

OUR SAILORS AND COASTGUARDSMEN.



ENGLAND is justly proud of her sailor sons, because she can rely upon them, with God's help, to guard her from her enemies; because they enable us to hold moral and commercial intercourse with all parts of the world.

There are hundreds of thousands of men and women who have never seen the sea, and who can form but a faint idea

of what that, or the duties connected with it, are like. Many of these form a judgment of "Jack's" character from the ideas contained in popular songs and other often fanciful writings. This is not fair to our sailors, because a good deal of those writings is unreal, and lacks the quality of truth.

Dear reader, I have been a sailor myself from boyhood, and have the authority of experience coupled with a warm desire to say all I can in favour of "poor Jack."

Morally and intellectually the last twenty years have worked wonders in our Royal Navy. The march of education has done much, and the spread of temperance has done more, to make our seamen brighter and better men. All honour to the noble men and women who are earnestly working for our seamen's welfare.

The men who are now manning our fleet or guarding our coasts first entered the service as second-class boys, at which time every chance was offered them of obtaining a sound education. And I cannot help thinking that many of our youths who now loiter idly about our cities and large towns could not do better than join the Royal Navy, and thus become a credit to themselves and of service to the community at large.

From the ranks of the petty officers and able-bodied seamen (men who wear two good conduct badges) are taken the coastguard. These men are the flower of the English navy, and are capable of manning a ship and her guns at the shortest possible notice. They live in cottages (coastguard stations) which are built at intervals right round our coast. They prevent smuggling and other lawless conduct, while they form a splendid reserve for the executive fleet.

Who has been to the seaside, and watched the glorious ocean stretching away as far as the eye can reach, and has not had a feeling of wonder and admiration, blended with a sense of that security which the restless waves always afford to the rock-bound coasts of our island home?

Through all the vicissitudes and political revolutions of many centuries, our sea-girt home has steadily advanced along the line of truth, which has led us as a nation nearer to God.

It has been said (and I think with truth) that our country is the fortress of liberty and the school of

civilisation. From her shores there are never wanting volunteers to carry the Word of God to all the distant parts of the world. I have found the soldiers of Christ in Arabia, in Egypt, in China and Japan, as well as India, cheerfully toiling through disappointment and danger, carrying out what I believe to be the mission of England and the purpose of Almighty God.

Dear reader, the sailor is instrumental in this great and good work, inasmuch as through his skill in navigating our ships we are brought into contact with those dark intellects which so sadly need the light of the Gospel of Christ. And it is because we have faith in the courage and integrity of our navy, that we can go to our pillows each night with the sense of security before mentioned, a feeling of safety which is never entirely shared by the other great nations of Europe.

Encompassed by the sea, and protected by our gallant seamen, our country is second to no nation in the world in commercial enterprise. Nor can the history of the world show the traces of an empire so mighty as that which is effectually guarded by our bluejackets.

I was once told by a well-known minister that patriotism is next to religion. I believe this. Ay, I believe more—I believe we love our country, not alone as the land of our birth, but because our sailors have planted our flag and its attendant blessings in those parts of the world that might have remained in a state of barbarism for centuries to come.

H. Bright.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.



CHRISTIAN! walk carefully—danger is near;
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;

Snares from without, and temptations within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly—exult not in pride;
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, He directeth thy ways;
To Him be the glory, to Him be the praise.

Christian! walk cheerfully—though the dark storm,
Veil the bright sky with the clouds of alarm,
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk stedfastly, while it is light,
Swift are approaching the shades of the night;
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall
If thou dost forget on thy Saviour to call;
Soft shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou earnestly wieldest the weapon of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Will cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory, and this thy reward—
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."