

earnestness and success in seeking the salvation of souls and "rescuing the perishing." He also took occasion to allude to some blemishes in the "army's" proceedings which had given cause for offence, and to express the hope that these might gradually disappear, and also to remind them that the Army depends for its success, not upon anything outward, but upon the power of the spirit of God working mightily upon the hearts and lives of its members. Principal Grant, in one of his most eloquent and most appreciated speeches, bore a timely testimony to the wrong and persecution suffered by this true soldier of the Cross, and also to the "simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus," which, under the Divine blessing, had saved many souls from death by means of the army and its feeble instruments. Other clerical and lay speakers followed, and Dr. Wilson closed the proceedings by an affectionate appeal to any still out of Christ to come then and there to Jesus, the loving Saviour, and some were, that very night, "added to the Lord's."

Dr. Wilson preached on the following day most earnest and evangelical sermons in two Anglican churches and in the Convocation Hall of Queen's University,—in all cases to crowded audiences; and in addition, addressed the "Saved Army" of a suburban village—an organization inspired by the Salvation Army. His final farewell to his Bible class and congregation in the city hall was a most affecting occasion, not a few Christians from other churches mingling with his own people. His affectionate farewell words were calm, judicious, and loving—all that a Christian pastor's farewell should be—and the emotion of his attached people was very apparent, tears coursing down the faces of poor men and women who well knew his worth, as they parted from him with many a fervent "God bless you!" One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the spirit of Christian forbearance, meekness, self-suppression and love, which Dr. Wilson has been enabled to manifest in very trying circumstances, and which has secured for him the sympathy of all true Christians—a practical illustration of God's sustaining grace, more powerful than many sermons to raise the spiritual tone of the community and refresh and stimulate the faith of every "honest and good heart."

In a future letter, I will give you some further particulars respecting the work of the Salvation Army.

RELIGION AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

It is one thing to be a religious man; it is quite another thing to be a righteous man. Paul could say: "After the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee." The Apostle James says: "If any among you seemeth to be religious, and bridlith not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain." He does not say that the man who has no religion, but his religion is not of the right kind. Paul profited in the Jew's religion, while at the same time he persecuted the church. There are to-day many kinds of religion in existence which do not savour of righteousness nor obedience to God. There are heathen religions, there are false religions, there are corrupt religions; those who follow them may be sincere and honest, but they are, nevertheless, wrong.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion which tends to make men right; and any religion which leaves men to practice wickedness and work iniquity, is a religion of the enemy, and not of the Lord. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is" not altogether a matter of belief and opinions; nor is it something so obscure and mysterious that people are misled and mistaken regarding it. The apostle declares that it is "this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction," and to keep "unspotted from the world" (James 1. 27). Of this kind of religion we cannot have too much; but a religion which practices iniquity and justifies wrongs, the less we have of it the better.—*The Christian.*

THIRTY years ago, the number of Protestant native Christians in all India was a few above 100,000; it is now 600,000 who contribute annually for the Gospel amongst themselves and their heathen fellows \$1,250,000. They have 700 ministers and missionaries of their own race, or more than the whole number of foreign missionaries sent out by forty-six churches and societies. There are two millions of Christians of all kinds in India to-day, and about three quarters of a million in South Africa.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

AFTER LIFE'S FEVER.

OH! JUNE, 1882.

"And then, a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own halo, forever and forever."

Oh! pale, calm face; eyes by the Death kiss sealed,
Cold hands, upon the silent bosom folded;
Oh! soul, set free—of all sin's sickness healed,
Basking in light, from mortal eyes withheld,
Tu caro quies.

Still heart, that ached and throbbed with human passion,
Locks, white with snow of many a winter past,
Tired body, weary after earth's poor fashion,
Sleep calmly, till the waking trumpet blast—
Tu caro quies.

All over now—the heart-ache and the burning
Of thoughts, so trammelled by this "mortal coil";
The soul has cast behind its moans and yearning,
The hands are resting from the long life's toil,
Tu caro quies.

I, mournful guest, watching by the portal
Whence thou, from death to life, hast entered in,
Would fain cast one stray gleam of light immortal
To tell me, ever drowning earth's wild din,
Tu caro quies.

I might not hear the angel welcome ringing,
Nor see the pearly portals open wide,
Wherein the ransomed band, the new song singing,
See white robes wander by life's river side,
Tu caro quies.

"*Tu caro quies,*" while the storms are beating
Along earth's desert moorlands, wild and wide;
While skies shall lower, and angry waves are meeting
Thy bark is moored—thou art beyond the tide,
Tu caro quies.

"*Tu caro quies*"—Rest, pure, deep, eternal,
Peace, in a perfect, blissful, endless calm;
Charmed by the beautiful joys supernal,
Lull'd by the melody of seraph's psalm,
Tu caro quies.

Here, we but dream it all—the rest—the glory.
Here, we but yearn for it in sob and pain;
Till knees were weary and till locks grow hoary,
Still "westward journeying," at length to gain,
Tu caro quies.

But *Thou* mayest sleep; thy toilsome warfare ended,
The long, rough life-path has been nobly trod,
And with our lost ones, 'thou sweet songs hast blended,
To hail them fount, beside the throne of God!
Tu caro quies.

Moosomin, N. W. T.

M. A. NICHOLL.

PROGRESS IN NATURAL THEOLOGY.

James Anthony Froude, not many years ago, ventured to publish the assertion that the foremost scientific minds of Great Britain are abandoning the belief in a Personal God. The charge simply excited amusement in the highest scientific circles of Scotland and England. In reply to it I need to read only the answer given at the time by Professor Tait, of the University of Edinburgh:—

"When we ask any competent authority who were the 'advanced,' the 'best,' and the 'ablest' scientific thinkers of the immediate past in Britain we cannot but receive for answer such names as Brewster, Faraday, Forbes, Graham, Rowan Hamilton, Talbot and Herschel. This must be the case, unless we use the word science in a perverted sense. Which of these great men gave up the idea that nature evidences a designing mind? But perhaps Mr. Froude refers to the advanced thinkers still happily alive among us. The names of the foremost among them are not far to seek. But, unfortunately for his assertion, it is quite certain that Andrews, Soule, Clerk, Maxwell, Balfour Stewart, Stokes, William Thompson, and such like, have each and all of them, when the opportunity presented itself, spoken in a sense altogether different from that implied in Mr. Froude's article. Surely there are no truly scientific thinkers in Britain further advanced than these."

I venture to affirm that in Britain there are two schools of philosophy—one inside universities, accredited and regular; another outside, a guerilla school, led chiefly by a few men of a certain eminence in London, with Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley among them, and with noisy supporters in the literary world. In Germany there is a university school in philosophy and a guerilla school also. When you study closely the current history of Europe, and see these two schools in collision, you will find that it

is not with the guerilla school that the mastery of the future seems likely to abide. Hartmann and Schopenhauer, for instance, in Germany, belong to the anti-university, the guerilla type of discussion. Herman Lotze, the foremost philosopher of the age, represents the highest German thought. There are many bright minds in the guerilla school—heaven forbid that I should deny that—but, after all, they no more represent the substantial convictions of the learning of Europe, than some guerilla writers on our side of the Atlantic, whom I will not mention, represent the opinions of the leaders of thought in the United States. I was asked often in Europe if Theodore Parker did not represent the most advanced and generally prevalent theology in New England. I said that was not my understanding of the case. Europe had heard more of him than anybody else in the New England pulpit. We see how a few here have been mistaken for the majority, and how American theology and philosophy are misinterpreted in Europe, simply because deep currents do not make a noise. Just so in Europe the deepest currents are theistic, and because there is really no important opposition in the highest circles of learning, and no foam raised by bowlders in the current, we think there is no stream at all. We have seen and heard, at home and from afar, the shallow streams with bowlders in their currents—Agnosticism, Atheism, Materialism. Let us not fear that they are flooding the higher thought of Europe, simply because they make more noise than the deep, silent, stately rivers that reflect heaven.—*Joseph Cook's Monday Lecture.*

PIOUS MOTHERS.

Christian education, particularly by pious mothers, has had a great influence. Thus it was with Gregory Nazianzen, whose mother was the pious Nonna. She hastened with her first-born, as soon as she could, to the church, dedicated him to God, that his life might be of special service to religion, and placed as a sign of dedication, as often done in such cases, a copy of the Gospels in the child's hands. The recollection of this first consecration always made a great impression on Gregory's mind. He compared himself to Samuel whom Hannah so early dedicated to the Lord. When a youth, he was nearly shipwrecked in a storm—and he was pained at the thought that he was likely to die unbaptized. He prayed with ardent tears that God would preserve his life for His service. And when he saw that his prayer was heard, he regarded it as a second dedication, a fresh obligation to devote his whole life to God. The son who never reflected on his mother without a feeling of the deepest gratitude, especially on account of the blessing received from her for his higher life, gives the following description of her:—"That she never visited the theatre; that, though full of inward feeling and concern for the sufferings of others, yet no sudden emotion of sorrow could overcome her soul so that she could not first of all thank God for what had happened to her; that whatever sorrowful event might have happened, she never wore mourning on a feast day, for in her the human was always conquered by the divine. The religious feeling conquered all others; the concerns of salvation relating to mankind moved her more than anything personal. She appeared in church with reverential devotion. And this disposition Nonna preserved in her last trial, for she died while praying in the church."—*Nearer.*

CLOSE QUESTIONS.

Your tempers—how are they? Do you become impatient under trial, fretful when chided or crossed, angry, revengeful, when injured, vain when flattered, proud when prospered, complaining when chastened, unbelieving when seemingly forsaken, unkind when neglected? Are you subject to discontent, to ambition, to selfishness? Are you worldly, covetous of riches, of vain pomp and parade, of indulgence, of honour or ease? Are you unfeeling, contemptuous of others, seeking your own, boasters, proud, lovers of your own selves? Beware! These are the sediments of the old nature. Nay, if they exist in you, in however small a degree, they are demonstrative that the old man of sin is not dead. It will be a sad mistake if you detect these evils within, and yet close your eyes to them, and continue to make professions of holiness. These are not infirmities; they are indications of want of grace.—*Bishop Foster.*