

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breed without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

—Kipling.

Judge Not.

Judge not; the working of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling
grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou dardest to despise—
May be the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measures of the height of pain,
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days!

—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

The Bloom and the Light.

Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Back of the strife—
Sweet life,
And flowering meadows that glow and
gleam,
Where the winds sing joy and the daisies
dream,
And the sunbeams color the quickening
clod,
And faith in the future, and trust in
God.

Back of the gloom—
The bloom!
Fronting the night—
The light!
Under the snows—
The rose!
And the vales sing joy to the misty hills,
And the wild winds ripple it down the
rills;
And the far stars answer the song that
swells
With all the music of all the bells!
Fronting the night—
The light!

—Frank L. Stanton.

The day returns and brings us the petty
round of irritating concerns and duties.
Help us to play the man, help us to
perform them with laughter and kind
faces, let cheerfulness abound with in-
dustry. Give us to go blithely on our
business all this day, bring us to our
resting beds weary and content and un-
dishonored, and grant us in the end the
gift of sleep. Amen. Robert Louis
Stevenson.



Climbing the Ladder of Pain.

It is one of the splendid common-
places of experience that from beneath
the shadows of agony springs much of
the spiritual heroism in which mankind
exults, as characters mount with rapid
strides on the rungs of the ladder of
pain; while side by side with it moves
the wealth of tender sympathy on the
part of the well and strong with suffer-
ing and sorrow, that makes the darkest
paths glisten as with sapphires and
rubies and emeralds.—From "The Splen-
dor of the Human Body!"—Bishop
Brent.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in
Thee;
In whose heart are the highways to
Zion.
Passing through the valley of Weeping,
they make it a place of springs;
Yea, the early rain covereth it with
blessings.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them appeareth before God
in Zion.

—Ps. 84: 5, 7 (R. V.).

We are so accustomed to the words of
the Bible that we often miss the start-
ling nature of many a command and
promise. We can read about "rivers in
the desert," without realizing that it
is, as Isaiah says, "a new thing." We
can placidly accept the strange saying:
"Blessed are they that mourn," with-
out seeking to find the blessedness that
is hidden in such a rough casket. Only
by experience can anyone know that
God's comforting of mourners is a last-
ing strengthening—a thing to be greatly
desired. Pain—physical or spiritual—
should never be simply "passed
through," as one might pass through a
dark valley to brighter regions beyond,
gaining nothing by the experience. That
would be to waste a grand opportunity
of mounting higher, and opportunity
never returns. It would be like a
foolish child who "gets through" the
years of school-training without trying
to learn the lessons set for him, think-
ing only of the good time he is expect-
ing to have when he is a man. No,
those who are determined to climb, con-
tinually nearer to God, will be able to
thank Him for the cross which raiseth
them. It is not by slurring over the
hard bits of life, not by trying to forget
sorrow in exciting distractions, that any-
one can mount from strength to
strength on the ladder of pain. Sorrow
can and should be faced fearlessly by one
who draws daily, hourly strength from
God; he can walk dauntlessly, with un-
faltering steps, through the valley of
Weeping, making it a place of springs,
because in his heart are the highways
to Zion. This is not impossible for one
who is made in the image of God, and
who feels the glorious life of Christ in
every crevice of his being. As Elisha,
by throwing wood into the water,
caused heavy iron to swim, so the de-
liberate acceptance of a cross can make
the heaviest heart rise with supernatural
buoyancy. The wood of the cross can
make sweet the bitter waters of Marah—
but it must be an "accepted" cross, for
sorrow can embitter as well as sweeten,
pain can harden as well as soften a
heart. If the Son of God walk beside
a suffering soul, when it has been
called to enter the fiery furnace of pain,
then that soul will come out, not only
tested, but purified and strengthened;
and His upholding Presence is not a
privilege granted only to a favored few.
No one need attempt to meet trial alone.
The promise is free to all who "will"
to serve Him: "Fear thou not; for I
am with thee; be not dismayed; for I
am thy God: I will strengthen thee;
yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold
thee with the right hand of My
righteousness." Ethel Romanes, in her
beautiful book, "The Hallowing of Sor-
row," declares that "Sorrow is a dis-
tinct call from God to a higher life."
Surely this call can be welcomed by
those whose hearts are set on living the
higher life, as a soldier eagerly welcomes

the bugle call which leads him forward.
The way may be rough, the battle may
be fierce, but at least he is not idly
loitering in camp, but is fighting with all
his might—fighting to WIN. The noble
army of martyrs still follows in the
train of a Crucified Leader. Those who
aspire to walk in the ranks of that army
must not only endure but "take up"
their cross daily; then, through peril,
toil and pain, they, too, can climb the
steep ascent of Heaven.

Only one who is strengthened of God
can really strengthen others. What if
a friend should reach out to you for
help in a dark and trying hour, and find
your sympathy powerless to infuse fresh
courage and strength into his troubled
spirit, your counsel weak and dishearten-
ing to his burdened mind, your love
helpless to cheer his fainting heart! As
one has written:

"Ah, me! what woe were mine if thou
shouldst come,
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for
aid,
And I should meet thee powerless and
dumb,—
Willing to help thee, but confused,
afraid!
It shall not happen thus; for I will
rise,
God helping me, to higher life, and
gain
Courage and strength to give thee
counsel wise,
And deeper love to bless thee in thy
pain.
Fear not, dear love! thy trial hour
shall be
The dearest bond between my heart
and thee."

Think of the love and loyalty of
David's three mighty men, who gladly
put their lives in jeopardy that they
might bring water to strengthen and re-
fresh his body. Are we so far beneath
them that we are unwilling to bear
trials which may win for us the ability
to strengthen and refresh the souls of
those we love?

Crosses are very varied in their char-
acter, but each brings its own special
lesson, its own precious gift, and they
never come at random, each one proves
the watchful, tender, thoughtfulness of
the Master in Life's school. We may
learn the lesson, and gain the treasure
for our lasting use, or we may recklessly
lose the opportunity, to our lasting loss.

Many people feel as though they had
nothing to endure that was important
enough to be called a "cross." There is
only the constant pressure of little cares,
the irritating restlessness of feeling that
the best years of life are slipping away,
and that nothing "worth while" is be-
ing accomplished. Time seems to be
wasted in

"The tiresome round of little things,
The small demands of every day."

But it is a great mistake to under-
value the accumulated power of these
"trifling tasks, so often done, yet ever
to be done anew." It is a fatal mis-
take to attempt to carry, without Divine
help, the heavy weight of the common-
place cross, "the cares that come with
every sun, morn after morn, the long
years through." This cross is often far
heavier than it looks. People can brace
up their courage to endure great trials
bravely and patiently, and yet be weak
enough to grow peevish and discontented
under the steady strain of little everyday
trials to the temper. It is an old say-
ing that we never know anyone until we
have wintered and summered with him.
Though we generally form our estimate
of another person far more swiftly than
that, it is by small things that we are
guided in our judgment of character.
We instinctively admire and love those
who are sweet-tempered in their every-
day home life, without waiting to see
whether they can be heroic in a crisis.
It is a solemn fact that character is be-
ing made every day, and is growing
permanently strong or weak, according to
the way these little events and tempta-
tions of common life are faced. The

soul will surely grow stronger each day,
if it is really fighting on the Lord's
side, which is a great comfort to those
who cannot see that they are making
progress. A short, sharp battle is
generally easier than this long, monoton-
ous, inglorious (apparently inglorious)
guerilla warfare, which most of us must,
accept as our portion. Fight we must,
as long as we belong to the Church
"militant" here on earth. Let us
mount these small rungs of the ladder
patiently and steadily, year after year.

"The griefs that fall to every share,
The heavier sorrows that life brings,
The heart can nerve itself to bear;
Great sorrows are half holy things.
But for the ills each hour must make,
The cares with every day renewed,
It seems scarce worth the while to
take

Such little things with fortitude.
And he before whose awakened might
The strongest enemies must fall
Is overcome by foes so slight,
He scorns to hold them foes at all."

Then there is the sorrow of a long
parting with those who, next to God,
are nearest and dearest to us. This is
not a sorrow we can or should think
lightly of. But let us not fall into the
opposite error of letting it crush all
gladness and energy out of the soul. We,
as Christians, have no right to speak as
though death could stand as an impass-
able barrier between those who are in
the mystical Body of Christ. The Com-
munion of Saints is not a mere name,
it is an ever-fresh reality. Friendship
is too holy and mighty a force to be
crushed by parting—indeed, it should
grow stronger under pressure. Many a
loyal heart can echo the trustful words
written by James Berry Bensen, when a
dear friend of his had been called to
"come up higher."

"Closely thy loving friendship I have
held
Through peace and fearful fray,
And when a mighty Power my feet
compelled
To walk Grief's narrow way.
Yea, of thy love my heart hath been
so sure
It gathered strength from thee,
And learned to battle bravely, keeping
pure,
When Sorrow tempted me.
Now, through the distance lying here
between,
O trusted friend of mine!
O friend so faithful, and so long un-
seen,
I send to thee this sign.
No more is needed; thou canst under-
stand
The meaning of the whole.
One word will speak as would an out-
stretched hand
To thee, O splendid soul!"

Some are called to endure intense or
long-continued physical pain or the wear-
iness of bodily weakness. To such, I
hardly dare to speak—I, who hardly ever
have an ache or a pain. But one thing
I do know, that when God cuts to the
quick—in body or soul—He is not mu-
tilating, but pruning His branches, seek-
ing to bring forth more fruit. When a
soul trusts His hand and endures with
strong meekness, the pain will be far
easier to bear, and the gain in the
spiritual power will be swift and certain.
Some are called to deliberately turn their
backs on earthly happiness for the sake
of Christ's kingdom—following His
"counsels of protection," that advice, of
which He has said that all men cannot
receive it, save they to whom it is
given. Is there not deep joy in a sacri-
fice that costs something? If He
should call you to leave "house or
brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother,
or wife, or children, or lands," for His
sake, and for the sake of spreading the
good news, will you even wish to hold
back? Will you not

"dare forego at His dear call
Thy Best—thine All?"

I must again express my thanks for all
the kind words of encouragement that
have reached me from my readers. I
am glad to be able to assure the
"Mother of Three" that Hope's ideals
are far, far above her own head. To
have reached up to a standard would be
to stand beside the Father who had
accomplished all he had hoped to do—
may God keep us all from that low am-
bition.
HOPE.