

Sunday of Epiphany

ST. MATTHEW'S MESSAGE.

"Behold I bring you Good Tidings of Great Joy."—Luke II: 10.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER I.

St. Matthew's Church.

REGULAR SERVICES every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
HOLY COMMUNION at Morning Service, on the first Sunday of each month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL every Sunday at 2 p.m.

PASTOR.—Rev. W. Minter Seaborn.

WARDENS.—Thomas Clark and George F. Oxley.

SIDESMEN.—George Minhinnick, Wm. McKenna, Wm. Henshaw and Samuel Spicknell.

ORGANIST.—Mrs. Gray.

CHOIR MASTER—Edward Gardener.

SEXTON.—P. Murch.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT.—H. Herbert.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD.—F. Coutier.

The Society of Christian Endeavor meets every Monday Evening, in the Church, and will be glad to welcome visitors or new members at any meeting.

Emmanuel Church.

REGULAR SERVICE—Every Sunday at 2.30 p.m.

SUNDAY SCHOOL—Every Sunday at 2 p.m.

WARDENS—F. Fitzgerald and R. A. Powell.

ORGANIST—Miss McLeod.

SEXTON—Edward Turner.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENT—Henry Shoebottom.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD—Henry Shoebottom.

AN EASY LESSON.

The famous American Humourist, Robert J. Burdette, thus muses:

How quiet the house is at midnight! The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago, come silently back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love those best with whom we can laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far away whispers, that have no sound, so that we only hear their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left it there this afternoon. I remember now. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson—such an easy lesson—and I told him it was a waste of my time trying to teach him, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, patient look in his eyes—his mother's brave, patient cheerfulness—struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome lesson—such a simple, easy lesson—any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one

more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he cannot read, to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book, just as he left it. Ah me, I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to day? What was there in the book I wanted to read, one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago, I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know that I want to go to the door of his room and listen! The house is so still, may be he is not breathing. Why, if between my books and my boy, I chose my books, why should not God leave me with my books—my hateful books?

But I was not harsh. I was only a little impatient. Because you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. There were two simple, easy lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the words so easy and the sentences so short. And I? Oh, pity me. I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now, all blurred and blistered with tears and heartache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know he will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle he will be. Why, how patiently and lovingly all these years, he has been teaching me this simple lesson I failed upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time then so much more precious than the Master's, that I cannot teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days; these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day then, when our hungry souls will ask for bread, our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy

lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your book shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart, it glows in letters that the blindest may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

THE YOUNG GIRLS' WORK.

On the 13th of March, at the Rectory, a number of the young girls of the congregation formed themselves into a "Girls' Aid Society" under the direction of Miss Elise Seaborn. Energy and enthusiasm in the work allotted to them, was exhibited on the part of those present, and the Society gives evidence of being of great benefit. The following members were enrolled:—Misses Carrie Beach, Ella Spearin, Alice Spearin, Flora Gray, Alice Tibbs, Edith Gray, Alice Baldick, Lillie Spicknell, Anna Cope, Mary Inwood, Mary Rogers, Lizzie Eggett, Jessie Gray, Maggie Seaborn, Lizzie Flood, Maggie Kew, Mary Scott, Colina Smith, Emma Quick, Laura Findlater, Bessie Brown, Minnie Spicknell, Katie Welch, Bertha Cope, Ada Scott, Edith Ross and Lottie Ross.

OUR SOCIETY.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, recently organized, has already secured the interest of a large portion of the congregation and will no doubt be beneficial to its members, and shed a benignant influence upon many others.

The Officers are: President, F. Lawson; Vice-Pres., Miss Childs; Recording Sec., Miss Elise Seaborn; Cor. Sec., Miss Smith; Treas., W. Welch.

LOOKOUT COMMITTEE: Misses Childs, Smith and E. Gray, Messrs. Stratford, R. Depoté, Joseph Dillaway, Arthur Welch and Mrs. Seaborn.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE: Misses L. Childs and Elise Seaborn, Messrs. W. Welch and John Dillaway, and Mrs. George Childs.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE COMMITTEE: Rev. Mr. Seaborn, Misses Dale, Symmonds, L. Standfield and Mr. F. Lawson.

The Society will meet every Monday Evening at 8 o'clock, in the Church, and it is expected that every meeting will be made interesting to all who attend. We extend a cordial invitation to any and every one who can find time to meet with us.