

efficient soldiers. And this for the simple reason that an army must have one controlling mind and be under the sway of one will which moves towards a well-defined end. The very presence of Lord Roberts at the Cape has inspired our men and, indeed, the whole Empire, with new confidence and courage. And it has ever been so, the words of the private in the ranks when he heard that Wellington himself was directing the fight in the hour of supreme danger are full of meaning, "God bless him, he is worth a regiment." The presence of Wellington was an inspiration. It is said that at the battle of Salamanca one of his generals, when ordered to lead his troops to a dangerous position, asked but one favour: "First," said he, "give me a grip of that conquering right hand of yours." And we have in the Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ, the supreme conqueror of every foe. The earthly leader in the stern fight may watch the battle at a distance, but Christ is ever near to give courage to the heart, strength to the life, and victory over every enemy. Did Wellington's veteran find in the Iron Duke's hand a strength which nerved him for the fierce conflict? We have in Christ a source of power far beyond all human aid. The hand of faith stretched out to Him brings us in contact with One who has all power in heaven and earth. Nay, more, He dwells within the breast of every true believer. A little deeper, said the French soldier as the surgeon probed for the bullet, and you will find the emperor. In a far truer sense Christ's name is not only on the Christian's heart, but there He dwells in an abiding presence.

The good soldier must endure hardships which only the inspiration of a great cause could make endurable. It was so during the Crimean war, when our brave troops met the most awful perils and faced unspeakable sufferings. The soldier expects hardship, and he bears it without grumbling. He stands firm under attack and meets as at Inkermann fearful odds. And just so Christ's soldiers must fight. They live only for that purpose. They are called, not to a life of ease and self-pleasing, but to most strenuous

and long-continued endeavour. The campaign is life-long, but the victory is certain and the peace lasting in the rest which follows conflict—when life's great battle is over and rest is won.

The campaign is, indeed, life-long. It is not a seven years' or a thirty years' war, but a constant struggle while life lasts. Its object is just and right. It is to resist the power of the great usurper, or to spread the Kingdom of Christ in the world.

SICKNESS.

Saviour! in sickness I can feel
Thy tender love to me,
Who for my sake didst deign to bear
An untold agony.

Thoughts of the anguish of Thy cross
Can calm my sufferings now;
The memory of Thy crown of thorns
Can soothe my throbbing brow.

When every limb is aching
In weariness of pain,
I think upon the Lamb of God
For sinful mortals slain.

How "all Thy bones were out of joint;"
Then how shall I repine?
The sorest anguish I can bear,
What is it, Lord, to Thine?

But as one ripple on the wave,
One drop within the sea,
One tear among the many wept
In life's long misery.

—Selected.

STRAY PAGES.

From "Our Paper."

I was not in at all a fitting frame of mind, I know, for a regular church-goer who has duly attended an eminently "well conducted" Sunday morning service in company with a large and decorous congregation. Instead of the peace and calm which should have possessed my spirit, I was fretted with a sense of impatient weariness and unreality against which I strove in vain. And in this mood it was that I chanced upon these few stray pages, small, tattered and yellow with age; torn perhaps by careless childish fingers from some long-forgotten book or pamphlet, and treasured, whether by accident or design I have no idea, amid a bundle of old letters and such-like relics of the past. Fragments, they seemed to be, of some tale or parable of the

simplest kind with regard both to style and thought, yet from the faded pages some unknown voice out of the past seemed speaking to me as I read. The beginning was torn away, but the writer, it appeared, imagined himself to be standing in a large and full church, with a recording angel by his side.

"Observe," said the angel, 'that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone will ascend on high, will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness—when the thoughts wander the sounds will grow faint and even cease altogether.'

"This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why presently after, when the service began, though the lips of many moved and appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard. How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven. Even in the Te Deum and Jubilate the voices sometimes sank into total silence."

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel, 'I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; He is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the thoughts of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to Him with their lips, when their hearts are far from Him.'

"As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamour which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here in God's holy house was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes," said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer Book, saw her neighbour and a train of daughters bustle