

My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Now, as then, the waiting at Jerusalem must precede the Pentecost.

As soldier missionaries, then, put on the whole armor of God--your loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, taking the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

As a soldier-missionary your life will be a life of struggle. But it will be worth a whole life's struggle to be able at the last to say with St. Paul: "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, will give me at that day."

O, purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false, or false for true;
Here, thro' the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!

Idylls of the King.—Tennyson.