

THE SALVATION  
ARMY IN INDIA.  
LETTERS FROM  
MRS. GENERAL KEER.

*PRINTED BY PERMISSION.*



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LONDON, E.C.,  
INTERNATIONAL HEAD QUARTERS.

—  
1894.

## P R E F A C E.

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NOT satisfied with merely recording the opinions of others, the talented writer of these deeply interesting pages has spent some six months in viewing our Indian battle-ground for herself, living in native huts, eating native food, conversing with the converts, and seeing things, not merely through the glamour and enthusiasm of specially arranged meetings, but as they ordinarily are. The fact that Mrs. Keer has already, with her husband, spent a good many years in India, living there as a European, and further, that she is a daughter of the late well-known evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Somerville, adds to the value of her testimony regarding the blessed work which is being carried on by our devoted European and native officers in that country. We are sure, therefore, that the account of the work which she has penned will be read with interest by our friends and sympathisers, and that they will unite with us in praising the Lord of the harvest for these already ingathered sheaves, and in praying that He may send forth thousands of labourers into these ripened fields.

INTERNATIONAL HEAD QUARTERS  
OF THE SALVATION ARMY,  
LONDON, E.C.

## LETTERS FROM INDIA,

BY

MRS. GENERAL KEER.

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The following sketch of her first dawning interest in the work of The Salvation Army in India was written by Mrs. Major-General Keer in October, 1893. Since it was written, Mrs. Keer has widened the original plan of her tour and studied the Army in other parts of India, and in Ceylon.

WHEN resident in India from '74 to '80, I saw a good deal of general mission work, and feeling a deep interest in the Indian people, wished I could get nearer to them than was possible. Their social life seemed so utterly removed from that of Europeans, and their ideas on everything rendered a natural fellowship out of the question.

Later, when in Canada, I read in a book by some one well acquainted with the Indian mind, the statement that while the Christian missionary was immensely respected by the native, it was the writer's opinion that Christianity would not spread largely until it was presented in Hindoo fashion, issuing from the wilderness in native

guise. I pondered this, and wondered if I should live to see some Indian John the Baptist crying "Repent" to his countrymen from jungle-edge, and I wondered if this Christianity would be pure or tainted with heathenism.

About this time I was taken by a friend to a Salvation Army meeting in Toronto. It was the first I had ever attended. The Army had only recently commenced in the city. The hall, up high stairs, was crowded by so many representatives of the "great unwashed" that I had to ask the drummer to open a window close by me, or I could not have stayed! The first thing that struck me was the appearance of the drummer himself. I had known him as a singer of solo hymns in revival meetings, but it was evident that a great change had come over the soloist. He seemed absolutely forgetful of himself, and banged away at his big drum, collarless, in a red jersey. I did not know anything about "crucifixion" on these lines as taught by the Army, so there was ground for wonder. The little officer conducting the meeting read a Psalm and gave a very simple exposition. As the meeting proceeded, I could detect nothing likely to produce the effect that was so evidently being produced on the audience. It struck me that there was not a lady or gentleman in the room, not a person who knew a word of Greek. Nobody

had to *condescend* in addressing the people. I realised that I had never seen such a meeting before, that this was the "mass" evangelizing the "mass"—and succeeding, for it was easy to see that consciences were awakened. Several near me were in tears, God's Spirit was convicting of sin while testimonies were being given of what God had done for the souls of the speakers. The converts were seated on the little platform. One dreadful-looking man rose and said, "You all know me. I am the scum of the earth, but, praise God, the scum rises to the top," etc., etc. The uncouth speech was helped along by thankful "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" from the sympathetic in the audience, who could rejoice over the repentant sinner with such a happy deliverance to tell of.

An unaccountable feeling of sadness gradually took possession of me, and when a Salvationist asked after my spiritual welfare, it was a relief to pour out my accumulated surprises of the evening. I told him that I had been a Christian from eleven years of age, and in later years a Christian worker, and much exercised in my soul to do the will of God, but that I felt that these people had something I had not, and that I could not understand it. I was at crying point! As a minister's daughter, brought up in a church that prescribes a very long course of study as a preparation for

the ministry, accustomed to splendid sermons and carefully conducted meetings, it seemed to me incomprehensible that such spiritual results should be given to the working of such simple machinery as that evening's meeting. The means were utterly inadequate to the end, I should certainly have said.

About six months after this I read of Mr. Tucker (now Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army) devising the plan of becoming a native and going about like a fakir to win the people of India to Christ, and that his wife was selling the "War Cry" barefoot in the streets of Bombay. Instantly it struck me that possibly this was what I had been looking out for—a Christianity emanating from the jungle. I set myself to watch the movement and advised others to do the same. That a covenanted civilian should think of doing such a thing, *and do it*, seemed too wonderful. A man who had had every bit of caste prejudice instilled into him from babyhood—no unsophisticated Englishman. I exclaimed at the time, "This is the thing most like to Christ leaving the sky and being born of a woman in a stable that I ever heard of."

Five years after this it was announced that a set of converts from India were coming to Toronto, and as I was most anxious to see the result of the Booth-Tucker method, I went, all eyes and ears,

to the new, grand, Albert Street Temple. What a change from the old room! The procession filed in from the street, a splendid band played inspiring music, a great "cloud of witnesses," men and women in uniform, took their places on the tiers of seats that sloped up from the platform. The late Mr. William Gooderham, a Canadian Salvation Army auxiliary, was with the Indian party, and Commissioner Coombs, now of Australia, was in charge of all. I went again and again to these meetings, and the main features remain photographed on my memory. When massive, English Colonel Dowdle was present, Mrs. Dowdle was asked to pray and did so. It seemed so strange that a slight little woman should stand and plead with God in a clear voice for a blessing on the meeting and not be in the least nervous or self-conscious. Everything everybody did was spontaneous and natural. Though it was a huge public meeting, people spoke and acted as if it were only a big family party. They were happy in the Lord, and rejoiced in the prospect of service harder than ever in the future. The Indian party of five was the attraction and object-lesson. I had heard missionaries say that you *had to create a conscience in a native and then to preach to it*, but the processes in the case of two of the converts seemed to have taken place simultaneously and most thoroughly. God's

Spirit had worked on the most unlikely souls, and changed darkness into light and godliness. Conviction and conversion in one night, coming to a soul trained up in iniquity, showed me that God worked with the Army in India just as I had seen in Canada. And as Major Musa Bhai poured forth his wonderful, impassioned addresses, and pleaded from his own experience and all his nation's prejudice for the need of working such plans as had been used by the Army, giving fullest explanation of the reason for each peculiar method, I realized that here was the salvation of India, that this was what I had been praying for years, and the words came to my lips, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." God had given the golden key to the country to the people who were willing to go to the lowest depths of personal degradation. Was it not all in keeping with Calvary? As Faber says—

"Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God,  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road."

ELIZA KEER.

## A LETTER TO AUXILIARIES.

NAGERCOIL, CAPE COMORIN,

2nd Nov., 1893.

DEAR FELLOW-AUXILIARIES,

It was a matter of doubt with me whether the S. A. Cape Comorin converts that one reads of, as having changed their faith in large numbers, all at once, after very short preaching to, were really born of God, or only nominally "Christian." I came to the Cape district to see for myself, and after being at many meetings, in seven different places, I have only one thing to say about the movements here, and that is, that it is purely pentecostal and beyond all human understanding.

WHAT THE CONVERTS WERE.

These converts have nearly all been devil-worshippers and some of them devotees and priests, giving themselves up to the demoniacal possession, accompanied with such horrible and degrading rites, that one's blood curdles to hear

them describe their past life. Drunkenness from arrack and palmyra toddy was their great snare.

#### WHAT THEY ARE NOW.

Now these people have literally and spiritually had the demons cast out of them, and they give the dearest testimonies in the meetings and in private conversations as to the complete change in their hearts and lives. They don't shrink from telling what they have been, and as they are under inspection from each other night and day, if any one's action did not accord with his profession, his mouth would be stopped by the others.

The happiness they find in their deliverance from their sin is very remarkable. A weary "conviction" seems to have long been on them, so that when Christ was preached to them by the Army during the Boom March held about eighteen months ago, they had been already prepared by the Spirit of God to receive the Saviour to save them *from* their sins. Now they have the new heart given them, and according to their knowledge and light they *delight* to do the will of God.

I stayed from a Saturday till Monday in a mud hut in a village. The Sunday was like a beautiful Scotch Sabbath among the hills. The whole village is converted. They have ceased

from Sunday field labour, though that means a reduction of the week's income of *one-seventh*, and their daily earnings are the veriest pittance. The barracks stands on the site of the late idol temple. The village when it yielded to Christ handed the temple over to The Salvation Army. A neighbouring village formerly at feud now unites with this one, and meetings are held interchangeably between the two. On these occasions the clean-swept, moon-lit, *village street* serves for auditorium.

#### HIGH-CASTE PERSECUTION.

The Sudras, greatly fearing that the pariahs, who have been their slaves for generations will cease to cultivate the paddy (rice) fields if they "get salvation," have been most active in persecuting. Sixteen houses out of twenty-six in one village had been burned down by them, and at the time of my visit had just been rebuilt and paid for by the villagers themselves—the Army helping them. In different localities intimidation of the most subtle kind has been bravely met. One very leading man and ex-devil-dancer was offered a bribe of Rs. 1,000 if he would apostatise. He stood firm.

#### A SYMBOLICAL PALMYRA LEAF.

I had the pleasure of eating supper, native fashion, in this man's house before the 8.30 meet-

ing. He waited on us himself, reminding me of Abraham with his guests. He was so beautifully hospitable that I gave him my card and my husband's, and asked him to write his name in Tamil on a palmyra leaf for me. He at once did so, cutting the leaf neatly with his deftly-used knife. The leaf "card," as he explained, bore his name and the name of his village. Seeing some small lettering at one side I asked if that was the date. He quietly replied "That means *Victory to Jesus.*" What a beautiful internal evidence this was of the change in the man. I felt this leaf was like the "olive leaf plucked off" which was a token to Noah that judgment on sin was past and a new world entered on. It spoke much for the man and his village.

#### SOME WONDERFUL TESTIMONIES.

The testimonies of people who had indulged in sin all their life, at the meeting which followed, carried out what the leaf had indicated. One man who used to sacrifice everything for drink said he was now saved and happy, and that he had on good clothes (a plain clean cloth), and he gave his money to The Salvation Army. Another, whose type of face corroborated what he said of his terrible past life, told how he was saved and kept. Women as well as men testified to deliverance from

sin's slavery, and the new life of joy and peace in serving Jesus.

#### FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

In all these villages the "volleys" of *Hallelujah*, the hymns, the prayers, the Christian love, the smiling faces, all speak the heavenly change in these poor people. Then there is their generous and systematic giving of paddy to support the Army, and their love for their officers and leader. Who after seeing and hearing all this could doubt the reality of the work ?

#### WE WILL FEED YOU.

An old woman said to me, as I rested on a cot in a village street in the moonlight, "If you will come and live here two months we will feed you." And indeed I should like to accept her invitation. It is so lovely to see the grace of God in these people who less than eighteen months ago were heathen in heathen darkness. Next day she followed our bullock-bandy out of the town. She seemed sorry at my going. As I never expected to see her again on earth, I told her to be sure and meet me in heaven. The last glimpse we had of her was the poor old wizened form standing on the road. She put her right arm up and said faintly "Hallelujah !" Then she vanished.

As toddy-drinking has been the cause of backsliding, at one place the villagers won't allow the toddy-seller to come to their village at all. If any of the inhabitants want intoxicating drink, they must go elsewhere to get it—so the pariahs have settled the prohibition question.

ELIZA KEER.



NAGERCOIL,

20th October, 1893.

“DEAR COLONEL RUHANI :—

“Your letter was an unexpected treat this morning. I was picking myself up after a late night, and filled with wonder and praise, was sitting realizing things, when I found I had something else to be thankful for, and that was your letter. Dismiss from your mind all alarm on my account. I am in *good* health and being fed to perfection at this Garrison, where Adjutant Jeya Sundrum is all watchfulness and care. I sleep well and have not had too much excitement.

“The journey down was really very painless. As we spent a night at Tennevelli station. cele-

“Ruhani” is the native name adopted by Col. Lucy Booth.

a long process certainly, but I was not sea-sick at all, and was in good spirits all the journey. Two native girls were with us—one coming here as a cadet. I have seen three village Self-Denial, or harvest meetings, attended an officers' meeting and prayer-meeting on Memorial Day, dedicated two babies named 'The Grace of God' and 'The Servant of God,' had a visit from a leading man in a much-tempted village, and done enough

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“The journey down was really very painless. As we spent a night at Tenneveli station, celebrated for mosquitoes, the two adjutants rigged up a little mosquito net on the platform, and I slept till five o'clock. The Bullock-bandy from 7 a.m. next day till 5 a.m. the following one, was a long process certainly, but I was not sea-sick at all, and was in good spirits all the journey. Two native girls were with us—one coming here as a cadet. I have seen three village Self-Denial, or harvest meetings, attended an officers' meeting and prayer-meeting on Memorial Day, dedicated two babies named 'The Grace of God' and 'The Servant of God,' had a visit from a leading man in a much-tempted village, and done enough

*feeling, realizing, rejoicing and glorying* to supply me with food for *Indian famines* in the years to come! Muthabaranum and her husband have been so wise and active coaching me in many ways. At meetings, she teaches the people a translation of the chorus I sing, so we all unite in the chorus of 'Reign, Master,' or 'He rose,' or 'Little while.' It is well I came to this pitch of things gradually! The full blast, bursting suddenly, would I think have prostrated me. Tomorrow I go to live a little at Captain Puramai's village (Geikie is her name).

"It struck me as we drove home from last night's more-than-ever wonderful meeting, at a village whose barracks had been burnt down and rebuilt, that if an 'Auxiliary' name could not be adjusted for Indian general use, '*The Smile of God*' would be a good name and a constant incentive to walk in the light. Could you get that in Sanscrit, or some such universal tongue, and Indianise me at once? If you will empower the major to give me my name, he can do it in a meeting as Adjutant Yesu Ratnam did the two new ex-heathen who had dedicated a child.

"I have just been praying at '12.30,' and specially for a new cadet who came last night—her father giving her, his widowed daughter, as to God.

"If there is any earthly sound which shakes one to pieces it is a village hallelujah welcome.

What a fearful din of wild sounds from throats and instruments! The lamps shining on red and *kavi*, the dark skins, the gleaming eyes and teeth, the flower and leaf decorations, the spread-out *sarees* reminding one of 'His banner over me was love,' the once devil-dancer's testimonies, the songs of Satan now changed into songs of redemption, the fervent prayers, the heaps of poured-out paddy given in thankfulness to God, the loving happiness of the people, are indeed something to sit down and wonder over as a meeting proceeds. How unutterably glad I am that I came! I can never be my old self again after this vision of the East. God must show me what He wants me to do when I go home.

"On Memorial Day, I came to the conclusion that the shaking effect these officers' meetings had on me was to be attributed to the coming earthquake which is going to shake the country; the *rushing, mighty wind-sound* must have *shaken* the one hundred and twenty who prayed for ten days for the promise of the Father. These native officers are the hope of the future, and I think that is how I find myself so unexpectedly *gripped* in these officers' meetings even more than in the village gatherings of converts. Well, good-bye for the present.

"Yours in the *Smile of God*,

"E. KEER.

“LASSES’ TRAINING GARRISON,

“NAGERCOIL,

“25th October, 1893.

“DEAR COLONEL RUHANI:—

“It was a glorious idea, sending me down here. What I have seen, experienced, and *mentally endorsed* was worth coming for. Indeed, I feel I can die now. I have slept two nights in a mud hut! In the short time from Saturday till Monday, I went through much thinking and cost-counting, and have come out on the Calvary side. My very soul revolted at the savagery of the whole life, and before the first meeting I really felt awfully depressed; but when I went out into the street, after that dreadful supper, and saw those assembled people, and heard their testimonies, and realised all that this meant, the sting seemed to go out of the horrors. To think that that moon was looking down on saved people magnifying the grace that had found them, and that those trees and hills that had witnessed hateful heathenism ever since the land was inhabited, were now enclosing Christians with the Lord for their King!

“On Sunday it was like a Scotch Sabbath among the hills—so still, so beautiful! Heavy

clouds rested on dark blue mountains. The villagers cease from work, though it reduces their income by one-seventh. The paddy-fields smelt like a heathery moor. Primrose-looking flowers bloomed. After enjoying these sweet things, we went, at 11 a.m., to the meeting in the little short-walled barracks standing on Old Temple site! More testimonies explained to me showed me how genuine was the change. I gave them a little translated Bible reading. At night, Captain Puramai and I went under moon and stars to another street-village moonlight meeting, from which even some native Christians could not keep away. Near the end, Captain Puramai asked them to hold up hands if they would remember me, and pray. The rush up of brown arms was a thrilling sight. To think that I could come to a wilderness like this, with no road to it from the outer world but the top of mud walls dividing paddy-fields, and find people willing and *able to bless me* with their prayers! When I reached the mud hut that night I positively *loved it!* By this time *I utterly and for ever had decided that this was the way to do, if you wanted to get at the people.* I congratulate Captain Puramai on her life there.

“But what I wanted to write about was Ceylon. Adjutant Gnana Muttu thinks that I shall have done everything here in ten days more,

and he thinks there is time for Ceylon and the journey back to Bombay, for Gujarat, before you start.

"As it seems to me, God has sent me out to see the work here and there—a thing I never anticipated in so big a country, where I only expected to grub along in huts about Bombay—and that if I can put Ceylon in it I ought to. I can easily cross and all that alone, if you will give the order. If you disapprove, I approve of your disapproval.

"The Illundeyadi captain's name is Geikie. We sang some Scotch psalms together, to match the scenery, that memorable day.

"You will say my letters are 'somewhat lengthy,' I fear, but what can a 'feller' do but pour out when one is overflowing ?

"Yours ever, with love and gratitude,

"E. KEER."

FROM A LETTER TO  
MAJOR-GENERAL KEER.

—\*—  
"NAGERCOIL,  
"30th October, 1893.

"To what a pitch of loveliness things have got! This last week really seemed to crown all! On Wednesday, 25th, I went in bandy with Muthabaranum to Kerachery, a village where Sudras once set upon Adjutant Yesu Ratnam, when he was going home at midnight, after a meeting, and mauled him awfully with sticks. The officers' quarters here is a windowless mud hut, as elsewhere, only the walls were higher, and one could get in comfortably. A *charpoi* was set out in the street in front, and a Native blanket spread over it, and M—— and I sat out in the street as it was only about 5.30 p.m. A crowd of children stood round staring. They sang a Tamil hymn, and I talked away to them by interpretation. . . . At the request of the converted chief man of the village, who had come before to call on me here—a devil-dancer and a man of much influence—we went to take

our food at his house. It was a spacious mud dwelling, as these go. Muthabaranum's rice and curry was sent to her by some converts, and she had brought food for me—cold koftas and tea. The ex-devil-dancer was attention itself. Like Abraham, he went himself to fetch us food, and waited on us. His wife is converted too, but she did not appear, being shy and not cleaned up like her husband. He brought milk, and native sugar on a leaf, and two kinds of plantains. Of course we sat on the floor, ate with our hands, and washed after. He was so beautifully gracious. I gave him my card and yours, and asked him to write his name on a palmyra-leaf as he used them in business. He wrote his name and the name of his village, and when asked if a little writing at the side were the date, he said, 'That is 'Victory to Jesus.'

"Now, just think of that! No one asked him to put anything, but his full heart had overflowed in spiritual expression.

"I felt that was an internal evidence indeed, of the change in this devil-dancer. The palmyra-leaf was, like the olive-leaf plucked off, indicative of a new world being entered on—judgment on sin past. It spoke well for the man and his village.

"At the meeting in the barracks at night (which stands on the site of the large temple

lately *given over*) the testimonies were most wonderful. A converted drunkard said he used to give everything for drink, now he had on good clothes and gave his money to the Salvation Army. It was a coarse white cloth he had on, and his face was naturally of an unengaging type. But he was saved now—it was evident! A woman said she used to drink toddy and arrack; now she was saved and serving Jesus. A really fearful-looking man said he used to kill sheep for the devil, and lie and steal; now he was saved, kept and happy. Oh, . . . if you could have just seen and heard those givings of testimony, you would not have doubted whether these villagers, converted in a *lump*, were saved or not!

"The roar-shout of welcome when Muthabaranum introduced me was tremendous. I felt as if I would die of the sudden and overwhelming noise. Native voices and instruments, women's whistle, drums and all combined and acting from heart-earnestness—you can picture the awful thrill the noise occasions. They placed a lovely wreath round my neck. The contrast between the savage barbarism of themselves and their customs, and these lovely wreaths—the very essence of grace—is remarkable.

"I was lying before the meeting on the *charpoi* in the street, while Muthabaranum was under

the thatch hut verandah. I was looking at the Indian stars and moon, when an old woman and another came and stood and discussed. I understood nothing, of course. At last she addressed herself to me, and I called to Muthabaranum to ask what she was saying. It was, 'If you will come and live here two months, we will feed you.' Now, I consider this the best thing that that has happened to me yet! This was a real Macedonian woman's invitation. Next morning, the old woman followed us out of the village a long way, just for love. Being an ancient Pariah, she had nothing on above the waist, as Sudras try to keep Pariahs down, though the law favours them now. She seemed so sorry at my going. I told her to meet me in heaven. The last we saw of her was the wizened form on the road with the right arm up, and a faint 'Hallelujah' came to us as she vanished. The natives pronounce the word 'Allelujâh,' accentuating the last syllable only. They shout with arm up from a paddy-field if an officer appears.

"The other day in the market an officer was greeted by some boys shouting this fearlessly . . .

"After the meeting that night, they had a salvation dance with sticks, singing redemption, deliverance words all the time. It was a beautiful thing! A set of eight men with short

batons tramped it. They strike their sticks together like swords. This dancing used to be for the devil with arrack, now it is for God. They do it once a week in the moonlight. I never saw the sense before of 'Praise Him in the dance.' It was really eight Davids dancing before the Lord. It was as distinctly native in time, and tune, and action and style as possible.

"I have not seen girls dancing. I hear they *do* have something by themselves. All this is just like the exercises of a school. They are outlets for simple people. They suit me, too!

"Muthabaranum and I slept in the barracks, which had three windows and no shutters, so that the villagers stood and watched us!! She slept on a mat on the ground. I had my camp-bed. Had I not promised you, I should have slept on the ground, too. It was quite dry.

"The lovely ex-devil-dancer, Gnana or Niana Desigan, was all alive in the morning getting hot water at his house for my tea. Muthabaranum drank a bowlful of palmyra juice gathered in the night. They put chunam, (lime) in the pot when they hang it on the branch, otherwise the juice would turn into 'toddy.' I drank some, but it has a queer after-taste from the chunam. We started early—perfect day of beauty. Muthabaranum and her husband have gone away now for a rest. His eyes needed

treatment. These officers work hard. I forgot to say that *eight new souls came out for Christ that night at Kerachery*. They came from a distant village on purpose, I think. The Army has an outpost there and these eight will be looked after. Muthabaranum conducted the meeting. Her husband was elsewhere. The native officer now in charge of the village is a fine man.

“On Sunday morning, there was a united knee drill here, of all the lasses, lads and officers in Nagercoil. You see there is no barracks here, so meetings are held in one of the houses, or at Headquarters. For holiness meeting, at eleven, they go out to villages round, in batches. At night, too, they go to villages. Last night it rained so, villages were impossible. I was taken down to Headquarters in a bandy for a united prayer-meeting instead. I was to seek power for a coming raid that is to be made on new villages in about a month. I wish I could be here to see perhaps hundreds swept into the Kingdom!

“I told them of one man, Achan, with his one sin causing defeat to a whole nation. One sin in one of these cadets or officers might keep salvation back from hundreds, a loss to all Travancore. It was a good meeting. I have got a blessing myself in Nagercoil.

“The head of the lads' garrison is a dark East Indian. His father has an estate here on hills, and the son was a coffee-planter. His father is eighty-three, English; his mother, native. He is more like Matamoros than any human being I ever saw. He is in every way less glorious than was that transcendent “Mat,” but he has a very remarkable face and personality. He has drawn out for me a statistical table of the work here. Its carefulness shows how fearfully painstaking and watchful the Army is over every corps and outpost. This man's name is Cox; his native Army name, Deva Thei, ‘God's Plant.’ I take down the names of the officers I see, so as to recognise them in the Indian ‘War Cry’ in future time. I am awaiting orders from Bombay about going to Ceylon, and in fact expect to start to-morrow. A woman officer, going to Madras, will be with me in my bandy back to Palamcotta, which is the same as Tinneveli, the station where I was before; this time I will go to the *town*. Major Jeya Kodi and the husband will travel in the other bandy.

“The steamer sails on Thursday from Tuticorin to Colombo, and takes about thirty hours I am told. There is a short railway journey from Palamcotta to Tuticorin. It is a very sea-sick crossing, and ships are not comfortable at the best. Young Chick in Bombay has joined the

S.A., I am glad to see from Captain Paine's letter. My mission is evidently to see the work in different parts of the S.A. Indian Field, and to tell of it *when I return*. . . .

"I think, when I have done Gujarat and Poonah, I shall have to speak a little in India as an Auxiliary, of what I have seen and investigated, and then I shall go home.

"Colonel Lucy will be wide-awake, you may be sure, to turn me to some account after all the thinking they have done for me. I shall be *very thankful* if God will permit me to speak for India to purpose anywhere. I thought, if Miss B—— would keep on even after my return, I might leave you for a while and go and turn my Indian experiences to account in Army circles in large manufacturing towns, so as to have an Indian year after all.

"The Army has got a great field, and whole regiments of workers, officered and supervised and cheered and exchanged and watched and corrected and *inspired*; and I would advise any one with any money, at *once* give largely to the Army, endorsing its *native* methods, and I feel sure that if they did so and asked to be sent, God would open up a way for them individually to get to the heathen. . . .

"I shall experiment on P. & O. second-class between Colombo and Bombay, and likely will go

home in P. & O. second-class to Plymouth or London. . . . I keep splendidly well. I haven't had a shoe or stocking on since I arrived here on the 13th. It is very——" (*Interrupted*).

"Letter from Captain Puramai, from the village where I stayed in a mud hut. Fancy these ex-heathen of about fourteen months' standing as Christians PRAYING FOR YOU! There, now, you unbeliever! You may have many interesting people praying for you, but have you any among your friends who were so lately devil-dancers, pigs'-blood drinkers, and fiends incarnate, as many of these were? People who could not drink blood when sane, but who hated the sight of it, would drink sheep's blood from the animal's neck when possessed by the devil, and do all manner of incredible things. Well, just think of these 'legions' clothed (or partially) and in their right mind, at Jesus' feet, *praying for you!* It was worth the Red Sea to hear that. Hallelujah!"

## CONQUESTS.

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“NAGERCOIL, TRAVANCORE,

“ (nr. Cape Comorin),

“ *16th October, 1893.*

“Surely, the half was not told me of all the glory of Christ's Kingdom in this place! The Ranee (king's sister) has just died, and all bazaars are closed for three days by order, enforced by tom-toms this morning! The Salvation Army have no work proper in Nagercoil, because it is a seat of the London Mission. They need to have headquarters in cities for business and posts, but their main efforts here are put forth in villages. And what rewards they have reaped during the last year and a half!

“I went, the very day we arrived, to a special meeting at a village five miles away. It was the Self-Denial collection, and was to be a special affair. I was driven, by Adjutant Yesu Ratnam, in a pony-bandy. It rained torrents. Others went in a bullock-bandy. There are two monsoon seasons in this place. The barracks—a good-sized little hall, of brick, mud and tiles, and

floored with sand—was half put up by the villagers themselves. From the rafters were hung flowers—magnificent pink lotus, like great water-lilies. I never had seen anything like them. Palmyra leaves were slit and twisted into the prettiest ornaments. Two things like green parrots they had hanging up, made of leaf. To get to the barracks from the road, I had to take off my sandals and wade through mud.

“We had supper on the ground inside before the meeting commenced; that is, those officers who had come a long way. Food is eaten off broad sections of plantain (banana) leaves. They had bought some cold fish for me in slices, as I can't eat their hot curry. They gave me tea, too. Lamps were hung from rafters, and crackers and coloured lights were let off. Then the meeting began. Men squatted on one side, and women on the other. There was lots of uniform. A converted devil-dancer brought his bow-like instrument, hung with bells, which he and another man beat vehemently to the singing. The striking is on the string of the bow, not the bells, and it is done by a short stick in each hand. It was most astonishing to see this man, in his scant clothing, testifying to the change in his heart. Another ex-devil-dancer, in full uniform, gave a testimony with great energy. Their women and children took part.

"It is the one Salvation Army all over the world, yet each country and district preserves and adopts its own customs. As at Madras, I was wreathed in a most lovely wreath, and so was Major Jaya Kodi (a Scotchman) round the neck. The song of welcome, specially composed and sung, was characteristic; then the harvest song was also.

"At the taking up of the Self-Denial collection, a mat was laid down in front of us, and paddy (rice in the gray husk) was brought and poured out, and a little basket with infinitesimally small coins, called *chukrum*, in copper and silver, was laid down. Rice has a standing value, and can always be sold.

"My little address was interpreted, strange to say, by Adjutant Muthabaranum, our old friend of the Musa Bhai visit to Toronto. She is stouter than then, and married to a devoted man. They are in a responsible post here. They live in another house. She interpreted, verse by verse, "Reign, Master Jesus." The people were much taken with the little instrument (harmoniflute), which has stood all the shaking in the bandy splendidly. There is a Training Home here for lads also in another house.

"The coming back from that meeting was no joke. With obscured moon and increased water, Yesu Ratnam had to walk miles, holding the

pony's head. He was soaking wet all the time, bare-legged in thick mud, in his uniform—muslin red jacket and turban—yet next day he was none the worse. Had he not walked, we might have slipped into deep water on either side of us. The road is raised up.

"I am perfectly amazed at the strength given to endure that these officers have. A fine girl (Geikie) from Dundee lives with her native girl-lieutenant in a village. She loves her people and her work, and they almost worship her. Yet that beautiful affection has been got and retained by the most indescribable sacrifices of personal comfort on her part. There are far, far, further reaches all the way to Calvary than one could even dream of, yet these brave, devoted souls have risen to the case. No wonder God has blessed them so!

"That night it poured so, that rain came through my palmyra-thatch. I hauled my camp bed about to find a dry place, and finally went to sleep under an umbrella!

"This house is a large native bungalow. Muthabaranum's sister is head of it—a lovely woman . . . All my meals I eat on the floor. I wear no shoes. The mud floor is comfortable. Mats are about. Native clothes are a mercy in India! I never could have made that night-and-day railway journey, slept on a railway-

platform on camp bed, and travelled by bullock-bandy for twenty-two hours without great distress, in European clothes. But I did not suffer as I was. After seeing all I can of villages near, I want to go and live a little in one at least.

“The high-caste people have done tremendous persecution, but seeing the pariahs stand firm, and marvelling at the change in them, they are now asking for meetings to be held for themselves. The pariahs are economical and good financiers, and make capital local officers already. Devil-dancing is just Spiritualism and Mediumism. I have got heaps of information about it. It is a great expense to a village, as so many sheep have to be sacrificed. Now, with temple and village spiritual fund handed over to the Army, they will soon be self-supporting and a strong missionary power religiously. They have an army of these witch and wizard people converted—Satan really dispossessed of their bodies. These people make capital sergeants, being accustomed to lead their villages. These people are music-daft, and there was so much of that in the devil-worship; it was a great attraction. Now, all these nice tunes are better for really beautiful Christian words, and, like the singers themselves, the devil is dispossessed and Christ enthroned. Hallelujah! If anyone testifies to what he is *not* living, the rest would at once

stop him! Holiness-conscience works beautifully in these late children of darkness. If once they feel condemned, they go and confess the back-sliding. It is a real movement of God's Spirit, as remarkable—and much more so—than the Irish revival, because these are *heathen* brought to God in fifties and hundreds, and they stand well and suffer and give and astonish their caste neighbours and co-pariahs. The great want is officers to go to the villages.

“These girls are in training. Some of them are very small for their years. They belong to such poor people, they did not eat enough to make them grow! They go out to villages and evangelise in groups, and so learn to work in Salvation Army fashion.

“I have reached the people of India at last, and long to go on to new villages and see the harvest reaped. This activity of the Army is re-acting on others already. Out of these pariah villages will come India's deliverers! ‘The last shall be first, and the first last.’ Oh, it is all well—well worth having come for! Certainly God, not man, has put the golden sickle into the hand of The Salvation Army wherewith to reap the Indian harvest!

“I was interrupted by the bell for prayer, equivalent to ‘12.30.’ All the girls squat in a circle. When I appeared, they put up their right

hand and shouted, Hallelujah! Then choruses in Tamil (sung on knees and clapped to, with closed eyes), and prayers from one and another followed. Then I was told to pray, and, sentence by sentence, it was translated. So a running accompaniment of response went with me. The last response of all was the Hallelujah shout once more—so Army and so native!

“Muthabaranum took me for a walk last night. The scenery is really splendid—such remarkable blue mountains and clouds wreathing them. All the journey from Madras here, I was struck with the scenery, and had to keep looking at it. The season supplying wonderful clouds and skies, made the hills really Scotch-like. It was glorious to see one part of a range done up in trailing drapery of mist and the rest in sunshine.

“Muthabaranum’s husband is a very shy man naturally. He and she both separately told me of the effect my appearing in native dress had on him. He was expecting an European lady, and thought I was a new English officer, seeing me in *kavi* dress, and when he found out, he was so rejoiced, and felt no fear of me, and a great feeling of friendliness possessed him instead. Now, if this is the feeling, elaborately explained to me, of an English-speaking, college-trained man, one can easily see the wisdom of wearing native clothes if you go to mix with ordinary natives.

One old nominal native Christian man, Joseph, a drunkard for forty years, who beat out all his wife’s teeth, was converted through Musa Bhai’s preaching and penitent-form. Though he had no army then to help him, he continued steadfast, and is now a great power as a special in the Army. He is the best carpenter in the neighborhood. So you see how much the native population would benefit, and the Army, if only the missionaries would allow them to attend. The older, long-settled missionaries seem to misunderstand the Army. Younger ones from England don’t, and come out in favor of it. So things have begun to improve in that respect. But between *sudras* and missionaries the poor Army has had a bad time.

“One entire village of fifty-seven once backslid because the *maras* who own the land came and said, ‘If you don’t go back to devil-dancing and give up the Army, we will not give you any land to cultivate, and we will drive you out of this village.’

“The terrified creatures recanted, and the *sudras* supplied the money for a devil-worship, but as soon as it was over, the poor people came and said, ‘We did not eat the idol-food, and we still believe in your way’; and I have no doubt that, as their faith grows stronger and they learn more, they will be restored. These *sudras* have

tremendous power here, and it is almost impossible to get redress. But, though they have burned and burned people's houses and barracks, still the thing grows; and the persecution has developed faithfulness in most cases. They find they can't drive the Army out of the country, and the tide is certainly turning. A heathen contractor said the sale of arrack had gone down 3,000 rupees last year. One thousand was owing to the failure of trees, one thousand to poverty, and one thousand to the advent of the Salvation Army!

"Salvation Army villages won't permit any one to come and sell toddy to them. If people drink, they must go and get it! . . . The laws of succession in this country are funny. Land goes from uncle to nephew, not from father to son. The Rancee who died was the real, not complimentary, Rancee. Her son would have been king. The king's wife does not count as anything.

"If people live in one place for generations, they won't move out, and that is why the *sudras*' eviction was so terrible to the people who recanted.

"This is the anniversary of Mrs. Booth's death, and a meeting of officers has been held in the hall of this house. Men on one side squatted on mats, women on the other; at the end of the room the mat answering to a platform! Only

four were Europeans, all the rest native. It was a splendid sight—most thrilling. As I believed five years ago, The Salvation Army is the hope of India because it lives crucifixion and holiness. It is a great privilege to speak in such meetings. The singing and praying are native and English. The same tunes do in many cases."

"October 24th.

"I have got growing in my soul a very great affection for these people.

"In the bandy going home was a young native officer, sent from here at 3 a.m. to fetch us back. I had a most interesting and spiritually useful talk with him on the road. Every day I learn India, and yesterday I learned a deal on holiness. Muthabaranum and her husband I shall feel my friends all my life. The *sudras* burn barracks in places where other houses won't catch fire. They burnt a barracks at a place we went to five miles from here, Katkadu—a large village. At once the villagers rebuilt, with a tiled roof, a proper little hall! A tiled barracks is three times the cost of a thatched one. Just think! At that village was a temple close to barracks. I went to look in, and saw a priest going about the idol-service. He would not allow me to see the idol. Muthabaranum thought he was ashamed.

He hates the Army. This village was the most spiritual and lively I have seen.

“I saw a horrid-looking old devil-woman. What a contrast to these converts, who used in their spirit-possession times, to drink pigs’ blood and sheeps’ blood from the dead animals’ throats, and burn themselves with torches, which they did not feel! I have had a visit from two leading devil-dancers from the villages, and I questioned them well, and Gnana Muthu explained and interpreted. These men make splendid sergeants and sergeant-majors, as they are so influential. If the head-man of a village is converted, others follow. Musa Bhai was right—‘It is a nation under conviction. Show them the *effect* of Christ’s salvation, and they accept it. Holiness is the secret of the Army’s success.’ A batch of Madras officers are coming here soon, and more villages that are asking for the Salvation Army will be captured. They say, ‘We want salvation, too.’ Oh, get people to give money to help this work! A barracks means salvation and shepherding of hundreds. An officer must be left in charge when a village is captured, or one officer put over two or three little villages. They are all near each other.

“I dedicated two babies at that village five miles off. The girl’s name meant ‘the grace of

God’ and the boy’s ‘the servant of God.’ I was told to take up the babies singly and pray over them. I took the funny, naked, red-jacketed, little black things from their mother’s arms. My prayers were interpreted. It was not the elaborate concern it was in Exeter, but it was a genuine dedication. Two of the parents had only lately become Christians, and their new names were announced that night.

“They take native names with a meaning. That village was the most distressing to live in. As I for the first time saw a den called ‘officers’ quarters’ I felt it was a fearful road to Calvary. I wondered if I could ever eat a meal in that town, but within two hours I was sitting on the barracks entrance, under the stars, eating some cold food with my fingers, washing my hands then after the native fashion, and enjoying myself and everybody else. ‘Who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross.’ The joy comes even now. To see these lovely, saved, singing, beating drumming, shouting, testifying people! They pray so earnestly, and the rest respond. We did not get home till about twelve. Bullock-bandy travelling is slow, but cheap. My eight miles to Illandivadi (Geikie villages) and the journey back—in all, four journeys of eight miles—charge, rupees 1-12 (2s. 1d.)! for all. The bandy

belongs to the Army, but the bullocks and driver are hired.

“Ensign Jaya Sundrum, the sister of Mutha-baranum, who is at the head of this Training Home, went out with a band of girls to a hitherto untouched village last week. One girl’s testimony caused ten villagers to yield to Christ.

“I enclose a letter from a Queen’s soldier at Bombay. He asked me to write to him as he saw me off at the station. As part of my Indian mission I did. These two men may be missionaries yet.

“Gnana Muthu thinks I will be done with this district in ten days, as far as seeing new things goes. It seems to me that God has sent me to India to see things, so that I may tell at home.”

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“TUTICORIN,

“4th November, 1893.

“A fat, elderly Brahmin, more instructed in the Bible than any non-Christian native I ever saw, came and talked to us for a long time at the station. I preached away to him, and he seemed miserable enough at not being able to confess Christ; but fear of all sorts of family miseries ensuing prevents him. I sang him some hymns

with harmoniflute. He knows the Army well. I told him about the Pariah work, and advised him to go and see those converts. I am praying for this man. Perhaps we were delayed on the road that we might meet him. I always, after any special discomfort, like that night in the sloping bandy, let down to liberate the bullocks, with the other horrors of a native night conveyance, except a special bit of reward in work and blessedness. So you had better pray for that Brahmin. A lady taught him five years; let us enter her labours. He was utterly Christian in every sentiment. I told him he—a Brahmin—was behind the Pariah. . . .

“There are a lot more splendid villages I might have visited; one or two where all the villagers are converted, and temple handed over and gods smashed, though they cost the poor villagers much money. These villages have no road to them, and I could not walk the long distances on the tops of walls and through all sorts of country.

“I believe there will soon be a great movement among all that caste—or outcast, rather. The lack is officers and money. The lads and girls in training at Nagercoil are of this class (Pariah), and you wouldn’t believe how they brighten up and make capital officers.

“The Pariah cadet girls sleep on the ground,

without any pillow ; and at the Training Home they all sleep in the hall where meetings and classes are held. This hall has a mud floor, which is cleaned and polished weekly by being cow-dunged, a process not religious, but simply necessary. The floor never raises dust when so treated, and is smooth and clean. They pound their own paddy, and do everything in village way. They get a common leaf thin bit of matting to sleep on, as it keeps clothes clean, and think that very fine ! In this way they will not be raised above their people, and keep—economically—on a level with their own. I can see what sad harm has been done to converts long ago by missionaries who taught natives European ways, when they had to break caste and come out from heathenism. A harvest of extravagance and worldliness is now being reaped in native Christian circles in the cities, directly traceable to this mistake.”

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“ COLOMBO,

“ 8th November, 1893.

“ ‘ This is the best season for crossing ’ ”  
(meaning crossing from Tuticorin, Cape Comorin, to Colombo, Ceylon). I found my cabin, second-

class, so exquisitely clean, and the native steward so attentive, that I did not change my ticket.

“ To avoid the noise of cattle, I went on deck to sleep, but could not. It does not do to travel in Army uniform in a swell ship first-class. The Army begs (collects) at each port on board the ships, and is so poor in its headquarters that it would really be a cruelty in me to misrepresent them. The men-officers, and frequently the women, if not in ill-health, coming from India to Ceylon, travel steerage—deck—entirely, and it is awful with a lot of coolies on board in a storm !

“ The hardships of the Salvation Army in India no one can fathom in imagination. I am glad I have seen a little of their sufferings. I am ever-increasingly filled with wonder at the Army.

“ There are three corps in town, and Rescue and Prison work.

“ Other three women live in the house, all notable officers. . . . One is here, such a glorious woman (Ambai) for village work. She came straight from London to Ceylon, and was at once sent to a village, with a native translator-assistant (girl) ; and that is how she learned the ways of the people—food, cooking, language, &c. I would say that any person who has lived in India before, if they wanted to go to the heathen,

ought to do just this thing. To find a consecrated translator willing to do the work would be difficult, but there are some vitalized souls in missions who ought to be willing to help thus—say for six months.

“Native clothes could be adopted in the city on arrival, and a start made, third-class, for the country, the missionary and assistant being equal in everything, and sleeping on the floor in the same hut. . . . Wholesale crucifixion to likes and dislikes, and a determination never to come down from the cross, would be the only way to begin and continue. Yet, certainly, Europeans can't do continuously all that natives do. The Army has had to modify much, but it still is, far out of sight, a native thing beyond any other mission in the land.

“I think these pack-up-able and most portable camp beds (the ‘Duke of Clarence’ camp cot, manufactured by Wenlock & Co., Madras), might be used in villages, where floor-sleeping is impossible from fever. A person who had never lived in India before could not get on very well without some friend accompanying him who knew the country, unless a very simple home of instruction could be lived in at first. To have lived as a European in India does not help one to take up the new position of native; and really, to a person of refined and delicate

up-bringing, the crucifixions are legion that would not exist for a person of rough up-bringing and birth. But God counts the cost to each soul of dedicating itself to the work; and I am sure that recompense in proportion to the distresses incurred would be given both in blessedness, in the work, and at the Resurrection of the Just. As Ambai said to me:—

“‘No one knows what they will have to go through when they come to India; but all who do the work say it is lovely and worth the cost of personal feelings. The life at Headquarters, being sort of English, none of the village officers enjoy!’

“For my own part, I do think village-life in some ways less unpleasant than life at these Headquarters in a sort of fifth-rate European style, mingled with some objectionable native conditions!”

## BHIL - LAND.

—\*—  
“For ah! the Master is so fair,  
His smile so sweet to banished men,  
That they who meet it unaware  
Can never rest on earth again.  
And they who see Him risen afar  
At God's right hand to welcome them,  
Forgetful stand of home and land,  
Desiring fair Jerusalem.”

If these words, as originally written, apply to the irresistible drawing upward of the soul that Christ is taking into rest, they are also sweetly descriptive of the gracious attraction at conversion, when the delighted heart beholds the Lord Jesus Christ as the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely, and forsaking all other, yields itself to Him in eternal union. But a third meaning dawned on me in the Pandi Mahals. We had gone an afternoon's journey from Dohad and at nightfall arrived at a Bhil hamlet. It was cold weather and the Bhils sat wrapped in sheets round a fire in the open air. The head man, now a Salvationist, affectionately embraced his old friend Staff-captain Isu Charan, and then we all sat down. The moon was shining almost perpendicularly overhead, and the unfailing evening star was quivering and shimmering with its peculiar Indian beauty. The

kind people gave us of their primeval food—coarse cakes spread with thick buttermilk for butter—and we drank milk out of a black earthenware *chattie*. While the talking in the vernacular was going on, my thoughts were busy and my soul full. It seemed to me that this upland might be called “Olivet,” so near was it to the point from which Jesus went up to heaven, having given His *scattering* and astonishing command to carry His gospel everywhere. Here were people only just reached by the blessed news! The eighteen centuries intervening seemed to be dropped out like a parenthesis from a sentence, and we were joined on to the time when the ascending Christ said: “All power is given unto me . . . *go ye therefore.*” “Ye shall be witnesses unto me unto the uttermost part of the earth.” A consciousness of Christ's presence possessed me. The Lord seemed to be just on the other side of that camp fire—“AND lo, I am with you.”—Matt. xxviii. 20.

How I blessed the Army that had risen and done our absent Lord's bidding, even though clean water there is none to drink, and fever and cholera are never away!

### REAL FAITH.

Another day there was an officers' meeting beside Bhil memorial stones, under trees. Each

officer, English, Swedish and Indian claimed 12,000 souls for Christ out of that part of the Bhil territory which they consider themselves as having occupied. It was thrilling to see the self-sacrificing devotion of the sons of India, comparatively recently won for Christ, praying for the people that they were leaving all to evangelise. I spoke to them of the English nation having been painted savages, when good men took their lives in their hand and went to tell them of the Saviour. I said we had selfishly kept that gospel to ourselves, but some of us were wakening up and we were never going to sleep any more. I congratulated them on not copying our bad example. Oh, this tardy obedience! Good people are going to church three times a day in comfortable Britain, and gratefully thanking God that they and their children are safe in the ark—Christ, but what about *other people and their children*—the “every creature” of the divine command—those who have as much right to salvation as we have? Have we sacrificed everything that they might hear, and done everything in love to win their sin-stained souls to Christ for cleansing?

Was not Christ with that little Salvation band, under those trees in rugged Bhil-land?

Christ has moved out there among the heathen as you can see from the New Testament. If you

want to meet Him, go there. He is calling you to come. Will you lift up your eyes and meet His, and feel the drawing that will make you

“Forgetful stand of home and land,  
Desiring fair Jerusalem,”

that is, just to be where He is, and where He wants you to be? Are you willing to *lose* your life for His sake and the Gospel’s? Are you willing to fall into the ground and *die* that you may bring forth much fruit?

#### HARD WORK.

I watched a Salvation Army officer wash his clothes in a river where sometimes tigers come to drink. It was moonlight, and I could easily see how the practised hand brought the cloth heavily down at a particular angle on the stone, so that the work was rapidly and effectually done. It struck me that I had never seen or heard of a settled European missionary in India washing his single change of raiment before. *Why need such an elementary style of life be adopted?* Then I had a new view of the elastic and wonderful devotion of the Army. In particular districts its officers wash in rivers or tanks, be they clean or foul, that they may be more effectually become one with the poor people who have so washed their clothes from time immemorial! The simple cloth and jacket and turban are hung up to dry and put on again without any ironing.

As it is impossible to travel from hamlet to hamlet in that country except on foot or on horseback, Ensign Jang Bahadur of the Bhil district gave me his horse to use, there being no other. I had a good side saddle with a crutch. "Burio" is a spirited and peculiar animal and does odd things. One moonlight night as we were quietly going to a meeting, I riding, the rest walking, I noticed "Burio" look as though he disliked a shadow on the right, and the next moment I knew that I had been thrown, but where I was I could not tell. I was picked up unhurt and very much astonished indeed. "Burio" stood still the while. A bruise and a headache were no hindrance to remounting and going on to the barracks and telling the Bhils how nearly I had escaped death. And that, had I been killed, the captain would, no doubt, have preached to them from my sudden death the folly of delay in coming to Christ, that I regarded myself as given back from the dead, and that the living woman now brought the dead woman's message!

The words "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," describe the instantaneousness of the throwing. There was no time for fear or feeling. It was as quick as a railway accident.

I did fervently, and for many reasons, thank God for my preservation, and regarded my life as

a sacred gift to be used for the country where I might now so easily be *buried*.

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

Some wandering people, gipsies they seemed, Marwarries, they called themselves, whose encampment we passed, recognised the uniform and ran to ask who we were. Later in the day we were surprised to find they had removed their camp, and having inquired where we were, had pitched at Parkeride close beside us.

Five of them stole out to the officers' meeting to which they were certainly not invited, and at the close there was a heavenly scene. These wandering people had come to anchor in Christ. With worshipping faces they acknowledged Him, happy to renew the covenant first made eighteen months ago at Abu Road when they heard the Gospel from the Salvation Army.

At night when the Bhils' meeting was being held in the open air they were the first on the ground and the last to leave. Women as well as men were present. When ten o'clock came and the others dispersed, they said "What is the use of going to bed?" and long and late they sat talking and asking questions. They were supplied with a New Testament which they would get someone here and there to read to them. And so while once more launched away on their

wandering life we may well believe they will now preach to others the Christ they have themselves received.

Compare this sort of evangelising with hammering away weekly at gospel-hardened people who have as much made up their minds to reject Christ as did Chorazin at Bethsaida! Truly they who have seen this "can never rest on earth again." The old life loses its grasp on one. All worldly considerations that would keep one at home seem contemptible though dignified by the precedent of centuries. If you talk about the hardships of his or her lot to an S. A. officer, you may hear things that may really appal you for the time, but just when you begin to think that they are bearing more than flesh and blood can, the Salvationist will turn a beaming smile on you, and with happiness in the voice tell you that the joys far overbalance the distresses, and before you are aware you are being charmed out of your blues by a joyful chorus or hymn verse.

Paul and Silas sang praises at midnight with lacerated backs and feet fast in the stocks, and so do these apostles of the nineteenth century—"of whom the world was not worthy."

Bhils are not to be gathered in crowds into barracks. They have to be gone to in their separate little hamlets, many of which go to

make up a village. At a small meeting of this kind at Kerdu two souls came out for salvation.

The Bhils are a curious, quiet, rather "Scotch" kind of people with a peculiar type of face. They are not *outcaste* but rather *apart* from Hindus. It is interesting to see among them the combination of the agricultural and hunting methods of life. Bows and arrows in the hand are as common as umbrellas are with us! In Bhil Land I seemed to be living in the book of Genesis and the last chapters of the Gospels and some of the Acts, as I watched their primitive life and saw the gospel reaching them for the first time, and yet something was always reminding me of Scotland. There is a delightful feeling of expanse and freedom in the high, open country, with its grassy stretches and wide horizons, ravines, hills, dales, trees and rivers. Dense jungle covers other parts of this interesting territory.

A bit of white quartz picked up in Bhil Land does duty as paper weight on the table as I write, and keeps the sheets from flying about the room in the Bombay breeze. On this stone a friend wrote in Gujerati the words "Jesus the spotless." This adjective is applied in ancient writings to some great one the Bhils have long expected, and it was prophesied he would come

with flags and drums. The Salvation Army consequently appeared to these people as the realisation of their prophecy, and they think something is essentially wanting if the Army goes anywhere without its flag, and I daresay some of us quite agree with the Bhils !

ELIZA KEER.

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*Information regarding the work of the  
Salvation Army in India will be gladly  
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