

THE VISION AND THE CALL.

BY SADIE E. SPRINGER,*

Secretary Methodist Deaconess Home and Training School, Toronto.

That so perchance the vision may
By thee be seen, and those, and all the world be healed.



UR worth to the world will depend upon the kind of vision we have. The almost pathetic narrowness of many lives is due to lack of soul sight; we can only do the thing as we see it. The heart of humanity is ever in search of some ideal, some Holy Grail, whose luminous cloud shall sooner or later enshroud it in such a peace as shall quell for ever life's tumult of unrest. For on and all the vision waits, but how long our eyes are holden that we may not see! The outer show of

* Miss S. E. Springer, the writer of this impressive paper, prepared at our special request, was for some time lady principal of the Columbian Methodist College at New Westminster, B.C., and lecturer in English literature. She was providentially led into the Deaconess work and has received rich spiritual experiences therein. We hope that her earnest words will come with power to the hearts of many of the most cultured daughters of Canadian Methodism and lead them to choose, not merely the good part of sitting, like Mary, at the Saviour's feet, but also the still better part of going as His ministrants to the heathen abroad and the heathen at home. Miss Springer edits the weekly page in *The Guardian on Deaconess Work*, conducts the very voluminous correspondence of the institution, and addresses public meetings in its behalf, thus proving a devoted ally of its accomplished and successful superintendent, Miss E. Jean Scott.

The neat and modest garb of the deaconess will commend itself to universal favour. It serves as an introduction to those who are in need, as a protection where even a policeman would be in peril, for—

A thousand liveried angels lackey her.
Driving afar off each thing of sin and guilt,—
and is every way becoming and beautiful.—
Ed.



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things, the trappings and decorations of life's external side, dazzle and blind our sight; or perchance we lose our simple, childhood faith and are led away after strange and wandering fires in some drear, dark land, where quagmires and pitfalls lurk about our unwary feet.

But love never faileth. Into the darkest life there fall little flashes, mystic hints of high and holy things, and a voice within urges the questing soul unceasingly—

After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam.

Some great, glad day it leads us on to Him in whom is no darkness at all, and in whose light we shall see light. Still ringing down the flying years, we hear the echoes of Goethe's dying cry—"More light." The great need of the Church, as