

All Hallows in the West.

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Servire Deo Sapere.

The Angels Of GOD.

“ANGEL of Pain! I think thy face
Will be, in all the Heavenly Place,
The sweetest face that I shall see,
The swiftest face to smile on me,
All other Angels faint and tire,—
Joy wearies, and forsakes desire;
Hope falters face to face with fate,
And dies, because it cannot wait;
And Love cuts short each loving day,
Because fond hearts cannot obey
The subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.
But thou, O loving, faithful Pain,—
Hated, reproached, rejected, slain.—
Dost only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient Angel, to thine own
Thou comest, and art never known
Till late, in some lone twilight place,
The light of thy transfigured Face
Sudden shines out, and, speechless, they
Know they have walked with Christ all
day.” *Saxe Holm.*

BUT all God's angels come to us disguised,
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the Front of God.”
Lowell.

*Thy Will be done on earth, as it
is in Heaven.*

The Son of God places this petition in the very heart of the prayer He taught His earthly friends, so that it always demands our most reverent attention, and Michaelmas seems a peculiarly appropriate time for dwelling upon that one special petition, for with the Festival of the Angels our thoughts naturally turn to Heaven.

With the name “Heaven” we associate all those visions of glory and beauty which are beyond the power of man to realize, but which are described to us in God's Revelation—the Sea of glass like

unto crystal, the Gates of pearl, the Walls of jasper, with their foundations of all manner of precious stone, the streets of pure gold, and, the Centre of that City, the Throne of God Himself, with the deeply glowing Rainbow round about it “like unto an emerald.” There the Angelic hosts, created spirits of strength and beauty and “living life” throng in ordered ranks offering ceaseless homage and worship to Almighty God, the Source of all their joy. To this Heaven of love and gladness, our Lord directs our thoughts when he bids us pray that the Father's Will may be done by us in earth, “as it is in Heaven.”

Why then do we always associate “submission to the Will of God” with patient, suffering, resignation, instead of with joy and eager happiness “As it is in Heaven?” You believe that God's Will makes the perfect bliss, and satisfying rest of heaven. You know that the life of countless myriads is filled with unending joy by the very fact of their capacity for doing God's Will—“Whom to serve is to reign.” Live then, up to this faith. Train yourself in all things first to seek to know His Will, and then, honestly, gladly, thankfully, to strive to do it, and not to mind outer trials any more than you do the small discomforts of a short journey to your earthly home. Whatever we steadfastly fix our eyes upon has a tendency to become more important to us than anything else. So it is in our life. We can magnify tiny trials till we become martyrs in our own eyes, and intolerable bores to those