

**STRONG IN PRINCIPLE.**

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

A century ago a Christian printer boy sought a situation in New York. On Saturday he was given a long "take" of copy, too large to finish except by working on Sunday. "I will work till twelve to-night," he said, "finishing if I can;

but I cannot work to-morrow." "Then you'll lose your place," said the foreman. The boy approached his employer with the unfinished copy, and offered to resign rather than violate his conscience. His master saw the type of lad, freed him of all Sunday work, and advanced him steadily. The boy became John Harper, founder of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, whose high-class publications have influenced the world.

**FIELD CHANGES.—July=August.**

(Continued from last month.)

**SOUTHERN PROVINCE.****Brighton Division.**

East Grinstead ... Powis  
Haslemere ... Ford  
Horsham ... Lt. West (in ch. pro tem.)

**Canterbury Division.**

Ashford ... Colbourne Coyne  
Canterbury ... Ogrim  
Chartham ... Lt. Baxter  
Deal ... Hill  
Hoo ... Shepherd  
Milton ... Lt. Portass (in ch.)  
Minster ... Thompson Ricketts  
Sittingbourne ... Ward Jones  
Snodland ... Waldie Pike  
Strood ... Ens. Such Gande  
Whitstable ... Aplin Ayres

**WESTERN PROVINCE.****Bristol Division.**

Clevedon ... Ens. Holmes Venting

**Cardiff Division.**

Ynysybwll ... Osmond Pearson  
Mountain Ash ... Campbell  
Newtown ... Hillman  
Bethesda ... Ens. Allery

**Devon Division.**

Exeter II ... Mabb  
Ilfracombe ... Sunnucks  
Teignmouth ... Coe (pro tem.)

**Swansea Division.**

Milford ... Crampton Gilmore  
Neath ... Wakeley Yates  
Pembroke ... Graham Whitney

**YORKSHIRE PROVINCE.****Central Yorkshire Division.**

Leeds VIII. ... Parker  
Otley ... Ens. Prestage  
Rothwell ... McKinnon Vosper

**Hull Division.**

Battery ... Richards  
" ... Miles Pate  
" ... Gunning  
Bridlington ... Laurie  
(pro tem.)  
Brigg ... Tucker  
Easingwold ... Stace Hayden  
Wainfleet ... Jefferson

**South Yorkshire Division.**

Buxton ... Cowles  
Chapel-en-le-Frith Lt. Holihead (in ch. pro tem.)  
Knottingley ... Murphy  
Hoyland Common Deacon Phillips

**SCOTLAND PROVINCE.****Aberdeen Division.**

Aberdeen III. ... Bentley  
Elgin ... Barton  
Findochty ... Ens. Hopkins Limbach  
Inverness ... Thurgood

**Dundee Division.**

Supply ... Pace Dick  
Burntisland ... Pike

**East Glasgow Division.**

Govanhill ... Bates  
Larkhall ... McFadyen  
Newmains ... Jones

**Edinburgh Division.**

Bathgate ... Lt. Taig (in ch.)  
Dalkeith ... Lt. McKeown (in ch.)—Roy  
Dennyloanhead ... Roy  
Musselburgh ... Adj. Brown Heritage  
Peebles ... Eccies

**West Glasgow Division.**

Supply ... Henderson  
Alexandria ... Lowe  
Ardrossan ... Ward Stephenson  
Beith ... Oldham  
Dumbarton ... Boot  
Gourock ... Watts  
Renfrew ... McLaughlan  
Stevenston ... Westgarth  
Stranraer ... Porter  
Troon ... Preston

**IRELAND PROVINCE.****North Ireland Division.**

Belfast Citadel ... Downes (2nd)  
Ballymena ... Adj. Greenfield  
Balmoral ... Clifford Boulden  
Belfast II. ... Seabrook Gordon  
" VI. ... McArthur Underwood  
Coleraine ... Macbeth  
Enniskillen ... Woodward Hood  
Lisburn ... Ens. Edwards McCulloch  
Monaghan ... Jarrett

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**THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.****"DO YOU FEEL IT?"**

WHAT an icy thing is passionless talking! Glittering ice is, of course, very attractive; but you cannot warm your hands before it.

Much of the talk we hear to-day is attractive, well-ordered, symmetrical in its structure, and flavoured with illustration, incident, and originality of thought, but so cold—so very cold—that you might as well expect warmth to come from a fire painted on steel.

Comrades, do I feel—do you feel—the reality of what we are talking about? Lacordaire, as the Chief of the Staff often reminds us, made it a practice of getting one of his monks to lash him to a cross of wood in the crypt of his cathedral just before ascending to the oratory, that he might, by thus arousing his physical senses, help his soul into a state of feeling befitting his great work.

There is a more excellent way, of course, of sustaining the passion for souls, but almost any method is to be preferred before the cold-blooded habit of talking for God as if it were a cheese sale. Do we feel what we say?

One of the most damning things that can be said of a Field Officer is that "He's good—but cold. Clever?"

Yes. But so frightfully cold in his manner. Experienced, certainly; but what a pity there is not more fire about his talking!" The frozen state is death.

I recently accompanied a dear comrade of mine to a London hospital. Suffering all the way, she arrived dazed by the pain. She had first to be placed in the casualty room. A doctor with his hands in his pockets gave orders to the nurses to place my comrade on a temporary bed; and as she lay there waiting for the porter and the stretcher to carry her to the ward above, my indignation at the manners of the officials could hardly be restrained.

Their phraseology about "a case" jarred on my ears. Their ears were apparently deaf to the groans of the new patient. Doors were slammed. Light-hearted remarks passed between the nurses. Accident cases were led along by the couch where my comrade lay. The porter performed his duty as if the soul he carried were a sack of wheat. Not an expression of sympathy, nor a word with the note of kindness in it, escaped the lips of the officials; and "the particulars" were jotted down in the admittance-sheet