

not any confessional creed, but the Scripture itself. These Confessions were subordinate standards, and were simply received in so far as they agreed with the Holy Scripture. We wish that were the true interpretation of the subscription; but it is not. The Confessions are the authoritative and binding interpretations of Scripture, as adopted by any Church."

THE *Presbyterian* says that "the main business of Scotch professors just now seems to be to question and reject everything which they call 'traditional.'" Here is the evidence it gives—namely, that Professor Davidson, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, denies that the Book of Job is the oldest in the world, and says it was written somewhere between the time of David and Ezra, and that Professor Lindsay, in the same volume, declares that "literal and verbal inspiration is a mediæval doctrine of the Reformers." Mischievous creatures those Scotch professors must be. How suggestive the saying that "the Narrow Church is the Mother of the Broad."

DR. E. E. BEARDSLEY, in *The Churchman*, seems to substantiate Phillips Brooks' statement that the Prayer-book does not provide petitions adapted to emergencies. The Episcopal General Convention were in session in Baltimore on the days of the great Chicago fire. A resolution was adopted that the Convention stay its business to offer prayers in behalf of the city and its inhabitants. Drs. Beardsley and Andrews, of Virginia, were appointed to conduct the service, and given ten minutes in which to retire and prepare a form for it. After a hurried consultation, they came back. Dr. Beardsley read the first part of the Litany, Dr. Andrews the last part, interjecting a brief *extempore* entreaty between the last two petitions, and then followed a pause for silent prayer. The Prayer-book was not quite enough.

THE SALVATION ARMY. — Walking one Sunday afternoon last autumn through the streets of Salisbury, on my way to the Congregational Sunday-school, a rude trumpet call startled the quiet of the day, followed almost immediately by the rattling of a drum. "The Salvation Army," said my friend. A rude apology for a band seemed to suddenly spring into being, paraded the streets for a

half-hour, and led the multitude that followed them eventually to a hall, which they entered and the evangelistic service began. The next Sunday, at Kidderminster, we met, about the same hour, a motley procession of women, men, boys and girls, headed by one who had been a notorious bully (you could read the record in his face), bearing a banner on which a Scripture text was inscribed. Energetically and in unison the entire force were singing "Marching on," demonstratively marching in time. They, too, were beating up recruits and on their way to the hall of meeting. The whole affair was so startlingly novel in the religious quiet of the day, that both scenes had passed from before us ere we bethought of close observation. We have entirely forgotten the motto on the banner, and can really form scarcely an approximate estimate of the numbers. Without exception, both bands seem to have been composed of the toilers in lowly life—factory hands, labouring men, toil-browned women, and children whose school advantages have been cut short by early and necessitous toil. The meetings are of an energetic character—vigorous singing; strong, rough, yet earnest and pointed relations of experience, or exhortations to repentance; ejaculatory and sustained prayers; Scripture readings and homely expositions. To many there is a seeming grotesqueness therein.

"Bill, come and be saved!" "Go to ——" is Bill's rejoinder; but his friend is not to be put off. "I am not going there, Bill, nor you either. Come with me;" and partly by persuasion, partly by force, Bill goes to the meeting. Bill is prayed for, taken hold of—made to "feel queer:" the healing touch was acknowledged, and Bill joins the ranks. I was pointed to such an one, who had been the terror of the neighbourhood—the bully of the gin palace—the hero of the village brawls, now turning his energies in the direction of the Army work. An old and unreformed comrade jeered him—joined with others to jostle him as he walked along. The erewhile bully straightens himself up: "Lookee here, men, you know I could floor every one of ye with this old fist, but I won't, for Jesus has touched my heart. I love you—won't strike you, but pray may God give you salvation!"

THE late census in England shews that,