

upon them, two-and-two, month about. I liked the plan so well, that when I came home, I got two of my people—one of them an ex-warden of his county, to be “ushers” for a month—to try the plan. They liked it so well, that they would not resign—and are probably in the same office yet, as far as I know. Sometimes a man, of the right gifts, can be got to be Sunday school secretary, who has not been hitherto available for any distinctively spiritual work. If he works well here, the “Sunday school” will so *get into him*, that you can soon claim him for any Sunday school work you wish! Then, when sending delegates to the “college-union,” select an *old* member and a *young* one. It will develop the younger brother more than a whole year’s quiet work at home! *EVERY MAN in the church, whatever his work or his office is, should have somebody at his elbow, who can take his place on an emergency!* Let that dictum bear fruit in your minds, brethren! And act on it! We are not here forever; and we must provide successors: and let every one do it—from the greatest to the least! and in every department of church work! Let the tract-distributor, the “usher,” the Sunday school teacher, the “collector” of benevolences, the prayer-leader, the occasional evangelist, the chorister, the cottage preacher, the man of chalk and black-board, the Sunday school superintendent, the evening lecturer, the occupant of the pulpit—all have some disciple in training.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

SECOND PAPER.

There is a passage (Heb. x. 22) which, though it seems to stand alone in the New Testament, has suggestive relation to a habit of life: “Bodies washed with pure water.” I have no intention of preaching a sermon on cleanliness at this moment, but manifestly dirt and religion do not go hand in hand, and on that principle in some of its practical directions we would learn some lessons regarding the Salvation Army movement in its relation to our churches.

The principle we note is that where truth enters outward appearances change. *E.g.*, it fell to the lot of a minister who had a scattered country charge to visit, upon the outskirts of his field, two families professedly belonging to his denomination in a village where was a dilapidated mill with two run of stones, a tannery, blacksmith shop, post-office and store, the ever-present tavern, and perhaps two hundred inhab-

itants. It was a ruinous looking place at the time; if the buildings, which with one exception were frame, had ever known paint outside they had parted with it long years before; a poor school house was in the neighbourhood, but no place of worship, nor any place where public worship conveniently could be held, save a loft above the tavern shed, which had been fitted for an occasional country ball-room, in which about one hundred people might be packed, fifty would fill it. The minister commenced a regular monthly week-evening service, the tavern-keeper opening this loft for the purpose. The service was a kind of novelty; and with that respect rendered often by the reckless to unobtrusive piety, the tavern was ever kept quiet on the evening of service, the frequenters either attending, or quietly discussing the preacher outside. One quiet evening however toned other evenings, besides the minister’s visit monthly called for a little tidying up; a parlour in the house where he in turn tarried got fitted up, a little paint was seen, repairs on one house led to repairs upon another, until an air of tidiness and thrift pervaded the place, which continued and spread till in the changes of the years the connection was severed. The gospel may find people in shiftlessness and squalour; they cannot remain there if the Word has power. Who could read the Mosaic law as divine and continue in slovenliness!—unless, indeed, and there are interpretations as perverse, Christ’s eating with ceremonially unwashed hands be taken as meaning dirty hands! There may be refinement without Christianity, but Christianity must lead ultimately to refinement. Let any one compare the Sandwich Islands of to-day with those islands a generation back, and see how the gospel with its surroundings has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Visit the poorer homes of a great city, and the Christian homes, if such there be, may be distinguished by their more cleanly brightness. The drunkard’s home and the sluggard’s lodgings are proverbially ragged and forlorn; they will not remain so after reformation has set in, for though Christianity reaches to the very depth of earth’s misery, it lightens the darkness, and the shadows flee.

I suppose we have little conception of the mode of life in England at the time of the great revival with which the names of Whitfield and the Wesleys are inseparably connected. England’s population when George III. began to reign was not one-fourth larger than Canada’s to-day, and yet in one year fifty-two criminals were hanged at Tyburn. Bear-bating, bull and prize fights were popular amusements. A very popular and national sport on Shrove-Tuesday was to take a cock as representing the French (*Gallus*), and, tying it to a stake, batter it to death by hurling a stick at it. Drunkenness and worse were not unfrequent among the clergy of the Established Church. A bishop