

So as we stand, not amid men and women who have laid down the burden of life and now sleep quietly in the tomb, but amid young immortals who are just taking up the burdens and responsibilities of life, we cannot help thinking that if the moral and spiritual forces locked up in the lives of these converted boys are properly nurtured and directed, what glorious possibilities may lie within the reach of many of them. If in our village churchyards there are sleeping those to-day who, had their opportunities and circumstances been different, would have rivalled the patriotism of Hampden, the courage of Cromwell, or the genius of Milton, may there not be numbers among the ranks of our converted youth who, if their latent powers of thought and action are properly directed, may yet rank with the noblest men the Church of God has ever known?

WHAT MAY BE.

Looking into the faces, and listening to the honest testimonies of these young soldiers of the cross, inspiring thoughts of the future have often blazed and burned, like a glorious vision in the inner sanctuary of my soul. Again and again the question has forced itself upon me, May there not be among these boys a Calvert or a Hunt who turned the wilderness of Fiji into a fruitful field, and converted cannibal ovens into Christian churches? May there not be a Carey,