

Mrs. General Keer, whose husband had formerly been for many years in the Indian service, a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Somerville, who went to India in 1893 to see the work of the Army for herself, testifies to the accuracy of this representation. "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 whistles, 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." "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."

The enthusiasm of the Army's work and its distinctive methods are perhaps not better illustrated than in the Boom Marches, of which the following is a description from "Behold their Walls," the report of the Indian work for 1894:

"A Boom March meeting is a very interesting affair, I can assure you, and if you will accompany me in these pages, I will take you to one. The village of C— is selected for an attack, and announcements of our intention are duly made by our pioneers, who go on ahead to arrange the meetings, test the feelings of the people, and in general smooth the way for the troops to follow. By evening the head of the march is spied by a sentinel posted on the lookout. Soon some thirty or forty red-jackets, with banners flying and bugles braying, sweep through the narrow streets to the public square. All the village is gathered. The place is lit up, and a cot, covered with some gay cloth, is put in a conspicuous place for the chief gurus or officers to sit on, so that the pleased people may look upon them. As soon as the chief gurus enter they are received with a tremendous volley. The meeting is then started by some well-known tune, which every one can join in. Earnest prayer is offered, while all kneel with closed eyes. Definite testimonies are given, with soul-stirring bright singing in between. The interest never flags for a single moment. No yawning, no going to sleep there. Men, women, and children all wide awake, until at last the leader rises and lays the choice before the people of Christ and His service, with persecution in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting, or the devil and his service, with darkness and eternal misery hereafter. A solemn hush falls over the eager, listening faces. Heart strings tighten, for many, many are in the valley of decision. There is no having to ask the people to kneel, 'just to please us'—they understand that if they kneel with us they are ours, to share henceforth our persecutions and our wrongs. It means their ceasing to worship the devil or go to his temple. It means accepting our Christ, to be known from this time forth as Salvation Army soldiers. Hallelujah, the shout rises, as they, one by one, slowly yield.