

special offering over and above its regular contributions. We have no doubt but that the entire amount will soon be provided for by special offerings of this kind.

**TWO OTHER PROPOSITIONS.**—The brethren of the Maritime Provinces are not proposing to allow the sisters to get ahead of them in the matter of special giving to meet the pressing demands of foreign work. One of the Halifax pastors, Rev. J. W. Manning, has offered to be one of twenty to give \$100 each and Mr. C. H. Herrington has come forward with a still larger offer to be one of twenty to give \$500 each. Verily the brethren and sisters by the sea are awakening to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them in connection with the evangelization of the world. Are the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec going to be left behind, in this onward movement? We trust not.

### The Captain of our Salvation.\*

BY LUCY WHITE PALMER.

In one of the noted wars which have taken place within the memory of many of us, a memorable battle was raging. The commander-in-chief, stationed on an eminence, held the home field in survey. Here his forces were in the ascendant; there the enemy pressed them hard; his orders were issued constantly as the changing needs of the field claimed his attention.

On the Heights of Liprandi the English held possession of the guns, but they were in danger of being retaken, and the general saw the need for reinforcements.

"Send up the Light Calvary to protect the guns!"

Three times the order went down; three times, for reasons which perhaps no one really knows, this order was disregarded by the general to whom it was sent. A fourth and peremptory command came:—

"Send up the Light Calvary immediately to protect the guns!"

Was it a misunderstanding? Oh! it must have been a misunderstanding that the field-general thought his orders were to send the calvary, not to the Heights of Liprandi, where there were guns to be protected and a fair chance of doing it, but into the narrow North Valley, where there were hostile batteries in front and on either side, and no advantage was to be protected or gained. He gave the order to the leader of the brigade.

"Nothing but death is to be gained in the North Valley," said the leader. "I know it," answered the general; but those are my orders from the commander-in-chief."

Without another word the leader turned to his brigade. "The brigade will advance," he said quietly.

The soldiers looked at each other, and up into the fateful valley, where

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered."

"Each thought of the woman who loved him the best," and remembered the little ones who would watch and wait for the fathers "who would never come back to the town." Then they put spurs to their horses and rode forward as one man.

"Their not to make reply,  
Their not to reason why,  
Their but to do or die."

So,—

"Into the Valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred."

All the world has wondered at the charge of the Light Brigade. It has been immortalized in song, and enshrined in the hearts of an admiring nation. It will go down to history as a shining example of the unswerving loyalty and unquestioning obedience, which a commander expects and obtains from his soldiers.

But although shining, it is only one example of what is found, and always has been found, in every army, in every country, in every age. Often have I heard a white-haired friend of mine tell of how her mother was sitting in her peaceful little home, her baby on her knee, when the word came from head quarters that the young husband and father was ordered at once to what were then the wilds of Wisconsin, and the trackless wastes of Minnesota. That order brought dismay and sorrow into the quiet home, havoc into the happy lives. What it did not bring was even a passing shadow of hesitation or rebellion. As a mere matter of course the order was forthwith obeyed.

It is only the other day that one of our own army generals was ordered from the Western coast to the Eastern. The papers spoke of his regret at leaving his pleasant home, they told of the sorrow of his comrades at losing him; but they gave no hint that he delayed in honoring the orders of his superior officer.

Instances might be multiplied; but to what avail? We all know, without argument or instance, that the first and chief requisite of a soldier is obedient loyalty to his commander. It is the foundation on which army life is based. Its lack in a soldier is punishable by dismissal or death.

But, you will say, we are a company of quiet women gathered in the interests of the Prince of Peace. What has this warlike theme to do with us?

It has everything to do with us! For our Prince of Peace is not only the Prince of Peace,—He is also a mighty man of valor, and the Captain of our Salvation. We are Christian soldiers, gathered as for war. Have we not our commission,—“Go, teach, preach, baptize. Is not our battlefield assigned us,—“All the world? Have we not our weapons, offensive and defensive,—the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, shoes of the preparation of the gospel of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God? Ah! the thought of what allegiance is due from a soldier to his leader, has much to do with any Christian worker, especially with any missionary worker; so much, that when I was asked to speak a few words to you to-day on some practical topic, I could not find it in my heart to choose any subject less vital than this most practical, this underlying, overlying, all-pervasive one.

I was born on missionary soil, of missionary parentage. I have known something of this great work, and have loved it, in some feeble measure all my life. And the more I have known and loved it, the more thoroughly convinced I have become that what we most need in our workers is not so much greater numbers, nor greater talents, nor greater wealth, nor greater strength and leisure. These things are good, and we wish we had them all in more abundant measure, but no one of them is the pressing need for our workers. It will be understood that I am not speaking now of our dear consecrated missionaries, nor of the native converts, some of whom have sealed their devotion by their very blood. It is ourselves the workers at home, of whom I say that the great lack and the great need is a consecration which shall count all things as dross for Christ's sake,—a loyalty which shall obey the lightest or the hardest order of our Captain

\*Address given at the Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. at Worcester, Mass., Jan. 10, 1889.