



Toronto, Easter, 1893.

EASTER DAY.

THREE pious women, to the holiest spot
They know of, come in the dim gray dawn,
Through the long night their eyes have slumbered not ;
For Him they mourn, with Whom their hope is gone.

Yet looking, in their ignorant, loving way,
For some new comfort through His mighty power ;
In pious sisterhood they take their way
To be but near Him in this sad, still hour.

Oh, wonderous sight ! The stone is rolled away !
The tomb is empty ! no still form is there !
And as they falter in their dumb dismay,
An angel greets them, wonderful and fair.

With heavenly voice he calms their anxious dread—
“ He is not here, the Lord ye long to see,
Go tell that He is risen, as He said,
And goes before you into Gallilee.”

Joy fills their hearts—gone is their load of fear ;
They raise their heads, but now with grief bowed down.
Hope has returned ! The Lord again is here !
They run with haste to make the good news known.

With Thy three Marys, Lord, O let me go !
With Magdalen, who saw Thee first of all,
Nor knew Thee—for her eyes were dimmed with woe—
Until her name she heard Thee gently call.

Then, then she knew His ne'er forgotten voice,
Who from sin's bondage late had set her free.
The Master's word now bids her heart rejoice.
Like her, forgiven much, I'd worship Thee.

Swift in her faithful footsteps would I run—
To spread the tidings be my blest employ—
Rousing the world to praise the deathless One
Who burst Death's bars and brought eternal joy.

PRINCEPS PACIS, DEUS FORTIS !
VITÆ DATOR, VICTOR MORTIS !

Now in the city's crowded street
 My heart the moving throng would greet
 With Easter salutation sweet,—
 Rejoice, good souls,—rejoice alway!
 The Lord is risen! He rose to-day,
 In earthly tomb He could not stay.
 No rocky bounds could hold Him fast
 Who vanquished Death, and glorious passed
 Beyond the power of sinful men—
 Beyond the reach of mortal ken.
 Rejoice for life won back from death—
 Joy in the soul-exalting faith,
 That we shall rise as He has risen,
 And leave the grave an empty prison—
 For He hath said it, Who alone
 Can roll from human hearts the stone.
 O praise the Lord! Exult and sing!
 Rise, soul, and praise Thy living King!
 —*Mary L. McLanathan.*

CHRIST risen, throned, glorified, shedding gifts of eternal worth upon them that ask HIM; CHRIST exalted as only the FIRST-begotten from the dead, the life-giver, the fore-runner, gone to prepare a place for us; this is the vision which rises at this time, clear and beautiful to our hungering gaze, and now for the waiting servant there is no sin or sorrow—there is only joy unspeakable and full of glory.—BISHOP GALLEHER.

THE GATE OF PARADISE.

"La mort ne nous séparera pas. Bien loin de là; . . . J'espère on aime mieux au ciel où tout se divinise."—*Eugénie de Guérin.*

Easter Eve was passing into the early dawn of Easter Day. For many days I had been a watcher beside the sick bed of a dear child; but on this night anxiety had given place to hope, and he had fallen into the deep, serene sleep that foretells returning health.

With a quiet and thankful heart I marked the hours pass, the stars fade in the purple sky, and morning twilight steal over the distant line of gray sea. Even so, I thought, joy eternal "cometh in the morning," even so will the last glad Easter dawn, and end the night of all earthly watching. At length, however, weariness overcame me, and I fell asleep.

And in my dreams I seemed to stand at the Gate of Paradise. Below me were dark clouds and a steep descent, but above me an almost unapproachable glory. Grouped about the Gate I beheld the forms of many waiting spirits, over whom floated a white banner that bore on its pure and shining folds a golden cross surmounted by a crown.

An angel stood in the entrance, and as I drew near said, "Child of Earth, what brings thee to the Land of Light? Speak, and fear not."

"Truly," I answered, "I know neither how nor why I came hither, but I am weak and weary, and if this be Paradise, I pray thee let me in, and cheer me by one sight of its eternal joy."

The angel smiled.

"Thou art, then, one of the dreamers of earth," he said, "to whom it is at times permitted that, while the body sleeps, the soul should, for a few brief moments, visit the Home of the Blessed. Enter, beloved."

With these words he beckoned to one of the fairest of those shining ones I had observed at the Gate, and gave me into her care, saying, "Gabrielle, take charge of this poor wanderer and show her such things as she can understand." Then Gabrielle took my hand and led me within the gates.

"Thou art surely weary," she said; "thou shalt rest beneath the fountain of the Water of Life."

So we sat together beneath stately palms that drooped over a clear stream which, ever flowing from the fountain, took its course by many windings to the sea. And I looked around me and tried to take in something of the beauty that everywhere met my gaze.

But even as then it far transcended what my utmost thought had conceived, so now words fail me when I would describe that home of saints.

I can tell of a strange and heavenly light, "like unto a stone most precious," that lay in endless glades, and lit up the radiant forms of blessed ones who, making the air melodious with song, moved to and fro amid groves and plants of unearthly beauty.

I can speak of the "everlasting hills," whose outline lay in a golden mist in the far distance, to which Gabrielle pointed as the hills of the Celestial Country where the KING reigns in perpetual glory; and I can tell of a sea which, like a belt of molten silver, lies between those shores and Paradise—a sea that knows no storms, and in whose clear deeps, I learned, can at times be seen, as in a mirror, something of the unknown glories of that New Jerusalem for which the saints in Paradise wait in hope. But I cannot hope to paint in human words the energy of life, the surpassing gladness, the perfection and pure delight of this land of rest.

On the margin of the stream by which we sat grew many lovely plants, and as they swayed to and fro in the breeze I thought I could hear amongst their blossoms soft whispers as

of prayer. Turning to Gabrielle I asked if it were so, or if my fancy misled me.

"You are not mistaken," she said, "these are the as yet unanswered prayers of some who are still on earth. Stoop, and thou shalt hear." Then I bent over a fair lily, and in its pure chalice heard, as it were, a distant echo of these words: "LORD, he hath lost the faith and love of his childhood—he hath wandered from THEE and from me; bring him home at last!" "Alas!" I said, "Surely, this is the prayer of a mother for her son!"

Again I listened, and from the crimson bell of another flower I heard—"LORD, that I might receive my sight," and I said "Amen!" for at that moment it seemed as though I could not bear that blinds man's cross.

Once more I leant over those strange blossoms, and my ear caught these sounds uttered with a clearer, intenser cry than either of the other petitions—"O, GOD, if indeed THOU art anywhere in space, teach me where to find THEE; teach me how to believe on THEE!"

But even as I listened, the words died away, the flower closed, its petals drooped, and then passed from my sight, leaving in its stead a radiant jewel, on which was graven some words I could not read.

Then Gabrielle's countenance shone with a new glory. "Praised be our GOD," she said, "Who hath at length heard the voice that cried unto HIM out of the darkness." She then told me that this jewel would be treasured up for the crown of the suppliant at the Day of Resurrection; and at that moment an angel passed by, who gathered it with other gems from amongst the flowers, and bore it away in his golden basket.

Then I asked of my guide if, sooner or later, all these prayers would receive an answer.

"Not so," she replied; "The prayer of faith is not always a prayer of knowledge—though, being the token of faith and love, it is most dear to the KING. Yet, be thou not discouraged. The continual intercession of the saints on earth ever receiveth acceptance and answer, though it may be after long waiting. Pray, therefore, night and day for those thou lovest; thou wilt not pray in vain." Then she took me aside where other flowers grew, whose blossoms were of such marvellous and dazzling whiteness, that I could scarcely look upon them; but it seemed to me that they were marked with blood.

"Touch them not," she said, "but kneel and listen if perchance thou mayest hear the voice of these."

And I knelt upon the ground and heard—"O, My Father,

if it be possible, let this cup pass from me ; nevertheless, not as I will, but as THOU wilt."

Awed and wondering I looked at Gabrielle for an explanation, but she only said gently, "For thy sake and for mine was this prayer unheard."

We wandered on until we came to a bed of strangely fantastic creepers. "There," said my guide, "are the delight of the PRINCE when HE comes among us ; they are the unanswered prayers of little children. Strangely sweet they are and full of faith ; but often such, as if granted, would bring no true joy to the little ones."

"What, then, become of their flowers?" I asked ; and she replied that the PRINCE loved them, and that HE would often gather and place them in HIS bosom, for HE had said there was no sound in Heaven or earth so sweet as the prayer of a little child.

Here, also, I perceived many a gem half hidden by the quivering leaves until the angel should pass that way with his gathered jewels.

Just then a dove, whose soft plumage gleamed like burnished silver, alighted on Gabrielle's shoulder. "Sing me thy song, bright one," she said, as she took it on her hand. And the bird leaned his head caressingly against her cheek and sang. And underneath the melody of his singing I seemed to hear the glad burden of the song of some rejoicing soul : "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning !"

"And now thou seest," continued Gabrielle, "that every living thing, every leaf and blossom in Paradise hath a voice of praise or prayer ; and so strangely, yet truly, are we linked to the saints on earth, that the very sounds of their supplication, or of their joy, find here an echo."

We now perceived four lovely maidens approaching us who, from their resemblance to to one another, I took to be sisters. They were evidently full of some new cause for gladness, and as they drew near we heard their joyous voices : "Gabrielle, beloved, be glad with us," said one of them, "she is coming at last. Even now is the angel on his way to fetch her, and we go to the Gate to receive her. Think, you, she will know us again ?"

"Aye, truly, sweet one," said Gabrielle. "Surely, through earth or Heaven a mother will know her own !"

They passed on quickly to the Gate, and I saw them no more ; but my heart rejoiced as I thought of the meeting again of those long parted ones.

"Thou art, then a mother ?" I asked of my fair companion, whose earnest reply had struck me.

"My husband and child are still upon earth," she answered. "When the Master called me hither, I seemed to have much to leave; and yet I know not how it was, but when I heard HIS voice my soul rose up hastily, like Blessed Mary and went out gladly to meet HIM. And now," she continued "I find it was to add the love and joy of Paradise to the love and gladness of earth. We are still one though parted; and the time is short."

"And hast thou seen them since that sad hour of parting?" I asked.

"Aye," she replied; "twice hath the PRINCE sent me to earth. Once it was to save my little one from a horrible death. I found her playing on the brink of a hidden well, and I took her back to those who, in sorrow and fear, were vainly seeking her."

"Did they see thee?" I asked.

"The child saw me, and when she spoke of it they went forth to seek me, and knew not that I stood beside them. So I returned again to wait them here; and once again I visited earth. When in his loneliness my husband's prayer came up, saying, that since the LORD had set the cross of suffering on his path, henceforth life should be to him one continued service, and offering himself as one who would carry the Name of CHRIST into perilous and heathen lands. Then, on the night on which he sailed, as he lay asleep in the ship, the Master sent me to bid him be of good cheer. I know not if in his dreams he saw me, but when I spoke he smiled, and I heard him murmur 'Gabrielle,' and then 'CHRIST.'"

"And is this long ago?" I asked.

"Nay, I cannot tell," she said, smiling; "for the time is ever short in Paradise."

And now a very wondrous though distant burst of melody filled the air, unlike any sound that I had heard; but so joyous, so pervading, so perfect was the harmony, that I earnestly asked from whence it came. "It is, indeed, a blessed sound," said Gabrielle; "It is borne on heavenly gales from the Celestial Country; in a moment it will be taken up and echoed back by every dweller in Paradise, for to us, also, it is a sound of joy. It is the song of the angels in the presence of GOD over some sinner that repenteth."

"Ah!" I thought, "if it might but be the son for whom that mother prayed, whose prayer breathed in the lily!"

Divining my wish, Gabrielle turned and we retraced our steps to the margin of the stream, and there where the fair lily had been, lay a glorious opal, casting back from its polished

surface the many tinted lights of Paradise. Then we knew that the mother's prayer was heard.

And now I asked my guide to speak to me concerning the PRINCE.

"Does HE come often among you?"

"So often," she replied, "that we seem to be ever in HIS presence. Even now, look towards the sea, for I think I behold HIS beloved form crossing from the other side. Let us go forth to meet him."

It was even so. The air rang with songs of welcome, and glittered with countless radiant spirits, who formed in shining ranks to receive their LORD, as walking royally on the unruffled surface of the waters, HE passed down from the celestial shore.

Then, as HE approached, I trembled exceedingly and fell to the ground that I might not look upon the Divine Majesty of HIS Presence.

When I raised my eyes he was gone; but an angel stood beside us and was speaking to my companion in these words:

"Gabrielle, beloved, rejoice! for I am sent to thee on a glad errand. This night must thy husband finish his course on earth—'Go thou,' saith the Master, 'stand by him in the last conflict and bring him hither to eternal joy!'"

On this Gabrielle bowed her head and worshipped. "So soon!" I heard her murmur, "So soon! So brief a parting—so eternal a reunion!"

"True," replied the angel; "yet, can I bear witness that to him the time has seemed long. Twenty of earth's years has he laboured in the wilderness since thou wert taken from him—aye!" he added, fervently, "laboured, and hath not fainted!"

At these words Gabrielle raised her eyes, and by the look of glad surprise that filled them, I saw that to her it had seemed but as a summer's day since she, too, had been a worker on earth. "Let me go," she said, eagerly; "but, would that I might also look on the face of my child."

"Do even as thou wilt," replied the angel, "and the merciful guiding of the Most High be with thee."

With these words he passed on, and Gabrielle in the glow of her beauty and her joy, sprang towards the gate.

But I cried after her "O Gabrielle! take me back to earth for I am weak, and the glory of Paradise lies like a weight upon my spirit!"

With a compassionate smile she once more took my hand, and we passed out together. And soon the light of that golden

land glimmered like a distant star behind us, and we no longer heard the songs of the dwellers there.

When we reached earth I saw that we stood beneath the shadow of an old church. It was night, but I could see how peaceful a resting place it was for the dead. Round many of the graves flowering plants were blossoming ; and an avenue of limes veiled them tenderly with a network of soft shadows. We stood by a cross of marble that gleamed like snow in the moonlight. It bore the simple inscription :



And underneath, in gold letters, "The former things are passed away."

We passed quickly out of the churchyard on the sweep of soft turf, shaded by stately trees, from under which groups of startled deer gazed wonderingly at us out of mild and liquid eyes, and reached a many gabled mansion, that seemed to lie in solemn state in the moonlight.

Another moment, and we were in a darkly wainscotted room, where a light burned on a marble bracket beneath the picture of a child.

In the crimson shadow of velvet curtains supported by richly carved angels slept Gabrielle's father and mother. In their calm faces I seemed to read a tale of sorrow, of strife, and then of victory. Something of what the years had brought to them since the day when they laid their only child to here arly rest beneath the white cross.

Truly I longed that they might awake, if but for a moment, to behold their darling as she bent over them, the deep pure love of Heaven shining in that steadfast gaze. But they lay in so majestic a repose that I could almost fancy them marble effigies on some ancient tomb.

And now Gabrielle led the way to an inner room, where a fair girl lay asleep. So very fair was she, so like to the bright spirit at her side, as she lay with her golden hair about her pillow "like a saint's glory up in Heaven," that I needed not to ask if this were Gabrielle's child.

It was evident she had fallen asleep with happy thoughts, for a smile was on her lip, and in her hand she held a letter, with which even in her slumber she seemed unable to part. Her finger lay on these words: "Beloved child, this is no place for thee; yet if they need thee not, and thou hast so resolved, I dare not keep thee from thy crown. The harvest truly is great but the labourers are few. Come!"

"Nay, my treasure," said Gabrielle, reading the words as she bent fondly over her child, "the Lord hath need of thee here, not in heathen lands, and the Lord hath need of thy father, but not upon earth. Farewell! In comforting others shalt thou be comforted; in strengthening others shalt thou find strength; in loving shalt thou be loved. Fare thee well!"

In another moment we were again in the cool night air passing swiftly southward. At times I heard far below us the murmur of the sea, or saw the glittering lights of strange cities, or caught the sound of some heathen revel, or the howl of some unsatisfied beast of prey.

At length we came to the borders of a dense forest. A humble spire rose from a group of neatly built huts and cultivated gardens, which contrasted strangely with the wilderness around; and I saw that it was a Christian village in the midst of a heathen land.

"This way," said Gabrielle suddenly, "surely I heard him call me!" and she led me into a low hut.

On a rude shelf in the wall a lamp was burning with a dull flare; and the light fell on the dusky faces and white dress of two native servants. One sat on the ground, rocking himself to and fro in a despair that was sorrowful to behold; while the other strove vainly to stanch a terrible spear wound in his master's side, from which the life blood was slowly oozing.

On a rough pallet beneath the lamp lay Anselm, Gabrielle's husband. His eyes were closed, and he appeared unconscious. Then Gabrielle knelt beside him, and I saw her throw her arms about him, and call him by every tender name; but he only groaned heavily.

And now, for the first time, I saw standing on the other side an angel whose presence made me tremble, so terrible a light was in his eye, hard and unsparing the curve of lip and brow. With a low voice that yet seemed to ring through

the hut and arouse the dying man, he spoke : " To what end hast thou laboured these twenty years? Hath GOD indeed acknowledged thy work? Hath HE not crossed thy life with anguish, read thy prayers backward, forsaken thee, and left thee to die like a dog by the hand of a miserable heathen? Curse him, for thou canst but die!"

Then the dying priest groaned again ; and I thought I heard him murmur " forsake me not when my strength faileth."

In vain Gabrielle tried to interpose between her beloved and the angel of darkness. The soft tones of her spirit voice seemed to awake no response in the ear of the dying man ; and the evil one, with a mocking laugh, continued his derisive words. Then I saw the shadow of a human agony pass into her glorious eyes ; yet only for a moment, for, looking up to Heaven I heard her breathe the words, " My Saviour! I am but a weak spirit, but thou art GOD!" And in an instant a soft light filled the room, and HE on Whom she called stood by HIS fainting servant. I saw HIM lay a Hand marked even then with the print of a nail, on Anselm's brow, where the damps of death were fast gathering ; and I saw that the dying man had returned to consciousness, for he murmured, " Thanks be to GOD who giveth us the victory through our LORD JESUS CHRIST ;" and then the light faded, and I saw the DIVINE MASTER no more.

But I knew that the end was come, for Gabrielle stood beside her husband and he knew her, and was stretching out his arms toward her, and the joy of Paradise was in both their faces.

And now the wretched lamp flickered for the last time and went out. In the darkness I heard a long drawn sigh ; and when I looked again, the moonlight was streaming in at the open door on the white features of the dead.

For a moment Anselm and Gabrielle stood together by the pale corpse, and then for the first time, I marked how strangely alike they were. In the solemn hush of that moment, the newly disembodied soul seemed to pause as one on the threshold of a mighty destiny. The countenance told of Faith, that was even then almost sight, of strength blended with the profoundest humility, and by the visible expression of these I recognized Anselm ; while by the matchless tenderness the radiant joy that illuminated the other—joy of one in full conscious possession of supreme and perpetual bliss—I could not fail to distinguish Gabrielle. Was it that by diverse methods perfection had been wrought in each ? that what joy had accomplished in one had been effected by stern griefs in the other ? or that

both spirits had been cast in one mould by the great Master of Life.

I know not, but while I thought on these mysteries of life and death, a wail of sorrow rose from the faithful servants as Gabrielle and Anselm passed out into the night ; and the last I heard of them was the exulting voice of Gabrielle beneath the stars singing " Home ! Home ! "

And I ? I awoke from my dream to find a small wasted hand placed in mine, and a weak voice singing in low tones of quiet content, the last verse of the hymn with which we had lately beguiled the weary night ?

" O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I know 'twill not be long !
Patience, I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song,
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light ;
All rapture through and through
In GOD'S most Holy Sight."

It may be that the child's voice had blended with my dreams ; that his hand, not Gabrielle's, had led me through strange paths, and that the glorious Easter Sunshine that filled the room had suggested the light of Paradise.

It may be so ; but still, it seems to me that when this life is over, and my weary soul, borne by some blessed angel, is carried within the golden gates, I may yet see Gabrielle and Anselm standing together beneath the drooping palms.

A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

Know'st thou, Gretchen, how it happens
That the dear ones die ?
GOD walks daily in His Garden
While the sun shines high ;
In that garden there are roses,
Beautiful and bright,
And HE gazes round delighted
With the lovely sight.
If HE marks one gaily blooming,
Than the rest more fair,
HE will pause and look upon it
Full of tender care :
And this beauteous rose HE gathers,
In His bosom lies ;
But on earth are tears and sorrow,
For a loved one dies.

S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

Still we must talk of additional accommodation as a thing of the future! The new wing is yet unfinished, and we are continually refusing admission to patients for lack of room! There is, however, renewed activity amongst our contractors and their men, and perhaps before our next issue we shall be able to record the completion of their work. During the winter we have never had unoccupied beds, and our list of waiting applicants is rarely reduced below a dozen. Indeed our seventeen new beds to which we are looking forward, might have been filled throughout the whole season had they been available. The M.C.L. bed continues to receive gifts from its young supporters, whilst the "Millicent Memorial" and the "Margaret Fitzgerald" beds are always provided for, and we are most thankful to have them at the service of poor women who are beyond the limits of the city, and therefore unable to procure city orders. Then, in a well furnished, pretty double ward, we have a bed supported by ladies for the accommodation of a gentlewoman unable to pay for herself. This is one of the most helpful of all the aids to our work; there are so many sufferers whose illness renders them no longer self-supporting, and who thankfully avail themselves of the greater privacy of this bed in a good room with but one companion. Then one of our Associates gives us \$100 a year to support in a private room for a time any clergymen's wife or daughter who may require such care. This Associate also furnished the room in which her patient may be nursed.

Should any one desire to paint and furnish a room, there will be six unprovided for, all small, and costing about \$75 each. They will all be much cheaper than the large private rooms downstairs, and will supply a long-felt want, a quiet room where the patient may be alone, and at a low rate.

The Church Work-Room is as usual very busy. The establishment of Bishop Bethune College caused the removal of the Sister in charge of the Embroidery department, and we feared that we should have to close this branch of work for a time. However, by the help of many good Associate workers, we are still going on, and filling good orders, notwithstanding many difficulties. The Sisters find it difficult to give the necessary time for preparation, finishing, and superintending the work, but we are endeavouring to struggle on, and do succeed in sending out a great deal of work. We have furnished our School Chapel at Oshawa very nicely, have completed and sent off a frontal and super-frontal for the Sisters at Yale, besides many

stoles, and other pieces of work for various places. We are now working a frontal and super-frontal for the Church at Campbellford. The Sisters are very grateful to their good helpers in the work-room, for regular and faithful attendance. Amongst those who have been very helpful are, the Misses Lockhart, Temple, Harrison, Martin, Dobell, Howard, Plumb, Howland, Boyd, Clarke, Reece, Montizambert, Scadding, Robertson, Roger, Marling, Docker, Boulton, Lilian Clark, Burford, Saunders, Roper, Jellett and Mrs. Gosling.

Both Sisters and patients are grateful to Miss Kingsmill and Miss Francis for the pleasure they give by visiting and singing in the wards. On Easter Day our Sunday scholars, after singing their carols in the Chapel, came into S. Margaret's ward, and sang for its occupants, who appreciated the carols, and the children's visit.

From S. Cyprian's Church we have received the following kind note :

Easter, 1893. Copy of resolution passed at the Vestry Meeting : moved by L. J. Bland, seconded by D. Orr, and carried : 'That a most hearty vote of thanks be tendered the Sisters of S. John the Divine, for the great and good work done by them during the past year throughout the parish—a work ever increasing, and of most vital importance. Also for so kindly allowing us the use of their Chapel on Johnstone Avenue.'

PERCY SMITH, *Vestry Clerk.*

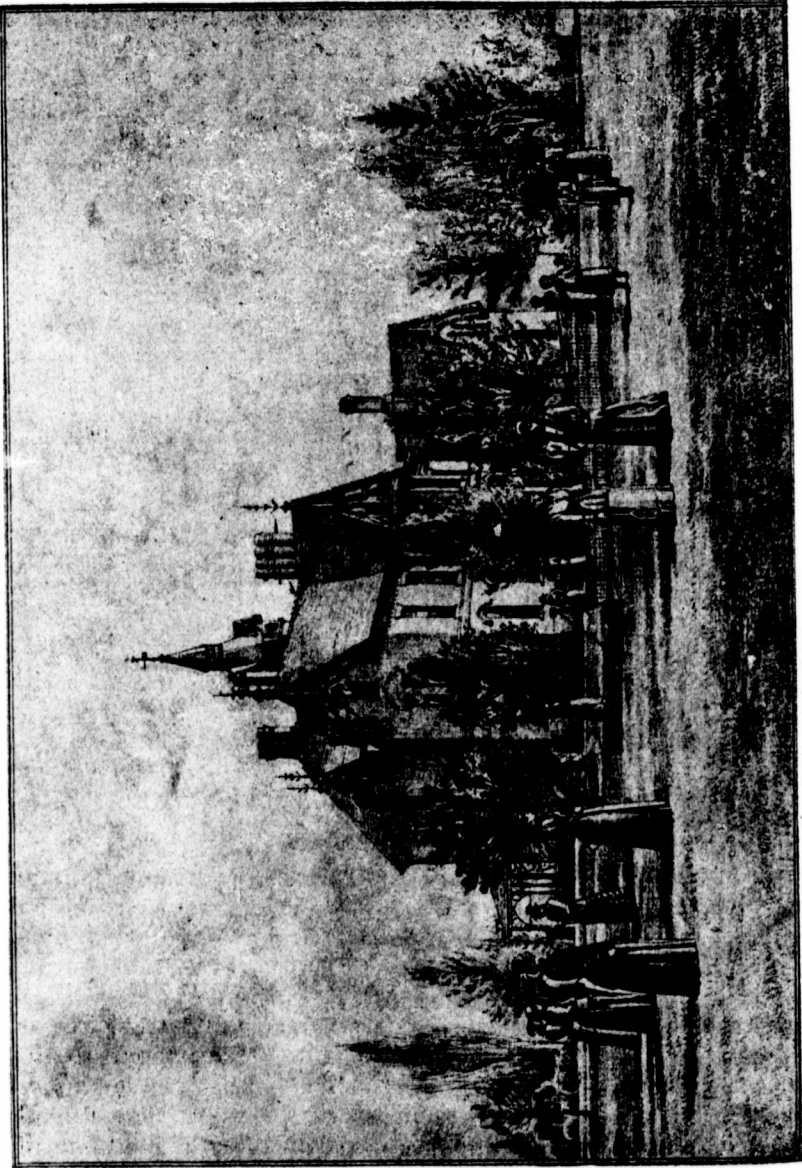
THE CHURCH HOME.

Before our MESSENGER is in print, we hope to have moved our aged inmates into the new houses on John Street, 169 and 171. Our architect, Mr. Eden Smith, has greatly enlarged and improved the houses, and they are now admirably adapted to their purpose. We are very much poorer in this branch of our work than in our prosperous hospital, and we don't quite know how the new rooms are to be fitted up ready for the occupants who are rather impatiently waiting to come to us; nay more, we have no money to pay for the painting and calsming which were absolutely necessary before we could move in, and which we have had done, confidently hoping that those of our readers who care for the comfort of the aged and poor whom we receive, will come and help us in the work of furnishing. In our last quarterly MESSENGER we spoke of our need of pillows. Some days after its issue one of our friends came to offer us four good

soft and thick pillows, which she had made with her own hands for our old people. They are already in use, and we are most grateful for them, but we still need more! Will not another kind friend send them? And will some one give us carpet for the bedsides and a rug for our old women's sitting room? For our old men we have a cosy smoking room with a fireplace but we have absolutely *nothing* to put into it, except a billiard table, which the good rector of S. George's Church promises to give us. We should like some chairs and two or three pictures. Please do come, all our dear readers, and see the home, and we are sure you will find just the corner in which to place that piece of furniture for which you have no further use, but which we should be so thankful for!

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE.

Our school at Oshawa began in February with three pupils. We re-open after Easter with eleven, and the prospect of increase after Midsummer is excellent. The house is handsome and admirably adapted to its present use. The Chapel is commodious and pretty; the class-rooms airy and bright, and the pupils' sitting-room cosy and home-like. The dormitories are divided into cubicles, securing the very desirable privacy of the girls, which is usually difficult to provide in boarding-schools. One of our Associates most kindly volunteered to spend the Easter vacation at the College, in order that our Sisters might spend Good Friday and Easter Day at home, where we have so many privileges, and the three Sisters most gratefully availed themselves of her generous self-denial, in going away from all the helpful services at S. Thomas' Church (which she loves as we do), that they might enjoy them. We hope to keep the Oshawa House open during the summer and to receive ladies and little girls as boarders. This will help us, we hope, in the expenses attendant on commencing such a work as the College, where outlay must necessarily precede income, and at the same time it will afford a beautiful house and grounds for the holiday-time, of those who could not undertake a longer journey or a more expensive country residence. Miss Harmer (the Associate who took charge during the last few days of Holy Week) has resigned her position at Miss Veal's school, in order that



BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE, OSHAWA.

she may be at liberty after Midsummer to come to Bishop Bethune College as volunteer teacher. Those who know Miss Harmer's work can appreciate the value of her gift of herself for a year, to help us in our increasingly busy school.

We have to acknowledge very gratefully subscriptions towards refurnishing the College at Oshawa from Mr. and Mrs. J. Plummer, Mr. James Henderson, Mr. Osler, Mr. R. H. Bethune, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, Mr. Catto, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mr. Lionel Clarke, Rev. J. C. Roper, Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, Miss Walker, Mrs. Montizambert, Mr. John C. Kemp and others. Also from the same subscribers a guarantee for a sufficient sum to meet necessary expenses, should it be required. With an increased number of pupils, however, and by the help of summer boarders, we shall strive to meet the current expenses without calling upon these friends, though we should have hardly undertaken the heavy burden without their assurance of help. The Messrs. Cowan, of Oshawa, have also promised a handsome subscription. To our good friend, Mrs. Wm. Cowan, we are indebted for many kind acts, notably her gifts of beautiful flowers, a turkey and other good things. We are grateful also to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hindes, of Oshawa, for helping us in many ways whilst we were moving into the College. To Mrs. Oliver Macklem, who provided dormitory curtains, Miss Edith Ball, who marked the linen, and to S. Peter's Dorcas Society, who sewed for us, we desire to give warm thanks.

Since writing the above the subscriptions of Messrs. Wm. and John Cowan—\$250 each have been received.

Since beginning our work at Oshawa, the Bishop Bethune College has lost one of its warmest friends and supporters. The Reverend Canon Middleton, who entered into rest on February 25th, was in a very true sense, the founder of the College, and we may confidently hope that the fact of the school being at last undertaken by the Sisters, whom he greatly desired to see in charge there, was a pleasure and satisfaction to him during the closing hours of his life on earth. The hope of his continued prayers for this work, gives us strong confidence in its prospective usefulness and growth. We have, in laying his body in the ground, joined in "heartly thanks that GOD has been pleased to deliver him from the miseries of this sinful world"; let us not think that we shall miss his helpful hands and loving heart, but rather rejoice that we have the assurance of his intercessions

for us now that he has passed beyond the reach of earthly thought and care.

“Our feeling must be that of losing sight of a dear and valued friend, a personal friend, whom we have accompanied through the scenes of earthly trial, with whom we have held converse, who has, it may be, breathed into us something of his spirit, and with whom we are joined in close communion. And the last vision which breaks upon the mind is that of a cross, standing in dark outline against the rich glow of the sunset sky, bearing the legend—‘*STET CRUX IN LUCE.*’”

S. John of the Cross.

We have to acknowledge many kind gifts since our last issue. From Mrs. John Cartwright, half a dozen jars of jam, which we sent to our Sisters at Oshawa, where the pantry shelves are unfortunately quite empty. Our work there began at a season of the year when preserving was an impossibility; therefore the Sister-in-charge is much pleased that this gift was passed on to her. Miss Roper's Guild of S. Agatha made up for us curtains for the College Refectory; the very pretty red cretonne, with all necessary appliances for putting them up, being supplied by two of our Associates. From Mrs. Geddes we have a beautiful silk quilt, lined with pale blue surah and finished with heavy silk cord. From Mrs. Henderson, warm knitted petticoats and jerseys; from Miss Turner, Oakville, a most valuable box of clothing; Mrs. Gilmour, Orillia, sends us beautifully made flanellette petticoats and print dresses for children; Mrs. Raikes, Barrie, a good quilt of patchwork; Mrs. Walter Geddes, four pillows for the Church Home; Mrs. Nelson, a fac-simile letter from the Queen; Mrs. McDougall, linen for the M.C.L. Bed in the Hospital; Mr. Cameron, text; clothing, also has kindly been sent by Mrs. Keefer, Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Lambe, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Grier, Mrs. George Ridout, Mrs. Bethune, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. Charles Montizambert, Miss Acres, and many others. Also a very large bundle of clothing from Mrs. J. F. W. Ross. Many bundles have come with no name attached. From Mrs. Wood, oranges and a bottle of brandy for the hospital; the Rev. G. H. Webb, Colborne, a barrel of apples; Mrs. Montizambert two baskets of fruit and cakes; Mrs. McCulloch, candies; Mrs. Dykes, cake; Mr. Coleman, buns; Mrs. Jas. Henderson, large roast of beef; Miss Robarts, jelly, pair of vases and desert plate; Mr. Byford, tourist's tablets; Mrs.

McCulloch and Mrs. Cortissos, new laid eggs; Mrs. Howland, home made bread and cake many times; Mrs. Robertson, ice cream. Flowers from Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. Jas. Plummer, Mrs. Osler, Miss Helen Banks, Miss Mills, Mrs. Larratt Smith, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Broughall, Jack Dykes, Mrs. Jas. Henderson, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Machell, Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Miss Cartwright, Miss Saunders, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Kersteman, etc., etc.

We have to acknowledge the following articles from Mrs. Willcocks Baldwin: a bedstead and spring mattress; from Miss Mary Campbell, two dressing gowns; Mrs. Lockhart, old table linen; Miss Nelly Sharp, tray and bureau clothes; Mrs. Dickson, do.

The following names were accidentally omitted in the list of our annual acknowledgments: Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Mrs. Stewart, the Bishop of Niagara, T. Hamilton, Mrs. N. Hamilton, Mrs. F. Montizambert, T. M. Hamilton, Miss Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton. These subscriptions were acknowledged per Mrs. Chas. Hamilton, but not individually.

We are grateful to the following parishes for kindly sending us their Magazines: S. George's, S. Mark's, S. Stephen's, S. Thomas', S. Simon's, S. Cyprian's, S. Matthias'. Also to the publishers of the *Mission News*.

Easter-tide has brought us many loving tokens of remembrance from our Associates and friends. Especially were we gladdened by gifts of beautiful flowers and plants; and it is a joy to us to see our little chapel so lovely and so fragrant. Our times of refreshment there, in the midst of busy labours, have been more restful and happy because these bright flowers have helped to emphasize the joy and peace of the blessed season. We thank our dear LORD for HIS gift to us of all this love and kindness at the hands of our dear friends.

SEATON VILLAGE.

The Mission House at Seaton Village has found winter a very busy season, notwithstanding the fact that only one additional branch of work has been undertaken—the Fuel and Blanket Club.

This has been most useful, and the payment, on the whole, satisfactory, and in addition to this we have the funds resulting from a sale of work, (held last October) by which the Ministering

Childrens' League in S. Simon's parish aided this branch of our work. This money, and subscriptions mentioned below enabled the members of the club to purchase their fuel at a low rate, a very great boon, as work has been scarce, and the winter unusually severe. We began to give our invalid dinners early in January, and continued them until the end of March. Seaton Village has been tolerably healthy this winter, but we found a great many hungry to feed. The Mission Rooms looked very bright on Tuesdays and on Fridays at twelve o'clock. Its extempore tables covered with red cloths, and surrounded by expectant, and in some cases, very pale faces. Two of our friendly helpers arrived, generally very promptly at a quarter to twelve, to carry the viands upstairs, and to wait upon those who came, usually we had sixteen or seventeen present, and we sent out six or seven dinners daily.

The Mothers' Meetings are well attended; between forty and fifty women are often present. We greatly need help in this branch of our work, and any lady who could give us Thursday afternoon, from two until half-past four o'clock, would be very welcome.

We are very happy in our assistants at the sewing school just now, for we have eight teachers, who are fairly regular in their attendance. Quite a number of useful garments have been made by the children this winter. And in addition to the work already mentioned, the sick who come under the notice of the Sisters at the Dispensary, have been visited, cared for, and in many cases, cooked for. The doctors have been most regular in their attendance at the daily Dispensary, and very kind in attending some cases of illness, when poverty made the payment of a bill a difficult, if not an impossible matter. We have received much help: meat and vegetables from Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mrs. Dykes, and Mrs. Ingham, of St. Lawrence market; groceries from Mrs. Montizambert and Mrs. J. Kemp; clothing from Mrs. Maclean Howard, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Hebden, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Dykes, Miss Barker and the S. Cyprian's Branch of the W. A. These last gifts have been most acceptable, and the Sister-in-charge will be very grateful for any kind of cast-off clothing, or material to make up for distribution to the needy. Every endeavour is made to know the circumstances of each recipient and to give judiciously. Mr. Catto sent us a number of very useful sample pieces, nearly all of which have been converted into children's dresses and petticoats, and the remainder into quilts and bonnets. We have also had donations in money

from Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Varcoe, Mrs. W. Nation, and Miss Walker.

The eighth of May will be the second anniversary of the opening of the Mission House.

MEETING OF ASSOCIATES.

A meeting of the Associates and Friends of the S.S.J.D.^{'s} was held on Wednesday, February 22nd, at the Stephen^{'s} School House to arrange for the Annual Collections for the Maintenance Fund of the Sisterhood. The number who^o attended was not so large as in former years, owing probably to^o the notice not being given out in some of the churches by mistake and possibly also to the extremely cold wind of that morning.

The meeting was opened by prayer and the singing of a hymn, after which the chaplain spoke a few earnest words upon the Religious Life. He pointed out that some in Holy Writ were undoubtedly called to a very close and literal following in our SAVIOUR'S footsteps. That it was a matter of very great thankfulness, that in our age and country, as in all other times and places, some devout followers of JESUS were hearing this special call and trying faithfully to answer it. To follow HIM Who had not where to lay HIS head; to follow HIM Who did not suffer love of Mother or of friend to stay HIM from the Father's Work; to follow HIM Who in detailed obedience even unto the death of the Cross finished the work which as man was given HIM to do. Such in simplest language is the aim of the Religious Life. By this the meaning of the threefold vow of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience by which the Religious are voluntarily bound is clear enough. To support those who are called to this life is to take a real share in the life itself, and to make an offering to HIM Who called them. The thought of this may give courage to those, who, as Associates of our Sisterhood, shall undertake the self-denying work of collecting for the Maintenance Fund, and throw a light upon the undertaking in which it is seen not to be a burden but a privilege,

After the address the meeting was left in charge of Mrs. Broughall, who had previously revised and prepared lists of the districts into which, for convenience, the city has been divided, it being decided to continue the collections on the same plan as before. The size of the large districts sounded at first rather

alarming, but each was bravely undertaken by some one present, as each felt sure of obtaining help from the many Associates who were unable to be there that day. All are now busily working hoping to have large returns to send in by our Associates' Day, May 6th.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE.

(From St. John of the Cross.)

The present century does not appear at first sight to be favourable to the growth of a contemplative life. Among its most striking characteristics are an unexampled activity, bodily, intellectual and religious; and a tendency to value everything according to its visible, sensible results. Our minds are perpetually at work, searching, examining, calculating, reasoning; we never allow them a moment's rest. And in spiritual things, do we not rush about continually, seeking for something new, Choral Celebration in the morning, a popular preacher at mid-day, a revivalist meeting in the evening? This may seem an exaggeration, but it fairly represents the state of mind in which some persons continue to live; perpetually seeking, never at rest; no calmness, no repose, no time or opportunity for the long, silent, hidden communing of the heart with GOD; the quiet, resigned waiting for His voice, which is the very first step towards the Life of Contemplation. There is a great storehouse of theological writings which are almost unknown to the average English reader, viz.: Those of the Mystics, and the mystical interpretation of Scripture, much of which has come down to us from the Fathers of the Church, but which is almost forgotten or ignored by many among us, especially as regards certain of the books of the Old Testament, such as the Canticles, which treat especially of the mystical union of the soul with GOD, and are far less generally studied and understood than they should be. The revival of the Religious Life in England seems really to demand something of this study in order to arrive at a clearer understanding of what the call of GOD to the soul actually means, as it was understood in the primitive ages of Christianity, and what a tremendous responsibility is incurred by those who would withhold a soul so called. There is something awful in the thought of the prayers that have been lost, the offerings that have been withheld, the vocations that have been stifled, through the want of this understanding. Who can

say what blessings those unoffered sacrifices might have brought upon England and the English Church? May He through Whom alone the least as well as the highest oblation has any value whatever, deign to bless that which is offered to His glory.

In these days we value action because it produces results which we can see and appreciate ; stillness, we are apt to think, can produce no such results. Let us, therefore, examine shortly, and discover in what the contemplative life consists.

A contemplative life is one passed in the highest exercise of the three great Christian Virtues of Alms, Mortification and Prayer. The two first have been defined by one of our own divines as the wings by which prayer ascends to Heaven. The usual definition of prayer itself is "the ascent of the soul to GOD." But alms or works of mercy do not necessarily imply the possession of wealth. On the contrary, the first recorded corporeal work of mercy in the Christian Church was prefaced by the words, "Silver and gold have I none." Intercessory prayer is almost the highest possible work of mercy. In like manner mortification does not consist merely in fasting or other self-denial at the appointed seasons. Not that this is not necessary, but its value consists partly in this, that it is an acknowledgment that our whole being belongs to GOD, just as the tenth part of our possessions, given in alms, is an acknowledgment of His claim upon the whole. Perfect mortification, then, consists in the entire subjection of the whole being—senses, will, affections, memory, intellect—to the will of GOD, without a murmur or rebellious thought. It is to have attained the power of self-control so completely that not even a passing thought shall wander out of the prescribed bounds. And it is in the state of repose and stillness thus induced that the soul ascends most readily to meet GOD in prayer. A life of prayer is a life of immeasurable power. We cannot, indeed, weigh its results, but we know that they are only limited by the Divine Will, and that there is absolutely no limit (except in one case, 1 S. John, v. 16) to the promises which our Blessed LORD has held out to prayer offered under the right conditions. And the contemplative life is a life wholly given up to the fulfilment of these conditions. Again, it is a life of glory. For it is continually occupied with acts of adoration, praise and thanksgiving to GOD, and, therefore, while glorifying its Maker, it shares in a very special way the streams of glory which are continually flowing from Him through His Only Begotten SON, upon all the redeemed ; which we share on earth when we join in the song of the

Cherubim and Seraphim, "Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hosts." And yet again, the contemplative life is a life of suffering. Perhaps this may be said of all lives, certainly of all which are in any way conformed to the life of our Great Head ; but probably none can appreciate the peculiar spiritual sufferings of the contemplative life save those who have known them. Spiritual suffering is far more intense and more difficult to endure, calmly and bravely, than mere bodily pain, and it must be that the life of prayer, that life, be it remembered, which is the reproduction of the life of the human soul of our Blessed Lord while upon earth, will have its own peculiar sufferings, otherwise how could it make its own special offering? Enough has been said to show that the contemplative life is not a mere unreal dream, but that it demands courage and resolution, perseverance, and all the qualities which we are accustomed to respect as forming parts of a noble character. That very few are, in GOD'S Providence, called to it is a further consideration. Natural characters, such as we have attempted to describe, are uncommon, and, as we have seen, the spirit of the age is unfavourable to the growth of contemplation. Some vocations seem to be developed more fully at one time, and some at another, as GOD sees fit. In our Blessed LORD'S most perfect life, every feature of human life found its complete development, but we imperfect creatures are each called to fulfil in our own lives some one feature of HIS. Thus some are called to share the life of toil at Nazareth, some to special ministry among the sick and dying. Some spend their lives in patient, passive endurance of suffering, while others are called to missionary labours, and, it may be, a martyr's death. And so there are those whom HE bids watch with HIM in nights and days of prayer, wrestling with HIM in the Agony of Gethsemane, sharing HIS desolation and darkness, or raised to contemplate the glory of Mount Tabor, or to listen to "unspeakable words ;" interceding, pleading, offering praise, adoration, thanksgiving for the whole Church. And they may be more in number than we know or think.

"Get thyself to incline not to that which is most easy, but to that which is most difficult.

"Not to that which is savoury, but to that which is unsavoury.

"Not to rest, but to fatigue.

"Not to the greater, but always to the less."

"The moment thou art resting in a creature, thou art ceasing to advance towards infinity."

Just as a ray of sunlight, passing through a pane of clear glass, penetrates it through and through, and invests it with its own light and warmth, so that we can scarcely see which is the glass and which is the sunshine, and yet the substance remains intact; so it is with the soul which GOD invests with and penetrates by HIS Grace. And as every spot and stain upon the glass, however small, obstructs the passage of the light, so it is with the soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see GOD." And if we desire an example of a spotless human will, perfectly united to the will of GOD, and yet retaining its humanity entire and untouched to all eternity, we have but to go to Gethsemane, and learn, in the contemplation of the mystery there enacted, all that Saint can teach or our weak powers grasp of that Perfect Union, and of the conflict through which it must be attained.

ON HEARING SERMONS.

There are sermons (and the same may apply in its degree to other kinds of oral teaching or devotional reading), which bring satisfaction to the intellect, or excite the imagination, without, nevertheless, producing any fruit in the direction of the will, which remains tepid and lukewarm as before, notwithstanding the grace and eloquence with which the teaching was clothed. It will often be found in these cases that the hearer has found exactly what he came to seek. The hearer who sought intellectual complacency, will return home satisfied, having sought that *and nothing more*. He who desired to have his emotions thrilled and moved as by some powerfully rendered drama, will have gained what he sought, but it will only be a passing effect, the will has not been confirmed and strengthened and this, not from any fault in the teacher, not because the HOLY SPIRIT did not address the soul by HIS voice, but because that soul came seeking its own satisfaction and pleasure, without the sincere desire to hear the message that was awaiting it, perhaps without prayer (truly to be called such) for right dispositions. And so the message fell cold and unheeded while the soul went away full of complacency in that which it had gained (because it had sought it), all unconscious that it had lost the infinitely higher blessing, which, like the dove from the ark, had gone forth and returned unto the ark again because "she found no rest for the sole of her foot." Oh, if such has been the case heretofore, let us seek so to prepare ourselves for the next visit of the Holy Dove, that at least it may find an olive leaf in our hearts to bear with it to its Celestial Home.

PUNCTUALITY.

Brother Cyril rose betimes,
 Loudly birds their lauds were singing,
 And the lovely harebells ringing
 Musical their matin chimes.
 Early rose he CHRIST to seek,
 In his spirit's depths to speak
 Unto Him Who heareth prayer.
 Radiant East with light was glowing,
 Cyril's heart with love o'erflowing,
 As he knelt before Him there,
 And his soul to JESUS turning
 With an eager, loving yearning,
 Prayed as souls but seldom pray,
 Prayed to see the spring of day,
 Prayed that sin and struggle past,
 He might gain his home at last,
 In the Kingdom of the Free,
 Safe from sin's dark surging sea.
 Musical the harebells' chime,
 Musical the skylark's prime,
 Loving prayer scarce notes the time.
 So the minutes passed away,
 As that spirit GOD-ward poured
 All its heaven-given hoard,
 All a holy life had stored
 In his soul's pure treasury ;
 Nor thanksgiving, now imploring,
 Now confessing, now adoring,
 Touching earth, yet heaven-ward soaring
 E'en to GOD'S own Throne on high.
 When behold upon his sight
 Dawned a vision passing bright,
 GOD-like child of radiant Face.
 Full of beauty and of grace,
 Never child of man could be
 Half so pure, so fair as HE.

Prostrate now fell Cyril, kneeling,
 Heaven its glory seemed revealing,
 Glory on his spirit falling,
 With a joy half-free, half-thralling,
 Scarcely breathing, scarcely praying,
 Only voicelessly still saying
 "Mercy, JESU," thus he stays,
 Seeking words of prayer or praise,
 Words wherein to utter meetly
 All the rapture that so sweetly

Flows and circles round his heart ;
 Seeking words to use, beseeching
 Some high grace, some deeper teaching,
 Some fresh ghostly gift or art.

On his lips the words were hanging,
 Words which holy boon preferred,
 When, behold, the heavy clanging,
 Of the Prime-bell now was heard.
 Must he go, his LORD forsaking,
 Earthly things for heavenly taking ?
 Must he leave that Presence bright,
 Pass to darkness from the light ?

As he hesitated, pondering
 In his soul, and mutely wondering
 What the LORD would have him do ;
 Whisper on his spirit falling
 Said, " The bell to Chapel calling,
 Is the voice of GOD to you."

Then he passed forth from that Presence,
 Which now seemed to him the essence
 Of all holy joy and pleasance,
 And he sought the Chapel door.
 Nasal was the monks' intoning,
 Oh ! it seemed most dull and droning
 Less like singing than like groaning
 Ne'er had seemed so bad before.
 Nathless Cyril bent his mind
 In the Prayers and Psalms to find
 HIM Whom he had left behind
 (So he deemed it) in his cell.
 And he prayed with heart and might,
 And in GOD and Angels' sight
 'Gainst the Devil fought his fight,
 Fought it bravely, fought it well.
 When the office now was ended
 In his soul such peace was blended
 With a joy unknown before ;
 That in the maze of blessed dreaming,
 Of his Heavenly Guest scarce deeming,
 To his cell he turned once more.
 Oh ! the bliss beyond all guessing,
 Well nigh human soul oppressing !
 There with Hand outstretched in blessing
 Smile eternal love expressing—
 Stood the Visitant Divine.
 And HE said " Hadst thou not gone

When the bell gave forth its tone,
 I had left thee here alone ;
 But I stayed to hear thy boon,
 I will grant it thee full soon.
 What thou askest shall be thine."
 Bending lowly on the floor,
 Cyril prayed thus : " Nevermore
 Let my soul be stained with sin.
 For Thine own sole glory, LORD,
 Unto me this boon accord,
 Keep me pure, without, within."
 Spake the CHRIST : "'Tis given, My son :
 Now thy race on earth is run,
 And another life begun."

On that day (so legends tell)
 From his convent and his cell,
 Where he lived and strove so well,
 Holy Cyril went to dwell
 In the land where sin shall cease.
 Lying meekly on the ground
 They his lifeless body found,
 For his loving soul was bound
 To the pilgrims' Home of Peace.

" NUI-TI-HUEI," 9 WOOSUNG LOO,
 SHANGHAI, CHINA, *Jan.*, 1893.

DEAR MOTHER,

It is too late to wish you a Merry Christmas, but with all my heart I do wish you a Happy New Year. Have you time to remember all your absent Associates, and do you really care to hear something of their wanderings? We sailed, as you know from Vancouver, on Dec. 12th, by the C. P. R. steamship' *Empress of China*. I need not tell you of all the long voyage across the Pacific ocean—Pacific only by name, alas!—to Japan. We hoped to spend Christmas on shore, but after all had to content ourselves with the dear old *Empress's* much kindness and very good cheer. There being no priest on board the captain said Morning Prayer, and passengers and crew joined very heartily in singing the chants and Christmas hymns. Next morning early we awoke to find ourselves sailing up Yeddo Bay, and soon were made fast to a buoy in Yokohama harbour. There lies Japan all around us, as it were, and there, rises before us the divine Fujiyama and its adjoining mountains, and oh! the wonderful lights and shades, the silvery whiteness of the atmosphere, the soft, yet brilliant blue of the sky and of

the sea, just a shade deeper. The sun seems ever to shine on Japan. The harbour is a sight to behold with its warships and steamers and junks, and fleet of small boats, manned by rowers standing in their long flapping garments of every colour and description, or else, in very few garments of any description. Even before we stop the ship is thickly surrounded by sampans, steam-launches from the hotels, etc. The din of foreign voices and confusion of sounds rises almost to a deafening roar. The market-boat comes rushing to us, and soon all the Chinamen in our steerage are busily bargaining for fruit and all kinds of eatables. After much delay we go aboard the C.P.R. steam-launch, and soon we are landed in Yokohama. We spend some hours in the native streets, visit the shops and temples, etc., see the people working at their various trades and occupations—"working" did I say? yet, it seems far more like *child's play*. One can scarcely believe that these laughing, bowing, effervescent little people, *can take life seriously* and fret and suffer as we do. The streets are thronging with natives, toddling about busily enough, yet with plenty time to take a friendly interest in the "foreigners." One little woman pushes up beside me and pins a lovely flower in my coat, with many lowest bows and smiling *words* which, of course, I could not understand, but she neither sought nor would not take any payment. The little girls amuse us much. They look so quaint with their hair dressed in wonderfully intricate fashion, with combs and ornaments, yet, after all, *only a mild imitation* of their elders in the art. Most of the women, and even children, carry babies on their backs—funny little placid bundles of humanity, many of them with their black baby hair shaved in most outlandish style. Later, we have "tiffin" at the "Grand Hotel" with some of our friends from the ship, and then do a little shopping, which takes *time*. The Japanese are slow, beyond words, but vastly polite. When we emerge from the shops with various packages of China, silk, photos, etc., it is growing towards dusk, but we tuck up comfortably in our queer little ribrisas (that look just like overgrown perambulators), and direct the coolies to go round the bluff, which is the most beautiful and picturesque part of the town, where many of the Europeans have their homes. It was quite night before we were half way there, and a soft, silver mist and *hush* was everywhere. The young moon and the stars—silver too—just lit the pale, blue sky and sea, and everything looked enchanted in that holy mystic light. We were rather late getting back to our dinner with some newly-made English friends, who have a charming home in Yokohama. After dinner they had a Christmas tree for the children and

servants, which was great fun for us all, and then our host took us over to the *Empress* in his gig rowed by four Japanese sailors. Thus ended a very tiring but perfectly delightful day—our first in the Orient. And, now, dear mother, my letter has grown far too long already; will you excuse it, and let me *tell you the rest* when I come?

Very affectionately,
AN ASSOCIATE.

(Contributed.)

Some of the readers of the S. JOHN'S MESSENGER will be interested in the following extract from an Indian letter published in the *Cowley Evangelist* in the month of March: "I saw Ramabai twice. On the latter occasion she had asked most of the children of our mission to a native dinner. She was looking well and happy. She had thirty-seven widows with her, and had moved into another house, and is building a school-room in the compound." Ramabai, many will remember, is a high-caste Indian woman; a Christian, who is devoting her life to the cause of her sisters—the women, especially the child-widows of India. She visited Toronto in 1888, and addressed several meetings—among others, one at the Bishop Strachan School. All who heard her were much interested and impressed, and many, in response to her appeal for help, became regular contributors (for a period of ten years) to the support of her undertaking—a school for high-caste Indian widows. Most people now know the deplorable condition of these young creatures, married at the age of seven or eight, and brought up in absolute ignorance; also the cruelty with which the poor young things are treated if they become widows. Ramabai's noble work must command the admiration and sympathy of all Christian women. The story of her own conversion is simply told in a letter written from Wantage in 1884. Ramabai was a guest of the Sisters of S. Mary when first she came to England.

The Rector of Wantage writes: "The chief event of the year is one for which we cannot be too deeply thankful. On S. Michael's Day, Ramabai and her little daughter Mano were baptized in Wantage Church. It will be known to our friends that Ramabai is an Indian lady of high Brahmin caste. She had given up Hinduism, and had accepted the teaching of the Deist Chunder Sem. She is known throughout India as a woman of great ability, and as one who had devoted herself to the education and general uplifting of her fellow-country-

women. When she came to us there seemed little hope of her conversion. All arguments, we were informed, had been used, but in vain. Little by little, however, we had the happiness of seeing her difficulties crumble away, and we may now think of her as a devout Christian, anxious only to bring home to the hearts of others the blessedness and happiness which she has herself attained. The silent influence of a Religious House has done that which teachers, however capable and zealous, found to be beyond their powers. We are now very anxious as to her future. Her conversion will naturally exclude her from the friendship and intercourse of her fellows, and it has to be considered how she may earn her own living, and dispose to the best advantage of her very remarkable intellect. . . . The history of Ramabai's conversion shows that it is only by the setting forth of Christian life in its highest forms—the life of self-sacrifice, the life of love, and the life of constant prayer, that there is any hope of a real and solid impression being made on the Indian mind."

QUARANT' ORE.

Sweet hours of peace !
Our fainting spirits rest,
And in that shelter blest,
Our sorrows cease.

Sweet hours of grace !
In silent ecstasy,
Adoring, rapt, we see
The FATHER'S face.

Sweet hours of prayer !
Within the Sacred Shrine,
We seek the Life Divine
And find HIM there.

O, radiant hours !
Glisten with golden light,
Thine on earth's weary night,
Till morn appears.

POST-COMMUNION HYMN.

COME, let me for a moment cast
All earthly thoughts away ;
And muse upon the precious Gift,
Which I received to-day.

This morning my most precious LORD,
Who is my Judge to be,
Came to this lowly tenement
And stayed awhile with me.

With His celestial Flesh and Blood
My fainting soul He fed ;
With tender words of love and grace,
My heart He comforted.

He, Who of all that live and breathe,
Is all the Life and Breath,
This morning deigned to visit me,
In this, my house of death.

He, Who in awful Godhead sits
Upon His Throne on high,
This morning entered my abode,
In His Humanity.

He, Who for me, a trembling Babe,
On Mary's Heart reclined,
This morning, in my heart of flesh
His Deity enshrined.

O, soul of mine, reflect, reflect,
Consider, one by one,
What marvels of surpassing grace
Thy God in thee hath done :

His tender love, with love repay,
Extol His Sacred Name ;
To all the world His Greatness tell,
His Graciousness proclaim.

Amen.

We have just received a letter from the Sister Superior of All Hallows School, Yale, B.C., which we think will interest our associates; the Sister draws a bright little picture of work amongst the Indians:

YALE, B.C., *April 5th, 1893.*

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER,—Your parcel of carefully packed church work arrived in Yale on Good Friday. We unpacked it on Saturday, and words fail me to express our intense gratitude for, and admiration of the beautiful frontal and super-frontal so kindly given to our little chapel by your dear community. It was such joy to us all to see our Altar fittingly vested for the Holy Feast on Easter Day. Many were the silent prayers sent up by grateful hearts that God would bless the dear donors and workers for their rich gift. May it ever be used to His honour and glory.

We received upwards of fifty Indians in our chapel on Easter Day, twenty-nine of whom were communicants, fifteen or twenty more who were unbaptized sat outside in the bare little passage or ante-chapel. We chanted their simple service consisting of the Gloria, Invocation, Lord's Prayer, Creed, two collects and two hymns in their own language to an organ accompaniment, and then, after the instruction given through an interpreter, we sang a rude translation in Indian of the Easter hymn, "JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day!" the congregation of red men rendering the Alleluias with a truly glad shout of victory more hearty than musical.

S. JOHN'S MESSENGER is very eagerly welcomed in both our little schools, and I find it most interesting reading for the members of our small parish-working party, several of whom come from eastern Canada, and have been members of the Woman's Auxiliary in the Diocese of Ontario.

With our united and most grateful thanks, I remain, dear Reverend Mother, yours affectionately in CHRIST.

AMY, *Sister Superintendent, C.A.H.*

S. John's Mission Fuel and Blanket Club.

April 1st, 1892, to date.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
From Members	Fuel and Blankets
\$196 05	\$244 50
S. Simon's M.C.L.	Dispensary from M.C.L. Don-
71 70	ation
Rev. J. C. Roper	5 00
25 00	Balance
Miss Walker	53 25
10 00	
<u>302 75</u>	<u>302 75</u>

S. John's Hospital.

BUILDING FUND.

Mrs. Hamilton (Quebec)	\$10 00
Mrs. W. Ford (Pico Heights, Cal.)	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Ireland	9 72
A Friend	75
Miss Jarman	10 00
Mrs. Allan (Moss Park)	5 00
Miss F. Raikes (Barrie)	1 00
Geo. Davies, Esq.	100 00
Mrs. Andrews.....	1 00
Swan Bros'.....	20 00
Alms Box.....	5 00
Collected by Miss Francis ..	4 25
	\$177 72

INTEREST ACCOUNT.

Mrs. Montzambert	\$10 00
Mrs. Henderson.....	3 00
Per Miss Playter—	
Mrs. Charles Hamilton of Hamilton	12 00
Mrs. R. H. Bethune	6 00
Mrs. Walter Cassels	6 00
Mrs. W. Baldwin	6 00
Mrs. E. Osler	6 00
Mrs. D. A. McCarthy	6 00
Mrs. J. Riorden	6 00
Mrs. J. C. Kemp	6 00
Mrs. S. G. Wood	6 00
Mr. Philip Dykes	2 00
	\$75 00

ENDOWED BEDS.

Margaret Fitzgerald	\$37 50
Millicent Memorial	37 50
	\$75 00

MAINTENANCE.

Mr. Wood	\$1 00
Per R. H. Bethune	6 30
Mrs. R. J. Moore	10 00
Miss M. M. Orr	2 55
P. and G. Henderson	50
Mrs. C. Baines	2 00
Mrs. Gosling	5 21
Per Mrs. Evans, R. Simpson	5 00
W. H. Clark	11 00
Geo. Gooderham.....	50 00
Geo. Mussen	1 00
Per Mrs. Kemp—	
I. Coulson	5 00
Blake, Lash and Cassels ..	10 00
Bain, Laidlaw and Kappelle	5 00
McMaster & Co.	10 00
Eby, Blain & Co.	5 00
Per Mrs. Ingles—	
Mr. Harris	50
Two Friends	25
Mr. Edwards	50
John Ross	25
Mrs. Adamson	15
Mr. C. J. Agar	5 00
Mrs. C. L. Ingles	2 00
Per Miss Palmer	1 50
Per Mrs. Harrison	3 00
Per Mrs. Bovell, Mr. Walker	5 00
Mrs. Christopher Robinson..	50 00
S. Thomas' Offertory.....	55 14
S. Simon's "	71 73
S. Stephen's "	9 55
	\$334 13

Church Home.

DONATIONS.

Per Rev. Canon Cayley	58 45
Mrs. Hebden	5 00
Per Miss Acres	8 00
Dr. Montzambert	10 00
Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet....	5 00
Rev. R. J. Morre	1 40
Per Rev. Canon Cayley	25 85
	\$113 70

S. George's Church, cake and minced ham.
Mrs. Montzambert, clothing.

Mrs. Thomson, clothing.
Mrs. Armour, clothing.
Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, clothing.
Miss Langton, clothing.
Mrs. Jones, clothing.
Mrs. Steel, clothing.
Mrs. McLean Howard, clothing.
A Friend, clothing.
Mrs. Rixon, apples.
Mr. Nicols, sausages.
Mrs. Kenrick, two fur caps.
A Friend, a tongue.
Mrs. Jones, beef and fresh eggs.
Mr. Jones, meat every week.