

[SELECTED.]

The Sword of the Spirit.



IT is the only weapon; it is the best one. It has been proved; it has stood every test. When I got my commission I went to choose a sword. I

saw some tested. The test showed the slightest flaw. The first flew into several pieces, the third stood every test, and was warranted as a perfect sword. The sword of the Spirit is *the* only perfect weapon for our warfare,

It is ancient, but not antiquated; it is many years old, but will never wear out. The word of God is better than our own words, better than much of our experience. Our words cannot produce new, spiritual, divine, eternal life. Our swords—*i.e.* our own words—are blunt, like striking with the flat of a sword; no edge, no point, and therefore no result, no victory.

The word of our God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword. Christ Himself used this weapon again and again.

When I was a boy I had a sword, but it was a wooden one. I thought it was a good one *then*; I know better *now*. I should not think of taking it on active service. Let us lay aside our wooden swords, and use the weapon given to us, the word of the Spirit.

TAKE THE SWORD.

Take hold of it, learn how to use it, practise with it, learn the cuts, guards and points; not less "knee drill," but more sword exercise. We *must* be praying men, but we must also be fighting men. We must be devotional, but we must also be practical.

David's men were not only ready armed, but they were expert in war. (See 1 Chron. xii.) We shall not be helpers of the war unless we *take* the sword and *use* it.

In the days of the Roman Republic the recruits were exercised every day, morning and evening, in the use of their weapons.

It was the *daily, careful, and admirable training* given under the direction of Sir John Moore to the British troops assembled on the south coast of England, as a guard against French invasion, that laid the seeds of the army which in after years, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, cleared Spain of her invaders.

Shall *we* be less devoted, less zealous, less anxious, to learn the use of our spiritual sword? There must be no truce-making with our enemies, but rather stern warfare.

We need the *daily training, the preparation, the practice, the teaching, and experience*, to enable us to be faithful soldiers of Christ.

Many *have* Bibles, but don't *use* them. A sword gets rusty if it is put away, and a Bible soon gets dusty if not used. It has been well said, there are many Bibles on which you could write the word damnation in the dust on the cover.

It is not *having* a Bible that will save you, or enable you to fight; it is not merely possessing a sword that makes a man a soldier. You must have your Bibles *and* use them.—*Capt. Dawson.*

Hospital Visitation.



HERE is a branch of Christian work akin to that of the Mission Union which has our hearty sympathies. A band of Christian men and women visit the Toronto General Hospital every day during the week (except the general open visiting days on Tuesday and Friday) each taking separate wards. On Sunday those of the patients who are able are asked to gather for a short gospel meeting with singing conducted by one of the visitors, and often when the patients are well enough some of the lady visitors sing sweet hymns in the wards for those who cannot leave their beds. We shall never know in this world the full result of this work of love, but letters received from some who came out of darkness into "the marvellous light," in the Hospital, is proof enough that the work is owned of the Master. A few Sundays ago a patient died of consumption. He had no friends in this country. He had been pointed to the Saviour by a devoted visitor and he peacefully slept in Jesus, comforted by her sweet words of cheer as she stayed with him at the edge of the River until he had passed over. A week after this in another ward a boy deserted by his friends, but triumphant in the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" tightly clasped the gentle hand of a loving Sister in Christ who had often talked to him of Jesus, until the spirit fled to Him who gave it. Sad but sweet service having its own reward here, in that it was done for Him, and not to be forgotten when He makes up His jewels.