

agination to grasp the situation. In preaching, if we are to have the situation that rouses and stimulates the imagination, we must have, to the largest extent, grand sympathy with men. If you have love for God and man and use your imagination you can touch every side of the human heart and its wants; that is if you can touch it at all. A minister who has only pure intellection to offer his people is like one who would in winter drag a plow over the frozen ground; he marks it but does not furrow it. He that is to make the seed of truth grow in living men, into living forms, must have the power to bring the summer into their hearts—light and heat, and then culture.

To sum up. Suppose a true minister of Jesus Christ meditates on the true worth of a single soul, and its almost infinite capacity of happiness or misery, and then thinks of the priceless blessings, both in this life and that which is to come, which Christ bestows on all who come to Him; thinks of the appalling guilt and everlasting misery with which men load themselves by rejecting the great salvation, and above all of the all-constraining love which Jesus manifested by giving his life as a ransom for lost souls. Now, if after thus meditating he comes on a Sabbath day, or any other day, and beholding a hundred of such souls waiting to hear what he has to say, if he be destitute of all emotion, imagination and feeling, he should be honest enough to dismiss the congregation, and tell them that he was never called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to perishing sinners.

Alas! there is too much of the counting house atmosphere about our churches. Too often we go to work at a task and we miss the mastery that comes from the delight of doing our work. Oh, for a breath of healthful imagination in some of our churches, that our young men might see visions and our old men dream dreams, and every man perform his public duties in the full light of the great day. We are called to a noble crusade against the sin and misery of this world, and such a crusade, whilst it needs to be directed by practical knowledge, needs also to be conducted in a lofty spirit. Believe me

"It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow a hair's breadth off
The dust of the actual."

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

You, sir, of the JOURNAL, asked me for an article on the Jubilee. Do you realize what that means to your readers who have poured over masses of news till they are better acquainted with the happenings of June 22nd last than those persons who were in London?

Yet if happily I may reserve the point of view and take you for a short distance along between the lines of bayonets and have you there glance about you as we pass, this may be a novelty to you.

At five of the clock on the morning of June 22nd Chelsea Barracks, the quarters of the Colonial troops, was already astir. Men who had worked to a late hour the night before were again burnishing up cold steel, which seemingly could never be made to take on a satisfactory glitter, even though now it rivalled the polish of a mirror. At the hour of six we breakfasted; shortly after this the parade of Colonial troops were marshalled on the barrack square, and at 7 a.m. marched out to the Victoria Embarkment, where we were inspected by Lord Roberts. This was merely a brisk constitutional to wake the troops and get them ready for marching; also to let a few of the Londoners who could not secure places along the route have a glance at Her Majesty's vari-coloured troops ere they reported for duty at Buckingham Palace. Nor was this the only spectacle of the early morning. During the day previous and through the night battalions had been pouring their thousands in upon London. These now came out from their resting places of the night and during the hours of waiting in the early part of the day the people were kept busy viewing the marching and counter-marching of these troops as they distributed themselves along the streets to keep the route of the procession clear, or went to their posts as guards of honour. There being in all some 50,000 troops employed, including all branches of the service, it may readily be understood that even London, mistress of cities though she is, had her pulse quickened with the spirit of the day as those sons of the empire, with measured tread, colors flying and drums beating, swept slowly to their posts.

After "sniffin' the mornin' cool" for a short time on the banks of the Thames, the Colonial contingent was marched round and up to Buckingham Palace. The cavalry were in the van, followed by the artillery, the Colonial Imperial infantry, the Colonial infantry battalion, composed of five companies, number one of which was the Canadian company, and the rear was brought up by a detachment of Canadian Mounted Police.

Swinging past the Palace, along Constitution Hill to the "Arch," the first of the actual contact with the day's ceremonies began. Hundreds of school children lined the stands erected under the shade of the park trees and there waited to peal forth the National Anthem when the royal carriage appeared. These youngsters, just bubbling over with glee, waved their handkerchiefs and cheered lustily as the troops passed. Especially delighted were they with the Royal Niger and the Gold Coast Haussas, Africans