

to your godly parents, your Alma Mater, to society, to the nation, to the Church and to God. I appeal to all that is generous and noble in you. Be Christian, and you will be brave, true, useful and happy. Is it not a manly thing to be Christ-like? Is it unmanly to be devout, when it elevates and transfigures the whole being? Unmanly to pray, when it dowers the soul with strength and raises it above mean aims and sordid motives? Unmanly to own a duty and fulfil it? To do the things you know you ought to do? Unmanly to surrender your will to the Divine, when it is the coronation of your life? Unmanly to be a Christian, when it is to be a redeemed man brought into fellowship with the one perfect ideal of humanity, the Man Christ Jesus, before whose splendour of character all human nobleness and heroism seem commonplace, and to follow whom is the purest, worthiest, and most exalted aim of human existence? Unmanly? Why, all reason cries out shame upon the treason of the word. To be Christian is manly. It is manly to have the clear mind, the upright soul, the true heart, the resolute will; to discern the deep meaning of life and bravely to meet its daily duties; and when the work of life is closed, calmly and quietly to meet death in the assurance of life for evermore. Therefore, take the decisive step in the Christian life and henceforth live as men.

And, fellow-Christians, sustain your high character. Above the refinements of literature, the truths of science, the elevations of philosophy, prize the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Should the class-roll be called ten or fifteen years hence, where will you be found? Whatever the dusty walk of life you are treading, may you be found faithful. We have been untrue in the past—who of us have not? Who of us in life's battle have not turned back in cowardly fear or foolish weakness? But we may redeem the past and yet wear the crown.

During the rebellion in India, Macaulay tells how an entire regiment behaved with cowardice and occasioned disaster to the royal army. In punishment the colours were taken from them, for the flag that had been baptized in blood might no longer be subject to dishonour at their hands. It was a bitter disgrace and bitterly felt. Thenceforth in many a fierce engagement beneath many a hot and burning sun they fought with unflagging valour, hoping to win back their lost reputation and the colours they had forfeited. Alas, in vain. The decree of their shame was as inexorable as just. But a day came when the Sepoys had entrenched themselves on a mountain-side, a position that must be stormed and carried, yet one of such fearful peril that the bravest among the British troops shrank in dismay from the undertaking. Foot by foot and inch by inch must the ground be disputed, and every step of that steep ascent was exposed to a raking and deadly fire. The British commander rode along the lines. One by one to many successive regiments he offered the peril and the glory, but without response. At length he came to the disgraced regiment, and with a last desperate hope kindling in his heart, he pointed to the frowning heights, and exclaimed, "Your flag is on that mountain." Life was as dear to those men as to the others, but honour was dearer still, and with one wild cry they sprang forward over the intervening plain and commenced the terrible ascent. At once a deadly fire poured in upon them. Again and again the Sepoy guns flashed and roared, and the ranks of the regiment grew thinner and thinner. But their courage, grown steadfast through months of cruel disgrace and expiation, was equal to the task and to the danger. With broken