

steady pursuit of this ideal will give us cohesion and spiritual power, purge our fellowship of things which disgrace, and of walks that are disorderly, and give us a definite work, which, whether it brings wealth to our treasury or not, will make us earnest in every good word and work, and cause us to rejoice without complaining in that liberty which has been gained—the liberty of the truth, the liberty wherewith Christ's people are free, the liberty of co-operation and love of Christ and of God.

WE offer no apology for inserting the following, clipped by us from our exchange, the *N. Y. Independent*. Whether we have the same ignorance and besotted bestiality under which society, crowded and emerging from its old condition in the old land, groans or not, we will not stay to inquire; but the adaptation of the Gospel to the masses, not by clap-trap advertisements, "laughter" and "applause," but by plain men speaking words of earnestness to plain men, is a fact worth the study of all who seek to raise their fellows to "the heavenlies in Christ Jesus." We confess ourselves at present learners regarding the movement of the Salvation Army, and give from time to time such facts as may aid our readers also in coming eventually to some conclusion regarding their work:

#### A SALVATION ARMY TROPHY.

"One of the Crowd" who contributes very skilfully prepared sketches to the *Daily Telegraph*, fills two columns of that journal with the account of a visit paid to a service in the People's Hall, Whitechapel Road. We quote the concluding portion:

"There was an exceedingly devout couple on a seat not far distant from me, and it was evident that the woman wished her husband to rise and say something, and that he was equally anxious that she should do so. And presently she did. Her speech was briefer than that of any one who had spoken previously. 'I thank God for His goodness to me, but more especially I thank Him for the blessed change that, through His servants who worship in this place, He has made in my husband. I beseech the prayers of every one here that he may hold fast to the good cause.' To tell the truth, the husband she was speaking of was not a likely-looking subject. Though decently dressed, he was still a rough-

looking fellow of the bull-necked and heavy-jawed type, with a countenance expressive of anything but gentleness of spirit and meek submission to any amount of persecution for religion's sake. Yet there could be no doubt, whatever the strange means by which the miracle had been wrought, that the man was thoroughly enthralled and made captive, for the time being, at all events, to the principles of Salvationism. More frequently, perhaps, than any other, was his deep, gruff voice heard uttering loud and, to those near him, startling sudden ejaculations of approval at particular points and periods of the preacher's discourse. When the congregation knelt down to pray, he was not satisfied to bow the knees and cover his face with one hand, but he must turn bodily round, with his fists clenched and his arms encircling his head, while his forehead pressed against the hard seat. He groaned and sobbed so and made such dismal noises that his wife did her best to comfort him, patting his broad back with her work-worn old hand, and whispering to him to bear up and be glad, though all the time her own cheeks were wet and her eyes red with weeping. So strangely did the man seem affected that, when the service was at an end and the congregation departed, my curiosity was roused and I kept the pair in sight. Walking down the Whitechapel Road by their side, I took the liberty of questioning them as to how long it was since they joined the Salvation Army, and how they had been induced to turn their religious attention in that direction. After what I had witnessed of the behaviour of both, I was not surprised to find that they were disposed to speak with freedom on the subject. For a moment the woman hesitated; but her husband, who still occasionally applied his pocket-handkerchief to his eyes, exclaimed: 'Tell him, old gal; tell him all about it. Don't hide nothing. I didn't, when at last I was marched off my legs and cried out to the Lord to catch hold of me. And He put forth His hand and did it, bless His holy name.' He spoke these words aloud, and with his hands clasped and raised above his head. 'Well, you must know, sir,' the woman began, 'my husband and me were not brought to see the light of truth and glory at the same time. How I came to seek it——' 'How she come to seek it,' the man interrupted her, 'was because she had for her husband as hard and as cruel a beast as ever a poor soul was tethered