

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Your God is not he whom you supplicate,
but he whom you serve.

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No cloud can overshadow a true Christian,
but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—
Bishop Horne.

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We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily
living; we should exalt living to the grandeur
of life.—Phillips Brooks.

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God is willing to let us suffer to-day, that we
may get some great, rich good, or do some
noble service for the world, to-morrow.

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When one is sad or out of sorts for any
cause whatever there is no remedy so infallible
as trying to make somebody else happy.—J.
W. Carney.

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There is an old proverb: "Every man for
himself and God for all of us." But when
every man is for himself the devil will get
them all.

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It is not so much the opportunity entirely
missed that hurts one's feelings as the one
recognized but not grasped. "It might have
been" is a keener regret than "I did not
know."

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One need not strain himself to be useful; he
cannot help being useful if he is cheerful and
brave, if he is bright and true, if he is clean
and honest.—Charles G. Ames, D.D.

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To pray truly for guidance in the methods of
Christian work and the uses of money for
Christian purposes is to have a sense of God's
partnership that will bring unspeakable joy to
a believing soul.

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A man who would have friends must show
himself friendly. Friendship, as Coleridge
called it, is a sheltering tree. And the charm
of friendship lies in its sympathy, in its sharing
the merriment and the weariness of life's daily
paths.

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The Spirit of Christ! So much is contained
in that expression. Christ was ever active,
going about doing good, spending long hours
in prayer. Let us have within us the mind that
was in Christ Jesus. Let us seek to know His
mind.

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Now to the end that we may each one shine
in His measure, we must learn to turn our-
selves often toward Him from whom our light
is derived. Were we more in the mount with
God, our faces would shine more with men.—
Robert Leighton.

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To pray for abundant blessings without put-
ting forth our best efforts to obtain them by
our labor, is like praying for plentiful harvests
with the plow in the barn and the furrows un-
turned. God answers prayers for the harvest
after the furrows are turned and the drill has
done its work.

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When, like Habakkuk, we school ourselves
to rejoice in the Lord, and to joy in the God
of our salvation, we will find it comparatively
easy to cultivate a disposition of optimistic
cheerfulness, and our wholehearted work for
the Lord will be done with promptness and
with pleasure.

All Saints'

By REV. JAS. A. ELLIOTT, B.A.

From a sermon preached in St. John's Church,
Port Hope, Ont., Sunday, Oct. 29th, 1916.

"I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could
number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and
tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed
with white robes, and palms in their hands."—REV. 7: 9.

NOVEMBER the first is set down in our
Church calendar as All Saints' Day,—a
day in which Mother Church bids her
children think of that vast throng of the re-
deemed who have fought their fight, who have
kept the faith and entered into the paradise of
God.

Month by month we have brought to our
notice the greater servants of God; those who
had sat at the feet of the Master in the flesh;
those who had witnessed a great confession;
those who had died a martyr's death for the
truth's sake; those, in short, who were the
chosen vessels of God's most precious revela-
tions to men. Days have been set apart for
their remembrance, and their inspiration of our
barren lives. They are days when a Paul
might renew and quicken our faith, when a
James might show us how to express our faith
in action, when an Andrew could remind us of
our responsibility to a brother, when a John
could lift our hearts into the very presence of
God. Each has stood out like a lofty and
beautiful snow-capped mountain, to which we
fain would lift up our eyes. But another day
comes in the annual cycle when the unnamed
and unsung heroes and saints of God claim the
thought and the gratitude of the Church's
children. I refer to the nameless and number-
less host which has come out of much tribula-
tion and washed their robes in the blood of the
Lamb. They are they who have called no
special attention to themselves, whose saint-
ship consisted in the doing of life's common
tasks in the spirit of true discipleship, in
honour preferring one another, speaking the
truth in love. They are God's heroes in whose
hands He has placed the palm of victory and
given them heaven's song of salvation.

You remember the words of our Prime
Minister in his splendid appeal to the people of
Canada a year ago. He said we must bear in
mind this truth, "the nation is not constituted
of the living alone. There are those as well
who have passed away and those yet to be
born." The same, of course, may be said of
the Church of God. It is constituted not of the
living only but of the dead and of those yet to
be. In grateful reverence do the living receive
the spiritual legacy from the past and hand it
on untarnished and enriched to the generations
yet to come. It is in this large sense that I
wish you to enter into the consideration and
spirit of All Saints' Day. It is a day on which
you and I can think and learn of our own loved
Saints, they who have made their impress upon
our lives and started us in thought or act upon
a higher plane of living. There is the old
teacher, little appreciated in youth, but whose
spirit still abides with us in grateful remem-
brance. There is the dear child whose childish
sweetness touched our hearts so deeply. His
great, wondering eyes looked into another world
by faith and now he has entered its portals.
There is the friend who embodied our ideals of
honour and chivalry and whatever his limita-
tions might be we know that he must be num-
bered with the elect of God. And so through
the list of the choice spirits of our knowledge
and friendship we recall their memory with
gratitude and love. Mothers simply doing the
things of motherhood, fathers setting a high
standard by which their sons should walk.

Servants doing their work with fidelity; citizens
loving their country with righteous enthusiasm
and offering themselves on its behalf. Children
honouring their parents and speaking the
truth. These are they whom we are called
upon to honour and of whom we are to learn,
for they are among the numberless host which
St. John saw before the throne of God. It is
the Saint of the common task, the Saint of the
common clay of which you and I are made that
finds his place on the honour roll of the Church
of God on All Saints' Day.

When the Master tells us that straight is the
gate and narrow is the way that leads to life
eternal and few find it, do we not shudder at
the awful apparent failure of God's plans when
so many seem to perish and so few seem to be
saved! But are we not cheered when we read
the words of our text and learn of the number-
less throng which has passed into the light of
God's presence?

It is of this great unnumbered body of men
and women, past and present, who have done
and are doing their duty according to their
light, who have entered into the reward of the
blessed, that we are to think of at this All
Saints' season. No book on earth contains a
story of their deeds but they are recorded in
the Lamb's book of life. No public monument
marks the resting place of their ashes, but they
bear in their hands the palm of victory. From
all climes and nations and tongues, a great host
which no man can number,—men and women
who have done the best they could. Men
who have traversed Arctic snows and Arabian
deserts, men who have fought beasts in the
Roman amphitheatre and gone through Spanish
inquisitions; men who have suffered no special
hardships but have done the simple task with
fidelity and love; men who have witnessed a
good confession and dared to confess their
Master before men; men who have kept hands
and heart pure,—these are they of whom the
evangelist speaks as honoured in the presence
of God. They are they who have at least given
a cup of water in the name and spirit of a
disciple. And thus for all Saints, past and
present, for those of high ideals and singleness
of purpose, for those who are striving to make
the world better, let us give thanks, and what
is more, let us allow them to cheer us in our
apparently fruitless efforts, for though we may
be overlooked of men we shall not be forgotten
of God.

The glorious company of the apostles,
The goodly fellowship of the prophets,
The noble army of martyrs, praise thee,
The Holy Church throughout all the world,
The Church of the ages and of this age, doth
acknowledge thee.

Aye, all the Saints in Christ Jesus.

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Whilst we love the good, the fair, the true,
our love is divine, because the soul is goodness,
truth, beauty; but when we love the false, the
evil, and call them good and fair, then is our
love unnatural and wrong: the angel seeks
alliance with the reptile. It is terrible to love
what we should hate, and we do this oftener
perhaps than we think. We love hollowness
and error, when they are tinged with grace or
glitter of any kind: we cherish selfishness, be-
cause it opens to us a path to pre-eminence: we
make a covenant with falsehood, because it
brings us to favour: we take the serpent to our
bosom because of the beauty of his stripes; if
the soul is given over to unlawful passion, the
abdication of its nature, thus exiled, do we
expect to know the power of exercise the
authority of the sonship? Intellect and heart,
the whole being suffers when love is impure.—
Eliza T. Clapp.