

cities or holding some high and honoured place in the Church's life, or working year after year in some small country parish. One other thing I seem to see. Standing by the gates of the city of God I watch the warriors winning their way through from the fierce and awful fight of life. One by one they come straggling up. The banners are torn. The uniforms, so fresh and glittering once, are tattered and besmirched with the marks of conflict, many are wounded, some can hardly reach the gate. But one after another, I seem to make count of the men who tonight take up that conflict, and at the end not one is missing."

