

The Emperor Justinian built a great cathedral, spending much treasure and art and skill on its construction; then he desired much to know if the work he had undertaken was pleasing to God, and whose name of all whose hands had been put to the work stood highest in honor before God.

In a vision at night time a name was revealed to him; it wasn't his own name, nor the name of the architect, nor even of his most skilled workman; no, it was the name of a poor woman whose cottage the workmen passed daily on their way to the site of the new cathedral, and she gave them each a cup of cold water to quench their thirst when they needed it. That was all—it was all she could do, but she did it in the right spirit; her part was a very small one indeed, but she acted it well.

God notices everything we do. Remember the mention in the Gospel of the poor widow's mite; of her our Lord said, she had "cast in more than they all"—rich men, generous or ostentatious givers, it may be; more because it cost her more, and therefore was laid up in remembrance in the records of Heaven. Think of that.

Let no one think she cannot do anything; you can, you can. There are your appointed tasks, your duties, go on and do them faithfully, fulfilling God's will in obedience to the teachers, the Superior under whom he has placed you.

The feeling may come to you, you may be tempted sometimes to question, What good am I? If I dropped out of existence I should never be missed. Ah, no! this is not true; you are the one God appointed to that particular place, to do that particular duty; no one else can do it for you. In His time He will remove you, when you are fit for something higher. You are God's child. He sees all your actions and takes account of them.

We have, all of us, something to do for the perfection of the saints who have gone before us, and those who will come after us will be necessary for our perfection. Before the throne of God in Heaven all will feel they have been and are necessary to each other.

Try to think at night of the Church of Christ, on this side and on the other side of the grave, all the multitude of the redeemed. God, my Father, wills me to be a member of that mighty host. He wills me to pray for it, to help it. Multitudes whom we have learnt about, read about, heard about, holy souls, little children, whom we have known upon earth, have gone out of sight, into that world beyond the grave. We think about them. We cannot pray to them. When they were here with us perhaps we often went to them and asked them to help us, but now we cannot ask them, because they are not omnipresent—that is an attribute of Deity only—but they are living and with us they still form one Body. They are members risen to a higher state; we have something to do for their perfection. God's