

## Varia.

now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." In Christ all things are possible to the believer, even the imitation of the Perfect and the Pattern Man. It is thus, and thus only, that a true imitation of Christ is possible. The child reproduces the mother's tones and gestures with a delightful earnestness of imitation. But why? Because the mother lives in the life of her child. Her very nature has passed into that child, and no wonder, then, that, with such a union of life, the child can easily, aye, even with delight, imitate his mother. It is the mysterious life union between mother and child that makes the imitation possible. And so, dear brethren, I beg of you, let no humanitarian current of thought make you for a moment forget that it is because, and only because, we are one with Christ, that through the channels of His grace, His Divine life is ever pressing into our life, that we can hope to be imitators of Him. But, having this life, what a responsibility of imitation does the example of Christ thus lay upon us. In a London gallery two workingwomen were looking at a picture of the infant Jesus in His mother's arms, and one woman was heard to say to the other, "Oh, Mary, surely the mother of such a child would have to try hard to be a good woman: And if a picture of Jesus could give such an uplift to thought and deed, what should be the influence on our whole conduct of the very life of Jesus, lived before us, in the Gospel story, and made our own in a deeper sense still by our union with Him through Faith. Oh, let us hear clearly the spirit re-echo to us the challenge of my text, "Behold the man," and that beholding shall surely rebuke our sin, purify our thought, and gradually raise our whole being to meet the Divine purpose of our calling to Christ Jesus, which is "that we may be conformed to the image of God's dear Son."

As several of our readers have complained to us of the great difficulty they have experienced in getting vessels for the service of the Holy Eucharist of a really chaste design, we take this opportunity of informing them that if they would call at the well-arranged and well-stocked store of MESSRS. BARRE BROS. CO. 432 Main Street, Winnipeg, the courteous manager will show a variety of designs—copied from some of the finest ancient specimens of ecclesiastical silversmith's work. Clergy who have a taste for what is really beautiful will be charmed with the designs of chalices known as the Camden, the Westminster, and the St. Paul's. Messrs. Barre are in constant communication with all the great firms of ecclesiastical silversmiths in the east, and in England, and are in a position to supply the needs of the churches artistically and without delay.

The Church Army Mission Van scheme continues to do excellent work. The Bishop of Bangor lately visited the Church Army Training Home, and addressed the evangelists and mission nurses in training. He said the Welsh Mission Van was carrying on a splendid work in the Principality, and many people were being reached by the Van Missioners who could not be reached in any other way.

In spite of the great counter attraction of the Indian Famine Fund, the county donations towards the completion of Truro Cathedral are flowing in very steadily. The amount now stands at over £22,000, nearly £10,000 having been given locally the last four months. The Duchy of Cornwall deserves well of the nation at large, as showing her own warm interest in the memorial to the late Archbishop Benson, who was the first Bishop of the revived See of Truro.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury relates the following good story of himself while Bishop of London:—One night he attended service in an East End church, and, standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman, who was singing lustily in tune. The Bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the Bishop with his elbow, said in a whisper, "Here, dry up, Mister, ye're spoiling the show."

The Mission which has been conducted lately at Saint Mark's Church, Philadelphia, ended on the night of Septuagesima Sunday. It was estimated that 2,500 persons listened to this closing service, and, in all, fully 20,000 people attended the Mission. It was a very impressive service, with splendid music and festival vestments. The Magnificat was Barnby's, in E flat; and at the offertory the choir sang Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah." The Rev. Mr. Cocks spoke briefly on the success of the Mission, and of the return to England of himself and his assistant priest, when their labors in a totally different field would be resumed, a field abounding in poverty, suffering, and crime; and he asked the prayers of those who had attended the Mission for them and their work. Everybody in the church was then asked to stand up and repeat their baptismal vows, and all who were interested in the Mission were invited to come forward and receive a

tiny brazen crucifix as a souvenir of the Mission.

The man who does not believe in missions—foreign or domestic—who does not want to have their needs brought constantly to his attention, must be prepared to take heroic measures with himself. He must give up the Lord's Prayer; he must forget the Catholic Creeds; he must put away the Prayer Book; he must close his Bible; he must go no more to the Lord's Table, to be reminded of the one "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world. Who is ready to pay such a price?

### "As Thy Day So Shall Thy Strength Be."

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,  
Child of the Master, faithful and dear.  
Choose not the Cross for the coming week,  
For that is more than He bids thee seek.  
Bend not thy arms for to-morrow's load,  
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious God.  
'Daily' only He saith to thee,  
'Take up thy Cross and follow Me.'"

### "Watch."

A collie dog belonging to the late Archbishop Benson used to accompany his master every morning to the service when at Lambeth and wait outside, except on one occasion, when hearing the word "Watch," which occurred in one of the Lessons, he walked solemnly up to his master's stall.

He followed his master's footsteps  
Each morn to the sacred gate,  
Steady and true to his purpose  
In patience to watch and wait.  
To watch if perchance some signal  
Should sound through the fast-closed door,  
And waiting with keenest longing  
To hear the loved step once more  
But one day the door stood open,  
And out through the Church's porch  
His master's voice rang clearly,  
"I say unto all men, Watch!"  
Swiftly he rose at the bidding  
And silently trod the aisle,  
Heedless of all things around him,  
To seek his master's smile.

In the midst of the morning service  
He passed at his Master's call  
Within the sacred portal  
Content at His feet to fall.

B. F.