

Abbot General of the Cassinese congregation of Benedictines of the Primitive Observance. He is a son of Major General F. G. Hodgson, of Madras Staff Corps, grandson of the late Rev. Edward Hodgson, vicar of Rickmansworth, and is nearly related to many well known lay and clerical members of the Church of England.

"FELLOW CITIZENS OF THE SAINTS"

"Fellow citizens of the Saints." Think for a moment how much is implied in this. What a vast assemblage, what a glorious companionship is that in which you and I, with our frailties, our short comings, our self seeking, our worldliness, our distrust, our faithlessness, are fain boldly to claim a place! All those glorious spirits venerable patriarchs, righteous kings, rapt seers, glorious palmists, who lived and wrought and suffered in the ancient days in the hope of a better promise; men "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, . . . of whom the world was not worthy"; all those apostles and teachers who, kindling their torches at the sacred fire, the glory of the Eternal Son Himself, carried the light of the Gospel into all lands, giving up everything for Christ, offering to lose their lives, that by losing them they might find them. All those martyrs and doctors of later ages who handed down the sacred treasure through successive generations, amidst the fire of persecution and the confusion of barbarism and the darkness of idolatry, rejoicing to be devoured by hungry lions and to die at the stake. Polycarp, calm and brave as his flesh quivered in the flame; Chrysostom with his flowery eloquence; Augustine, with his piercing insight and force; these share, too, in this glorious company whose names live in history. And others true saints of God, though they appear not in the calendar of any Church; men and women from the vigor of whose lives succeeding generations have their inspiration and strength; all whose holiness and purity, whose courage and self sacrifice, whose gentleness and meekness, whose loving charity have been a never-failing fountain of refreshment to the weary pilgrim in the thirsty wilderness of the world. And others, too, there are, whose memories shall perish not, though they have left no name in history, but whose brows, nevertheless, God Himself will crown with a halo of everlasting glory. Poor, despised, unknown artisans and peasants, weak women and feeble children, martyrs in the martyrdom of daily life, saints in the saintliness of homely duty, throngs innumerable of every nation and kindred and people and tongue, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, standing before the throne of God, and serving Him day and night in His temple.—*Bishop Lightfoot in Parish Visitor.*

AN UNSELFISH LENT.

We may gather from this first chapter of St. John's Gospel another reason as regards the keeping of this season. When Andrew was convinced of the truth of our Lord's claims he was not content to follow Him alone. We read "he first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah," and he brought him to Jesus. Let us not make our Lent a selfish one. Let us strive not only to go to church ourselves but to bring others as well. Let us be bold to speak for our Lord to the careless and the ignorant. Christians are terribly backward in this regard. A merchant who is himself a professing Christian will have a clerk in his employ, a woman will have a servant in her house for months, and perhaps years, and never try to find out whether that man or woman is saved or lost. Let us provide ourselves with good books and

papers to lend and give away. Above all let us pray the Lord of the Harvest that He will not only send forth laborers into His harvest but that He will permit ourselves to be among those laborers. Even though we may be shut up in the room, our earnest prayers may uphold the tired hands of hard-working, faithful pastors and workers in the fields and help to bring down the much needed showers of blessing to revive the vineyards and gardens of the Lord.

How blessed a privilege is this of intercessory prayer. It is as if the Great Intercessor of all allowed us, His humble followers, to add a few grains to that incense which He offers before the Throne. Do we read a thrilling story of mission work far away on the other side of the world? We can send up a prayer for its success and for those who are working therein. Has some friend or perhaps some Sunday-school scholar strayed beyond the reach of hand or voice? They are not out of reach as long as the way to God is open to our intercession. Let us then be instant in prayer, not only for ourselves but for our friends, our enemies, and those of our Lord, and for the whole Church of God. "Prove me now, saith the Lord, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing till there shall not be room to receive it" (Mal. iii., 10.—*Parish Visitor, N. Y.*

"WHAT SEEK YE?"

Jesus was walking by the Sea of Galilee, having returned as it should seem from the scene of His temptation to that of His Baptism, when He encountered John Baptist and two of his disciples, John and Andrew. Fixing his penetrating gaze upon Jesus, John exclaimed as he had done once before, "Behold the Lamb of God." The two disciples heard the words of the Baptist and they followed Jesus, who turned and met them with the question, "What seek ye?" The disciples gave Him no direct answer. Probably they could not have done so. But at His gracious invitation they followed Him and abode with Him that night. We have no account of what passed between our Lord and His guests, but it is evident that the interview was satisfactory, for when Andrew found his brother Simon his first words were, "We have found the Messiah." "What seek ye?" We are told that St. Bernard was in the habit of asking himself "Bernard, why art thou here?" Should we not do well at times to ask ourselves the same question?

At church, what seek we? Do we go thither to meet our Lord, who has promised to be present in a special manner where two or three are gathered together in His name? Do we go to be taught and edified in the things which belong to our peace? Or do we go for the sake of some other attraction—the music, or the expectation of half an hour's intellectual entertainment, or as I once heard a person say, "because there is nowhere else to go on Sunday"? People sometimes complain that they derive little or no profit from holy ordinances. Perhaps a little honest consideration of our Lord's question may give us a reason. The spring may be plentiful and the water of the best, but if we carry no picher we shall bring nothing home.

In the blessed season of Lent, which is at hand, it is well to ask ourselves this question, Why do we decline society engagements and attend multiplied services, and perhaps put on a plain dress? Is it because we consider it rather a genteel thing to do? Is it because we fancy that we are thereby laying up merit for ourselves, or possibly purchasing immunity from the penalties of time wasted in dissipation, or is it because we really desire to grow in grace and in likeness to our Lord? Let us be honest with ourselves, for on our answer to this

question will depend the profit of our Lenten season.—*Parish Visitor.*

LENT.

The days will come when the Bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast.

Appear not unto men to fast, but unto Thy Father which is in secret,

By the favor of God, another Lenten Fast is ours to improve. Let us observe the season in its true intent and spirit. It may be our last Lent. 'Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you.' Refuse every call to gayety and amusement. Make no engagements that will conflict with the calls of the Church. Abridge the hours given to business, domestic employment and recreation, and give the time thus recovered to increase of religious reading, meditation, prayer and labors of love for others; and do this according to a plan of your own which, having formed, you will resolutely carry out. Attend all the services you can, unless you take the duties of others so that they can do so. Put such real restriction on your indulgences of appetite and taste as will cost you real effort to maintain, and at Easter bring the pecuniary measure of your Lenten self denial to be placed as your willing gift on God's altar. 'Neither will I offer unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.'

'Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

The Christian life begins, continues and ends in the habitual offering of these bodies of ours to the inward refining fire of the Holy Ghost, that they may become 'living sacrifices.' As there can be no sacrifice where there is no death, a 'living sacrifice' is essentially, a *living dying*, a conscious, voluntary death unto sin out of which arises a new life of righteousness unto God. Such a dying and such living, the Apostle declares to be a 'reasonable,' that is *rational*, 'service' or worship of God: Though the natural life is not lost, a new life of holiness is gained. Such self dedication of the body is an act of the mind, or reason, and thus Christian worship is the highest, noblest action possible by mankind, and in such worship each one can be himself a priest serving God with a holy, rational, spiritual worship.

There are too many prayerless homes. Too many homes where the Bible is familiar on the outside. Too many homes in which religion is only a matter of one day in seven and one service a day. Too many Christian fathers are neglectful of their priestly duties in their own households. The pride of life, the greed of acquisition and the lust of indulgence, conspire to make Christian men think they have not time for household worship even once a day, and for the sake of ten minutes a day, they waive an inestimable power of moral and spiritual benefit.—*Christian Helper.*

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