

Never is the Door shut in the face of any one who stands before it with the simple qualifications demanded of him who would become one of the Family circle within. Ever ajar, a touch of the finger of Faith shall cause it to open; it is so delicately and mercifully swung, that a tear of penitence is the very oil upon its hinges.

You may think the act of baptism too simple to admit to so great privileges. Let me illustrate: A person is naturalized by hardly more than the stroke of a pen; but to what rights and immunities this introduces him. He had in a moment passed through the Door to the full status of Citizenship. In a few moments, Moses—child of slavery—became, by Pharaoh's adoption, heir of a throne.

At the door, the Eastern traveller removed his sandals and washed him with water. Take off, then, thy shoes from off thy feet, lay aside worldly thoughts and cares and ambitions when thou dost approach the Door, for the place whereon thou shalt stand is holy ground. It is, as it were, the very gate of Heaven. Not a merely ritual washing is this—but a sacramental. The element of Water is appointed by the Master of the household Himself; the Name "into" which thou art to be received, the inward and spiritual blessings of the deed, are designated in Holy Writ; and thou shalt stand "regenerate," "born again," that is: as thou wert once brought into a state of physical life, so now art thou born into one of spiritual, that state of grace and salvation in which, if thou shalt remain and not disuse or misuse the laws of the

new life, and the aids of Holy Church, thou shalt go on from grace to grace, until, though, no doubt, after many haltings and failings, thou shalt, at the last, come to the full measure of the stature of thy great Exemplar and Master Divine. Within the House, are means and helps. In due time, the Blessing of the Bishop at the steps of the Altar. Further on, the Blessed Feast spread by the hands of the great Head of the family Himself, at the Altar itself. And the staff of Prayer to lean on along the way. And the voice of Praise to cheer. And the silent wayside Shrine of Meditation. And the Star of Hope flashing ahead in the heavens. And the promises of the Word, the foretaste of their own sure fulfilment. Who would not knock at such a Door? Has castle of prince, or home of wealth—so easy an approach—so profitable an abiding—so hospitable a welcome?

"And may I bring the little ones of God's giving me?" Yea, verily. When some forbade, did He not chide them? Took He not the tender lambs of the fold in His gracious arms? And who are we, that we shall be wiser than He? To the Door of Circumcision, the childhood of Jewry had been brought; and, though too young to believe, and too pure to need to repent, the little ones had passed through the crimson Door that betokened the Font of then adopted children of the God of Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob. And, so, to the Door of Baptismal Regeneration, by the hands of parents and sponsors, may the childhood of Christianity be brought. It is too young to be able to believe. It