

holy man, he begged bread from door to door. By these methods he aroused a storm of opposition from certain government authorities and missionaries. He "did a month's time"—so his biographer remarks—in gaol. But he persevered, and his system has been the model of the local Army in India. About five hundred officers are at work. They accustom themselves to local habits, and recruit the ranks from the natives. To the believers in Islam, Hinduism, or Buddhism they offer at first no direct attacks on faith or tenets, but say, "We have got something better."

That the Army should have startled the religious world was inevitable. That it should have shocked many was also inevitable. But that a thoughtful observer should dismiss the whole movement as a latter-

day freak, as a sort of parallel to the wild sects of the Middle Ages, is surely irrational. Pains-taking search ought to dispel the illusion that there is nothing beneath the roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets. The Auxiliary class is a proof that outsiders are recognizing the unique value of the Army's services, and that Salvationists admit the great worth of the moral and physical aid thus received. The methods often appear to us incongruous with the aims. Results are the goal and the glory of the officers. They have taken a large contract—the moral, spiritual, and, to a certain degree, physical reclaiming of the "submerged tenth," the fourth estate, the non-church-going masses. But they have, apparently, no doubt of ultimate success.—*The Christian Union.*

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

TELL me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Travelling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you?
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour,
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible?
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With His people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showin' forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me, like a stone,
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but, dimmed with grief,
No everlasting hills I see,
My heart is in the falling leaf;
O Jesus, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and leafless
And tedious in the barren dusk.
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud or greenness can I see,
Yet rise it shall—the sap of spring
O Jesus, rise in me!

—Christina Rossetti.