

Oh when, dear brother, thou hast loved the Highest,
And been transfigured at the Cross's throne

That doth atone;

Then come what may (or life or doom) the highest,
Still must thou bear the Sacramental seal
Within thy heart, the light that stays to heal

In love alone;

And all thy work for ever has a touch,

A tone of splendour

Alien to others who have dared not such

A whole surrender—

For thou hast seen GOD'S Face and loved much.

But, ah, the greater price shall yet be given

For this grand knowledge, if thou takest up

Christ's awful cup

And wilt in Sorrow's Fellowship be shriven;

There may endure no lower earthlier tie,

When thou with Him would'st daily live and die

And fasting sup;

For he that loveth most doth suffer most,

Not in vain seeming.

To rule by service in the saintly host

For hearts' redeeming—

And every path must be a Pentecost.

For him no more the common and the meaner,

But still the larger look, the Peace untold,

The human hold

That leaves the world by his white passage cleaner:

And from his purer presence near or far.

In richer rays, shall fall as from a star

Light manifold.

Not for himself can he henceforward toil

But just for others,

He only gleans through losses Love's own spoil

That makes men brothers—

And with his life he feeds the holy oil.

F. W. Orde Ward,

Author of "The Prisoner of Love."

Leaves from Our Journal.

January, 1906.—The cold grey days of January slipped rapidly by in quick, uneventful routine, bringing a sense of rest and leisure which was very refreshing to tired, strenuous workers oppressed during the Term by a multiplicity of duties and "carking cares."

We expected the children back on the 20th, but an unexpected-ly heavy snow-storm made travelling in our neighbourhood im-