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Toronto, Advent, 1893.

ADVENT HYMN.

COME, O THOU, the many years expected,
Spouse of my soul ! Why tarriest Thou so long ?
In the dark lonely world we are waiting for Thee,
Dwell in our hearts and make Thy people strong.

Years roll away and THOU delayest THY coming,
But year by year the Church her watch still keeps,
Where throned on the Royal Virgin's breast
Emmanuel in His helpless childhood weeps.

And loving hearts with holy rapture thrilling
Kneel to adore the wondrous BABE DIVINE,
There find the foretaste of the joys of Heaven,
And rays of glory through the darkness shine.

What will it be to dwell forever with THEE
To feel THY gracious PRESENCE ever nigh
What to behold Thee in Thy glorious Beauty,
To see THEE always with unshrinking eye ?

We long to hear the Alleluias pealing,
We long to join the seraph choirs above,
We long to see THEE on THY Throne of Glory
And taste the full perfection of THY Love.

For this let patient waiting be our watchword ;
Calm trust and daily bearing of His Cross,
Renouncing all this evil world's false teaching,
And counting all things for THY Love but loss.



S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

Our Hospital report for the last two months has been rather depressing from a financial point of view, although charity compels us to rejoice that there has been less suffering during the past Autumn than usual, and consequently less need of Hospital care and nursing. Now our wards are full again and therefore our income better. We cannot lessen expenditure

when we have fewer patients. The house must be kept warm, and our number of paid nurses and attendants kept up whether the hospital is full or not. Our staff of attendants does not change, but goes on year after year with increasing experience and interest in the house and work; we could not send anyone away for it is not easy to replace faithful and earnest helpers, when we require them again; so our readers will sympathize with our days of anxiety as well as with all the prosperity which our dear LORD has given us. It is only our share in the general depression, and to counterbalance it we have innumerable causes for Thanksgiving. It is indeed a blessing to have our new wards quite ready for use now when many applications come. Last year we had to refuse many, and this year we have received all who applied. Now we are again full, but probably some patients will be discharged before others apply. "S. Anne's" ward has been moved up to the second floor, and presents a very cosy appearance. This is a bed for a gentlewoman in need, which used to be in a ward with another bed. Now it has a little room all to itself, with a delightful sofa and large soft cushions on which to spend restful hours of convalescence. It is supported by a little company of ladies who contribute yearly towards this laudable object, and many a sufferer, unable to meet the expenses of so comfortable a room, gladly accepts this boon.

We have elsewhere an account of of the M.C.L. Ward for eight patients. There are three rooms still unfurnished, of the same size as "S. Anne's." We have the iron bedsteads and mattresses, but nothing else! However, we must hope that comforts will be found for them 'ere long. Our Guest House proves very comfortable and useful, not only as a sitting-room for our good nurses, etc., but as a light, pleasant place for the Bible-Class which our good Chaplain holds each Friday afternoon, as last year. It will also serve as a Recreation Room for our school children who have no homes to go to for the Christmas holidays, and whom we hope to bring up from Oshawa for a week or two, not only giving them the pleasurable excitement of "going off for the holidays," but also allowing all our School Sisters to return to the Convent for the Happy Festival. These Sisters do indeed rejoice in an opportunity of joining once more in the Services at S. Thomas' Church, which are so dear to our hearts, the loss of them being, perhaps, the greatest trial our Sisters have to bear in going out to Branch Houses. No doubt such an inroad of young people—some of them are very young—will change the character of our peaceful convent for a time! But it will be a joy to them to help in preparing the Christmas

Tree, and to sing their carols around it, at each of its Stations, for our Christmas Tree occupies several different positions, and serves to amuse several audiences. Indeed it bears more than one crop each year! Beginning in S. Margaret's Ward on Christmas Evening our patients always much appreciate it, and enjoy the little presents which are to be gathered for each one. This is always quietly happy without excitement, very different from the evening when the large tree is transplanted to the embroidery room a few days later on—for that being our largest room we usually pack away all work frames and implements, and vacate it for our home Sunday School. Santa Claus comes then, and looks very imposing in his white hair and beard and brilliant red coat! However, we must not anticipate too much, lest our MESSENGER fall into the hands of our little friends, and prevent the "surprises" which are a necessary ingredient in Children's pleasures. We only want to go just far enough to show our readers how many dolls, and toys, and bags of sweets we shall need to clothe that tree!

We have to acknowledge a gift from Mr. Lockhart, of great value to us; a hamper of beautiful large samples of cloth, capable of conversion into most useful articles of clothing for our poor children. Last week we fortunately had as a patient convalescing, a clever young mantua-maker from Murray's and many a hood and cloak, and little dress, came from her skilful fingers out of this capital bundle of pieces. To Mr. Millichamp also, we are indebted for a case of samples of various useful materials; buttons especially welcome, because we had so many new dresses needing them. If our kind friends could see what comes of all their contributions, we are sure that they would feel satisfied with the result.

Some of our Associates from time to time avail themselves of our beautiful Chapel, and quiet guest room, by taking a day from the world's busy work and pleasure to spend in retirement and devotion. It is a great pleasure to us when any one does this, and we know how great is the refreshment and revival of these quiet days. May we hope that the practice will spread to a much larger number than those who already thus use our house. We have a Celebration of Holy Communion always on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at seven o'clock, and shall always rejoice to see an Associate in Chapel, and if she wish it, remain with us throughout the day, being present at the Hours, and with us in the Refectory

We can always supply some helpful meditation, and book of devotion if desired. Do, dear Associates of S. John the Divine, come apart now and then and spend a Quiet Day.

It has been our custom during Advent to have a Day of Retreat for our older friends, whose age or delicacy hinders them from joining the longer and more strict Annual Retreat for Associates and others in July. This year, owing to the absence of the Chaplain, who is out of town by the doctor's orders, we have been obliged to postpone the Retreat. Later on we hope to be able to arrange for our dear old friends, who have always shown great appreciation of this opportunity. We have in former years had room for fifteen, and have always had that number present. This year we can comfortably arrange for a larger number, and shall be glad to receive the names of any who would like to come.

The hours are as follows :—

Holy Communion at	9.30 a.m.
Address.....	11.00 "
Prayers	12.00 "
Dinner	1.00 p.m.
Rest till Prayers	3.00 "
Second Address at	3.15 "
Quiet time in Chapel.	
Afternoon Tea	5.00 p.m.

when the Retreat closes, enabling all to return home before nightfall.

M.C.L. WARD.

The large and handsome room which served for four years as our Chapel has now become a beautiful ward containing eight beds (all occupied). In gratitude to our dear young friends who have always very actively helped us, we have named it the M.C.L. Ward, and all the pretty work which the M.C.L. has done for us has been put into use, so that we begin here as a very well appointed ward. The pretty china from S. Mark's Branch, relieved us of all anxiety as to tea things, and tray cloths ; toilet bags, pillow-cases and screens, have been accumulating from several Branches during the past year. We were able to buy our bedsteads and mattresses, but there, alas! we had to stop. Then patients came in, and we could not refuse them, so a Sister was appointed to take charge of the half-furnished wards, and by dint of borrowing from older wards, and begging from her friends who came in, she found temporary furnishings enabling her, though with difficulty, to make the patients comfortable. Our readers may picture her delight when vague rumors came of S. Simon's M.C.L., and something to be expected from them. Then one day a large party of very bright young people arrived under Mrs. Oliver Macklem's guardian-

ship, and brought us \$70 to be spent upon their ward! We think it was much better that we had to begin this ward under such difficulties for the delight of the new patients was great, as necessary articles were discussed, and plans made by the Sister, for spending all those dollars to the very best advantage! Then we went out shopping, and were a little dismayed at first at finding how much chairs and bedside tables and pillows cost! At last we found ourselves at a large shop on Yonge street where kind Mr. Davis, on finding where we came from, offered us such a large discount, that we spent *nearly* all our money in his shop sending home really nice chairs, stands and tables just suited to our needs. We did not bring home any money, though, for we had yet to buy strips of bedside carpet, and a rug for the pretty recessed east window, which forms a "cosy corner" for those who can sit up. Now we want all our M.C.L. friends to come and see what is the result of their labours for us in the past year. I am sure they will feel that all their labour of love, all their self-denials have been worth-while, resulting in so much comfort to those patients who are fortunate enough to get into this lovely ward.

Besides all that the M.C.L. has directly done for us, there has been the indirect help of a good example, leading other children to try and help the ward too. Our little Sunday-School in the Convent has been saving up its pennies through the year until they amounted to \$12.21. And one Sunday lately Miss Playter brought her Infant Class from S. Alban's Cathedral to see the Sisters and the new ward, Mrs. Sweatman very kindly coming with them to play their hymns, which they sang for us in our new Chapel, and afterwards in the M.C.L. Ward. These little ones come from homes where poverty is a constant guest, yet they all brought their pennies to help the Sisters' Hospital, and their 6c. was not the least valued portion of the children's offering which has brought so much brightness and comfort to the new ward.

CHURCH WORKROOM.

We have been very busy in this Department, having many orders to fill, besides several poor Missions to aid. A very handsomely embroidered superfrontal has just been sent off to S. Stephen, N.B. It was heavily worked in gold and colours on rich red velvet. To Arthur was despatched a good frontal and superfrontal on red cloth nicely worked and made up. For Grafton three antependia, simply worked in gold colour on red ground. To Aspley Mission, frontal and superfrontal on red

cloth with passion flowers in delicate pink shades, edged with gold. For S. Mark's, Parkdale, we are working a banner, a memorial of a beloved Sunday School teacher. It is on white brocade. The design, a cross formed of pansies on a background of green leaves; across the lower edge above the fringe is ✠ In Memoriam ✠ in gold letters edged with red. We are also working a very simple white frontal for S. Hilda's, Fairbank, a church which has a special interest for us, as having been our old S. Thomas' Church on Huron street; the materials of which were taken to Fairbank and rebuilt there. Through the exertions of our indefatigable Associate, Miss Playter, it is hoped that the sanctuary may be reverently and neatly fitted for use in its new location. We have at last completed the white frontal for our own Chapel, which for the last two years has occupied our daily Recreation-hour. It is, perhaps, the handsomest piece of work we have done, and quite repays the time and labour spent upon it.

We are fortunate in having a larger band of helpers in our Embroidery Room than ever before, and are therefore able to accomplish much good work. Our old friends still come faithfully week by week, and many new workers are added.

SEATON VILLAGE MISSION.

Our Mission House is as usual full to overflowing of busy active work, Mothers' Meeting, and Sewing School well attended, and the Dispensary as ever, most valued by our poor neighbors. We owe much to the kind doctors who give their time day by day to enable us to carry on this useful branch of work. The invalid dinners will recommence at Christmas, and are evidently to be more than ever needed. "Hard times" has a different meaning at Seaton Village from that attached to the expression in the better quarters of the city.

Poverty at all times reigns in the village, and at this time is emphasized by the great depression in all businesses and trades. The Sister in charge is grieving very much over her Blanket and Fuel Club, into which the Members have really paid a large sum of money during the summer. But Sister cannot see her way to the "bonus" which means so much to these good people who have saved when they could, but who have nothing now. Some good friends have sent coal and others money, but not as liberally as last year. Perhaps as this cold weather intensifies, some more prosperous people, drawing near their own bright fires, will be moved to send a few dollars to warm the poor. We know

what is entrusted to us is well applied, for we know well each individual member of the club.

This Sister in charge has another anxiety, which is, how to provide good fare for her Christmas Supper to the mothers of her "meeting," whose husbands always accompany them to the entertainment. Four musical young friends have promised the *amusement*, but really we can't make that the "first course." We are almost sure to have some turkeys sent to us, but then other things too are wanted, and we should so rejoice if our kind friends would cook and send just ready to be reheated some part of a substantial meal.

Of course the Sister has a tree to provide for her little people, but rumour says, that our faithful friends at S. Simon's are preparing good and useful gifts, and all the candies are to be sent ready in bags by the Misses Montizambert, whilst the tree itself will be provided by our old friend Dr. Carter.

So far of our work, but we have a bit of sad news as to the little Mission House itself. Those who help us there are aware that it is entirely built of wood having no plaster. This was admirable at first, but now three hot summers have caused the wood to shrink to such an extent that the wind actually blows through and through! Even a good sized furnace can make no headway against the severity of a windy day—and it is always windy at Seaton Village! Some good friendly carpenters up there say that by an expenditure of \$50 they can felt and shingle the walls so as to shut out the cold; but \$50 is a large sum of money, and we have it not! We ambitiously thought that brick casing might be possible, but, ah! *that* would cost \$250. When we wanted to build that house we asked a number of friends and acquaintances to send us the definite sum of \$2 each, and they did it, and we built and paid for our house which has done such good work. We are not bold enough to make so personal an appeal again, but we cherish a hope—not very faint—that these kind friends will send us a repetition of \$2 and then very soon we should shut out the wind and rain from our active and patient household. We do not like to beg, really, dear friends, we like much better to give, but then we only have *ourselves* to give and that is done fully and entirely.

We have a promise of a paper on the Religious Life from time to time from the Clergy of Pusey House, Oxford. One by the Rev. Cyril Bickersteth was to appear in our Advent MESSENGER, but the manuscript has not yet reached us. We must look forward to it for our next number.

MEETING OF ASSOCIATES.

A meeting of the Associates of S. John the Divine was held at S. Stephen's Rectory on Nov. 27th. There were present, Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Bovell, Mrs. DuVernet, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Eden Smith, Mrs. Plummer, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Machell, Miss Roper, Miss Moffatt, Miss Grier, Miss Forster, Miss Carroll, Miss Acres, Miss McMullen, Miss Jellett, Miss Fletcher.

The meeting was opened with a hymn and prayers, after which Mrs. Broughall gave a short address, explaining the objects for which the meeting was called. These were—

First.—To draw the Associates more closely together. Many of them have never met their Sister Associates, and there has been nothing to weld them together as a strong united band, having the interests of the Community at heart before and above all other objects of Church work.

Second.—To lay before the Associates the needs of the various branches of the Community's work. A communication from the Rev. Mother was read, suggesting various ways in which the Associates could help, and objects for which to work.

(a.) For the Church Home for the Aged, on John St. Sheets, pillow cases, towels, tea cloths, (or glass cloths), dish towels, roller towels, napkins and small table cloths. Red damask cloths (1½ yards square). Little Christmas gifts for old people.

(b.) The Mission, Seaton Village. Money to enable the house to be brick-cased. All kinds of materials. Cast off clothing; soup always needed; cold meat and dripping; coal. *Help* in visiting greatly needed. Mothers' meeting, Sewing-school, Christmas tree. It is particularly desired to make a pleasant evening for mothers at Christmas-tide.

(c.) Presents for tree at Hospital. Nothing which costs money, but small gifts to please the patients, and help to make them feel less homesick.

Third.—Greater method and zeal in collecting money for the various works for the Endowment Fund, and for the Maintenance Fund.

We see the outward evidences of the success which has attended the work of the Community. The large and well appointed Hospital, the new Church Home, with its comforts for the old people who spend their days in contentment and thankfulness. The beautiful School and Grounds at Oshawa, and the ever-growing work of the Seaton Village Mission. We are too apt to think of all this as of a machine which has been wound up and set going, and requires no further attention, but we must

remember that increased work means increased expense, and it must be our duty as Associates to lighten the burden of anxiety as to ways and means, which must often press heavily upon the Rev. Mother and the Sisters. The Associates should form a strong compact wall, as it were, round the Community; should be a real strength and support; supplying to the Community something of that loving, watchful, protecting devotion with which S. John sheltered his sacred charge, the Blessed Mother of our LORD in "his own home."

Mrs. Broughall was unanimously chosen Convener of Associates' meetings, which will be held quarterly.

It was moved by Miss Greir, and seconded by Mrs. Baker, that Mrs. Christopher Robinson be Secretary. Carried.

Mrs. Broughall proposed that an entertainment should be held before Christmas in aid of the Seaton Village Mission, and that Associates be asked to take tickets to sell. Thirteen of those present offered to take ten ten-cent tickets each, and the Secretary was requested to forward their names to Miss Playter, who would furnish the tickets. Suggestions were then made for holding fortnightly meetings for needlework, and it was proposed by Miss Roper, seconded by Mrs. Machell, that Mrs. DuVernet be appointed to take charge of the working party to meet at the Bishop Strachan School, by kind permission of Miss Grier. It has since been arranged that these meetings should be held in the Guest Room of S. John's House. It was resolved to hold the next Associates' meeting on the first Monday in February. The meeting was then brought to a close by the singing of a hymn, followed by prayers.

S. JOHN THE DIVINE.

Notes of Mrs. Broughall's address to the Associates.

"The Disciple whom JESUS loved!—the Apostle of love." This is the first thought that strikes us when we hear his name. One aspect of this love, stronger than death, is seen throughout his life and his wonderful Gospel and Epistles, in his burning zeal for his Master's glory—his indignation against all that seems to outrage it; in his intolerance of all compromises and concessions. He recognizes no mean between CHRIST and Anti-Christ. The opening words, alone, of his Gospel would entitle him to the name once bestowed upon him by his Divine Master—"Son of Thunder," and those first words reveal to us at once the unearthly character of his love for the Son of Man in whom he so clearly beheld the SON of GOD. And throughout his gospel another feature of this love is revealed, in the detailed account of word and gesture, and accent (passed over, perhaps

unnoticed by the other Evangelists,) the rapt eagerness wherewith he hung on every look, and caught every shade of meaning in the voice of his Beloved. He alone, living so near that Fount of Love. "leaning on JESUS' breast—he alone is able to reveal the breadth and height and depth of the Blessed SAVIOUR'S Love, as it is revealed to us in his wonderous Intercessory Prayer.

And in the patient, quiet "tarrying" through so many long, lonely years, in the silence as to himself and his work as a preacher, the attitude of rapt *listening* wherein he appears to live in the unseen Eternal World, rather than in any secular or even spiritual activity, we see yet another characteristic of the love, far more Divine than human, which his very memory exhales. If in him there appears less power to enter into the hearts and minds of the multitude, to be "all things to all men," than there is in S. Paul, still there is perfection of another kind, and one attained by no other. The image mirrored in his soul, breathing its ineffable love through every thought and word and deed of his most lovely Life is that of the SON of GOD. S. John is the Apostle of love, not because his is the easy temper of a general benevolence. His character, soft, yielding and feminine, is but because he has grown ever more and more into the Likeness of the Master he loved so truly. Nowhere is the Vision of the Eternal Word, the glory as of the only begotten of the FATHER, so unclouded, and nowhere are there such distinctive personal reminiscences of the CHRIST in HIS most tender human characteristics, as in the writings of the "Disciple whom JESUS loved." It was a true perception of his wonderful character which led the interpreters of the four living creatures around the throne, to see in him the eagle soaring into the cloudless heights of heaven and gazing with unflinching eye upon the dazzling glory of the Sun.

THE CHURCH HOME.

The Church Home for the Aged is not as prosperous as we could wish, and we have much difficulty in "making both ends meet"—indeed now that the fuel season has come we really cannot make them meet! Some of our old people pay something towards their support, \$10 a month being the highest amount for a room for one inmate, whilst those who can, pay \$5 a month for a bed in a room with others. But also there are several who cannot pay at all! Old people are not very expensive to take care of, yet they must have a certain degree of comfort, and the tender-hearted Sister-in-charge is intent on seeing that they get

it, and though we think her a wonderful economist, yet we cannot be surprised when the end of the month shews a balance on the wrong side! S. Stephen's Church had lately an afternoon Service when the children brought pounds of groceries to offer to their LORD for the use of our dear old people. The happy result of this service was that the pantry shelves were, on Monday morning, enriched by 300 lbs. of useful groceries, and there was an accompanying offering of \$11. We have not seen the balance sheet for the past month yet, but there is a confident hope that, even after paying for coal, we shall not be behindhand. Last Sunday S. George's and S. Margaret's churches had their pound services with like happy result. We are told on good authority, that at least one congregation intends to send us a load of coal. Is it too much to hope that the good example will be followed by several other congregations? It would lighten our burden very greatly to hear of an occasional windfall of this nature.

We had a happy dinner party on Thanksgiving Day. The Rector of S. George's church, the Mother Superior, Mrs. Moore, Miss Grier, and Miss Gamble were the guests, and sat down with a large household to a very luxurious repast. Very fair looked the bright young waitresses, who took care of us all so well, and our only desire was that the dear Sister-in-charge (who was aided by one two of her Guild) had had just a little less to do, so that we might have enjoyed more of her society. However, in the midst of all her activity, no happier face was seen than hers, nor did we hear more cheerful words than the few she had time to utter as she flitted about seeing to every one's comfort and pleasure. The old people were very happy and enjoyed all their visitors. Perhaps one came away feeling that if our dear LORD in HIS mercy should take us to HIMSELF ere these helpless days of age overtook us, it is indeed cause for deepest thanksgiving, and also with a prayer of thanksgiving that HE has provided, through HIS Church, such a Home of peace as this, in which to give loving, gentle care to those who have outlived their activities.

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE.

On Saturday, September the 30th, the Dedication Service of the Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, was held by the Lord Bishop of Toronto. The day was fine and warm, and the beautiful grounds of the College filled with visitors, friends and relations of the pupils, Associates of the Sisterhood of S. John the Divine, and many others interested in the College, from both Toronto and Oshawa.

The pretty Chapel of the College, at half past three in the afternoon, was filled with the pupils, thirty-six in number, all wearing the uniform of navy blue, and white veils on their heads; and with as many of the visitors as it would accommodate. In the Choir were the Rev. Mother and seven of the Sisters, while the service was conducted by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, D.D., the Warden of the Sisterhood; The Rev. J. Talbot, rector of the parish; and the Rev. L. I. Smith of S. Thomas', Toronto. The hymn, "Alleluia we sing like the children dear" was rendered by the sweet, fresh voices of the pupils. The Rev. J. C. Roper, Chaplain, S.S.J.D. being unavoidably absent, the opening prayers were read by the Rev. L. I. Smith, the lesson by Dr. Bethune, and the Bishop offered up the solemn and beautiful dedicatory prayers, and gave a short but impressive address. He spoke to the Sisters of the value and influence of the work they had undertaken, and to the pupils of the nature of the advantages offered to them in the College, urging them to make use of them, to their temporal and spiritual benefit. For the visitors, his Lordship sketched briefly the previous history of the College, and expressed his pleasure at the unlooked for success of the establishment under the auspices of the good Sisters, who, somewhat reluctantly, undertook its management in February last.

Other hymns sung were: "LORD JESUS, GOD and MAN," "Fair waved the golden corn," and "Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright." The singing reflected great credit on those who trained the young choir, and the happy and healthy faces of the pupils were pleasant to see.

The Service over, the visitors inspected the house and grounds, and were served with tea, coffee, cake, and sandwiches, and after a very pleasant afternoon, dispersed.

Our friends and Associates are doubtless watching anxiously for news of this latest branch of work, and this being virtually our first term, we feel that its report is to be regarded more seriously than the accounts of the labours of the preceding months, which were more or less experimental.

We opened in September with the unexpectedly large number of thirty-six, and have received three more since that date. This taxes our accommodation to its utmost limit. The household arrangements as regards heating and ventilation may now be regarded as perfect, a warm and uniform temperature being secured throughout the house in the coldest weather. We have great reason for thankfulness in the continued health and vigor of our young charges. As Oshawa is well known to be one of the healthiest places in Ontario, this is a subject for congratulation

rather than for astonishment. The school work has on the whole been satisfactory, despite the difficulty of grading properly so many welcome strangers.

Special attention has been paid to Literature and Composition by the Seniors, and great care taken with letter writing, an art rather neglected in the present day. Languages have also received special attention, French classes having been held three times in the week. Due prominence has been given, as is befitting in a Church School, to the study of Divinity in all its branches. Our kind Rector reads Matins daily, and immediately afterwards gives a lecture in Divinity to the whole school. Church and Scripture History are also carefully taught.

The evident contentment and happiness prevalent among the children have been a continual source of joy, and a great help to us in our work. We shall miss their bright young faces and sweet voices all through the vacation, and shall gladly welcome them back, when Christmas, with all its joys and pleasures, is past, and the world resumes its work-a-day garb once more. We expect that twelve of the children will remain during the holidays, and we hope to give them a share in the happiness which at this season specially belongs to the little ones, so dear to the heart of Him who for their sakes became a Child.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON,

Preached on the 18th June, in S. Paul's Cathedral, at the Annual Festival of the Army Guild of the Holy Standard, by the REV. FRANCIS PAGET, D.D.

S. JOHN vi. 38.

. . . Let me point you, brethren, in conclusion, to two splendid instances of the controlling greatness of character which may be reached by that steadfast and unselfish loyalty to duty of which I have been trying to speak. We cannot forget what night it is on which we are gathered here, the night of Waterloo. We are within a few minutes of the very time at which the battle was decided; the time at which, as the Imperial Guard passed up the ridge held by our troops, the Duke of Wellington gave orders for that simultaneous attack in front and in flank to which Napoleon himself ascribed the loss of the battle. As we look back to that day, the most critical and the most fateful, I suppose, in modern history, perhaps the best lesson for us to learn may be seen when the two great commanders who met upon that field are set in contrast; and the lesson of that contrast is, I think, nothing else than this, the unique strength and greatness of allegiance to duty. On both sides of the contrast we may see in rare magnificence the same commanding

qualities of intellect, the same unwearied energy, the same personal courage, the same masterful intensity of will ; but, writes the historian, "Napoleon was covetous of glory ; Wellington was impressed with duty." "Singleness of heart was the characteristic of Wellington, a sense of duty was his ruling principle ; ambition pervaded Napoleon, a thirst for glory was his invariable incentive. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to ; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned." It would be hard, I think, to measure what Europe owed to the victory at Waterloo ; but surely this stands high if not supreme, among its abiding results, that the splendor of that day arrays the form of duty, that it arrested and struck down a policy of personal ambition.

Let us turn for our last lesson to a very different scene, but yet a scene in which the majesty of dutifulness held the gaze of Europe. As on this very day last year, one whom I would venture to call one of the greatest soldiers of our age was carried to his grave. The Emperor Frederick had given up his heart to the love of duty in his boyhood ; through his years of splendid action he had been steadfast and true in that allegiance ; and through the long weeks of yet more splendid patience GOD ALMIGHTY kept him dutiful to the very end. Forty years ago, before he was eighteen, he had entered upon active service, and his father introduced him to the officers of the regiment to which he was attached, in these words, "I entrust my son to you in the hope that he will learn obedience, and so some day know how to command." Then, turning to his son, he simply said, "Now go and do your duty." The note that these words touched sounded again in the first public utterance of the youthful prince about six months later : "I am still very young," he said, "but I will prepare myself with love and devotion for my high calling, and endeavor some day to fulfil the anticipations of my people, which will then become a duty entrusted to me by GOD." And so year after year, in times of peace and times of war, he laboured to prepare himself ; in steadfast allegiance to duty he kept storing up the strength and wisdom and self-mastery that he would need when he should be called to his yet greater duties as the Emperor of Germany. But GOD had another—may we not, as we look towards the cross of CHRIST, be bold to say an even greater?—use for all that strength and wisdom and self-mastery, not to sway for a few years the course of that one nation's history, but for all times and through all lands to set a great example of uncomplaining patience ; to teach

and to encourage men to do their duty, simply and quietly, even through the weariest days of suffering and weakness ; to show how the love of home and duty may go unfaltering, not with a sudden venture but with slow and painful steps, through ever-growing anguish, on into the very face of death ; this was the privilege of the most dutiful soldier whose greatness has ennobled our day. Thus did men see in "the short and speechless reign" of the Emperor Frederick how vast a strength is stored in those whose hearts are resolutely set not to do their own will but the will of HIM Who sent them.

✠ In Memoriam ✠

SISTER LUCY.

" Our Community is now founded in Paradise."

GOD has called our Sister Lucy to "come up higher," and brightly and bravely she answered HIS call. On Easter Day she was with us at the early Celebration, leaving the Chapel quickly after to lie down on that bed from which she rose not again. Through many weeks of acute suffering her smile and bright, patient words made cheerfulness around her sick bed. Her interest in the work so suddenly laid down never abated even when weakness had greatly increased, till in the early morning of the Festival of S. Simon and S. Jude, the peaceful spirit left the poor worn body, so gently that we hardly knew when the severance came.

She was laid to rest in S. James' Cemetary on Oct. 30th.

Of your charity pray for her soul.

THE ENTRANCE INTO PARADISE.

NOW pausing let us drop the emblem here,
 And leave the body lying on the bier,
 Then stay me not, for follow, follow on
 I must to where the blessed soul is gone ;
 It is all gold, it is all splendour—wings
 Like pearl and sapphire, and such lovely things
 Are soaring round ; beauty is there to wait
 And waft the victor spirit through life's gate ;
 Before her diamonds gleam, her former tears,
 Mercy resplendent in each drop appears ;
 And melody's enchanting grace draws nigh,
 Each swelling note was once a holy sigh ;
 Rubies are seen aloft the Cross she bore
 In glowing red is carried on before.

Her token of acceptance—by the band
 Who speed her welcome to Celestial land
 Psyche has left her earthly garb below,
 One casts around her fairest vests of snow ;
 This is the holiness she strove to win,
 This the best robe with which she enters in.
 Where, mortal thought, thou must to rapture change,
 How canst thou image ought so passing strange
 In all its sweetness? How shall phantasy
 Tell what ear hath not heard, and only eye
 By faith hath seen? Sure the unnumbered throng
 Ring through unclouded space the conqueror's song ;
 Sure for each wave of grief in time passed o'er,
 Breaks a blest anthem on the untrodden shore.
 'Tis charm of Paradise ! for deepest shade
 Which any earthly sorrow ever made,
 Pure rays shine here most exquisitely fair,
 Till light and music seem the very air :
 I cannot, cannot more—thou yearning heart
 That faint'st with longing for that better part.

Dissolve not yet—not yet ; O there are flowers,
 Such fadeless life ; O there, O there are hours,
 Such perfect bliss ! the smiles, the embrace, the meetings,
 The clasp of love, the unutterable greetings,
 The thrill of joy, the entrancement of delight,
 The ravishment of angel kisses bright,
 The beatific hope, desire's fruition,
 No cold decay, no change, no intermission.
 Aye, it is changeless bloom : the soul takes rest
 Assurance, peace secure upon her breast,
 Possessed by undefiled, uncloying pleasure
 Possessing uncurrup and faultless treasure,
 The riches unimagined, day unending,
 And this, this immortality still spending
 With HIM, the All, the Infinite, the One,
 The Manhood Deified, GOD'S only SON.

ON THE MARCH.

"SO like the sun would I fulfill
 The business of my day ;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heavenly way."

The farmyard cock crew again and again during the dawn. He seemed to think it was a shame for any one to be asleep when there was the least sufficiency of light to work by ; and some few folks seemed to hold the same opinion, and also to act upon it, for

a lad passed through the yard soon after, whistling as he went along, his spade over his shoulder, and his heavy boots, when he pushed open the first gate, splashing carelessly through the wet grass. Oh! it seemed such a pity to spoil all those pretty bright pearls with which every blade of grass in the field was decorated as finely as any princess.

Very soon the milkmaid was heard singing among her wooden pails and pans, and the cock strutted off, saying, "sensible people, yet it is altogether thanks to me—of course! of course!" Then, looking very much satisfied at having set every one to rights, he walked away, and, squeezing himself under the lowest bar of the gate, marched on like the farm-lad, through the wet grass. A few rosy clouds spread themselves over the sky above, only just one or two summer clouds, which did not mean any mischief. A few of the highest hills began to look very bright. All the eastern sky had beautiful brightness about it. The fir-trees which stood here and there on the eastern hills looked black against it, and their fine branches showed very clear and distinct. Then a few other things besides the hills grew bright, then even the flat fields began to glisten; and at last the sun, looking very round and large, came slowly up from the horizon, and the lark darted up ever so high in the air, singing a song of which you could hear every note, so clear it was; although the little songster had gone up so far away, that he looked the merest black dot you can think of. Then lots of little birds, which had hitherto been fidgetting and twittering in a whisper, chirped and chattered merrily, glad to see the pleasant day-light once more. "And that is the sun!" said a pimpernel in the bank, "And that is the sun!"

"Well, I should rather suppose it is," replied our friend the farmyard-cock, with something of a sneer, "What else should you think it could be?—the moon?" "Well, I dare say you think me sadly ignorant," answered the other, "but I am very young; I only opened my eyes for the first time yesterday, and that was but for a moment, so everything is new to me."

Not appearing to think so ignorant a neighbour worth conversing with, the cock raised his claws and beat a way for himself through the grass, so the pimpernel was left to make discoveries for itself. After a very little while it cried in astonishment, "Why, I do declare he's moving!" "Hush, you frighten us all!" said a poplar close by; "don't make quite so much noise, who is moving, do you say?" "Why, the sun," replied the pimpernel timidly; "look at him, I know he is moving—oh, dear!" "I should hope he is, don't be afraid, we should all be rather frightened if he did not move," the poplar said; he has a very

long way to go I can assure you—right to the opposite part of the sky; he will be almost overhead soon.” “Why need he move?” asked the terrified little flower, “I would much rather he stood still; can he get at us, do you think?” “Nonsense,” laughed the poplar; and the wild rose in the hedge laughed too: “‘Get at us?’ He will get at us to warm us, I hope, and to make us grow; but he is certainly not likely to walk across the fields and eat us up.”

“But why need he move? what is he going to do?” the little pimpernel asked again, rather doubtful. “He need move because he has a journey before him,” the good-natured poplar replied; “and as to what he is going to do, you must understand that he is going to light the earth, and warm the earth, and make things grow.” “Oh, well! but I wish all the same he would do it without moving; for, notwithstanding what you have said, I do feel afraid of him, and that’s the truth;” and with that the young pimpernel was silent for a time. “Oh, there go my beautiful drops of dew!” was her next exclamation; “there goes the last one of them, and where they have vanished to I am sure I cannot tell. Who has taken them?”

“Your friend the sun,” the wild rose answered from the hedge, “your friend the sun, it is part of his work, and the poplar will tell you the same.” “Yes, it is true enough,” the poplar answered; “part of his day’s work is to collect the dew-drops, but all for the general good I can assure you, and you will be the better for it, not the worse.”

“There, let him take them,” cried the pimpernel; “only if he would but keep still.” “But,” said the poplar, “I tell you that if he were to stand his work, if done at all, would be done badly.” “Well, you said part of his work is to warm us, and it is getting quite warm, now that he is almost overhead, as you said he would be; now, could not he warm us just as much by staying there always as by moving along?” “Of course he could, he could scorch us up,” was the answer; but this answer came from the rose, the merry little briar rose, which once more gave way to a fit of laughter at the pimpernel’s simplicity; but the poplar, although so much greater and grander, was much more gentle and patient, and said:—

“Don’t mind a laugh, little one; ask on if you like, and I will answer you, if I can.” “I want to know what has become of the sun now,” was the timid whisper in another hour or so; I can see no sign of him, and I am getting quite chilly; he has either forgotten, or he has shrunk off in the midst of his work after all.”

“Neither the one or the other,” answered the steady voice from the tall poplar; “neither the one nor the other, my tiny

friend ; the sun is busy still behind those clouds ; he is assuredly on the march, working and journeying, working and journeying on." "But, poplar, just to warm a little thing like me is such a trifle, that it is scarcely worth thinking of," said the flower ; I should not blame him if he did forget, and let me die."

"Nay, nay, a great mistake," and the poplar's boughs waved backwards and forwards as the tree shook his head saying, "a great mistake. If a thing was not too small for the Maker to create, it is not too small for His creatures to do their duty by it ; no, no, I never knew the sun forget a small duty because it was not worth remembering, and I never knew him do a small duty badly because he thought it too small to be worth doing well. He is always working hard at whatever he has to do, and yet he is always thinking of the golden gates of the west."

"Then if I were he, I would make one rush and get to the west in no time," the pimpernel said : and the briar-rose exclaimed, "You simpleton !" But the poplar checked her, gravely remarking that he could not do that ; "He must wait his time and do his work honestly, keeping his face westward all the while, and then, at the proper instant, not before, the gates will open to him, and take him in." It took the sun a long time to get at all low ; and an hour or too after noonday the wee pimpernel folded up its petals and went to sleep, so it could watch no longer ; but others could, and they saw how patiently the sun pierced the rain-clouds, and how carefully he dried up the heavy drops which hung upon the bending wheat, and how tenderly he visited the flowers in the churchyard, and in the hedgerows and the gardens, and the fields—how heartily and with all his might he did every single thing, great or small, which he had to do, and how lovingly all the time he kept his face turned, as the poplar had said, towards the west.

At last, suddenly, there was an universal exclamation, "Look, look !" And the pimpernel heard it in the midst of its dreams, and tried to unfold itself, but could only manage to peep between its closed petals to see the sun enter the western gates. There was a general dreamy sort of music floating through the air—soft sweet voices it seemed ; the more distinct seemed to be saying "farewell," and the more distant saying "welcome." The pimpernel only found energy to say, half asleep as it was—"Well, he has worked hard, I must confess ; now he will rest, and can afford to be idle."

"O no !" the poplar said, "the western winds have hinted that something much more glorious than idleness awaits him when he gets beyond the golden gates,—but we will say nothing about that ; go to sleep again, little flower." Then as the sun

sank quite out of sight, I thought of a hymn I had learnt long ago, which said—

So like the sun would I fulfill
The business of my day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way."

And the western wind, as if it new my thoughts, whispered as it brushed past me, "Yes ; do the business of your day ; but mind what the poplar said, and be sure you keep your face towards the golden gates of the west."

Then all things were silent ; the trees, the flowers, even the western wind. Little by little the sky grew dark, one by one stars began to glitter ; but it was of the sun, not the stars, that we were speaking, so my story is ended.

" At midnight there was a great cry made : Behold the BRIDEGROOM cometh.

" SHOULD HE come to my soul as the CHRIST-Child,
The wonderful CHRIST-Child, to-night,
I could give HIM my heart for a cradle
Quite broken with love and delight.

Should HE come as the JESUS of Mary,
The CHILD Whom she kissed in HIS rest ;
I could think of the songs which she sang HIM
And clasp HIM quite close to my breast.

Should HE come with the crown of HIS Passion,
With wound-prints in Hand and in Heart,
Perhaps I might venture to offer
The myrrh of my grief for its smart.

But if HE should come as the BRIDEGROOM,
The KING in HIS Beauty above,
What gift could I bring for the Bridal
What pledge for the Banquet of Love ?

Should HE come as the BRIDEGROOM Immortal
The KING from HIS radiant Throne
Why, I should have nothing to offer,
All glory and grace are HIS Own.

And so I should kneel in the darkness,
Quite low at HIS Feet I should fall ;
And whisper, O LOVE I have nothing,
No, nothing to give THEE at all !

I pray for a dowry celestial,
O LOVE from THY glory Divine,
That so I may lay it before THEE,
And all may for ever be THINE."

ANON.

S. John's Hospital.

DONATIONS.

CLOTHING FOR THE POOR.

Mrs. Lamb.
Miss Saunders.
Miss Jellett.
Mrs. Burns.
M.C.L., S. Simon's Branch.
Mrs. J. F. W. Ross.
Mrs. Lamond Smith.
Mrs. Trew.
Miss Marling.
Mrs. Body.
Mrs. Keefer.
Miss Featherstonhaugh.
Mrs. Kemp.
Anon.
Mrs. Pullen.
Mrs. A. Smith.
Mrs. Fuller.
Miss Doyle.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

Mrs. J. F. Smith.
Mrs. A. E. Plummer.
Miss Jubb.
The Fairbank Mission.
Mrs. E. D. Boswell.
Mrs. Perram.
Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie.
Mrs. Hollis.
Mrs. Greenwood.
Mrs. Jas. Henderson.
Mrs. F. Montizambert.
Rev. O. Croft, Markham.
Miss H. H. Banks.
Chester Harvest Festival.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Macdonald, Hypo. Syringe.
F. & T. Montizambert, table covers.
Mrs. Sewell, China flower pot.
Mrs. Francis, bed-rest and dresser, etc.
M.C.L., sheets, pillow-cases.
Mrs. Hebden, books.
Mrs. R. Gamble, curtains.
Mrs. Coleman, buns, weekly.
Mrs. Mayrick Banks, hot water plates.
Mrs. Christopher Robinson, books,
linen and hot water plates.
Mrs. Martin, crockery, knives and forks
Miss M. Campbell, pillows, frames, etc.
Mrs. L. A. Howland, books and china.
Miss Daisy Martin, china.
Mrs. H. S. Scadding, sheets, pillow-
cases, china.
Miss Playter's class, S. Alban's S. S., a
chair.

Sunday School, S.S.J.D., twelve tables.
M.C.L., furniture, china, and blankets
for M.C.L. ward.
Mrs. Hayter, text, boxes.
Miss Harvey, curtains.
Mrs. F. Arnoldi, china.
Miss Leaycraft, china.
Miss McMaster, china, picture, bread-
knife, etc.
Mr. Millichamp, bale of samples.
Mrs. Campbell, odds and ends for
Christmas Tree.
Miss McLaren, vases.
Mrs. Strathy and friend, china orna-
ments.
Mrs. Plummer, six pincushions.
The Needlework Guild, a large quantity
new clothing.
Mrs. Henderson, Sr., couch.
Staunton & Co., wall paper.
Miss Langton, 1 doz. beautifully em-
broidered tray cloths.
Miss Lillian Clarke, half-a-dozen beauti-
fully embroidered tray cloths.

BUILDING FUND.

Maria Wright	\$2 00
Annie Simpson.....	50
Miss B. Higgins.....	1 00
" E. A. D. Murney.....	5 00
Jas. Henderson, Esq.....	10 00
Mrs. Davidson.....	1 00
" Gibbs.....	1 00
Per Miss Manson.....	3 00
" Maltby.....	10 00
Per Mrs. Louden.....	20 00
Rev. Mr. Hutton.....	5 00
Mrs. Cortissos	5 00
	\$63 50

INTEREST.

Per Miss Playter :	
Mrs. R. Bethune.....	\$6 00
" Walter Cassels.....	6 00
" W. A. Baldwin.....	3 00
" Ed. Osler.....	6 00
" D. A. McCarthy.....	6 00
" John Riorden.....	6 00
S. G. Wood, Esq.....	6 00
John Kemp, Esq.....	6 00
Phillip Dykes.....	4 00
Miss Pattison.....	1 00
" Emily Paterson.....	1 00
Mrs. Hamilton.....	12 00
Mrs. W. A. Baldwin.....	6 00

Mrs. Ed. Osler	3 00
" Walter Cassels	3 00
John Kemp, Esq.....	3 00
S. G. Wood, Esq.	3 00
Per Miss Acres.....	15 00
Mrs. Henderson.....	3 00
	<hr/>
	\$99 00

S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

Dr. F. W. Ross*.....	\$25 00
S. John's S.S.....	9 74
S. Alban's Infant Class.....	69
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	\$35 43

*Given with the desire of helping us to "make Christmas merry for the sick ones under our care."

ENDOWED BEDS.

Margaret Fitzgerald Bed.....	\$75 00
Millicent Memorial "	37 50
Mrs. Howard's Bed	50 00
M.C.L., S. Simon's (sp.)	70 00
" I. and M. Dykes	2 23
	<hr/>
	\$234 73

MAINTENANCE.

Messrs. O'Brien & Ferguson....	\$2 00
S. Stephen's Offertory.....	7 45
	<hr/>
	\$9 49

The Church Home.

DONATIONS.

Miss Leman	\$3 00
From Inmates sp. for floor....	11 75
Mrs. Campbell.....	1 00
S. Margaret's S.S. Offertory ...	3 00
Mrs. Arthur Palmer.....	2 00
S. Stephen's S.S. offering	10 00
Mrs. Talbott Macbeth	1 00
Per Rev. Canon Cayley.....	50 00
Per Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. I. Jubb	1 00
Mrs. Rogers	1 00
" Jarvis.....	1 00
" Lockhart.....	1 00
" Gamble	1 00
" McCuaig	1 00
Miss Crawford.....	1 00
Mrs. Montgomery.....	1 00
" Kinahan	1 00
" Sprague	1 00
	<hr/>
	\$91 75

Miss Davis, clothing etc.	
" Gamble, basket tomatoes and grapes.	
" Mitchell, folding bed.	
" Davidson, clothing and lace curtains.	
" Harrison, clothing.	
Mrs. Blake, preserves.	
S. Mark's, Parkdale, fruit, vegetables and roast of beef.	
Miss Gamble, tonics and bot. of wine,	
" " duck and celery.	
" Davidson, two counterpanes.	
Mrs. McKenzie, two pairs sheets.	

Mrs. Bedford Jones, basket of grapes and vegetables.	
Grace Church, flowers.	
Miss Gamble table linen and piece of sheeting.	
Mrs. Montizambert, clothing, and two doz. towels.	
Miss Roper, clothing.	
Mrs. Armour, "	
" Brown, "	
" Cayley, "	
Claude Osborne, Erie, basket of grapes.	
Per Mrs. Moore, vegetables and fruit.	
Miss Gamble, tomatoes and chicken.	
" Langton, two baskets grapes.	
S. George's church, large loaf of bread and fruit.	
S. George's Parish, brass door plate.	
Mrs. Miles, home made buns.	
S. Stephen's church S.S., 300 lbs. groceries.	
S. Thomas' church, basket fruit.	
S. Mark's, basket cake.	
S. Mark's S.S., 143 pkts. groceries and piece of beef.	
S. George's S.S., 115 pkts. groceries.	
S. Margaret's S.S., 133 " "	
Mrs. Christopher Robinson, china, etc.	
" Vankoughnet, "	
" Coleman, buns very often.	
Woodbridge, two barrels vegetables and fruit.	
S. George's, large basket fruit.	
Rev. Mr. Softly, vegetables and fruit.	
Mrs. Butcher, bag of potatoes.	
" McGregor, bag of potatoes and cabbages.	

Miss Gamble, sausages.	Mrs. Moore, ham.
“ “ goose.	“ Tasker, three pies.
Mrs. Boulton, milk every day.	“ Roach, cream.
“ Fellows, meat and vegetables.	“ Boulton, turkey, fruit, vegetables, and fresh eggs.
“ Jones, meat every week.	Miss Langton, two bags of potatoes.
“ Nicols, “ fortnight.	Mrs. Allan Baines, flowers each week.
Messrs. Deven, Crelock & Brown, Woolings, Mumford, and Outhet, meat once a month.	“ “ “ buns and cake.
Mrs. Vankoughnet, pair heavy curtains.	54 S. George street, clothing.
“ Montizambert, clothing, beef tea and jelly often.	Mrs. Merrick, preserves.
“ R. W. Smith, Oakville, two bar- rels of apples.	Miss Lightbourne, preserves.
“ Gosling, turkey.	Mrs. Phillips, marmalade.
“ Wood, goose and vegetables,	Miss Mary Hoskins, marmalade,
“ C. Robinson, fruit.	Mrs. Foster, currants.
	“ Kemp, sugar.
	“ Wilcocks Baldwin, two rocking chairs.

The following subscriptions to THE MESSENGER have been received since the last issue :

Miss Beiber, 75c. ; Mrs. Ridley, 75c. ; Miss Trew, 75c. ; Miss Wooster, \$1 ; Mrs. Montizambert, \$1 ; Mrs. Forsyth, 75c. ; Mrs. Jas. Henderson, \$1 ; Miss Featherstonhaugh, \$1 ; Mrs. Robinson, \$1 ; Miss Mary Campbell, 75c. ; Mrs. Hillier, \$1,

Almsgiving has always been considered one of the first duties of the Church as a body, a duty which falls more or less on every member. We are called upon to give for the work of the Church, and for the support of the poor. In so doing we lend to the Lord. There is a beautiful story told by the poet Longfellow about a monk to whom, one day, the Lord gave a Vision of Himself. While he was gazing at the Vision the convent bell rang, for the poor of the town had come to receive their food, and the monk knew not what to do, for he was Almoner, and his duty was to give out.

“ Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight his visitant celestial
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ? ”

But he felt it best to do his duty, and he left the Vision and relieved the poor, and when he came back, lo ! the radiance was more glorious than before, and he was glad

“ When the Blessed Vision said,
‘ Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled.’ ”

THE COMING OF THE LORD DRAWETH NIGH.

IT may be in the evening
 When in the glowing west
 The glorious sun is sinking
 So peacefully to rest ;
 And while the evening shadows
 Are gathering in the room,
 Before the lamps are lighted,
 The LORD HIMSELF may come.

It may be when at midnight
 As on our couch we lie
 We shall from sleep be wakened
 To hear the midnight cry :
 " Behold the BRIDEGROOM cometh !
 Be ready at HIS word ;
 With lamps all trimmed and burning,
 Go forth to meet your Lord."

If we are always watching
 Looking from earth away
 And through the night watch longing
 For the first glimpse of day :
 If we are only ready
 Our Blessed LORD to meet,
 To welcome with rejoicing
 The coming of HIS feet.

With joy we then shall enter
 Those mansions bright and fair,
 Where HE is now preparing
 A home for us up there ;
 There we shall dwell for ever
 In HIS own home above,
 Feeding upon HIS fullness,
 Drinking deep draughts of love.

L. HOWARD

