

The Veterans.

DEEDS of heroism never fail to give us higher conceptions of humanity, as well as to fill us with admiration of the noble souls who perform them. There is, it is true, a morbid desire to hear of marvellous adventure, of crazy daring, of foolhardy recklessness; but there is also a higher tribute which the heart of true manhood instinctively pays to bravery when it rises into the sphere of self-forgetting devotion in a good cause. When we behold one sacrificing his own comfort to the interests of the many, braving peril that others may escape it, facing death to save a stranger's life, we heartily join to do him honour. A nation delights to sing the praises of her heroes—those who have fought her battles, won her victories, guarded her shores, and vindicated her honour. Well may the laurel crown their brows! Well may a nation shout when her conquering heroes come! Yet mournfully proudly may she bear in solemn pomp the remains of the dead patriot to his glorious tomb.

It is with feelings kindred to these that we contemplate the work of those old soldiers who for many long years have borne the banner of the Cross. Their work is almost done; their thin grey hairs and faltering voices proclaim that they are nearing their reward. Like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, each of them exclaims, as he surveys the past, the present, and the future, "I am *now* ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." The memories of many battles fought and many victories won crowd upon their minds. Alone they have stood in the midst of enemies as "sheep in the midst of wolves;"