

the Lord, spent long and faithful years of service in our churches, thus writes, regarding "our increasingly valuable magazine" and the general outlook: "I am glad to observe that our good old English Independency is going back to Pauline days, and its roots are being strengthened in this difficult soil."

MR. MOODY has been in Toronto conducting a three days' conference, with marked success. Earnest, straightforward, plain-spoken, with nothing of the rhetorician, one is at first astonished at his power; but he surrounds himself with workers, keeps under his own inimitable control all the movements, guides firmly, speaks the right word at the right time, touches the deepest feeling by his homelike sincerity, and abounds in common-sense. The one man he most reminds us of is Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, though we question whether Mr. Moody could sustain himself in one locality as Mr. Spurgeon has done, to say nothing of the immense literary labours of the latter. Yet in their unconventional, direct, unaffected, earnest manner of preaching the gospel, they are certainly not unlike.

WE were much interested in noting Mr. Moody's quiet manner in passing by that class who, ever ready to talk, spoil when such can be spoiled, any meeting left open for all. Men always jumping up to say "ditto, just what I (put emphasis on the pronoun, kind reader,) do." At a ministerial conference just such an one edged in to relate *his* experience, with the gratuitous information of the number of souls converted under his ministry. Mr. Moody listened without a sign, the tale was told, then pointing to a friend who had been edged out by the persistence of the bore, Mr. Moody simply said, "Umph! What were you going to say, brother?" The eloquence of silence is oftentimes sublime.

A YOUNG man, awaiting ordination, ministering meanwhile to the church which had called him, advertised a sermon on "Hell, a Place for Dirty Rags," which, as the sermon proved were the symbolic rags with which Joshua the High priest was clothed in one of the visions of Zechariah. Serious objection was taken by more than one of the leading ministers of the sister churches in the neighbourhood to his ordination, which was, in fact,

indefinitely postponed, because of the means thus used to catch the multitude. Were the objections well founded? Was the advertisement to be excused or justified? Without pretending to speak, *ex cathedra*, we purpose a few thoughts, suggestive, rather than dogmatic thereon. One can readily turn to the old divines and find quaint touches of coarse humour. We have before us while writing an old heading and division of an eminently practical sermon by the saintly J. Burgess. *Beelzebub, driving and drowning his hogs*, where the herd of swine is made to verify three old English proverbs, that "The devil will play at small game, rather than none at all," "They run fast whom the devil drives," and "The devil brings his hogs to a fine market." We can readily understand how thoroughly gospel truths were applied thereby. The method, however, is open to question. A respected correspondent in our last entered a mild protest against "slang," certainly the title of our young friend's sermon and that of Mr. Burgess, border on, if they are not altogether, slang. But they have a purpose, we suppose; they fulfil at any rate one of the general orders of the Salvation Army, "attract attention," and they speak to certain classes in their own language. But to what element in our nature do these methods appeal? To such as we desire to see cultivated? It may be necessary to soil one's hand in extending help to the needy, it is certainly not desirable that they should remain soiled. Our correspondent on *slang* says that the minister who uses it "offers but a doubtful compliment to his audience," which is undoubtedly true, yet immense audiences seem pleased, if not flattered, by the doubtful compliment. Still, notwithstanding the apparent success, we are persuaded that whatever benefit may appear from an exceptional departure from the normal method, the habitual use of such means of drawing, pandering as it does to the lower tastes, in the end debases; as with stimulants, the desire for the time satisfied, awakes with intenser appetite crying ever, more, more! We have had a "boy preacher" in this city, whose mad antics have certainly created intense excitement, which even Mr. Moody's advent did not abate. Converts have been counted by hundreds, and we see our friend the *Guardian* hail the movement as a genuine old Methodist revival