

open spaces where our countrymen pass the holy day in watching dog-fights and in heaving bricks. As soon as the lists are cleared for battle, the skirmishers begin their hymns. In the old Brehon laws of Ireland special clauses regulated what should happen if a dog-fight were interrupted by a woman, a child, or an idiot. The sportsmen of Coventry and district seem to be less well prepared to deal with Hallelujah lasses. Music has charms. They listen for a moment to the hymn, "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," and soon find themselves joining in the chorus. Then very brief volleys of warning about their future state are fired into them; and by the time a crowd has collected (and a crowd soon gathers on a wet Sunday morning) the leader is ready to guide every one to the Salvation Factory. Umbrellas are unfurled and brandished, and blue and red banners, inscribed "blood and fire" (a quotation, perhaps, from Mr. Swinburne), are waved above the eager multitude.

When the congregation has been swept into the Salvation Factory, it is found that the members are "young men and women between the ages of fifteen and thirty." These are indeed the ages when persons of both sexes are most easily induced to come together in crowds, and routs, and kettle-drums, and congregations. Here, no doubt, is part of the strength of revivalism. It brings together young people who might not otherwise meet. The example of the "Holy Fair," celebrated by Burns, is to the point. When Messrs. Moody and Sankey were sowing the good seed in Scotland, the farm-servants of both sexes insisted on going long journeys to hear them, journeys "o'er the moor and through the heather." It cannot be denied that flirtation is one of the charms of popular religious meetings. There is something sweet in the expansion of two souls which have had the same refreshing spiritual experiences. But before coming to that part of the function, the neophytes are all asked "whether they are saved." No half measures, no dubious replies are permitted. You must be perfectly certain that you are saved, or the Salvation Army will cashier you. So weak is mere human logic, that the next step seems inconsistent. The convert is required to give up beer and blasphemy. Now, if he is saved already, and if the only motive to virtue is the desire to secure salvation (a common doctrine among popular preachers), why should the convert not have his fling? This seems logical, but these men's hearts are better than their reason, which, to tell the truth, cannot be very highly developed. It is a fact, apparently, that the Salvation Army, working among the drunken and debased, has caused "a gratifying diminution of crime." "Their mission in Coventry, like the more recent venture in Nottingham, has been very successful in reducing the percentage of ruffianism." Ruffianism is the moral plague of the large English towns, the pestilence which law can only punish, and which society strives vainly to reform. The Salvation Army finds that new converts are the best proselytizers. It uses their zeal, their intimacy with other profligates, and their conceit. Happy Bill, the Converted Basket-maker, is not proud. He likes nothing so much as to tell a sympathetic audience the story of his old sprees, to assure them that they are babes in vice compared to himself, and to urge them to share a happiness which, though spree-less, is permanent and tranquil. In the Salvation Army assurance of grace is pressed on recruits by good-natured violence, and certain hope is the result of an Evangelical bear-fight. The shibboleth is the positive answer to "Are you saved?" Any indecision brings down earnest remonstrance, appeal, and exhortation, not from the officiating minister, but from the men and women around the hesitating one. At this work the Coventry Bear shone above all others. "Mr. Jackson, late the Coventry Bear, is externally, if the comparison may be made without offence, not unlike Mr. Spurgeon seen through a magnifying glass." We do not see why there should be any offence. Mr. Spurgeon is only Mr. Jackson caught young, and put into theological training. To him, as to Slender, no doubt it would be "meat and drink now, to see the bear loose." In Coventry women do not, as in Windsor, seem to find the animals "very ill-favoured rough things."

What is to be the end of the operations of the Army? For the moment, according to a leader, the people, moved by the hymns and flags, give up drink, and get "a new enjoyment by the awakening of their intelligence." Perhaps intelligence is hardly the right word, and yet there must be some trace of spiritual and sentimental exaltation in the new Coventry mysteries. The difficulty, as we said before, is to know what results will be left at the end of a year's time. It is said that American revivalists are never so hard and close in bargaining as they are when a camp-meeting is just over. If any evangelist really wishes to prove that these excitements are useful, he should visit the fields at harvest as well as at seed-time. But we know not where to look for the moral statistics that could demonstrate the value of this religious enthusiasm.—*Saturday Review*.

Any one is liable to be Scalded, and every one may find relief from the agony, by simply binding on some of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. As the Liniment walks on, the pain walks off. If any one doubts, try it on and see how it works; but be sure to keep a bottle in the house.

We have frequently heard mothers say they would not be without Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, from the birth of the child until it had finished with the teething siege, on any consideration whatever. It gives an infant, troubled with colic pains, quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest at night.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ART OF SWIMMING.

The editor of the London *Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. "Nothing," he says, "is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot."

GREAT WISDOM.

The world has altered little these twenty-five centuries. The same answer as Cheilon's might yet be made to the question, "What is difficult? To keep silence upon secrets and to dispose well of leisure, and to be able to bear unjust treatment." When Cheilon saw the corpse of a miser being carried forth, he said: "This fellow lived a lifeless life and has left behind his life for others." How easy it seems, but how difficult it is, to conform in spirit and in truth to the following maxim of Cheilon: "To the banquets of friends come slowly, but to their misfortune with speed." Cheilon was evidently a man of foresight, consideration and patience. His ideal was of virtue, and was a sound one. Many a lofty profession of religion, if bared to its real basis, would show a less worthy range of motives. Cheilon taught "To prefer punishment to disgraceful gain; for the one is painful but once, but the other for one's whole life." "Not to laugh at a person in misfortune." "If one is strong, to be also merciful, so that one's neighbours may respect one rather than fear one." "Not to dislike divination." "To obey the laws." "To love quiet."

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

The contemptible weakness of our "strong Government" was curiously exhibited during the four hours' debate that took place in the Commons over the Flogging Clause of the Army Discipline Bill, and during the yet longer sequel to it on the following day. Mr. Hopwood's proposal to do away with flogging altogether having been defeated before Whitsuntide, he now moved that the number of lashes by which a gentlemanly spirit might be thrashed into our soldiers should be limited to six, instead of fifty, seeing, as he urged, that six applications of the cat-o-nine-tails could produce fifty-four weals. At first Colonel Stanley, speaking for the whole Cabinet, did not think it "right or consistent with the position he held" to surrender so much as one out of the fifty lashes. Gradually, however, the unanswerable arguments of Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and others, tardily supported by Lord Hartington, induced only to reduce the maximum number of cuts from fifty to twenty-five, but also applied. The principle, or anti-principle, of flogging in the army still remains, thrashed out. An Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor can you make a silk Christian—we use the term in its real, not its conventional sense—in spite of himself.—*English paper*.

ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness which, and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all