

whole, the performance was a decided improvement on those of former occasions. Mr. Luckwell seems to have a way of his own of instilling confidence into the members of his choruses.

Those who were unable to be present Wednesday evening had an opportunity of attending Thursday evening, when the programme was repeated.



In St. Stephen's Church, Escanaba, Mich., on Tuesday in Easter Week, the Bishop of Marquette admitted John Edward Reilly, D. D., to the sacred order of deacons. The sermon was preached by the Bishop, and the candidate presented by the Rev. J. E. Curzon. The Rev. Jos. McConnell, of Menominee, assisted in the services. The Rev. Dr. Reilly has lately come to the Church from the Congregationalists, and for the past four months, has been acting as lay-reader in St. Stephen's parish. One of the many good results of his work in Escanaba is a class of 26 persons for Confirmation, the largest in the history of the parish.



The Story of St. John de Malta or The Legend of the Red, White and Blue Mantle.

A great many years ago, when half of Europe was still wrapt in heathendom, there lived in France a very good and holy man called John de Malta. He was a monk, but though filled with zeal for the salvation of the many souls committed to his charge, his spirit was often sadly troubled by the tidings which reached him from countries in the Far East. Palestine had been again taken possession of by Mahommedans and a great number of Christian people led away captive into distant lands, notably the kingdoms in the north of Africa.

John often pondered over this sad news, till one day, so the legend runs, an Angel appeared unto him and bade him devote his life to the rescuing of these same Christian captives. "This shall be your token," said the heavenly visitor and forthwith dropped his mantle on the shoulders of John de Malta. The cloak was white, and embroidered on it in blue and red was the sign of our Redemption, the Cross.

The monk, eager to perform the Angel's bidding, travelled through all the land of France and begged both from peasant and from lord for funds to carry out his mission.

At last, after many years of patient toil, the good priest was enabled to purchase the vessel and necessaries for his arduous expedition.

He sailed to Tunis, ransomed nearly one hundred and fifty Christian captives and with this precious freight on board sailed once more for the beautiful shores of France. You can imagine with what joy the poor prisoners hailed their freedom and the thought of seeing home again; to most, in fact nearly all of them, home was but a sweet memory of the past, a thing to be spoken of in whispers when the shades of night fell over the Moorish Kingdom and the slaves were free to rest their weary limbs. For the first few hours they seemed able to talk of little else, but alas, the Moors were not contented to lose thus their former slaves. Galleys pursued them far on their return journey and the good French vessel was sorely tried. At last, when they finally made their escape, it was discovered that the sails hung in tatters to the rigging and the rudder having been swept away, the boat was at the mercy of the wind and tide.

"God save us," cried the Captain, "for now we are indeed lost. If we fall not into the hands of the Moors, we perish in a watery grave."

"Not so," replied the good monk. "God's errands never fail." With that, he took off his heaven sent cloak and gave it to the captain saying, "Make thou of this a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle, and at the same moment, so the legend runs, a favorable breeze sprung up, so that the gallant ship, though sailing right before the wind, yet kept out of harm's way.

At the dawn of the third morning, through the gray twilight, they caught a glimpse of the gleaming towers of Ostia. Their ship of mercy with its holy sign was seen by the watchers on the city walls and soon brought safely into port. The bells in all the churches rang out glad peals in honor of the ransomed slaves who once more landed on Christian soil.

St. John's heart was filled with gladness, but not even then did he quit his noble work. He lived to a good old age and undertook several other expeditions of a like sacred character.

Ever after, his followers wore as a part of their uniform the large white mantle with the sacred red and blue cross.

M. E. A.

Influence.

There's never a rose in all the world,
But makes some green spray, sweeter,
There's never a wind in all the sky,
But makes some bird's wing, flecter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender:
To crown the sunset splendor;
Nor bird but may thrill some heart,
This dawnlight gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.

Anon.