

SOLDIERLY CHARACTER.

Loyalty is a wonderful thing. There is a spirit of power in it to accomplish marvels. The presence of it, or the absence of it, is a mark by which character may be read with ease. Christians are real or unreal, according as they have this spirit, or lack it. By it their usefulness is measured. A disloyal churchman is a walking contradiction.

The result of combined individual loyalty is *esprit de corps*, a military term, designating a quality held among soldiers to be indispensable. Now we are all soldiers, good, bad, or indifferent. The simile of an army is truer to life than we think.

Church work in any form demands the genuine spirit of loyalty. Many a soldier makes a splendid start, and afterward drops off. Why is this? A person takes, for example, a class in Sunday School. After a week or two the new teacher retires, either by polite word of resignation, or by mysterious disappearance. What is the difficulty? The spirit of loyalty is lacking. Also the virtue known as "sticktoitiveness." Think of this, next time you sing "Onward Christian Soldiers." It is a grand hymn. We all like it. Buthowabout 'marching asto war.'

The late Canon Liddon was an excellent reader. It was always a rare pleasure to hear him read the "Lessons for the Day." He read his sermons, but read them in such a way as to gain the interested attention of all his hearers. Thousands thronged to hear them whenever he was announced. His sermons stood this double test, that they sounded well and that they read well. He dealt in living subjects for living men.

SOMETHING WRONG.

I cannot believe that we can have earnest piety amongst ourselves unless we feel that these blessings which we ourselves possess we must impart to others; and, unless they are like fire in our bones that can set others alight with the same blessed fire—that fire which Christ came to kindle upon earth. I believe that when a Church renounces missionary work, or when a Church is not expanding in the missionary work, there is something fatally wrong in the heart.—*Archbishop Trench.*

Rowland Hill was introduced to an aged Scotch minister, somewhat resembling himself in piety and eccentricity. The old man looked at him for some time very earnestly, and at length said: "Weel, I have been looking for some time at the leens of your face." "And what do you think of it?" said Mr. Hill. "Why, I am thinking that if the grace of God hadna' changed your heart, you would have been a most tremendous rogue." Mr. Hill laughed heartily, and said: "Well, you have just hit the nail on the head."

Rev. Dr. Hanson, of Chicago, lectured at Chautauqua, his subject being "Fools." Rev. Dr. Vincent, who is somewhat of a wag, introduced him as follows: "We are now to have a lecture on fools, by one—(long pause and loud laughter)—of the wisest men in the country." The lecturer advanced to the desk and responded as follows: "I am not half so big a fool as Dr. Vincent—(long pause and loud laughter)—would have you snppose."

"They say," is a liar.