

I was nervous about meeting university men. But I think I had a better time at Cambridge than I had in any other provincial town, and many of the graduates who were brought in there rendered noble service in our London campaign."

"Now, Mr. Moody, compared with your last visit to England, how does this one stand?" "Better," was the reply; "better in every respect. There has not been so much newspaper sensation; but we have had more meetings, better meetings, and the work has been of a more satisfactory character every way. For the last eight months I have addressed on an average 9,000 people every day. Tolerably large congregations," continued Mr. Moody; "and we got down to the people better. There was not so much absolute work in the slums as among the middle and working classes. As a rule, the workingman will not go to meeting until he has been home first, if only for five minutes."

"And what do you think of us, Mr. Moody? Have we improved or gone backward during the eight years which have passed since you last came to England?" "You have improved," said Mr. Moody—"wonderfully improved. To begin with, there is much more brotherly feeling, more Christian union among the various denominations, than in 1876. The number of ministers, Established and non-Established, that co-operated with us all through has been much greater, and their favour and brotherly feeling were all that could be desired. Then there is another improvement, that is very perceptible, lying on the surface of society; I mean the enormous advance you have made in temperance. Eight years ago it was difficult for me to mix in your society without being constantly pressed to drink wine. Now I may say, broadly, I am never asked to touch it, and at many places where I go it is not even on the table. Side by side with the increasing zeal of the churches there has been a most remarkable absence of abuse, and the last improvement that I notice is a diminution of caste feeling. There seems to me to exist in England a greater sense of our common humanity, permeating all classes. The rich and the poor seem to feel that there is no longer that great gulf between them which was formerly there." "This is very gratifying, Mr. Moody," said our representative. "Now, have you learned anything from us?" "I came here to learn, and I have learned one great truth." "What is that?" "Why, the great principle of divide and conquer. That is what distinguishes London above all other cities. The Church has discovered that in order to get at men it must attack them in sections. It is of no use trying to get at men in the mass. You must split them up and deal with them in detail; and to such a length have you carried this principle that there is hardly a class of a hundred persons in London that have not a society or missionary or somebody or other specially told off to look after them. For example, you have your Policemen's Mission, your Cabmen's Mission, and look at the way your shop-girls are cared for! Why, there is a friend of mine who has every week a class of no less than eight hundred shop-girls, and another has a class of six hundred."

"Now, Mr. Moody, that, you say, is what we have taught you; what have you got to teach us?" "The great thing that you need in London," replied Mr. Moody, "is homes. Homes! there, that is your great lack. The great mass of your population is homeless. At present your poor people shift aimlessly from place to place. A man may be in a room to-day, and out of it to-morrow. There is no sense of permanence of ownership such as we have in America, where nearly every man owns his own house and his own bit of land. The home was founded before the church, and you in England stand more in need of homes than you do of churches. There are no homes in the world so well found and so beautiful as English homes; but, on the other hand, the extremes meet, and there are none so destitute and squalid, or lacking in all that makes home home-like, as the homes of many, many thousands of your countrymen."

"I am never excited," said Mr. Moody, "in my most exciting meetings. I can sleep like a top within three minutes of going into a meeting, and I can be sound asleep three minutes after leaving it. If I were to get into such a state of nervous excitement as General Booth, for instance, gets into when he addresses large meetings, I should have been dead long ago. The survival of the Booth family to the present moment is to me little short of a miracle. The great defect, if I may be permitted to say so, of your service in England, especially of the services of the Church, is that they alienate the masses by their excessive length and their lack of interest and vitality. You want telegraphic services (if I may use the phrase) if the busy men of the latter end of the nineteenth century are to attend them. None of our meetings exceeded one hour in length, and they were always broken-up with plenty of singing. Long services are a mistake. In short, the great need of the Church here, as elsewhere, is sanctified common-sense."—*Pall Mall Budget*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reductions of wages in the protected industries are made every day with gloomy iteration. It is strange that the protective tariff idol can do nothing for its worshippers now, when there is most need of its miraculous power.—*Philadelphia Record*.

It is plain, therefore, that the cause of all these embezzlements, from those of bank presidents to store boys, is to be found in the prevailing ethics of "business" among large classes of people, who devote their whole energies to making money by any and all means, who pride themselves on success, even though it is purchased at the expense of what all business men should hold most precious—truth, honour, honesty and self-respect.—*Ottawa Sun*.

It is safe to assert that at least two-thirds of the misery and suffering attributed to the use of alcoholic beverages is due to the vile poisons with which these beverages are adulterated. Copperas, bluestone, tobacco juice,

saltpetre, coal-tar and other refreshments of that nature, which are held in solution in much of the liquor that is sold, do far more to injure the health of drinking men than alcohol does. If it were made a crime, punishable with heavy penalties, to adulterate liquor, and the law were rigorously enforced, we feel confident that there would be far less drunkenness in the land, and that the number of physical and mental wrecks caused by an over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants would be greatly reduced.—*Ottawa Daily Sun*.

THE *Pembina Express* says: "The towns are filled with Canadians and the farms are owned by the same class of people. Fully nine-tenths of the citizens of this country came from over the Canadian border." This confirms the statement made by a Presbyterian minister of Winnipeg who last fall dedicated a church in Dakota. He said that the congregation was entirely composed of Canadians, and that in a journey over a large portion of the country he seldom met any one who was not from Canada. These people have been driven over the border in consequence of the operations of the National Policy, the Canadian Pacific monopoly, and the iniquitous land laws established by the Dominion Government. They found that the effect of the protective tariff on agricultural implements was to make a farmer's outfit cost one hundred dollars more in Manitoba than in Dakota, and that the C. P. R. and land speculators, encouraged by the Tory Government, owned the pick and choice of the lands and held them at exorbitant prices. It is not surprising, therefore, under such circumstances, that they have settled in large numbers in the United States.—*St. John Paper*.

THE news of the rescue of Lieutenant Greely and the survivors of his expedition will cause no less satisfaction in this country than in the United States. Arctic exploration is a field of adventure in which there may be honourable rivalry, but in which jealousy never appears. It is a field of hardihood and hazard in which all nations feel the same interests and hopes and anxiety as well, when, as in the present case, a body of daring seamen have been apparently lost on the desolate edges of the paleocrystic sea. It is more than three years since Lieut. Greely and a company of twenty-five men set sail for the polar regions. The rigours of the climate and the want of food played havoc with the party. They went out twenty-five; the relief ships found only seven, and these could not have lived forty-eight hours longer. It was a brave expedition; but it was also as brave a rescue as it was timely, for Commander Schely risked much to avoid delay in his life-saving errand, through ice floes that appeared impassable, and which were only penetrated with the utmost watchfulness and care.—*Manchester (Eng.) Examiner*.

THE PERIODICALS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN appear determined to spare no pains to make their *English Illustrated Magazine* a success. The August number is, particularly for a low-priced magazine, a remarkably excellent production. The sketch by Archibald Forbes and the poem by Algernon Swinburne alone are a host in themselves. In the former the veteran "correspondent" tells charmingly of an experience in New Zealand which he met when lecturing in the gold country. The fashionable and erratic poet sings a "Ballad of Sark" in the vague maze of far-fetched and soulless terms which with a class of latter-day hero-worshippers passes for high-class poetry. F. T. Piggott contributes a capital paper on James Ward, which is accompanied by a series of cuts from drawings by that all-too-small-appreciated artist. The paper on "A Master Builder" is devoted to a sketch of the life and work of William Wykeham, also profusely and ably illustrated. Henry J. Palmer tells how knives are made at the great English seat of the cutlery trade, and there is a very readable story named "Bab" written by Stanley J. Weyman. All this in addition to the serial, poetry, and the rest.

THE *San Francisco Overland Monthly* consists chiefly of light reading this month. Its conductors are wise in thus reserving heavier subjects for less exhausting weather—if, indeed, that be the reason. In "The Crazy Professor" we have a good story with a moral. "A Legend of the Con-Cow Indians" is well told, and some exciting experiences of snakes are related under the caption "The Snakes of India." There is good descriptive writing in a paper on "Charles Kingsley's Clovelly," and the same may be said of "The Campaign at Middletown." The curious Maori custom of "Muru" is described, and its signification made clear in what will prove one of the most readable papers of the issue under notice. In addition there are contributions entitled "About St. Michael's and the Youkon," "Old Teutonic Life in Beowulf," "Reminiscences of Henry Durant," "California Mining Camps," "Peru, Bolivia and Chili," "The Campaign of Middletown" and editorial notes.

THE *Canadian Methodist Magazine* in its August issue re-prints James Anthony Froude's eloquent paper on "England and her Colonies," in which that gentleman endeavours to show that, "in the hearty embracing of a new future, when all English-speaking races will have one interest, and English and Americans, Australians, Canadians, South Africans, shall rank side by side for the common good of mankind—there and nowhere else lies the true solution of the colonial problem." "Holy Russia," "Mount of Transfiguration," "Charles H. Spurgeon," "Life Story of Bishop Simpson," "Some Curious Kinships," are amongst the principal subjects on the contents list; and well-executed engravings of Peter the Great's statue, scenes in Russia, Stockwell Orphanage, etc., give additional interest to a good number.