

"For what is martyrdom but witness borne
To God and Truth in body as in soul,
Through life and death, through sudden stress
of pain,
Or life-long suffering, witness to the right?"

It may be that there will come to us a call to higher service in the line of duty; if so, let us not shrink from the call when it comes, but remember that for every duty God gives the grace to perform it, and in His strength even weakness is made strong. Whatever work God prepares for us, whatever He calls us to endure, whatever path He opens to us, let us be sure of this, that for the duty we have to meet He provides the needed guidance and strength.

Duty is the concentration of courage in an effort to do the right. It is the victory of the soul over the body, of love over selfishness, of right over every lower interest. It is the pole-star of life, the oriflame of Christ's soldiers, the cement which holds society together, the foundation of happiness, and the crown of character. It appeals with strong force to the English race. We like its iron ring. It was Nelson's guiding star and the mainspring of that hero's character "Whose life was work," England's greatest warrior. Tennyson, with the thought of Wellington's great career before him, poured his soul into a song of praise of duty—

"Not once nor twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before the journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which out-rediten
All voluptuous garden roses."

Professor Tyndall says the German soldiers are animated by the same great principle; that it was a sense of duty, rather than a love of glory, that filled them with an invincible heroism during the late war. Some Prussian officers told him that the cry "We must conquer" is never heard from German soldiers; but rather the words, "We must do our duty." Do we not see here, under God, the secret of their success?

Duty has been the watchword of all noble souls since Abraham went forth, not knowing whither he went; since Moses made his great choice of affliction with the people of God rather than the pleasures of sin for a season; since David, the Hebrew lad, faced the haughty Philistine; since John the

Baptist braved the wrath of the King, and Paul sailed every sea and crossed every land as an evangelist. It was duty that prompted Henry V. to say, when a wrong course was suggested, "Impossible"—when there was a call to action, "It must be done." It was duty that made Sir Thomas More stipulate when he took office that he was "first to look to God and afterwards to the King." It was duty that prompted Hacket, as he was preaching at St. Andrew's, Holborn, when a musket was pointed at his breast, and he was told to desist, to say: "Soldier, do your duty; I shall continue to do mine." It was duty that moved John Howard to visit the prisons of Europe on a mission of love and mercy. It was duty that made Sir Henry Thompson perform a difficult operation at such a cost to his own life force that he afterwards exclaimed: "There's another nail in my coffin." It was duty that kept the mind of Havelock in restful peace during the horrors of the Indian mutiny, so that when a friend asked his wife how he bore himself amongst such trying scenes, she could say: "I know not, but I know that he is trusting in God and doing his duty." It was the thought of devotion to duty that moved the Princess Alice to select the lark as her emblem, because, as she said, while it lived on the ground it taught by its life that in the discharge of homely duties we find the strength, the knowledge and the inspiration to fill the air with joyous and soul-stirring music.

Duty is a holy word; sacred from its many associations with noble deeds in sacred and secular literature. To the Christian it should be full of Divine meaning. In the common everyday actions of life he will be able to hear the holy call of duty, and he will find abundant opportunity to follow in the footsteps of his Divine Lord and Master, and to go about doing good. The voice of duty is the voice of God. Man's highest duty is to do God's will, and to be of service in the world.

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For PARISH AND HOME.

FEELING AND FAITH.

NOTHING is more untrustworthy than our states of feeling. A well-known characteristic of the fatal disease of consumption is that its victims at times feel bright and much stronger than

they really are, and are thus buoyed up by delusive hopes of recovery. On the other hand we know that many persons are steadily haunted by the feeling that they are ill, while they in fact enjoy robust health. The truth is that we cannot trust our feelings. We must have other tests by which to gauge our real condition.

What is true of our bodily state applies with even greater force to the spiritual. The great snare to many a Christian life lies in the varying phases of feeling which may obscure the unchanging realities that lie behind them. The sun always shines; the clouds, the earth itself obscure our view of him. When the cold mists lie about us it is hard to feel the same brightness of spirit that we have in the joyous sunshine. Yet, as we grow wiser, we yield less to the changing influences of nature, and try to preserve a calm and hopeful spirit. If the sun does disappear we know that we shall soon see him again, and in the darkness we rest. The unchanging spheres may thus teach us a lesson of faith. God, too, does not change. Clouds and darkness may obscure our view of Him. The bright spirit of service that made us so active yesterday is gone to-day, and we have instead only dark and gloomy thoughts. We feel no desire to do our work. We find no pleasure in reading the Bible, no joy in prayer. Truly we have changed; but behind the clouds God is the same. If we cannot feel this we have something better. We know it, and we can hope and rest for we walk by faith and not by sight.

One law in regard to our feelings should be kept steadily in mind. As we know more we feel less. As the surgeon's skill becomes greater, and he knows better how to spare his patient suffering, he himself feels less acutely. The sight of suffering does not disturb him as it once did. Yet his head is clearer, his hand firmer for this want of emotion when he performs his operation. Probably the mother never again feels the same depth of emotion that she did when she pressed her first child to her bosom. Older people look back upon the strong feelings of youth as something that is gone for ever. With what feelings of pride did the young doctor or the young lawyer take his first fee; with what soul-stirring did the young clergyman face his first congregation! Yet, though the