

ancient custom is still followed, and the priest alone says the preface, and the choir and congregation join in the hymn.

The Preface commences, "Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud (i.e., praise) and magnify Thy Glorious Name." When we thus aspire to join with the heavenly host in praising God, we can hardly help feeling how great a distance separates our act of worship from their's—their's offered by beings pure and sinless; our's offered by sinners with all the imperfections of a fallen nature. Yet we ought also thankfully to remember that sinners though we be, God the Father, for Christ's sake, is pleased to accept our worship, when offered in sincerity and truth; and that we may be confident that the angels who rejoice over one poor sinner that repents (S. Luke xv. 10) behold with equal joy the praises which are offered to God by us His creatures on earth. At such a solemn time such high and holy words ought to come from our hearts, as the outcome of sincere love of God: they are but mockery of God if they are naught but empty sounds.

The Hymn. This is called the "angelic" or "triumphal hymn." It is also frequently (but, it is said, improperly) called "The *Ier Sanctus*" or "Trisagion" (see Prayer-Book Commentary, S. P. C. K., p. 107). This hymn is found in all the ancient liturgies. It is evidently suggested by Isa. vi. 3: The threefold repetition of the word "Holy" has a deeper significance for Christians than it had for the Jews, for they serve as an indirect profession of our faith in each Person of the Blessed Trinity, to each of whom we render praise and glory, while at the same time acknowledging the Unity of the Godhead. In that other great hymn of praise, the *Te Deum*, we find similar words (see *To Thee, Cherubin, etc.*) There God is referred to as "Lord God of Sabaoth," here as "Lord God of hosts;" both expressions mean the same thing, viz., that God is the Supreme King of all His creatures, both the hosts of heaven and the hosts of earth.

The Proper Prefaces. Notice that before the singing of the hymn on certain great festivals of the Church what are called proper prefaces are appointed to be used; in these special reference is made to the great fact or doctrine commemorated on the day on which they are appointed to be used, e.g., our blessed Lord's Nativity, His Resurrection, His Ascension, the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, the Doctrine of the Trinity.

## Family Reading.

### Gladys: the Story of a Disappointment.

Written for Canadian Churchman.

"I took her to a doctor last week, and he's given her some quinine," went on Mrs. Brookes. "Her mother used to be just like this."

"What is the matter, Gladys?" I said, still standing by the couch.

She answered listlessly.

"I don't know—I never sleep now."

Then I knew what ailed her.

"Why can't you sleep, Gladys?"

She looked at me and I needed no answer.

"When did you see her last, Gladys?"

"Not once since she came back," Gladys almost whispered. "I think she has forgotten."

I turned away from the look in her eyes. Her aunt and uncle seemed in no way alarmed. She had evidently not taken them into her confidence. After a few moments conversation with them, I left, and went to see Miss Grahame.

I found her sitting in the charming little drawing room in which she reigned supreme. It was on the first floor—two windows were on the side facing the door. Between these stood her little writing table—the birthplace of the visible form of so many bright thoughts. Low book-cases ran round the walls, with silken curtains in front of them, and valuable engravings and pictures above. Flowers were everywhere. There was a blazing fire at the upper end of the room, and by it, a reading table at her side, and a couple of kittens at the hearth-rug at her feet—sat Margaret Grahame. She was dressed in white, I remember, and wore a cluster of yellow roses at her belt.

"My father is out," she said, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "He will be sorry to miss you."

"My visit is to you, Miss Grahame," I answered. And then I told her I had seen Gladys that evening, and that she seemed ill and depressed. I said a few words about the loneliness of her life,

and then paused; I hardly cared, in so many words, to ask Miss Grahame to go and see her.

"Poor little Gladys! I must ask her to come and see me," said Margaret, warmly. "I meant to have done so before, but I have been very busy. Besides, it is too cold for her to sit in the garden now. And that was what she liked so much to do. But I will certainly try to make a little pleasure for her. Saturday is her only free day, is it not?"

"Yes, her only free day," I answered.

"She is teaching still?" asked Margaret, putting down the kitten that had scrambled into her lap. After that personal magnetism, as hard to describe as to resist, which won her so many friends, I think her chief charm lay in the complete attention she gave to any one to whom she happened to be speaking. I did not blame poor little Gladys, unused to any kindness or attention, for having imagined that Miss Grahame liked her, and was interested in her.

"I will ask her to lunch with me, and I will take her to the National Gallery, or the South Kensington Museum afterwards," said Margaret, as I rose to go. "I expect she ought to have a holiday—but that cannot be arranged, I fear. Thank you very much for telling me about her."

I was partly relieved and partly saddened by this visit. Miss Grahame had evidently no suspicion of the extent to which Gladys worshipped her—would it not have been better to have let things take their course? But that is always so hard to do. I met Gladys on the following Friday evening. Her happy face, flushed and radiant, smiled up at me from under her large black hat. She told me, shyly, of the note she had received from Miss Grahame that morning. But on the Sunday, when she duly appeared at class, the radiance had left her eyes again.

The autumn wore away. The sunset glories made radiant the western sky earlier each day—till the November fogs curtailed them from our view, and showed earth and sky in gray and sombre mist.

I knew by Gladys' brightening and darkening face if or no she had seen her idol—and I was grieved to see that the brightness came with increasing infrequency to her eyes as the weeks went by, and that the hungry, longing look was almost constantly in them. Perhaps it may seem strange to some that I, a priest, should not have tried to turn the current of her thoughts towards a loftier joy than could be gilded by any earthly love—that I should not have sought to develop in her the spiritual life. But I have always held, that of all precocities, spiritual precocity is the most hurtful—and the thing I dread above all others in the young is unreality. And I am convinced that real spiritual growth is hidden and silent. Therefore, it was only in the Bible class that I had tried to reach that side of her. I had given her a "Christian Year" at Easter, winning from her the promise to use it, and had afterwards first lent her the "Mill on the Floss," and then given her an "Imitation." I had made, however, no more directly personal approach to her religious feelings than these. Moreover, I was quite aware that she might read both books for years before understanding either. I was content to see her caring, apparently, for the services of the Church. After the grace of God, I place them before all other educative influences for power and value.

I spoke to her only once about her feeling for Miss Grahame. It was when she had shown me a little etching that attracted my attention on her table. I asked to see it—and I remember now, what I scarcely noticed then—the reluctance with which she showed it me. A large house, half embowered in trees—a cloudy sky above. Standing just in the porch a slight figure, its wistful face turned toward the inner door. I looked at it for a moment—then recognized its meaning and spoke:

"Gladys, to stand in the outer porch of a noble heart is better far than to be admitted to the innermost chamber of an ignoble one. Be content, nay, more, be thankful."

She flushed to the roots of her hair.

"But when we keep our heart's innermost chamber for one alone," she said, speaking with difficulty, "it is hard to be always in the porch, to be never shown the beautiful things within."

"Some people never can show their beautiful things," I answered. And then I noticed that "In

Memoriam" was lying on her table—I took it in my hand.

"Surely this shows you that all longing is not satisfied—nor meant to be?"

"I do not find that in it," said Gladys.

"What do you find?" I asked, astonished.

She took the book from my hand—turned the leaves, shut it, and spoke, more to herself than to me.

"Oh, that perfect friendship—to love like that—and have one's love returned—I do not hope for that," she added hastily, "but if only it were accepted—welcome."

"Only a shallow heart could welcome a gift it was unable to return," I said. "Be content with loving, Gladys. Being loved can never give you half the joy that loving gives. Be patient and wait."

A week before Christmas, and a day before the Grahames were to leave town for some time, I was turning from their house, when I met Gladys entering. Her face was flushed, her eyes eager. She carried a tiny portfolio in her hand.

"Miss Grahame's Christmas present?" I said, smiling.

"Yes—the prettiest things I have ever done," she answered, brightly—and then she passed on and sprang up the stairs with unusual buoyancy. She looked back at me when she reached the top and smiled. A gleam of light from an upper window fell across her face and hair—making them look brighter yet. But the brightness seemed over a shadow, so to speak—I knew so little could chase that happy look away.

Later on in the afternoon, the sky, which had been dark all day, poured down a torrent of rain. The storm increased in violence—and when the wind had subsided, the rain showed no sign of ceasing. I had spent the afternoon by the bedside of a dying man, and had still one or two parochial visits to pay. Therefore it was nearly 8 o'clock, time for evensong, when I had reached St. Cyprian's. The rain still fell heavily, but the wind only wailed at intervals through the deserted streets. As I walked up the aisle to the vestry, my eyes fell on a figure kneeling—or to speak more correctly, crouching, in a seat near the altar. The floor was stained by the drenched black cloak that had been flung back from the girl's shoulders—and as I paused, almost involuntarily, beside her, she lifted her head. It was Gladys!

She rose, and turned her face towards me; it was swollen and stained with weeping till all its delicate beauty was hidden. I have often had to look upon faces that bore the marks of the soul's worst agony—but I have never seen one that saddened me more than her's did that night. It was not alone the anguish on every quivering line that moved me, but the hopeless submission, the absence of all resistance, the pathetic acceptance of whatever loss or pain it was—beneath which flesh and spirit both were crushed.

I walked silently with her down the aisle—she stopped in the porch and turned to me.

"Do not ask me—never ask me," she prayed. Her voice was low, but under perfect control. Something had gone from it—some ring of hope—and it was as painful to hear as her face to look upon.

I could but let her go, without question, with just the words, "God bless and help you," and watch her as she walked slowly up the street with bent head and faltering steps.

I saw no more of her till after Christmas—always a busy time. Then, as she did not appear at the Bible class, I went, early in the new year, to see her.

The Grahames were not to return till February—and on that account I felt it more necessary to look after Gladys—as her friend was away. She was not in the parlour. Her books and papers were arranged with painful neatness on her little table. When she came in I felt my heart sink, as it has sunk many a time in sick chamber and by dying beds. For on her face was the look, never to be mistaken, of one whose sands of life have nearly run.

To be Continued.

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