

# All Hallows' in the West.

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## Service Deo Sapere.

AND is there care in Heaven? and is there love

In heavenly Spirits to these creatures bace,

That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is; else much more wretched were the cace

Of men than beasts. But O! the exceeding grace

Of Highest God that loves His creatures so,

And all His works with mercy doth embrace,

That blessed Angels He sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succour us that succour want!

How oft do they with golden pineons cleave

The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant.  
Against fowle frends to ayd no militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,

And their bright squadrons round about us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward;  
O, why should Heavenly God to Man have such regard! — *The Faery Queen.*

THE life of Service is the life of Angels. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation." In these words we have the nature of the Angels revealed to us. There is much of correspondence in our life with theirs. Do we not continually "offer and present ourselves our souls and bodies" to God in the Holy Eucharist, and by such oblation consecrate our *wills*, the spirit within us, to Him. Body, soul and spirit make up the whole man, and the whole man of God's new Creation cannot be re-

presented without due care and regard for each part. In each other we see the "heirs of salvation" and this service to each other involves not only ministry to God in individual members, but through them to the whole Body of Christ.

So great then are the possibilities of Service, so far reaching the influence we may exercise! The power of life in us, that touch of Resurrection power exercised from our Lord Himself in His Blessed Sacrament, is passed on from us to any soul, and from that soul again on to another. For good or ill, by acts or words, by the example of our lives, and above all by our prayers we are touching others, and through them again the wave of living influence goes on, "rolling down the great abyss, or rising up to the footstool of the Throne of God."

Let us then honour work, not despising the least detail which can make the Service we are permitted to offer, more perfect. Whatever we do, let us do it thoroughly, honestly and truly as witnesses for Him in the world. A Service of "body, soul and spirit, holy and acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

**"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."**

On Friday, June 30th., at All Hallows' Community House, Ditchingham, England, Sister Lucy, for three years Mother Superior of the Community, entered into rest. A letter from one of the Sister Associates, at home, first brought the sad tidings to us.

"By the time this reaches you,