

Salvationist pledges himself to that with as much of exemplary intention as is secured by most creeds; but adds, what few others can boast, the subservience of his love, self-sacrifice, and obedience to the specific self-assigned work to which he has given his life, and the vows he assumes towards his wife come second to the vows he has assumed towards his Army. But who shall tell the other witchery of a Hallelujah Wedding! The dress of Union Jack! The sash of Red, White, and Blue! The modest outward mien consumed by the bold and daring spirit within! The contemptuous scorn for treasures of earth, and the dare-death, risk-all fire beneath a more than Puritan simplicity of contentment! The condensed essence of peaceful happiness in the wave of the Salvationist's handkerchief! The joy-coaxing clap of the hands! The sympathy-compelling thunder of song! The perfect electricity of unity of purpose and desire in prayer! The reverend bombast of trumpet and tambourine! The shouts at the very gates of Heaven!

What is the secret of this movement, this Army, this wave of sentiment which is going the circuit of the world? Does it lie as much in the cleanliness which leads to godliness, as in the godliness which is conducive to cleanliness? In being "all things to all men" or in being one and the same thing always and to all men? There you see them, the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys of the docks and Recorder's Courts, whom no man would touch with ungloved finger-tips, washed, kempt, "clothed and in their right mind;" shrewd and well-dressed mechanics, quiet and pensive clerks; matrons and grand-matrons; maidens and children; rank and file and file and rank telling their tale of life, in frankness, simplicity, straightforwardness, and pride; glorying in the peace and joy and hope they have found in the new path, compared to the sin and misery and despair of the old. A coarse repartee from the gallery calls forth a "Hallelujah Amen!" The slamming and banging of doors, the kicking and tramping of feet, are but the rhythmic beat to a louder and higher minstrelsy. Nothing, evidently, is excluded but tobacco smoke and perambulators, and nothing prohibited but lukewarmness and despondency. The very fight which blocks the stairway is consecrated into a flank movement. When our churches and pulpits, our cushioned and carpeted luxury, our plush-mantled and sealskin-coated aristocracy of indifference about the evil and the good, who have trod upon the line which marks the church from the world so long and so closely that they have succeeded in treading it out altogether, shall be able to boast of a many-handed fight in their oak-doored vestibules, there may arise a ray of hope that the unsettling question of "The Great Missionary Failure" shall convert itself into a question of every man his own missionary.

The Army has been in existence now for twenty-three years, and although the London Press prophesied for it a dwindling life of twelve months, its approaching silver-wedding may find it carrying on its aggressive war against evil in about forty different languages, with fortresses in every corner of the globe. The life of the Salvationist is not passed in a bed of roses. In addition to regular nightly services, and three on Sundays, he must find homes and situations for his "awakened" recruits, and sell, for three hours every day in all weathers, the *War Cry*, which has reached a weekly circulation of one million. We have all heard of "The Welsh Musical Minstrel," "The Piano-Man's Tour," and "The Cornet-Man's Trip;" but these missionary musicians hide their diminished heads in presence of "The Band of the Household Troops," who performed here recently upon twenty-seven instruments on behalf of the poor, sick, and wounded officers of the Canadian contingent, and who advertised themselves as "men who march, play, and speak for God; a treat of treats; and a good chance to get your soul saved."

The Army is making a new departure in England. The aim of General Booth's mighty organization is well known to have been originally what is suggested by the unique name he has given to his followers. Like every other great movement which has touched the hearts and influenced the lives of men, the Army has appealed to the sentiments and passions of society in its normal condition, in its monotone of routine, its succession of temptations, its constant pressure of thorns and thistles which make up the lives of nine-tenths of the human race. Although the direct object with which it set out has never been allowed to become subordinate, the mode of attack has varied with the ever-changing circumstances and obstacles it had to contend with. In recognizing sin and suffering as cause and effect, as seed and fruit, the Army has sought to lessen the sin, and thereby reduce the suffering by removing the temptation, by stepping between the tempted and the tempter in whatever guise or disguise it should present itself. In our cushioned pews and scented churches we hear of little else than dressed-up images of sin and suffering,—puppets we produce on a Sunday morning and pass round with hospital collections, and which we banish from our minds for the rest of the week with a complaisant idea that we are not as other men are.

In our well filled wardrobes and larders how can we know what is revealed to us when General Booth tells us his first step towards saving a soul is to supply a clean and warm room to the homeless for one penny a night, and a supper to the supperless for—one farthing? He has these homes of shelter in London to check the degrading influence of charity lodging-houses, and to inspire self-respect—self-respect on a farthing supper. He pleads that by this means he saves a thousand souls (not bodies) each year. During last year he supplied 23,500 beds, and 470,000 meals in the West India Dock Shelter Homes. But every

night he has been compelled to turn away hundreds for want of a corner to store them in, back into the rain, the cold, the dark, the sin. He wants to put up the plainest of plain buildings in another part of London, and in other cities, and assures himself that he will make them almost self-supporting. In ten of these shelters he expects to supply a million of beds, and ten million meals.

In the present condition of our economic laws the idea not only commends itself to every heart not petrified in adamant selfishness, but assumes the air of an act of justice as well as of necessity, and there is no doubt that by appealing to the public the General will get what he desires. In a land where it is possible to conceive a state of degradation and want, of shame and misery, of hideous struggle, not for existence but against death and extinction, that a man congratulates himself on his self-respect on partaking of a farthing supper and the luxury of dry straw at a penny a night, we may hope that, after providing town and country residences, equipages, liveries, pictures, plate, china, and the other bare necessities of their existence, the upper ten shall have a crust or two from their tables to throw to the dogs.

But the General is setting about it in a most ruinous fashion. He has memorialized the Home-Secretary for Government aid, asking £15,000 for his buildings. It may be the quickest and perhaps the surest method, but one which would be certain to fetter and destroy his future success. Every charitable association and benevolent institution in the United Kingdom would immediately parade its claims upon the State, and in the struggle for the dis-establishment of National Churchisms, we should inaugurate a new era of wholesale re-establishment.

State-aided and State-supported schemes shrivel up into dry bones, and carry in themselves the seed of their own destruction.

VILLIE MARIE.

# PHYLLIS.

(BALLADE).

WHEN Spring's first whispers, faint and shy,  
Prelude to Nature's music new,  
In airy murmurs, far and nigh,  
Thrill sweetly all the landscape through.  
And when her quiet forces hew  
Through Winter's chains, and earth is free,  
Each foaming freshet tells me true  
*Phyllis will not come back to me!*

When Summer breezes faintly sigh,  
And skies are all unclouded blue,  
When rides the sun triumphant, high,  
And sends his beams that fiercely woo  
Each trembling, clinging gem of dew  
On grassy slope or daisied lea,  
Each fragrant flower whispers too  
*Phyllis will not come back to me!*

In Autumn days, when slumb'ring lie  
Fair fields that slowly golden grew,  
And Nature, with her richest dye,  
Has stained the leaves that softly strew  
The woodland ways, a brilliant crew  
In gold and red, they dance in glee,  
Their words I hear are sad and few  
*Phyllis will not come back to me!*

L'ENVOI.

Winter, thy white and frosty view  
Is reaching out to meet the sea—  
Its far-off voice resounds—Adieu!  
*Phyllis will not come back to me!*

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

# PARIS LETTER.

SINCE I last wrote to you a sad loss has occurred in the Parisian world of letters by the death at Cannes of Emile Guizard, in his thirty-fifth year. This favourite nephew of Emile Augier had written more than one drama which had been produced with success, *Mon Fils* being the one which most readily recurs to the memory of the playgoer; but he was really best known as the author of a dramatic monologue, which is a real *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. Wherever French people congregate in drawing-rooms *La Mouche* is recited by somebody to an admiring audience. It is perfect in form and in expression, it is very witty and yet fit for the ears of *la jeune fille*, and it bids fair to take a permanent place in French literature, just as some one ode or essay by a prolific writer is found to be gifted with immortality, being conceived in a happy moment and struck off at a white heat, and polished with delicate care. Not that Guizard had written very much; he was yet young in the path of letters, being only three-and-thirty when a fall from a high carriage caused violent bleeding from the lungs and set up the symptoms which led to his death two years later. He was a singularly handsome man, and a large portrait in the possession of his mother reminds one of a gentleman in the household of one of the Valois Kings of France. There are faces which seem to descend from an historic ancestry. I have seen here one man who was the living image of Francis the First, with his long straight nose and unforgettable profile. He seems to have walked straight off an enamelled plate of the museum of the Hotel Cluny, and wanted nothing but the low-necked vest and flat cap to tempt one to ask respect-

fully when last he had heard from King Harry. Poor Emile Guizard, seen among the palms and roses of Cannes, with his keen, delicate face might have escaped from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, so entirely did features and expression recall the days when Henri Quatre and Sully were youths in the walled and gable-ended Paris of Catherine de Medici. The coffin which enclosed so much of talent and hopeful promise was brought back to Paris, and at the funeral ceremony in the Church of St. Roch last week assembled nearly everybody of literary note in the capital. M. Emile Augier has no son, and his nephew was to him as his own child.

Augier is now the last of the great writers who, springing up under the Restoration or the Monarchy of July, illustrated the Second Empire by their genius. Younger by twenty years than Victor Hugo and George Sand and the elder and greater Dumas, he is not yet quite seventy, and as he walks by the river brink where he has built his charming villa, at Croissy, he and the white-haired lady with the lovely smile who is never absent from his side form a *tableau* of a French Darby and Joan which can never be forgotten by those who have seen it. When a Frenchman is tender and respectful to the partner of his life, he throws into his manner a poetic gallantry by which husbands of other countries would do well to take example. Augier has firmly retired from the field of letters, and writes no more, and his dramas, perpetually acted at the Theatre Français, have earned for him the title of "The modern Molière." M. Paul Déroulède, the well-known poet and patriot, is another of his nephews, but he who has passed away was the old man's dear adopted son.

While I am speaking of literature, I would remark that Victorien Sardou's new piece, *Marquise*, sumptuously put on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre, provokes the most adverse comments in the newspapers. The *Figaro* says the best it can, but remarks that a few drops of "audacity" go a long way in flavouring dialogue, while M. Hector Pessard, in the *Gaulois*, says that though he has been a dramatic critic of the freest kind for years, he is quite "disconcerted" at M. Sardou's astounding drama. As I have neither seen nor read it I only mention it as the most recent example of the deplorable *peute* down which literature is slipping in this country, and against which every one who holds a self-respecting pen ought to make their word of protest.

Since his triumph in the Paris election General Boulanger has kept quiet, and though there is a vacancy in one of the central departments it is supposed that he will not again tempt fortune, but remain faithful to the metropolis. A rumour having spread that he was about to visit Nice, a great crowd assembled for two days at the station at the hour when the *rapide* reaches that town. But the General was comfortably at home in the Rue Dumont-d'Urville. In the kiosks on the Boulevard may be seen the London *Punch* with a remarkably good caricature of Boulanger "in the character" of Napoleon Bonaparte. Underneath the prancing charger is seen the Tour Eiffel! It is a better hit than usual.

Chenonceaux has been adjudged to the Credit Foncier for four hundred thousand francs (sixteen thousand pounds sterling), double that sum having been previously lent on the property to Madame Pelouse. She bought the famous old royal residence in 1864 for three millions of francs. This is an example of the general depreciation of properties which are *de luxe* since the fall of the Empire. It is difficult to say where we shall stop, the general confusion being great, and the Government with but slight hold on the country. Meantime the Conservative element is looking up; last Thursday was held a *grande chasse* at Vierzon, in honour of the Prince de Joinville and his nephew, the Duc de Chartres, and during the great banquet *furent sonnées les fanfares royales*. The Vicomtesse de Tridern (one of the enormously wealthy Sais), a famous lady in the annals of fashion and sister to the Princesse de Broglie, was on one side of the royal hosts, and Mrs. Jay, wife of the American minister, on the other. This looks odd under our republican institutions.

Meanwhile, the long-delayed snow has come at last, and the streets have been almost impassable from the bad management of the authorities. But on the 9th inst. the President gave a *soirée dansante* at the Elysée, and the Comtesse Fernand de la Ferronnays (whose husband died while driving by the side of the Comte de Chambord) has begun her receptions in the fine hotel she inhabits in the Cours la Reine, frequented by all the chief members of the Conservative party. M. de Freycinet, Minister of War, is coming down heavy on breaches of discipline, and even cutting off the holidays of the Ecole Polytechnique. Every little sign of the times indicates great uneasiness on the part of the moderate Republicans, who have held the reins of power for fifteen years. They are between the two extreme parties, Socialist and Royalist, and I am convinced that their real following in France is daily diminishing. They are not clever men; a glance at their photographs in the shop windows suffices to show their intellectual mediocrity, and though I believe them to be in the main honest, they always act with a total disregard of every motive but moderate reason. Patriotism, ambition and religion do not enter into their calculations as affecting the mass of mankind. They bully the priests, and exile the princes, and sneer at the socialists. They try for the middle path, which pleases nobody. They are the Girondists of the modern day, and though their heads will not fall beneath the axe it is hard to see how they will avoid being jostled off their seats in the rush of contending influences, any one of which is more deeply rooted in human nature than the theories by which they rose to power.

M. A. B.