

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."

One of the fruits of this poverty is the necessity for begging, of which Mrs. Keer writes without concealment. "The Army begs 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." She herself wrote on October 30th, 1893, that she had not had a shoe or stocking on since she arrived on the 13th, but that, however, she was unable to eat the hot curry of the people, but had cold fish and tea. After a few days' experience in the work, and having slept two nights in a mud hut, Mrs. Keer wrote: "By this time I utterly and forever had decided that this was the way to do, if you wanted to get at the people." All this, however, she believes to be worth the cost. "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." "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 a fifth-rate European style, mingled with some objectionable native conditions." "The Salvation Army is the hope of India because it lives crucifixion and holiness."

The Army in India would seem not to be overlooking the necessity for proper training. Village young men and women are gathered into the training garrisons or are stationed out in villages under the immediate care of some experienced officer, and weekly or oftener are gathered at some district center for regular instruction. The understanding, at least in Gujarat, is that cadets will receive no salary, and only such sustenance as can be raised among their own soldiers. Of course the organization is monarchical. "A ride of some twenty-eight miles from Poona," says "Behold their Walls," page 26, "brings us to Major Yuddha Bai's headquarters, where she reigns and rules as Queen Absolute. Her division contains at present 4 sections, with some 13 corps manned by 24 officers, 10 candidates, 149 soldiers, and a miscellaneous following of some 305 recruits." This would seem to be in miniature the organization of the whole Army, over which the general is supreme, and throughout which his influence is unmistakably felt. "Behold their Walls," page 8.