not only to every need, but to each age also. Wisdom is His special gift for old age; and wisdom is of the very essence of the Godhead. The last chapter of a well-told story can always be the most beautiful chapter of all. Let us make our last chapters beautiful.

She had been much impressed by the life-story of William Carvosso, the Cornish revivalist, who began his great work of writing at the age of sixty-five, and she suggested an article for
The Officers' Review, urging retired Officers to believe in the possibility of further development. When requested to do so, she agreed herself to write on the subject, but did not live to complete the paper.

A few months after her Retirement she was thanking God for the freedom from public responsibility which enabled her to remain at Trimingham House during the last weeks of Mrs. Petre's life. Mildred's touch and voice, her very presence in the sick room, soothed and refreshed her mother. Mrs. Petre had willingly given her eldest child to The Salvation Army; now, in her hour of need, The Army gave her daughter back to her. "God's clocks keep good time"—again we recall a favourite quotation of the Commissioner's.

Mildred Duff's work and witness were not yet over. The six years of her Retirement were as rich in fruitful service as all the others had been.

As long as we are on the earth (she wrote to a recently retired Officer), the Lord has said we are to be the Light and the Salt. . . . May this be true for you and me, dear Commandant! We never know, if we are in touch with God and doing His will, where our words or influence may spread.

1 The Salvation Army's private magazine for Officers.
Apart from occasional lectures to the Cadets, she was now seldom seen on public platforms. The preparation of the "International Company Orders" had passed into other hands, but her perception of spiritual truths had deepened in intensity, and her teaching on the Bible, always remarkable for freshness and originality, took on the tone of actual inspiration.

Two years after her mother's death, and while taking a much needed rest at Trimingham House, the Commissioner met with an accident which crippled her for the remainder of her life. Miss Montford, the lady who had been her mother's companion, relates the circumstance:

Miss Duff had gone to her own room to rest, when I thought I heard a book fall, supposing she had been reading and the volume had slipped from her hand. But almost immediately afterward she called me, and, entering her room, I found her extended on the floor. She had slipped on the polished boards and sustained serious injury to her right leg. We lifted her to the bed with difficulty, and summoned medical aid. Her courage was wonderful, and although she was suffering intense pain not a groan passed her lips.

The injury was extremely complicated and months of pain and exhaustion followed.
Before undergoing the various treatments we decided were necessary (her doctor tells us), she used to place a pencil between her teeth, and bite on the wood until the ordeal was over, never uttering a sound.

I had only recently learned really to know her (Miss Montford says). She had always seemed to be absorbed in her work when in Norfolk during her mother's life-time. I had never understood what it cost her to write, before I saw her intense concentration while preparing the "Life" of Commissioner Railton. But in these later years I began to realize what prayer, or, as she would have preferred to call it, "talking to God," meant to her. I have never heard anyone pray with such an absolute sense of the presence of God. She felt it so much herself that all who heard her had the same experience.

"How curious that I should have the same accident as my mother," she said to me on one occasion. Mrs. Petre had fractured her thigh in somewhat similar fashion in 1920. Then we spoke together of her mother and her mother's kind thought for me.

"I want you to have a little spot you can call your own," Mrs. Petre had said, and after her death I fitted up and furnished a little room as a special sanctum in the house I shared with my sisters. Mildred had always promised to come and pray in it; we wanted that room to be a place of help to others, on the lines she understood so well.
This was in 1928. For a year after her accident she was unable to keep her promise, but she came at last, all crippled as she was, and prayed that sorrow and need should find help and comfort in that place. My little room has seemed to breathe the very atmosphere of prayer ever since.

"Thy Kingdom come \textit{in, and through, us both},'' she wrote in my Bible. Her knowledge of the Bible was wonderful, and she always brought out the practical side of religion. "Such as I have give I thee,''—I remember her look as she said the words—"Now that is what we can all do: give what we have got without agitating about what we have not got! It is all so simple. 'If . . . thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light'\footnote{Matt. vi. 22.}—you remember. If you have the single eye—the heart and mind that puts Him first in all things—the light must be there.''

"You cannot be untrue in her presence,'' one of her relations said, and there can be no higher tribute. Pain, weakness, bereavement, a crippled body and sorely tried heart—none of these things dimmed her spiritual perception or clouded her faith. Her last series of articles—the third of the series was left unfinished—on "The Use of the Bible,''' are as forceful as anything she had written: a summary, as it were, of all she had believed and hoped and fought for.
For many years (she wrote) I have been guided in all preparation for the reading of the Bible to others, whether in public or privately, by the Apostle Peter's reply to the beggar at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple: "Such as I have—give I thee" (Acts iii. 6). The whole of that story has seemed to me a model for all Salvationists called upon to read and speak for God.

We can pass on to others only what we have gained—it may be at great cost. . . . But if we are daily in actual touch with God and have brought ourselves regularly to set apart time to study and ponder over His Book and to learn His will for our own hearts and lives—then what has been said to us becomes a message which we can give again with simplicity and confidence. To get this message . . . means constant and definite resolution, involving real self-denial. . . .

However excellent . . . the outline [of teaching or exposition] that I have used before, or the thoughts prepared by others, the message must come fresh and warm from my own [heart] . . . before I can hand it on effectually.

She sees a deep significance in the Lord's word: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." (Matt. x. 27).
If we . . . chafe and fret at the darkness . . . if we are so busy, talking and fussing, that the whispered communication . . . goes unheard—we shall have nothing worth hearing to speak in the light or from the housetops.

With a sure prescience that for her the battle was nearly over, she speaks to those whose career is all before them.

The few suggestions I should like to offer . . . have been the means of bringing blessing and light to my own soul—food and drink when the desert seemed barren and parched.

. . . Read for your own heart. Read slowly, . . . try to conjure up the scene as if you could actually follow all that happened.

Ponder over any phrase that strikes you. As you do this, a new flash of light may show you something you had never noticed before. . . .

Be willing to hear just what He wants to say to you.

The Bible (she tells us) is the only book in the world that reveals human nature as it is, at its best and highest and at its worst and lowest, but we discern the deep and underlying lessons it conveys only as we study. . . .

The second of these Bible articles was completed at her Clapton home in September, 1932, three months before her death, while
Colonel Forward lay so seriously ill that her life was despaired of. Reliance on God alone enabled Mildred Duff to concentrate on her work and to give her comrades some of the secrets the Lord had revealed to her through years of prayerful Bible study.

There is no trace of mental strain or physical pain in these last words of hers. One of the sentences tells us that she has found that texts which have helped her in time of trial can always be safely handed on to others.

"Time is ours for a very little while . . . we have no idea when it will pass into Eternity," we read in one of the fragments which were to have been embodied in the third article on this subject. And after having written of various Bible translations, her last message is:

The more we approach language in the light of Pentecost, and are united in spirit with those to whom we speak, the more God helps us to make ourselves understood, in spite of difficulties of tongue and often terrible mistakes in words. . . .

I once took a meeting in Sweden, after a long absence from the country. . . . I did the best I could in Swedish, though conscious that it was a very poor best. Next day as I was going home by train, two old farmers who had been in the meeting came to the carriage
door to bid me farewell. I apologized to them for what I felt had been very faulty, but one of the old men patted my hand and smilingly said: "Oh, well, we recognized the Master's voice." I put that word among my treasures, praying that, however badly I might speak, His voice should always be heard.

The fragment ends here. She had roughly indicated thoughts on the Trinity, as well as on the help and inspiration of texts when applied by the Holy Spirit.

In a hushed voice she told me of one such text that had been given to her when terribly distressed at the grave nature of Colonel Forward's illness (her secretary relates). "At the commandment of the Lord they rested in the tents," she said, quoting from the account of the wanderings of the Children of Israel, "and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed" (Num. ix. 23). And composing herself for sleep, she rested, finding herself fit the next morning to "journey."
CHAPTER XIX

LAST DAYS

How often we need to re-assert to ourselves, "Things that are out of our hands are in the hands of God." —M.D.

"Take away the tragedies from God's people, and you take away much that is most beautiful and helpful, beginning at the Cross itself." Not many weeks before her own passing Mildred Duff said these words to a friend. Those who follow the Lord all the way cannot escape the weight of the Cross. She was facing her crucifixion of the flesh in those anxious weeks spent beside the sick-bed of Frances Forward, so long her companion and friend.

Mildred Duff was now in her seventy-third year, and although it was impossible to associate the current idea of old age with her—so vivid was her interest in all that concerned her work, so steady the light in her grey eyes—yet the soft hair which framed her face was now silvery white, and, quite apart from the crippling effect...
of her accident, it was clear to all who knew her that her strength was gradually failing.

During the July of 1932 she had a brief holiday with her family in Norfolk. Summer flowers and trees, and birds, and the restful calm of summer woods and seas, always had an intimate appeal for her. "Nature the perennial fountain of refreshment"—the words were found pencilled in her little Testament; and we know that in the beauty and order of Nature she never failed to see the handiwork of God. From this quiet interval of rest she returned to what, it was feared, would prove the death-bed of her old friend Forward.

A period of intense anxiety followed, but although Mildred Duff gave unstintingly of her time and waning strength to the comrade who had served her faithfully for forty-five years, she still persevered with some literary work. For many years she had disciplined herself to write under any circumstances, however distracting, and her perfect reliance on God carried her through now.

The doctor tells me I must prepare for the worst (she said to a comrade); but I am not letting myself think ahead. "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord"—that is His message to me, and I am holding on to it. Now talk about yourself and your work.

1 Exodus xiv. 13.
Colonel Forward rallied unexpectedly, and even gained sufficient strength to travel to Hove, but the improvement did not last.

I ask nothing for myself, and know that what He sends is best for us both (Mildred Duff wrote). Am so helped by the prayer and faith of comrades. Like a life-belt, prayer does not take us out of the sea, but holds us up in it.

For some time now, the supreme anxiety of watching friends had shifted from the patient to Mildred Duff herself. With increasing alarm they saw the dangerous sapping of strength from a constitution never robust. Yet the Commissioner would not give way; while her old ally needed her, she refused to forsake her post.

Upon returning from Hove, Forward herself realized the necessity of an immediate change. "You must go to Norfolk for a rest, Mildred," she said. "You know I always tried to get you a rest when you needed it."

"Oh, Forward, you are the most unselfish person I ever met!" was the answer. No time was lost, and Miss Duff's sister motored her down to Norfolk the very next day. Her sister has vivid memories of the journey.
It was a marvellous drive to us both. The fresh air, and the autumn tints of wood and field, soothed and refreshed her weary spirit!

So Mildred Duff came again to Westwick, the home of her childhood, the house from which she had been called forty-six years before to take up her life-work in The Salvation Army. Every room in the old house was sacred with memories of her father and mother and the sister she had loved so well. "It is so nice to be home," she whispered to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Petre, as she slowly ascended the stairs.

It was afterwards conjectured that she had suffered from a slight seizure a few weeks before leaving London; a premonitory symptom of what was to come.

I am so thankful you persuaded me to come here (she scribbled in a little note to Adjutant Anna Olsen, Forward's nurse, a few days later). My people bless Forward and you for making me come. God bless and reward you for all you have done for F. and me.

Again, on October 31st, she wrote,

I am better, but still muddly. I see how wise you were to send me off. I am sure I
must not come back at present; still very shaky and stupid. I cannot yet consider the future, so I leave all to you and Dr. Scher. I know you will both do your best for F.

Yet, although she felt rested, her strength did not return.

She seemed to have lost all interest in everyday chit-chat—could only keep her attention fixed on the highest things (a friend recalls). Little incidents I told her of people whom God had helped, soothed and pleased her. "I am so glad you told me that—God's dealings are such a rest! I am beyond ordinary talk," she said. The beautiful atmosphere which, since I had learned to know her, I always felt in her presence, was more marked than ever. I think she was living with one foot already in Heaven.

Her brothers and sister, and her cousin, came to her room very frequently, and her sister-in-law was often with her; but in spite of all that love and care could do, and although at times she seemed slightly better, the extreme exhaustion persisted. A nurse was engaged, and at her own request Mildred Duff was moved upstairs to the "obelisk room"—so named because the long avenue in which a strange old tower stands, lay immediately before the
window. A quaint, Eastern-patterned paper covers the walls; the furnishings and carpet belong to the period of her own youth. She had loved this room as a child, and in later years had worked in it with her secretary.

As she lay and rested she could see the upper growths of many trees, now in the waning glory of their autumn colourings; blue-green pines showing here and there, and a copper beech, amid the brown and gold leaves still lingering on the branches. She had gone out of this place to take part in the noblest of all warfare; she had gladly given the full powers of her wise brain and loyal heart; and now God was bidding her rest. She knew this, and was content.

The doctor won't let me come to London just yet (she wrote to Colonel Forward in November), but I am beginning to be able to look forward to his permission. I know you do not want it till he says I may. I love you and think continually of you, and do all that I know you would wish me to. I have a nice little nurse, and she is a great success.

Faintly pencilled scribbles, written with evident difficulty, but breathing the same spirit of love and faith which had pervaded her whole life:
Am so glad of the news Sil has brought me of you. I love and think of you, and thank God for you all the time. Ever as ever and for ever, M.

Miss Basilia Duff was dividing her time between the sick room of her sister in Norfolk, and that of Colonel Forward in London, thus allaying the Commissioner’s anxiety on her friend’s account.

For a while it seemed as though, almost imperceptibly, Mildred Duff’s strength was coming back. “I am so happy, so grateful to everyone”—the words were often on her lips, and apparently she continued to improve.

I have actually been down twice to tea (she wrote to Colonel Forward on 15th November). Doctor came to see me to-day. He wants me to go on being very quiet.

Ten days later, standing by the fireplace in her bedroom, she evidently became giddy, and fell. She was in pain all night, and it was feared that she had injured her knee. Her doctor suggested a specialist, and she had to be moved to another bed for the examination. This caused her great pain, but we are told that she put two fingers into her mouth and bit on them to prevent herself from crying out—
again thinking of other people's feelings rather than her own.

One of the Lord's last revelations to the Commissioner (her secretary recalls), during those anxious days at G.R. when she so missed Colonel Forward's support, and was inclined to worry, came one morning. Talking her anxieties over with the Lord, as was her custom, she was startled at the answer which came as a definite voice to her spirit: "Why do you bother about your little plans, when I have got a beautiful big plan for you?" She could not even guess at the meaning of the message, but she was content to believe its truth. Afterwards her friends, in the words of Scripture, "saw and believed".

For the end had come.

"I am so happy"—or—"so thankful": one cannot be sure which were actually the last words she spoke on earth (we are told), because she used both expressions so frequently.

One night Mrs. Petre, her sister-in-law, watching beside her as she lay breathing quietly, saw her give a sudden start, and called the nurse; but Mildred Duff passed immediately into the coma from which she never
awakened. In the early hours of December 8th, having served her generation to the full limit of her powers, like David she "fell on sleep."

"Make use of my life in the way that Thou dost choose." Scribbled on the torn fragment of an envelope, the words were found among her papers after her death; it is thought that they were her last written words. She had always committed her way to God, and He had chosen the best for her now.

We quote from two or three only of the tributes which poured into Gunton Road from all parts of the world, directly the news of her passing became known.

I shall praise God as long as I live, that I had the privilege of getting into touch with one of His saints.

He opened my eyes to contemplating in her something of the beauty of Holiness. Her memory will be blessed for ever.

Her selflessness and strength of character were a wonder. No one will feel more at home in Heaven than Mildred Duff.

Again:

I read in the Twentieth Century New Testament, "As He was in the act of blessing
them, He left them and was carried up into Heaven,"¹ and I thought that was so like your Commissioner, Forward; her life was one long blessing, and the fragrance has remained.

From Southern India:

Every recollection produces some beautiful conversation, act or touch, that left upon my heart and life, and in the mind, indelible impressions for good.

"They do not say in Japan, 'she has gone,' but 'she has arrived'" (wrote another); while the following, from a Novice in an Anglo-Catholic Convent in Tanga, is a remarkable testimony:

I showed the "Mother" Commissioner's photo and the papers, and she can hardly leave off reading them, and has asked if she may temporarily keep the photo on her writing table—she gets such inspiration and help from just looking at her.

Such quotations from letters received by Colonel Forward could be multiplied indefinitely, but perhaps the most touching tribute of all was that of Forward herself. The message, dictated from the bed from which she was never to rise,

¹ Luke xxiv. 51.
and read at the memorial service for Mildred Duff—conducted by the Chief of the Staff, Commissioner Henry W. Mapp—breathes the true warrior spirit.

She was the finest Soldier I ever met. The fighting purpose of her life was most consistent. If she started a thing she carried it through.

She was the truest Saint I ever met. We do not always associate Saints with Soldiers, but in her life you linked the one with the other.

I asked her sister to take her home to Norfolk for a rest. She was with them for a month, and laid down her sword in their midst. She showed The Army how to die. The Lord took her in His own way and time, and her going was a glorious thing. All her full-stops were of the Lord.

He has been so good to me. There is bound to come, first, a sense of terrible loss—I am prepared for that—and then there will come a wonderful sense of rest which will remain and carry me on to the end.

On December 13th, 1932, in the gathering darkness of the short winter's afternoon, Mildred Duff was borne under the trees of Westwick Park to the family grave in Westwick Churchyard. The parish church, in which she had worshipped as a child, was crowded for the
simple service, and immediately following the family mourners were leading representatives of The Salvation Army, in which her life-work had been done.

As the concluding hymn rang out and the shadows deepened, not a heart there failed to realize that a new name had been added to the glorious company of those who, having fought the good fight to the end, had entered into the Joy of the Lord.

.......

On Tuesday, May 16th, 1933, five months afterwards, Frances Kirkby, the "Forward" of these pages, was laid to rest at Chingford. In their deaths they were not divided.
“We have never seen Dog Yard and Hall Lane look like this before!” exclaimed the town-folk of North Walsham in amazement.

May 18th, 1933. The narrow little lane and the ancient yard alive with bright expectant faces, while a broad banner with: “Welcome to the General,” in letters a foot long, swung in the summer-like breeze above their heads.

An unusual crowd. Representatives of county families, farm labourers, shopkeepers; children everywhere; and Salvationists of all ranks—from Officers representing the International Headquarters and other sections of The Army’s work, down to the latest “Cradle Roll” infant of the local Corps.

Mildred Duff had touched all classes in her life, and now without distinction all classes had met together to do honour to her name. Her example, her faith and loyal courage alone had made such a gathering possible.
"It seems to me as if I should sing a kind of Nunc Dimittis if we could get our Y.P. [Young People's] Hall," Mildred Duff had written in the autumn before she died. This was her day. The Hall for which she had prayed was now an accomplished fact—General Edward J. Higgins in person was about to open the door of the "Mildred Duff" Memorial Hall. Among those who awaited the General's coming were some who believed that she was singing a Gloria in Excelsis in Paradise.

A wave of intense excitement swept over the crowd as the General appeared, and from that moment wave succeeded wave in a crescendo of enthusiasm. Colonel Petre, Mildred Duff's brother, handed the General the golden key with which he unlocked the door, through which many generations of the young people she had loved during her life will pass in to learn to serve her Saviour as she had served Him.

Both this Hall and that for adult meetings were packed to capacity, and a crowd surged round the doors as the General, in tones vibrant with feeling, paid his tribute:

She was a tower of strength and a source of wisdom, so that many who bore responsibilities and burdens were not slow in going to her for advice, having the knowledge that she would give it to the best of her ability, and that her advice would be of an unselfish character.
It is a very ordinary thing to say that she was one of the choicest spirits of The Salvation Army. Such was the case, and hers was a rare spirit which shed such an influence that even those who came into passing contact with her were conscious that they were in the presence of one whose spirit was pure. I worked with her over forty years ago, on the staff of the International Training College in London . . . and the recollections of those days come to me with strength and sweetness. . . . I feel proud that through all those years Miss Duff was my friend. . . .

In all her long experience in The Salvation Army, nothing she said or did ever caused us any wonderment; we were sure of her sincerity. . . .

She was not able to address huge gatherings with force as some people do . . .; her greatness was because of her outstanding sympathy. I often wondered how she got to know the sorrows of people; when they were in difficulty or trouble they would often find upon the table, or receive through the post, a message from her, bidding them be of good cheer. Her messages always came at the right time. . . .

She was great because of her charity. It was not public; it was not told to everyone; but in going about the world I have met people in far distant lands who said of her, "Ah, what an understanding soul she was; how beautiful in her deeds and love and charity!"
She was great in her humility. That is the path along which greatness treads. Commissioner Duff, in her long career in The Salvation Army, became purer in her soul and sympathy, because she never departed for a single moment from the path of humility upon which as a young woman she placed her feet.

She was great also for her power to encourage. Many remember the words she said to help them over some barrier or difficulty; many subordinates have spoken freely and beautifully of her power to encourage them when they were struggling to reach the standards which she set—and they were lofty standards. She knew of these struggles; but she never blamed; she never said words that discouraged, she always encouraged: gave helpful words which helped others to do better. She encouraged me, and I want to acknowledge that this afternoon. . . . I never went away from her without feeling stronger and better able to face my difficulties.

Great also in her deeds, she accomplished much, and she has left behind her memorials to herself that will last long after the Hall we have just opened has crumbled. Her pen was sanctified; her writings came from a pure heart and a passionate desire to help her fellow men and women, and particularly the young people of The Salvation Army, and her name will be associated with that work long after others are forgotten.
She was great as a Salvationist. . . . She was loyal to her leaders, a strength to them under all circumstances. . . .

She was great in her religion. Her knowledge of the Scriptures was wonderful. She lived in the Spirit, and, therefore, ways were opened to her which she could never have known otherwise. She was one of the persons for whom we can all thank God. The real monument to her is that her memory will be treasured by thousands of people all over the world.

“Mildred Duff cannot die,” writes one who knew her well; “such as she live on in the lives of those they have blessed.” Through her union with Christ her influence has passed beyond the changes of the world into the changelessness of Christ.

She had sown for Eternity, yet even on earth to-day those who love her have been privileged to see the first-fruits of her harvest.
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BY MILDRED DUFF AND NOEL HOPE

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