

Mrs. Ellis turned more gently to Katie's wistful face, and a remembrance of the shop, with its peculiar mixed up smell of calico, and candles, and soap, and cheese, and sugar, and the old shopkeeper and his fat wife, and errands there and there, and orphaned Katie grinding on in the same round every day, made her voice soft as she answered—

"Child, child! we all have visions of glory, and a very paltry sort of glory it often is! Try and remember that, each man's, woman's, and child's work is given to each by God, and do it all, in sight of man or out of sight, for Jesus' sake, and you will by degrees find what true glory is."

* * * * *

The months had passed, and on a November Sunday the sun was struggling through the frosty London fog into a little room in one of the streets off Piccadilly, where lay the Captain. The pale gleams fell on the golden plaits of the Captain's little wife as, seated by the window, Bible in hand, she bent her head listening.

A plane tree outside, with still a few leaves clinging to it, a black wall, and the back of an hotel, made up the view. The sun was doing its best to brighten it up, and suddenly fell full on the Captain's face, which at that moment was just where she did not wish it to go. But the Captain's ears were quicker than hers, and the distant murmur which had been puzzling her for some minutes had woke him, and lighted up his face before the sun reached it. The murmur was now a roar, a roar of cheering—swelling along Piccadilly, coming nearer and nearer.

"Some more of our brave fellows arrived! I wish you could see them, Elsie."

"Woman laugh when they can, and weep when they will," might have been reversed for the Captain's wife as the roll of sound came clearer on the air, filling her heart with tears, while her face was brighter than the sunshine as she answered, "One brave fellow is enough for me!"

Battles are fought and won in dingy, out-of-the-way corners, more lifelong scars made than the world ever knows of, and rays of glory stream where human eyes see only furrows and wrinkles.

The Captain was fighting a fierce battle in his London lodging that Sunday morning, and winning, and the Captain's wife was fighting and winning too. Down Piccadilly marched the bronzed, thin soldiers, followed by crowds; the cheers came clear in the comparative quiet of the Sunday streets, and at last slowly died away. The two remained silent till at last the Captain said gently—

"Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord." He was not thinking of any earthly battle at that moment. Only that Divine Captain who was made perfect through suffering knew what two hearts had gone through in that half hour, and what a struggle or will had been met and ended! No

more marches, no more sharing of triumphs with the soldiers he loved, no medals nor decorations—probably not even an early death, but a lifelong imprisonment to a sick-couch! The Captain had been invalidated home a short while before, and the doctors had given their verdict during this past week. This quiet Sunday morning, when all that might have been seemed swept before them, the meaning of it had been faced, and those few words were all that was said; but Elsie knew what they meant; knew that the next day's homeward journey to the little village would be a victorious march, and that the altered life was not to be a mournful one.

And, truly, while the beautiful sight was going on in London of the troops before the Queen—the thick fog enveloping all the splendour of uniforms and flags and decorations, and then suddenly lifting like a curtain, while the sun shone its brightest on the scene—in Rake School there was a beautiful sight too, and the sun shone even more brilliantly than on the Queen's Review!

Outside was a grand archway decked with flags, and inside wreaths of green and bright autumn leaves and late chrysanthemums, and at the end of the room a large "Welcome Home," under which, on a couch, was the Captain holding a reception.

Every soul in the place was there, and all eager to get a word from him. The Captain's smiling little wife and Mrs. Ellis presided over a long tea-table, and Mr. Ellis and his boys assisted. The Captain had a bright word for each and all, and, spite of his wasted look, the old bracing tone was the same. Even pale-faced Katie Duncan went home with a glad heart, for had not the Captain remarked, "Well, I hear some of you girls have been as much in the wars as I have, and have come out with flying colours. Courage, Katie; you are a good bit higher up in the ranks than when I last saw you!"

Old Mrs. Dyer, who was not so very old either, but always ill and suffering, had a warm grip, and felt she could bear her aches better with the Captain's kindly words, "Well, Mrs. Dyer, I have been put into the same regiment as you now! I only hope I may carry my new standard as cheerily as you do yours." Some of the boys were a little cloudy in their look, and kept aloof; something troubles them, and the Captain's quick ears soon caught it:—

"I say, Joe, it would have been far grander if the Captain had been at the review to day, and getting a medal."

"I was just thinking so; if he'd been wounded, now, and got some reward!"

"Far more glory about it," said the third, "than just lying there like any other sick man!"

John Ellis also heard, and turned with a pained look to silence the group, but the Captain's victory had been very complete, for there

was no look of pain on his face, only an amused and quiet smile.

"It's the old story, Elsie: a little bit of outside glory! and it's no wonder they think so; but if I can help them by my shattered life to see that there are more ways to glory than one, and that the victory over sin and self is the highest, then it won't be in vain that I lie on this thing for the rest of my days!"

Good and evil present themselves for a man's choice, they are "set before him," they beset and solicit him in every path of life. Upon his decision, and upon his treatment of them, his character and his destiny depend. He is therefore so to bear himself towards both—with keen discernment and practical reference—so that it will be the characteristic culture of his life, that he is "wise unto that which is good, and simple unto that which is evil."

Henry Allon.

BAPTISMS.

On Quinquagesima, Feb. 12th, at Trenton, N.S., Wallace son of A. J. & M. J. Reynolds.

On Ash Wednesday, February 15th, in St. George's, New Glasgow, N.S., Henry Irving Beecher, son of A. B. & A. M. Gray.

MARRIED.

WHITE-BALLOCH—In St. James' Church, Centreville, Feb. 7th, by the Rev. J. E. Flewelling, George Leverett White, to Alice Wilmot Balloch, daughter of Wm. D., and Ella Balloch, both of Centreville, Carleton Co., N.B.

DIED.

WATSON—At Charlottetown, P.E.I., on the morning of the 14th of Jan., Sara A. Crosshill, widow of the late William Russell Watson. Entered into rest at 6 years. Jesu Mercey.

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