A SPRING MESSAGE.

"Shall He not much more clothe you?" —Mark vi. 30.

Every spring reminds us that God hath promised that the regular routine of the seasons shall not cease. Our God, who has promised is faithful.

It is not merely that He made a promise so many years ago, and *must* keep it, but that He *loves* to keep it. He gives to all life and breath and all things. The blossoms, the skipping lambs, the delicate green foliage, the soft winds, the vernal showers, with one voice proclaim God to be good.

The wilderness of winter becomes suddenly glad with the blossoms and carols of awakening nature. The darkest, bleakest, deadest season of all the year is followed by the most beautiful. All this tells us never to despond for ourselves or others. You do not know how many seeds are buried in the soil, awaiting the trumpet-call of the spring!

SAVING FAITH.

"Thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh."

"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."—John iii. 8; xx. 29.

Lady Henry Somerset was at one time in the Valley of the Shadow of Doubt, and to her came a summons—a call from God. She was seated under a tree one afternoon at Reigate Priory, thinking once more of the old enigma, "Was He? Was He not? If He was not, from whence came I? If He is, what am I, and what am I doing with my life?" As she sat at the foot of the tree meditating, she heard a voice, not with her bodily ear, but in the inner depths of the soul, and the voice said: "Act as if I were, and thou shalt know I am." A sense of the soundness of the advice impressed itself more and more deeply, and in the enthusiasm of her new-found hope she decided there and then to obey the voice. She both found blessing and became a blessing.

FIELD CHANGES.—August, 1907.

West Glasgow Division.

Alexandria	Abbott	—
Beith	*Lt. Naish* (in ch.)	
Cowcaddens	*Flett*	*Timms*
Dunoon	Horn	—
Girvan	*Fickling*	*McAuley*
Greenock II.	Ens. Box‡	
Helensburgh	*Waggett*	*Brown*
Hillhead	*Lowe*	*Langslow*
Kilwinning	*Neale*	—
Kingston	Adj. Allistone‡	
Maryhill	*Bennett*	*Skinner*
Milngavie	*Bell*	*Dixon*
Paisley I.	Adj. Harris	Dean
Pollokshaws	—	*Lunn*
Possil Park	Lt. Maloy (in ch.)	
Rothesay	—	Williams
Stevenston	*Gollins*	—
Stranraer	Lt. Earl (in ch.)	

Ireland Province.

North Ireland Province.

Armagh	*Jarratt*	—
Ballym'ca'ett II.	*Ens. Arthur*	*Josephs*
Balmoral C.	*Whittaker*	*Mason*
Banbridge	Smith	
Belfast VI.	*Wood*	*Wilkinson*
Carrickfergus	*McArthur*	*Underwood*
Connswater	Dunn	Curtis
Cookstown C.	*Johnston*	*Sambel*
Donaghadee	Woodward	—
Dungannon C.	Smith	Simpson
Enniskillen	Harris	Bowker
Ligoniel	*Fullerton*	*Watson*
Londonderry II.	Hodder	—
Monaghan	Lt. Hood (in ch.)	Hewitt
Newry C.	*King*	*Robinson*
Portadown	Adj. Bandey‡	

South Ireland Division.

Cork	*Parkin*	*Gardiner*
Dublin I.	Adj. Young‡	
,, III.	*Smith*	*Brown*
,, V.	*Hartley*	*Hearne*
Kingstown	*Mrs. Myra Phillips*	—

The Field Officer.

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The Spirit of Burning Love.

BY THE GENERAL.

["The Seven Spirits; or, What I Teach My Officers," a series of addresses delivered by The General at the International Congress of 1904, and which some F.O.'s may have in their possession in another form, is now published in a convenient style at **1/6** or **1/-**, according to binding. This series of wonderful addresses constitutes an F.O.'s classic, merits the most studious reading, and cannot fail to immensely help him in attaining that standard of character and service which is God's and our Leader's ideal. The final chapter, which we here reprint, will show the quality of the volume.—Editor.]

Section I.

I.—*And now we come to the consideration of the message of what is, beyond question, the most attractive of the seven beautiful Spirits who are before the Throne of God, and who have occupied our attention these few days, namely, the Spirit of Love.*

His form will long linger before your eyes, and His message will tremble on your ears, for many a day. What was the message that he brought? Let me repeat it: "O Officers, Officers, commissioned by the Great 'I Am,' I come to tell you that in all you think, or speak, or do, Love must be the ruling passion of your lives." You must love each other. You must love your Soldiers. You must love poor sinners. You must love God. And that not after a fickle, cold, half-hearted fashion, but with a changeless, quenchless, Burning Love.

I want to remark on this message:—

1. *A widespread visitation of love is more needed by our poor undone world than all else beside.*

The vast majority of its inhabitants are hopelessly sinking down in slavery, debauchery, idolatry, and all manner of iniquities. These things lead to every kind of wretchedness in this life and in the life to come. Luxury, law, wealth, science, learning, and no end of other human contrivances have failed to remedy this state of affairs, and will fail. Love is the remedy. Here is the Divine panacea, this is the recipe for the millennium—love, Divine love. Oh, for a deluge of this blessed spirit.

2. *My second remark is that a baptism of Divine Love is the great need of the Officers assembled at this Congress.*

I am sure that above and beyond all else, my soul longs for a fresh and more powerful visitation of this blessed, fiery flame. In this desire I feel certain that