

devotion. He would write letter after letter, until the usual bedtime approached, when the family would retire and leave him with the understanding that he would quickly follow. When he did not come, his daughter, ever so watchful of him, knowing how weary he was, would call to him, "Papa, do come; you need your rest." "Yes, my dear, directly." To each call the answer was, "Directly." And there, in the back parlor, with the lights turned low, as the small hours tripped in, might the man of God be found, alone, and wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant. His work was among men, but the roots of that activity penetrated to those depths whence flow the perennial springs which supply the life-giving power and freshness of all saving work.—"*Life of Bishop Janes,*" by Ridgway.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

Some years ago a young soldier, a recruit, called upon the chaplain-general. Entering into conversation with him, the chaplain-general asked the recruit how he liked his profession. He replied, "O, sir, I like it very much; but there is one great drawback. I never find any opportunity to pray."

He was naturally asked how it was.

"O, sir, if you only knew what takes place in the barrack-room. When I first joined I tried to pray. I knelt down by my bedside as I had been used to do at home; but there were such pelts and abuse, such throwing of boots at me, that I don't know how I was able to stand it."

The chaplain-general said, "My poor lad, I do know it; but don't expose yourself to such treatment; wait until the lights are out, and then commit yourself to your heavenly Father." The young recruit seemed to have followed the advice given; but at the end of the fortnight confessed, "It won't do."

"Why?" asked the chaplain-general.

"Because, sir," was the manly reply, "it seems like being ashamed of my Saviour."

The chaplain, an old man, felt ashamed, as he confessed, in the presence of this young lad of nineteen, and urged him to perseverance in his brave conduct, since God would most certainly bless it. What was the result? The soldiers, one after another, were ashamed of their conduct, and admired the lad's holy bravery; then one began to kneel down with him, then another, until each of the sixteen men did so regularly. Would that all soldiers of the cross were so persistent and faithful! Then might we expect larger accessions to the Christian service.—*Sword and Trowel.*