

sword uplifted pointed out the way. Just at that moment a pale moonbeam smote the glittering blade, and illumined the face of that brave and saintly man, and at that moment he fell. The loved leader had led his last charge, and men with strong arms and beating hearts surrounded the prostrate form, and bore him back to his tent, where, in a few short hours, he breathed out his brave, sweet life.

Thus died Captain Hedley Vicars. A man of rare qualities of mind and heart. His Christianity was as conspicuous as his regimentals. He served Christ as faithfully and as bravely as he served his Queen and country. He was a lovable man; loved by all who knew him, and deeply lamented in death, especially by the men of the 97th who knew he was brave, and knew he was a Christian.

Perchance he learned that battle cry from the captain he so fervently loved, and so faithfully served. "Follow me" fell from the lips of the greatest leader of men the world has ever known, or ever will. It has come down the centuries to us not with diminished but with added force by the lapse of time; and when it is fully understood and heeded, by all who believe in Him, there will