

stones, even if vitalized; we cannot expect the songs of angels, nor from human beings who have been as clods can we expect the thoughts and expressions of a St. Bernard, or a Bishop Heber. If the Christian church generally will but draw from the indubitable zeal and fervour of these Red Cross Knights—many of them, as they openly avow, but lately rescued from the gutter—a stimulus to return to the ardour of her “first love,” and to the power of a greater and more visible unity, she must, as the greater body, wield over the smaller an influence well-nigh irresistible. And so by the attraction of brotherly love, not by a cold and contemptuous criticism, she can by degrees gather these simple, loving souls into her motherly embrace, and make them an incalculable addition to her present force in grappling with an unbelieving world. For this let us hope!

Meantime, the Salvation Army stands before us, a living witness to truths to which our age needed witness. It testifies to the power of that “unknown quantity,” the “inscrutable something which influences the souls of men,” which we call the Holy Spirit;—to the fact that despite all Positivism and Materialism can say, the religious instinct is still the strongest of all, and that thousands of plain, unsentimental men and women are still willing to live or die for Jesus of Nazareth—and to the truth, that under all misery and degradation and brutality, the heart of man still yearns, with an unquenchable yearning, for the love and the smile of the forgiving Father.