

subject they had talked upon last time, and then old Heston brought out the Bible and showed him the marked words.

"I thought, sir, that maybe they have something to do with the service you belong to," he said.

"Surely they have. Servants of God, soldiers of His blessed Son—that is what we should be, my friend. I will find you the place where the Captain gives His standing orders, and also the place where one of the best of His soldiers writes of the armour we should wear, and the weapons we should use."

He turned to the chapters in St. Matthew's Gospel which give the "Sermon on the Mount," and laid within the pages a spray of flowering grass to mark the place. Then he found the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and beginning at the tenth verse read aloud what St. Paul says there to the ancient Christians about the soul's warfare. He read of the girdle of truth, of the breastplate of righteousness, the standing-ground of the Gospel of Peace, of the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, and the safeguard of prayer.

As he read, old Heston's eyes filled with tears.

"Listen, Annie," he said, "you listen, child, and mind where you will find the words again. *You* must try to serve for the wages of life—to follow the King. As for me, I doubt I am too old to be enlisting in that army now; my best days are gone, and I'm but a poor maimed wreck of a man to offer for the service of God."

Then the young man spoke very gently of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and of how He accepted all who turned to throw themselves at His feet; and then he spoke of the way in which the King covered His servants' weakness and shortcomings with His own abundant righteousness.

Heston listened, but his brow was very sad.

Many times the stranger came stepping down the lane, and over and over again he told the story of the Gospel of Peace. Over and over again he read our Saviour's words of