



The Indian Salvationists.

Whatever fault may be found with the tenets and actions of the Salvation Army, two things must be admitted in their favour: they are conscientious and earnest, even to fanaticism, and they do a great deal of good amongst those classes that the average clergyman either cannot reach, or is too fastidious to approach. Their system is to place themselves on a direct equality with the subject of their attentions. There is none of the "I am holier than thou" business; on the contrary it is "brother; come let us reason together." With the merits or demerits of their creed, we have nothing to do, nor is this sketch intended to criticise their somewhat theatrical public display; we have only to deal with the result of their deeds, and its particular bearing on the population of India. In that country there are many missionaries expounding many creeds. As a rule they are well dressed, in receipt of fair salaries, and preach at intervals in indifferent Hindoostanee to such natives as may care to attend their services. The members of the Salvation Army follow a different line. They put themselves in direct touch with the people by adopting their customs, dress and manners. They live among them, and make a point of familiarising themselves with the different languages and dialects of the country. This, of course, has the natural effect that the people will listen respectfully to what they have to say, and the interest naturally aroused by their course of conduct results in the acquiring of many converts to their creed.

We publish above a group of native officers, now visiting New Zealand. The party is five in number, and has recently

finished a year's tour in Australia. The members of the party arrived at the Bluff in December last, and have since held special meetings in the principal southern cities.

Major Musa Bhai, the leader of the party, is a Cinghalese. When some ten years ago he saw the English "Army" officers in India, dressed like natives, conforming to native customs and eating the same food he carefully and critically watched them, and frequented their houses to see if they lived consistently. He became convinced of their devotion and love to the natives by the self sacrificing lives they led, and joined their ranks, becoming an officer in the Salvation Army shortly and afterwards giving up a good situation in so doing. After he had been in the mission work for some time, he was appointed to tour round different countries advocating the cause of India, with the result that many of the European officers volunteered to go to India to the mission work. He is a man of considerable natural talent and speaks English fluently, besides some native languages. His addresses are very much appreciated by high and low. When in Melbourne, many of the M's.L.C. attended his meetings.

Captain Muthia is a Hindoo, from South India, and three years since he joined the army. He has suffered imprisonment for preaching in the open air. He speaks fluently in English and Tamil, his native language, and has been a very useful officer.

Captain Simasekera is a Cinghalese, from the ancient sacred city of Kandy, Ceylon. He is a very smart, intelligent youth, having had the privilege of an early college training. He reads and writes two languages perfectly, and plays several musical instruments. Lieutenant Siya has been a notorious rascal in his day and generation. He is a Ceylonie by birth, aged 45 or so. He was formerly a terrible drunkard, and the ringleader in all the village rows. He bears marks all over his body of wounds received whilst fighting. Three years since he joined the Army. He speaks Tamil, Cinghalese, Portuguese, and fairly good English. Ensign Sadanand is an Irishman, who had been some time in Army work in Great Britain. When he went to India he adopted the dress, and customs of the people, in order when engaged in Indian work to have more influence with the natives.

It is not often a decent looking country settler gets taken up for forgery or any other crime in New Zealand, yet this happened at Napier, when Alexander McCutcheon, a local farmer and milkman, pleaded guilty at the late Supreme Court sittings to several charges of forging bills of exchange, the names illegally made use of being those of his own brother and father-in-law. Curiously enough the forgeries were detected during the investigation of another crime for which he was arrested on an information laid by Dr. Moore. The latter, a few months ago, attended Mrs McCutcheon, and had occasion to place her under chloroform while performing a slight operation. A few days afterwards the doctor received by post a letter from McCutcheon demanding £250, and threatening if he refused to ante up to expose him for some alleged improper conduct towards his wife while under chloroform. The doctor placed the matter in the hands of the police, and at the enquiry which followed one of the forged bills was produced to prove McCutcheon's signature to the letter. The bill also bore what purported to be the signature of McCutcheon's father-in-law, who was present and who promptly repudiated the autograph. The discovery of other forgeries quickly followed. Sentenced to five years imprisonment.