

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, May 24, 1883.

"God Save the Queen," she is 64 to-day! The illuminations, &c., are, however, to take place here on Saturday.

Yesterday, the "Derby" came off—weather lovely—crowds great—dust and heat more than desirable—and the House of Commons adjourned over the "day," in spite of Sir Wilfred Lawson and some retaliation upon the subjects of "Derby, Drink and Devils." With some friends I enjoyed the afternoon in the cool of the Horticultural Society's Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park under the lovely trees, to the sweet sounds of the Band of the 1st Life Guards. In the evening, Maske-lyne & Cook explained to us in the Egyptian Hall the Davensport Brothers' tricks, by which they imposed on credulous women and silly men the notion that the Spirits tied and untied them. It is astonishing how easy it all seems when you see how it is done! As I went down Regent street, yesterday, I went into the shop of Barkentin & Krall (291), and saw the exquisite Pastoral Staff they have just completed for Bishop Wilbeforce of Newcastle; it is of ivory and silver,—in the crook is a lovely "Annunciation." It quite bears comparison with the staff I saw in the Argenterium in the Pitti Palace at Florence, by Benvenuto Cellini. This firm are at work on four panels for Mr. Beresford Hope, to be placed in the altar of St. Augustine's College Chapel, Canterbury. St. Augustine, St. Mildred, King Ethelbert, and Queen Bertha. (By the way, Brother Andrew Gray was very kind to point out the omission in a former letter of the words "*Ethelbert, the husband of*," whether by my fault, or the printers). I had a busy day on Sunday—8.30, All Saints, Margaret Street; 11, The Temple, where the Archbishop preached a striking sermon, in a most earnest, powerful manner, perfectly suited to the congregation of hard-headed lawyers which he was addressing. I had never seen him before, he has a face of wonderful power and sweetness, and he shows that he feels what his high office is—not by assumption of manner, but by an inexpressible dignity of quietude. He was a private worshipper in St. Paul's Cathedral in the afternoon, when Canon Stubbs preached a rather disappointing sermon. It was sound in the Faith, delivered with weight, but did not display the logic and ability we had expected. In the evening, we were at St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate, when a Dr. Reed preached—the Evening Service here is chiefly attended of the least educated part of Mr. Chope's congregation—and the preacher's address was perhaps purposely adapted to such. Of the music in all three Churches one cannot speak too highly—the exquisite voices in the Temple Church, with the sweetest organ in England (I suppose) rendered the choral worship delightful. St. Paul's possesses a larger choir, space and organ, and was of course grander; but I cannot say which helped worship most. At St. Augustine's, there was a *Te Deum* after Service, by the clergy and choir standing in a body before the altar, an act of special adoration of the Trinity, after which they retired to "Onward Christian Soldiers," as a recessional, the "Cross and Banners" being really carried. Church Restoration is going on in London still. St. Martins in the Fields is just renovated; the south side of St. Margaret's Westminster, is under the Architect's hands; while £10,000 are to be spent on the Parish Church of St. Marylebone, to build a chancel, and take down the upper gallery.

I stepped into Exeter Hall, the other day—there was a meeting of the "Army Scripture Readers' Society going on in the small room; the attendance was not large, nor does the Society seem to be vigorous. Mr. Smith, (from Delhi), Sir Arthur Lawrence, &c., spoke; Bishop Claughton, Chaplain-General, was in the chair—he said a few words, and made a mild joke; but the whole thing was rather dull. There was much more warmth at Sadler's Hall, a day or two after, when Sir Alexander Galt presented the Nova Scotia sword and bowl to General Laurie. The room was filled, and one felt wonderfully at home when, besides the recipient of the presents, his wife and his

own relations, one saw Mr. Andrew Uniacke, Mr. and Mrs. Carteret Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McNab, Dr. Honeyman and his daughter, Admirals Inglefield and McClintock, Lady McClintock, and Miss Dunlap, General Laurie, etc., etc.; there were also present the two daughters of the late Bishop of Nova Scotia. Sir Alexander was very happy in his Address; the Master of the Sadlers Company presided, and the Lord Mayor honoured the assembly. General Laurie spoke well for the Nova Scotia volunteers—none of the papers do his able Address justice—indeed, all he said was for the Province and the Dominion, not a word of egotism throughout. I have left myself but little space for the Fishery Exhibition. Canada has perhaps the most entirely "fish" exhibit of any place. So much is introduced in some other departments, which is only admissible by *collateral relationship*, e.g., (a tailor who rightly shows fishermen's dresses, puts in rolls of cloth, etc., from which they are made). Dr. Honeyman, Mr. Wilmot, Mr. Dimock, and Minister McLellan, are to be congratulated, and so is Nova Scotia on our share. The 450lb Halibut is in excellent condition, and is the wonder of all who see it.

Some of your readers will be surprised when I say that yesterday, our clerical party, (being added to by Mr. Edgill's welcome presence), was Canon Scovil, Revs. G. W. Hodgson, J. A. Kaulback, and the writer; while of laity, Mr. and Mrs. McNab, Mrs. J. S. McLean and daughter, Mrs. A. Thomson, Mrs. Scovil, Mrs. Stephen Swabey, Miss Charman, and my wife, represented your part of the world in meeting together by design or accident. D. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Salvation Army.

REPLY TO MR. MACGREGOR.

To the Editor of the Church Guardian:

SIR,—In your last issue (30th May.) Mr. MacGregor has given us an insight into the working of the Salvation Army, but I regret that I am now more than ever convinced that it is a movement which will bring Christianity into disrepute among the many infidels which are to be found in civilized countries. It is positively painful to listen to the idiotic ravings of a so-called Salvationist, especially when he thinks that he is "called of God, as was Aaron." No one whose ears are not dead to blasphemy can read the following extract from the Port Adelaide *Australia News*, and not feel that the sooner the Salvation Army dies a natural death the better. The extract reads as follows:

"February 26 was a gala day with the Salvation Army in Port Adelaide a field day, when they went through some of their martial evolutions to celebrate the return of Major Barker and 'Happy Dinah' from their visit to Melbourne. In the afternoon they congregated behind the police station, and for an hour or two conducted an open air service. A sensational announcement of the proposed doings of the day had been posted about Port Adelaide for some time, and had excited considerable attention and criticism. The bill ran thus:

Salvation Army 1!

Barracks.

Port Adelaide 3rd Corps.

Monday, February 26.

War! War! War!

Blood and Fire!

Hallo! Hallo, Jack! What's up! Look Here!

The Salvation Army.

Is going in hotter than ever against

Drink, Sin, and the Devil.

Amen.

They will open with a monster Holiness Meeting in the Barracks, at 10.30, led by Major Barker, Captains Yorkshire Relish, Rolfe, Colley, and Bettes; and a

Host of Hallelujah Lasses will sing and Speak for Jesus, A monster Doanah meeting!

Will be held at the Glory Shop at 3 p. m., led by Yorkshire Relish, and all the Officers of the South Australian Staff who will Open Fire on the Powers of Darkness with the heavy Brigade on the King's Own Regiment, including Happy George, Zulu Jim, also the Right Hon. Father

Bonell, and the Boy with Hair like Heaven, bringing up the rear, with the Sharpshooters and the Light Brigade.

Now Comes the Struggle

Inside the Town-hall

Pies, Tarts, Cheesecakes, Ham and Tongue, Savages, Bread and Butter, Tea, Milk, Sugar, &c. Of which you can have a Full Supply by Paying One Shilling Each.

We'll Meet Again at Glory Shop

Against the Police Station, at 7 p. m. for a real Merry go-Round.

When some Red-hot Bombshells

Will be poured into Satan's Territories.

Inside Town-hall Major Barker will lead a Monster Salvation Meeting.

Assisted by Yorkshire Relish, Captain Rolfe, Colley, Bettes, Happy Dinah

And a Host of Hallelujah Lasses in their Timbuctoo Bonnets.

Come, See, and Get Gloriously Saved! Amen.

War Officer in Command,

CAPTAIN TOM GIBBS, The Yorkshire Relish.

Thus advertised, the proceedings of the Army were watched with considerable interest by a large number of people.

"Happy Dinah" was called on to give an account of her Melbourne experience, and this she did with some command, and a most extraordinary flow of language. Her descriptions were quaint and effective. She gave an account of the opposition which had greeted the work in Melbourne, Ballarat and other towns, but how the work had progressed and prospered in spite of opposition. She claimed for the Salvationists that they had the "true religion," and cited an instance in which a minister at Ballarat had become a convert, and confessed that although he had preached the gospel to others he had never possessed the true religion himself before. Captain Gibbs then observed that he had promised them that they should see "the boy with hair like heaven," and he called upon "Zulu Jim" to come forward. Putting his hands upon his curly matted locks, the Captain declared him to be the boy mentioned. "Look at his hair, friends," he said: "There's no sign of parting there, is there? Nor is there any of parting in Heaven! So whenever Jim puts his hand to his head he thinks of Heaven?"

Now, I ask any Christian man or woman whether such things meet with their approval, or whether the whole movement does not seem to be guided by a greater (I will not say higher) power than General Booth? Already the movement shows signs of dying out; already there are dissensions in the camp, and we shall soon see, as regards the Salvation Army, the truth of Gamaliel's utterance, "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to nought." (Acts v. 38.)

One or two Bishops of the Church for a time warmly espoused the cause of the Salvationists, but there are far fewer sympathizers with the movement among the members of the Anglican Church to-day than there were at its commencement.

Mr. McGregor says that "the whole object of this special mission was to *save* those who were entirely neglected or not reached by the churches." Does the Salvation Army constitute itself a *Saviour*? JESUS CHRIST is the Saviour, the Salvation Army can only *try to be the means* of saving the lost.

With regard to their officers, the General, by being absolute, and making his men and underlings obey him, exercises as great, if not a greater, authority than the Pope of Rome. Does Mr. McGregor approve of this absolutism?

Their uniform, too, "is to distinguish those wearing it from the rest of the world, and constantly to keep them in mind of the *special* work to which they are to devote themselves." True! But how many object to the surplice and cassock of the priest and choir-boy, who look upon the "uniform" of the Salvationist as being nothing wrong. What a jewel is consistency!

Regarding the accomplished amount of "street-gutter work," if Mr. McGregor will read the lives of Father Lowder and Sister Dora, both of the Church of England, not to speak of many others, he will see how much good can be done among the ignorant masses of the great towns and cities, without the waving of gaudy-coloured banners, the brazen notes of badly played trumpets, "Happy Dinahs," or "Boys with Hair like Heaven." Yours truly,

B. W. R. T.