

system in the disorganized South are only some of the varied good works she effected.

Enough, we trust, has been said to interest our readers sufficiently to lead them to peruse for themselves the life of this nineteenth century saint. She died, full of years, at Trenton, New Jersey, on July 17, 1888.

She sleeps in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Norton, and there, hushed by the lullaby of the sad Atlantic's waves, she awaits the Archangel's voice. But when the books are opened, when all are rewarded according to their works, we question it many, if indeed any, at the hands of Him, who went about doing good, will receive a richer recompense than Dorothea Lynde Dix.

Chatham, Ont. N. H. MARTIN.

A LOST LEGEND.

ST. WILFRID ONCE, aware of love grown cold,
And faith but luke-warm in his northern fold,
While ev'n the few who failed not to be shriv-

ed
Sought less for peace than feared to forfeit
Heaven.

Announced for an approaching festival,
Tidings of infinite import to all,
And when the close-packed church expectant
stood,

Down from its place he threw the Holy Rood,
Crying: "My brethren, know that Armageddon
fought and lost. The saints of God, though
led on

By Michael and his angels, were o'erthrown,
And Satan occupies the heavenly throne.
All is reversed: 'tis sinners who will dwell
Henceforth in Heaven, while saints must burn
in Hell.

Myself, alas! Too zealous have I striven
On the Lord's side No hope for me of
Heaven.

But you, my brethren, I have little doubt
May yet find entrance, if you turn about.
Only be speedy; for I have sure word

That Judgment Day will be no more deferred;
And Satan's hosts are on the road to bind
Whomever in the House of God they find.
Go, sin, while there's time! forsake the church,
And leave me as your scape-goat in the lurch!"

All stared astonished; and on many a face,
Young, smooth and sanctimonious, a grimace
Grew slowly, while the open sinners' laughter
Rang loudly from the rood-loft to the rafters.
Then, swift as ants swarm from their threatened
heap,

Or from the open pin-fold rush the sheep,
Forth streamed the congregation, thick and
fast,

Each only fearing to be found the last.
The church was empty, and St. Wilfrid stood,
Most grimly smiling by the fallen rood;
When in a darkened corner he was ware
Of some one kneeling, and a sobbing prayer,
"O Dear Lord Jesu! I have followed Thee
So long, and Thou hast loved me. Let me be
Where Thou art, Jesu! Rather will I dwell,
Than with Thy foes in Heaven, with Thee in
Hell!"

Then cried St. Wilfrid, "Blessed be thy name,
Woman, that puttest my weak faith to shame!
I thought but to convict the careless herd
Of vain religion by an empty word
But now, of thy example will I make
A lesson, that all sinners' souls shall wake,
All saints rekindle, and that word of thine
Shall to the world in golden letters shine."
He stepped towards the woman; the white
head

Lay on the withered hands; she knelt there
dead.

—F. W. Bourdillon, in the "Spectator."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

ST. AMBROSE.

IN the Church calendar will be found
after April 4th, the words, St. Ambrose
Bishop of Milan

The visitor to Milan in modern times
is shown the fine porphyry tomb of St.
Ambrose in the church of that name,
and is reminded in many ways that the
greatest name Milan has given to his-
tory, is that of her noble bishop.

Our own church has wisely preserved
the names of many of the heroes of the
Church Universal in her calendar. It
is not that we may show them undue
reverence or believe that they were
faultless. In our own times, what an
inspiration is the memory of the mar-
tyred General Gordon, Bishop Patteson
and others! The remoter past too, has
its heroes. Their names are brought
under our notice that we may be in-
spired by what was noble, brave and
pure in their lives.

Few heroes of the past are more
worthy of commemoration than is St.
Ambrose. He was born about 340, A. D.
and died in 397, having been Bishop of
Milan for twenty-three years.

Ambrose was of noble birth, his fa-
ther being one of the four chief officers
in the Roman Empire. He was left an
orphan when only twelve years of age.
He had one brother, Satyrus, and one
sister, Marcellina.

The family was very wealthy, and
Ambrose was brought up in the state
suited to his high rank. As a boy, he
led a pure and earnest life and had a
Christian training. When he was only
thirty years old, he was appointed Gov-
ernor of the two Provinces of Liguria
and Aemilia, in one of which Milan is
situated. In 374 the Bishop of Milan
died, and an assembly of the people
was called to elect a new bishop.
There was conflict between the Arian
and Orthodox parties and Ambrose, as
Governor, presided over the meeting to
preserve order.

Both parties respected Ambrose as
firm and upright. It is said that a little
child called out in the crowd which
stood around the Governor's seat,
"Ambrose, Bishop!" The crowd took
up the cry and Ambrose was forced to
accept the office.

It was as if a governor in our own
country was suddenly called upon in a
Church assembly to take the office of
bishop. Ambrose was a layman and
without special theological training.
But this made no difference. Within
eight days after his baptism he was con-
secrated Bishop of Milan.

Ambrose thus was a bishop, who had
received a secular education and who,
while thoroughly in earnest in his spiri-
tual work, was a practical man of busi-
ness. The combination is too rare now
and Ambrose's remarkable success is
no doubt partly due to the varied train-
ing he had received.

St. Augustine has given us a delight-
ful picture of Ambrose's daily life. He
ate nothing until the evening on every
day of the week but two. After his
private devotions he took the Holy
Communion each morning. He then
seated himself in the great hall of his
residence. This was open to the public.
Any one could come and speak to the
great Bishop. A book lay open before
him. This he put aside the moment
anyone came to speak to him. Every
spare moment during the day he de-
voted to reading, though always ready
to be interrupted. He was the stead-
fast friend of the poor.

Those were stormy days. The bar-
barians were crowding in from the
north, and many Romans had been
enslaved by them. Ambrose spent
large sums in redeeming these captives
and no doubt, as he sat in his hall,
many a poor mother pleaded for her en-
slaved son; many a family was made
happy by the generosity of the large-
hearted bishop.

When evening came, Ambrose took
his meal and then he devoted himself
for the greater part of the night to lit-
erary work, writing sermons and books,
and pleading with God for his people,
his work and himself. It was the custom
in these days for an author to dictate
his works to an amanuensis. Ambrose
refused to do this. He did not think it
right to keep others awake for the
greater part of the night and so he
wrote everything with his own hand.

Ambrose practised liberal hospitality