

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Bishop Magee on the Salvation Army and Sensational Preaching.

HENRY VARLEY ATTACKED.

Memorial to Dr. Livingstone—Queer Contributions to the Plate

The Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee) continued his visitation at Leicester, and in his charge dealt with the question of sensational preaching and the practices of the Salvation Army. He said he could not help fearing that the desire to fill churches by all the means it could be done, though laudable in itself, might have the very fortunate result of lowering the teaching and the position of the Church of England in order to obtain for her an ephemeral popularity. An attempt was being made by the use of what he might call the "sensational" in religion—by very extravagant and strange methods, by announcements of extraordinary texts, by sensational preaching, by gross irreverences, by the use of slang and by other extravagances—to gather multitudes together, but he feared they were gathered at the cost of the debasement and degradation of religion. There was no doubt that sensationalism would draw a crowd at first, but it was equally certain that it carried with it the seeds of its own decay and failure. A novelty could not always be a novelty, and if sensationalism was persevered in the time must come when the new sensation would become the old form, and when it would cease to attract as much as the old thing which it replaced. He was told, however, that it was only by such irreverences, only by such extravagances, that they could win and attract the masses. If that were so, they had better begin by burning their Bibles. From one cover to the other of their Bibles they could find no irreverence, no slang, no profanity, and yet that book recorded, especially in the New Testament, the success of the greatest mission the world had ever known. The disciples of our Lord, ignorant and uncultured men, in their day gathered together a great company from all places. They drew the vilest of the heathen; they converted the prize-fighters of their day, the gladiators and the most abandoned; and they converted them, not by irreverence or profanity—they converted them by preaching the gospel in language simple and pure. And those who believed their preaching were drawn into no irreverent familiarity with their Maker; but they worked out their salvation with fear and trembling and lived soberly, righteously and godly. He did not believe that slang, irreverence and profanity, verging upon blasphemy, were necessary to win the hearts of the people of England, even of the most degraded and estranged. He did not believe that the message of the everlasting gospel needed to be defiled in order to win the hearts of the mass of any population. The estrangement of so large a proportion of the mass of the people was to some extent owing to the neglect of the Church, and if fifty, or even thirty years ago they had been such efforts for Church extension as they had seen within the last fourteen years, they would not have heard so much as they now did of the estrangement of the mass of the people. As to the admission of members of the Salvation Army to the Holy Communion, he was only too thankful for many reasons that they did go to Holy Communion. Membership in the Salvation Army did not, however, constitute a title to admission to communion in their Church. The Church ordained that none should take the communion except those who had been baptized and confirmed, or who were willing to be so. Of course if a member of the Salvation Army, or a member of the Blue Riband movement, or a member of any other organization of the day, came to them as a baptized and confirmed man, and asked to be admitted to the Holy Communion, they would only too gladly welcome him; but to admit a whole body of men whom they had only too much reason for believing had neither been baptized nor confirmed, seemed to him to be a very unwise breach of the discipline and laws of the Church.

Other Church Jottings.

There are 117,000 Sunday-school scholars in New York State.

The Moravian Church claims to be the oldest Protestant Episcopal Church in this country.

A house-to-house visitation shows that only about 10 per cent. of the families in New York are without bibles.

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the great London preacher, has had seventy baptisms in seven months since his settlement at Auckland, New Zealand. He is raising funds to build a Tabernacle.

Mr. Edwin Belt, fourth son of the Rev. Canon Belt, of Burlington, has entered upon the divinity course at Trinity College, Toronto, and has been presented with a scholarship by the Divinity Students' Committee of the Diocese of Niagara.

The Church of England, as a whole, is the largest landowner in the Kingdom, and Canon Wilberforce has called attention to the fact that it is also the largest owner of public houses, and pronounced it "a grievous scandal."

Mr. Spurgeon says: "Prayer pulls the rope below and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously with all his might."

The Salvation Army in England receives all sorts of valuables when the contribution box is passed around. Gold and silver watches, gold scarfs, gold and silver lockets, gold snuff pins, silver brooches, silver solitaires and gold watch keys. Watches and jewellery, it is understood, are to be abandoned by all who claim to be true Salvationists.

The Salvation Army in England, though supposed to perform merely military functions of a spiritual character, have been showing a disposition to use the weapons of the flesh. At a place called Yeovil on a Sunday recently, Gen. Booth's troops fought the police, and succeeded in giving the guardians of the peace the worst of it. The

newspaper reports states that one Salvationist "cut open a youth's head."

Rev. Stopford Brooke tells of a conversation he once had with the late Dean Stanley, who urged him to stay in the Established Church and broaden it. "Will the Church in my time or yours ever be broad enough to make James Martineau Archbishop of Canterbury?" asked Mr. Brooke. "No, I don't think it will," replied the Dean. "Then," said Mr. Brooke, "I don't think it will ever be broad enough for me."

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson told the Presbyterian Synod of Indiana that pastors too often make idols of their church edifices. "I had a magnificent church in 1875," he said, "and \$35,000 was spent on the interior decoration. Then and there I said to God that I would renounce all the idols of which I had been made conscious if He would only let me do His work. While I was praying for this blessing the church took fire, and in half an hour it was in ashes."

A pastor whose heart was earnestly engaged for his people and his work is reported to have met a member of his church not long since to whom he said: "I haven't seen you at prayer-meeting once this summer." "No," was the reply, "it has been too hot for me to attend." The pastor's eyes twinkled with humor as he answered: "Too hot? Where could you find a colder place than our prayer-meeting?" The humor was delicious, and the satire was superb.

The three evangelical doctrines that ought to be insisted upon as conditional to the ordination or installation of a pastor, as stated by the Rev. Edwards A. Park to the Boston Congregational ministers, and apparently approved by them, are that the Bible is perfectly trustworthy as a religious guide; that the atonement of Christ is a sacrificial act, influencing the mind of God as well as sinners, and that this is the only world of probation, the future world being one of punishment for those who die impenitent.

The Livingstone Memorial U. P. Church has been opened for divine service. Dr. Livingstone, as is well known, was reared in the Parish of Blantyre. The Rev. Dr. Blaikie relates of old Neil Livingstone, father of the explorer, that he was the founder of a missionary society, and also of a missionary prayer meeting in Blantyre. He bought or borrowed as many missionary books as he could lay his hands on. The heroes of the household were Martyn, Judson, Carey and Zinzendorf; so that from his earliest years David Livingstone was steeped in the literature of Christian missions.

Henry Varley, the London evangelist, has been doing some evangelical work in Scotland, in the course of which he has created considerable stir. In Glasgow he gave great offence to play-going people by allusions to Sarah Bernhardt, and it is intimated that the actress' husband may invite him to fight a duel. In Edinburgh he was assaulted with mud by a woman in an open-air meeting in a neglected part of the city. Considerable comment has been made on the occurrence. It is stated that in utter depravity the bad districts of the Modern Athens are almost unapproachable. There is evidently plenty of work for the Salvationists.

COMETARY PHENOMENA.

Some Startling Statements Regarding our Heavenly Visitors.

Before the New York Academy of Sciences on Monday night Professor John K. Rees read a paper upon the comet of 1882. Professor Rees said that it should be termed Gould's comet, since Professor B. A. Gould, of Cordova, was the first to see it. The lecturer read extracts from letters from Professor Young, of Princeton; from the Director of the Dudley Observatory, in Albany; from the Director of the National Observatory, and from Messrs. Chandler and Wendell, of Cambridge, Mass., and he concurred with Mr. Chandler in combatting Professor Proctor's theory that the comets of 1843, 1880 and 1882 are identical, and that the comet now vanishing from view will return within six months. According to Mr. Chandler's computations, which are based on all the observations thus far made at several points, the comet of 1882 will not return in less than four thousand years. The comet, as seen from the Cape of Good Hope, transited on the 17th of September last, and at the instant of its entering the atmosphere of our sun it was 1,600,000 miles from the surface of the sun. The comet's tail, which was only 100,000 miles long when first seen, has since lengthened to millions of miles, and as this vast body crossed the sun's disc in two hours, the enormous velocity with which it travels may be conjectured. As its light was visible until it touched the edge of the sun's disc, the inference is that the light is not borrowed from the sun, but that it is the comet's own incandescence. Touching upon other celestial visitors, the lecturer said that the comet of 1843 approached within 500,000 miles of the centre of the sun, or within 70,000 miles of the sun's circumference, and that it must yet plunge into the sun and be absorbed. The lecturer threw upon the screen representations of a number of comets and then a star shower such as is seen once in thirty-three years, and the next of which will be seen when the earth passes the track of a star shower in 1899. These shooting stars are meteors from disintegrated comets, and the molts that fall to the earth come to us from interstellar space. In conclusion, the lecturer said that all the suns of the universe have comets circulating about them, and that the universe is as full of comets as the sea is of fishes.

MEDICAL men have always differed as to whether the best medical treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or a rapid application of heat. "To settle the matter," says Knowledge, "Lapchinkski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the method of gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered." These experiments will probably influence the practice of medical men in Russia and northern Europe, where the question of the best means of restoring animation in persons suffering from excessive cold is of frequent occurrence every winter.

NEWS FROM THE MOON.

Startling Discoveries Recently Made by Astronomers.

MORE THAN "ONE MAN" IN OUR SATELLITE.

A Planet with Atmosphere and Probably Animal and Vegetable Life.

The telescope has lately revealed some very curious and startling appearances in the moon. Astronomers have been slow to accept the conclusions which these observations suggest, because they have so long believed that the moon is a dead planet and incapable of supporting any life upon its surface. This belief is based principally upon the assumed absence of a lunar atmosphere. But these recent observations indicate that the moon has an atmosphere, and if it has an atmosphere, it may have various forms of life upon its surface differing as much from those upon the earth as the moon itself differs from the earth in its geological and climatological features. It would be very curious if the telescope, the instrument which has banished from the moon the hosts of strange creatures with which the imagination of some of the ancients peopled it, and shown how unfitted it is for the habitation of beings like ourselves and those we see around us, should now make us believe that the moon is the home of beings more grotesque in our eyes, perhaps, than any the imagination has pictured. We do not say this is probable, but only that it is suggested by the very interesting observations which have lately been made, and which we shall briefly describe.

On the 27th of March last Mr. Stanley Williams, an English observer, was looking at the moon in the early evening with a telescope of considerable power, and giving particular attention to that very singular oval valley known to astronomers by the name of Plato. This valley is about sixty miles broad, remarkably level and surrounded by a ring of mountains averaging something less than 4,000 feet high, but shooting up here and there into peaks nearly as high as Etna. When the sunlight strikes across the summits of the mountains on one side it throws the shining peaks into splendid relief, but all the valley within remains shrouded in darkness. The sun was just rising upon this mountain ring when Mr. Williams made his observation of Plato, and his eye at once detected a strange appearance. The interior of the valley, which usually appears totally dark at such times, was illuminated with a faint phosphorescent light, making its level floor dimly visible. It was not the effect of reflection from the illuminated mountains, because the interior of the valley was protected from such reflection. Some passing clouds in our atmosphere shut out this interesting scene from the sight of the observer for about an hour. When the sky cleared again, Mr. Williams looked once more and saw that the strange light had disappeared. Mr. Williams had made a similar observation in the same spot about five years ago.

About seven weeks after Mr. Williams' observation which we have described, there was a total eclipse of the sun, and a party of French and English astronomers went to Egypt to observe it, as the line of totality ran across that country. When those astronomers turned their spectropscopes upon the edge of the moon as it hid the sun on the 17th of May they perceived indications, in the strengthening of certain lines of the spectrum, of the existence of an atmosphere on the moon. This observation, though not unprecedented, was hailed with satisfaction by those who had always contended that the moon was not as dead as it seemed. The existence of an atmosphere would explain the phenomenon which Mr. Williams witnessed in the valley of Plato, as well as various other equally singular observations which have been made by students of the moon from time to time.

But this was not all. On the 19th of May, two days after the eclipse, John G. Jackson, of Delaware, while studying the moon, as he had been accustomed to do for years, with a reflecting telescope, was surprised to see near the western edge of the disc, and over a portion of the flat region known as the Sea of Crisis, something which he described as a feathery-looking cloud. Just two months later he saw a similar appearance in the same place. And now Mr. L. E. Trouvelot, a well known astronomer, commenting upon Stanley Williams' observation, says that he has more than once witnessed similar appearances on the moon's disc. He has seen lunar landscapes lose their distinctness as if thin clouds were floating over them, and once, around the crater of Kant, he saw what may have been a rare vapor slightly tinged with purple. He has also seen another large crater illuminated with a faint purple light. Mr. Trouvelot thinks these various appearances are manifestations of a lunar atmosphere of a nature yet unknown.

Curious observations of a similar nature can be found scattered here and there in astronomical records reaching back more than a century, but they have generally been looked upon with distrust or totally disregarded. These recent observations give them renewed interest and tend to vindicate their correctness. If it can be shown that the moon has an atmosphere, Sir William Herschel's idea that our satellite is inhabitable will not be deemed so ridiculous as it has seemed to some modern astronomers. We should not expect to obtain any confirmation of the observations of the German telescopicist who believed he had discovered a big city and great military works in the moon, but reasons might be shown for thinking that the moon supports life peculiar to itself. The mere possibility of such a thing is somewhat startling, for the moon is really a very near neighbor to the earth. Few, perhaps, realize how close we are to another world besides the earth, but it is a very narrow span of space that separates us from the moon. The mean distance is only 240,000 miles, or less than ten times the circuit of the earth, and only about eighty times as far as from New York to San Francisco. Not a few sea captains have probably sailed as far as the distance from the earth to the moon. And yet so close at hand as this there is a world differing so widely from the one we dwell upon that we can only admit the possibility of its being in-

habited by assuming that its inhabitants are as unlike ourselves as their world is unlike ours.—N. Y. Sun.

A BEGGAR'S BECKON.

Novel Expedient of a Party of London Vagrants for "Raising the Wind."

"Adventures are to the adventurous," was the sententious motto inscribed by Ixion, King of Thraee, in the celestial scrap book of Juno, Queen of Heaven; and even the humble and normally unromantic pauper is able to realize the truth of the maxim when induced by circumstances over which he has little control to part with his trousers in order to acquire a pot of beer. About a fortnight ago three absolutely penniless inmates of St. Marylebone Workhouse were discharged therefrom, and decided to celebrate the joyous occasion with a friendly glass at an adjoining tavern. But where was the money to come from? was the great question. With admirable presence of mind William Bailey, one of the trio, thought himself of a plan to raise the wind which at once commended itself to the minds of his fellow-paupers as an inspiration of genius. Bailey decided upon a temporary separation from his trousers, and gracefully retiring into a shed at the back of the tavern, he proceeded to divest himself of those important integuments which a comrade, Edward Gilbert, thereupon took off to the nearest pawn-shop and exchanged for the loan of a half-a-crown. But as the rules of an absurdly artificial civilization seemed to demand that Mr. Bailey should be arrayed in some kind of lower garments when he appeared at the bar to indulge in the flowing bowl, Gilbert proceeded to purchase at the modest cost of ninepence—taken from the half-crown—a pair of inferior "breeks." Hastening back to the shed wherein the too ingenious pauper was lying concealed from general observation, the trusty bearer of the apparel and the change from the half-crown was suddenly set upon by the third pauper, appropriately named Lawless, who snatched the trousers and money from his grasp and ran away with his ill-gotten gains. Lawless, however, was justly punished for the offence by being locked up shortly afterwards on being found drunk in the public gutter; and being subsequently brought to book, he was awarded eighteen months' hard labor for his heartless theft. Meanwhile, imagination turns back to the condition of Mr. Bailey in his solitary shed, who was anxiously expecting, like Mariana in the moated grange, the return of his pauper and his trousers. When at length the full extent of the disaster was disclosed, sad, indeed, would have been his case but for the timely assistance of the owner of the beer house, who sympathized with the adventurous but trouserless pauper in his back shed, and rigged him out straightway in a pair of his own garments. Thus ended an incident in pauper life which is probably quite unparalleled in history, and on which Mr. Carlyle would have been able to write an entirely new chapter of his "Philosophy of Clothes."—London Daily Telegraph.

Wordsworth's Neglected Grave.

Thomas De Quincey records that on the 23rd of April, 1850, Wordsworth was "buried in the green churchyard of Grasmere, between a yew tree of his own planting and an aged thorn." We visited the spot last week. We saw a path among the grave mounds, about one foot in width, and followed it, and it led to a dirty, dark corner, where several blue black headstones of slate stood. Could this be the resting-place of Nature's tender lover. It was, and we felt a chill come over us. The day was beautiful; the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, but everything round the spot we had come to seek seemed decayed and withered, like a grave in the centre of a dirty, smoky town, not in beautiful Grasmere. No green grass was there—all was dull, dank and depressing. The poet's corner must be badly drained, for we could scarcely get near enough to read the inscription, in consequence of an accumulation of water that formed a trench at least an inch deep at the base of the stone curb that held the iron rails surrounding the grave.—London Builder.

An Irish Romance.

Two years ago Miss Ellard, the owner of a fine estate at Newfongland, Oola, was fired at, but both she and her coachman fortunately escaped the bullet of the assassin. Shortly afterwards police protection was afforded Miss Ellard, two sub-constables being drawn from the New Pallas Station and appointed to that duty. The guards appear to have acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the fair proprietress, and one of them, Sub-Constable Sheehy, a brave, dashing young fellow, proved himself so highly agreeable that she resolved to render his protection a permanent duty. The young, wealthy and accomplished lady has, in plainer words, given her hand and heart to Sub-Constable Sheehy, who is now the husband of a beautiful wife, and a landed proprietor with an income, it is stated, of £10,000 a year.—Limerick Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

The Great Good of Accuracy.

A dwarf kangaroo has been discovered in Texas with fore legs only two inches long and hind legs only eight inches in length. The report also says that it is a marsupial. We are glad to know this, as it throws a flood of light on the anatomical structure of the animal, which will be duly appreciated by the intelligent reader, who at first blush might have imagined that it was a conubial, or a mandamus, or a habeas corpus, or idiosyncrasy. In newspaper reporting the young man will invariably err on the safe side if he uses plain, unvarnished language, which will appeal even to the nominal intelligence of a sleeping car conductor.

Lord Beaconsfield's nephew and he, who is in Scotland, is said not to have yet shown his quality.

In a Michigan horse trade the agreement was that the beasts should not be seen, but should be taken as found. When one trader went to get his property he ascertained that it had been dead for several days. A court is to decide whether he was swindled.

HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

An Arctic Explorer who Thinks it Impracticable.

Toward the close of his lecture at Winnipeg the other evening on the Arctic regions, Dr. Rae briefly discussed the Hudson Bay route to the Old World. He was every way favorable to this route if it was practicable, but he did not think it was. It was said that the bay was open all winter, and the straits were navigable four months in the year. This did not accord with his observations and experience. He had repeatedly seen the bay frozen over. Three times he had gone through the straits. Once they were badly blocked by ice; a second time they were considerably impeded in their course because of the presence of ice, and a third time the channel was quite clear. He said the Hudson Bay Co.'s ships never left Scotland to make this passage until the middle or end of June, knowing that earlier in the season their way would be obstructed by ice. His voyages had been made in sailing ships, and of course steamers could make better progress. Still, he had no faith in the project. The Hudson Bay route was shorter by 500 miles than that by way of the lakes, but the latter was practicable six months in the year. He could not state how long the straits were open, as the time was variable owing to the diversity of seasons, but during the best seasons the time could be but short. He thought it would be inexpedient to risk the outlay of money on building a railroad with a view of opening this route until more accurate information were obtained concerning it.

The Longest Beard in the World.

Adam Kirpen, of Chicago, who possesses the longest beard in the world, is 66 years of age, is five feet eleven inches tall, and a perfect specimen of a robust, though aged, German. By means of his beard he has amassed a considerable fortune, but, notwithstanding, he endeavors to sell his photographs on the plea of poverty. The beard which he at present wears has attained the wonderful length of nearly twelve feet. He disposes of this rather unwieldy appendage when walking on the street by rolling it around a leather belt suspended about his neck. The length of the beard is such that he can place both feet upon it, and the other end, upon being lifted up, reaches a few inches above his head. The beard, which is of a dull grey color, is quite thick, and is the result of twenty years' uninterrupted growth. From his youth Kirpen gave evidence of becoming as bearded as Esau. At 11 years of age he was under the necessity of shaving, and at 14 had a large bushy beard, which, added to his robust frame, caused people to frequently confound him as being his father's brother. When he entered the German army as an artilleryist his mustache was three feet in length, and he experienced about as much trouble in partaking of his meals as Victor Emanuel, of whom it is related that he tied his mustaches together behind his ears when about to eat. He was the wonder and delight of the fair sex, and received innumerable privileges from the officers on account of his appearance. It was not until he came to America that he allowed full sway to the growing properties of his beard. When his beard was five feet long he sold it to a Chicago museum for \$75. From that time, twenty-two years ago, no razor has been applied to his face, and the beard has steadily grown and is still growing, having increased two feet since 1877. The hairs branch out like a tree, some having as many as a dozen splits. The old man has one son, but the beard does not seem to be hereditary, as he found it a difficult matter to raise a beard previous to his 30th year. His grandfather was remarkable, however, in having his limbs and body covered with hair nearly twelve inches long.—Milwaukee Sentinel-Republican.

Grape Grower's Maxims.

1. Prepare the ground in fall; plant in spring.
2. Give the vine plenty of manure, old and well decomposed; for fresh manure excites the growth, but does not mature it.
3. Luxuriant growth does not insure fruit.
4. Dig deep but plant shallow.
5. Young vines produce beautiful fruit, but old vines produce the richest.
6. Prune in autumn to insure growth, but in spring to promote fruitfulness.
7. Plant your vines before you put up trellises.
8. Vines, like old soldiers, should have good arms.
9. Prune spurs to one developed bud; for the nearer the old wood the higher flavored the fruit.
10. Those who prune long must soon climb.
11. Vine leaves love the sun; the fruit the shade.
12. Every leaf has a bud at the base, and either a bunch of fruit or a tendril opposite it.
13. A tendril is an abortive fruit bunch—a bunch of fruit a productive tendril.
14. A bunch of grapes without a healthy leaf opposite it is like a ship at sea without a rudder—it can't come to port.
15. Laterals are like politicians; if not checked they are the worst of thieves.—The Vine Dresser.

Dancing.—The Anti-Temperance Movement—The Scottish.

The latest Russian census shows St. Petersburg and its suburbs possessed of a population of 927,467, living in 10,929 stone houses, 9,818 that are of wood, and 913 that are partly both. The city has 75 hotels, 625 restaurants, 1,416 beer-rooms, 170 grog shops and 793 wine-rooms. Out of 131,090 tenements, 13,710 are unoccupied. There are 645 schools, and 109,000 children between the ages of 7 and 16 who ought to be attending school; but as a matter of fact, 47 per cent. of the boys and 37 per cent. of the girls get no schooling.

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