

goeth down from Jerusalem to Gaza. The result of that journey was the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch. But the office of the angel is strictly limited to the message that was brought to Philip. The conversion of the eunuch, his instruction, the discernment by which Philip was led to declare the eunuch's fitness for baptism, and the actual baptism itself, all these belonged not to the region of the angels' ministration; they appertained only to man, to that being made at the first in the image and after the likeness of God, and now regenerated and gifted with the Holy Spirit of God. Or, see again in the message brought to Cornelius an illustration of the same truth. The angel appears and tells Cornelius that his prayers and alms are come up for a memorial before God, but that in order that Cornelius might learn what he was to do, he was to send for a man, even for the Apostle St. Peter, and through the ministry of a brother man was he to be taught the way of salvation, receive the Sacrament of Holy Baptism, and enter the Church of Christ. How highly then should we value the ministries and ordinances and means of grace Jesus entrusts, not to angels, but to weak, fallible mortal man! Great as is the power, and high the dignity and standing of the Holy Angels, yet in his regenerate condition the standing of man is higher. While, therefore, we thank God for the ministry of the angels, while we acknowledge the reality of their protection, and emulate them in the perfectness of their obedience to God's commands, let us not forget that we ourselves are called to be the very children of God Himself, to be heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord; that so if we suffer with Him and for Him here below, and faithfully fulfil the work and ministry that He entrusts to us, we may be glorified with Him hereafter in His eternal and glorious kingdom for ever and ever.

Leaves from Our Journal.

MAY.—How pleasant the sunny May days were, with their lengthening twilights and their fragrant promise of flowers and fruit. Every moment that any of us could spare from hard, inexorable duty was spent out-of-doors. Such long walks, such exciting mountain climbs, such delightful little out-of-door tea-parties became possible in such weather.

Speaking scholastically, May is a very hard month with us, for examinations are alarmingly near, and, as a matter of course, each single candidate nervously feels that her work is not nearly done. Teachers, too, go about with puckered brows, anxiously coaching this one, prodding that one, and feeling generally that life is full of carking care towards the end of the school year.

In the middle of all this bustle, this hurry and skurry, there came upon us suddenly a quiet solemn hush, when our thoughts were sudden-