

in his flight, he sought refuge on board a boat. The flying soldiers crowded in after him. Some one said: "Are you not willing to make a sacrifice for your king?" Many were found ready to perish if by their death the king could be saved. They were faithful unto death. With the Christian soldier Christ is all. Self must stand in the background. He must keep himself free from the entanglements of the world.

The Christian soldier must practise the virtue of *endurance*. It is this quality which marks out the British soldier from all others. Napoleon used to say, in the bitterness of his heart, that the British never knew when they were beaten. The French had all the dash and verve, but were lacking in staying power. They could not meet the patient endurance of the soldier who would die in the last ditch, but who knew not the meaning of defeat.

The Christian soldier is to cultivate the spirit of *vigilance*. He is to be ever watchful against the enemy, ever on guard lest he should be taken unawares. He keeps the citadel of life, he guards interests of eternal worth. Watchfulness is the price which all must pay for spiritual blessing. The duty of the guard is to warn his superior officer of approaching danger. The Christian soldier should do the same. Indeed, it is his duty and his privilege to call to his aid the Captain Himself, who does not leave him to meet the foe in his own strength, but who brings to his aid the all-powerful forces of heaven. We are called to a spiritual battle, but it is in Christ's strength that we are to fight.

"Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy light."

The Christian soldier, though engaged in a warfare in which there is no discharge, in a campaign which ends only with death, and against a watchful and cruel enemy, enjoys inward peace amidst it all. Every victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil is a cause of triumph. It was otherwise with that great soldier, the first Napoleon. When he was asked at St. Helena if he did not feel happy in the height of his success, when victory perched on his banner, and the world was filled with his fame, it is said that his reply was that he "enjoyed not one moment of peace." "They who think so," said Napoleon, "knew nothing of the peril of our situation. The victory of to-day was instantly forgotten in preparation for the battle which was to be fought on the morrow." But amidst the conflict of life, the smoke of its battle, Christ the great Captain

whispers His peace to His own. It is the place which He won for us in His own great victory. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He provides for His soldiers armor which He has Himself tested and tried, and the very weapons with which He gained the day and triumphed over Satan's power. It is, indeed, the very panoply of God. And it is as true to-day as ever that he

"Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

W. J. ARMITAGE.

St. Thomas' Rectory,
St. Catharines.

HELPING THE WICKED ONE.

WALKING by the wayside, home from church, along the smooth, broad pavement of the city, the whole family moves along together, the mother feeling very complacent in her handsome silk and new bonnet, and the father stepping quite proudly beside his pretty wife.

The young people have all been dutifully drilled to go to church with their parents, unless they have some good excuse for staying at home. So they are all here except the eldest daughter, whose new dress was not quite finished, though the sewing girl worked hard on it until late Saturday evening. Little five-year-old Emma holds her father's hand. George, next older, walks beside his mother, while two bright, intelligent misses of ten and twelve follow in their parents' footsteps. Lily, the elder, looks serious and quiet. Some good seed, perchance, has found a tender, moist spot in her young heart, and may take root and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Alas! The mother's voice breaks heedlessly in upon the sober thoughts of the child: "Don't you think Mr. — is failing very much? He does not preach near so well as he did at first. Do you think he does? There was not a thing in that sermon to-day. I could not keep myself awake all I could do, and you did not try; you were fast asleep before he was half through."

Both laughed as if it were an amusing thing to comment on a man's faithful, earnest labor.

"It certainly was a poor sermon, but he may not have been feeling very well; I believe he was sick the other day," remarked the father.

"But I don't think a minister has any business to preach unless he can do it well,

so that his congregation will enjoy hearing him. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. —?" she added, as an acquaintance stepped up beside her.

"Indeed, I do," replied her friend. "I wish we could find some one who would give us good sermons all the time."

"And yet," mused Lily, "he said he had a message from the King of kings, and I thought it was meant for me."

"But I believe, after all," continued the mother, "I would rather listen to our own minister than to that little fellow he had preaching for him last Sunday. His gestures were as awkward as those of a schoolboy, and his whining voice made me so nervous I could hardly keep still."

"And he," thought Lily, "told us he was an ambassador for Christ."

"I couldn't sit still either," said little Emma.

"No; you never do," replied the mother, carelessly.

"I liked the young preacher best," spoke up Master George, "because he did not preach so long."

"Well," questioned Lily, in her heart, "if father and mother, who are Christians, see no good in the sermons, why need I disturb myself? Surely, if they believed what the preacher said, they would talk to me about it sometimes. I reckon it will be time enough for me to think about being a Christian when I am grown."

Ah! Whither had the good seeds gone? Had not the parents, her own father and mother, played the part of the evil one in taking the Word out of her heart, lest she should believe and be saved? And who can calculate the number of souls that have been lost, turned out of the way, by just such thoughtless criticism on the way home from church, or even at any time?—*Sunday School Times*.

"HIS WORK IS PERFECT."

THE inspection of a little shell teaches me that, even in the depths of the ocean, and in creating a habitation for the most insignificant creature, God acts as though that little domicile were to be submitted to the examination of the whole universe, and as though all His perfections were to be disclosed by it alone. And yet how little do Christians think of the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for them! Let me remember that my most insignificant and hidden act is to come into broad light and universal inspection.—*Rev. George Bower, in Gospel Trumpet*.