

# S. John's Messenger

TORONTO.



S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. 1842.

*"Thousand thousands ministered unto HIM, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before HIM."*

THE mighty Host on high,  
Their joys beyond compare,  
Their glories in the sky,  
The deeds they bravely dare;  
For these the Church to-day  
Pours forth her joyous lay,  
To GOD her bounden praise to pay.

The chiefs of mighty race'  
And noble champions, they  
The evil spirits chase,  
Undaunted in the fray:  
They speed in ranks arrayed,  
The upright soul to aid,  
And crown him victor undismayed.

These are her captains bright,  
Viceroy of GOD'S domain,  
Unworn in their might  
The demons to restrain;  
To quell the infernal foe,  
And work their rivals woe,  
These heavenly warriors haste below.

What tongue can here declare,  
Or fancy here descry,  
The joys THOU dost prepare  
For these THINE hosts on high?  
Who for the warfare decked,  
Thine earthly friends protect,  
And in right paths to heaven direct.

To THEE O LORD Most High,  
Blest TRINITY we pray,  
Save us from misery,  
And purge our guilt away;  
That, after perils sore,  
THY name we may adore  
With holy angels evermore.

*Hymnal Noted.*

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## S. MICHAEL'S MORNING.

It was on Michaelmas Day, on one of the lovely mornings in our second summer which we call autumn, that I started across the Wiltshire Downs to walk to the neighboring town of Waston, situated at the foot of those bright, breezy slopes, which rise like ramparts from the plain below.

One village service had been at seven, so that it wanted but a few minutes to eight when I reached the edge of the hills, where the road leads down to the lower slopes and to the flat country. It was a beautiful prospect. Before one the fields lay stretched out like a map, with long vistas of trees, and here and there a thick clump, which marked a village, in the distance a low line of hills half hid by the mist, which betrayed the winding course of the river; while below me the town of Waston was waking into life, as was evident from the blue smoke rising up from many a chimney, like the smoke of so many prayers ascending from awaking souls, to thank GOD for the blessings