

# THE MESSIAH'S MESSAGE

\* \* Toronto, Epiphany, 1893. \* \*

## EPIPHANY.

THE Eastern sages saw a wondrous star  
Shine in the azure field of their pure sky,  
A stranger light and fraught with mystery.  
They pondered, and they followed from afar.  
It vanished; but they so determined are,  
They cease not, though the gloomy sand-storms fly,  
And robbers threaten, and fierce suns blaze high,  
To seek Jerusalem with gifts most rare.  
"Where is the Jewish Monarch newly born?"  
Save doting Herod, no man heeds the quest.  
Their burning hopes are met with quenching scorn.  
But, lo! the star again,—and they are blest;  
It leads them to their lowly Infant King,  
Themselves, their treasures at His Feet they fling,

## EPIPHANY.

This Greek word signifies manifestation, and has been of old used for this day whereon the star appeared to manifest CHRIST unto the wise men. There are three manifestations of our LORD commemorated jointly by the Church: on the Feast of Epiphany, all of which, S. Chrysostom says, happened on the same day, although not in the same year. The first manifestation was that of the star, the Gentiles' guide to CHRIST; the second, the manifestation of the HOLY TRINITY at HIS baptism, S. Luke iii. 22; the third, the manifestation of HIS Glory, or Divinity, at HIS first miracle, that of turning the water into wine, S. John ii. 11. The magi, or wise men, are believed to have been three in number, and of the rank of kings or princes. The remainder of their lives, after the event recorded in the Gospel, was spent in the service of GOD; they are said to have been baptized by S. Thomas, and to have themselves preached the Gospel. On this day the

Virgin is represented as holding the Infant CHRIST and the three kings offering gifts, one of whom is very frequently represented as a Moor, and over the head of the "Young Child" appears the Star of Bethlehem, which is also itself a favourite ornament in mediæval embroidery.

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### CONCERNING THE EPIPHANY OR MANIFESTATION OF OUR LORD.

On the twelfth day after the Nativity, the Child JESUS manifested Himself to the Gentiles; that is, to the Magi, or "Wise Men," who were Gentiles. Be present, then, on this memorable day; for you will hardly find any other Festival so solemnly kept by the Church, with so great a variety of Antiphons, Responsories, and Lessons, and whatever else contributes to the celebration of a Festival. Not that it is really greater than other Festivals, but only that on this day things, many and great, were done by the Lord JESUS, and mostly concerning the Church itself.

First, on this day the Church, which is gathered from the Gentiles, was received by Christ, for it was represented by the "Wise Men." On His Birthday CHRIST manifested Himself to the Jews in the person of the Shepherds; the Jews, who, with a few exceptions, did not receive the Word of GOD. To-day, indeed, He manifested Himself to the Gentiles who now form the Church of GOD'S chosen people. Therefore, this is probably the Festival of the Church herself and of faithful Christians.

Secondly, on this day, nine-and-twenty years after His Birth, the Church was espoused by and united to Him through His Baptism. And, therefore, on this day is joyfully sung, "This day is the Church joined to her Heavenly Spouse." For in our baptism our souls are espoused to Christ, who stored up grace for us in His Baptism, and the congregation of the faithful is called the Church.

Thirdly, on this day, a year after His Baptism, He wrought His first miracle at the wedding feast, which may be also taken as an image of the union between Himself and His Church. It may have been also on this day that He multiplied the loaves and fishes. But the three first of these events the Church commemorates on this day, and not the last. See, then, how worthy of veneration this day is, upon which the LORD chose to work such great wonders. The Church, therefore, in consideration of the many blessings shown to her by her spouse to-day,

and desirous to manifest her gratitude for them, exalts, rejoices and sings, and solemnizes the day with splendour.

Let us speak now only of the first of these events, as the others will be treated in the order in which they come in the Life of CHRIST. And even of the first, that is, the coming of the Magi to Christ, it is not my intention to enter upon those moral and learned expositions which by holy men have been so amply given. For how the Magi came from the East to Jerusalem, what passed between them and Herod, how the star led them, why they made that particular offering, and other things of the same kind, you will find in the texts of the Gospel and the commentaries of holy men.

These three Kings, then, came to Bethlehem with a great crowd of people, and with an honourable suite, and stopped at the hovel where the Lord JESUS was born. The Blessed Virgin, hearing the noise and tumult, caught up her Child. The Wise Men entered the little dwelling and fell down on their knees, and worshipped the Divine Child reverently. They honour Him as King, and they worship Him as their Lord. See how great was their faith: for what was it to believe that a little infant, so poorly clad, in the arms of so poor a Mother and in such a wretched abode, without attendants, company, or any signs of state, could be their King and very GOD? And yet they believed both. Such were thought fit to be our guides and pioneers in the way of faith. See how they remain on their knees before Him! And now they converse with His Mother, either through an interpreter or of themselves, for, as they were wise men, perhaps they knew the Hebrew language! They questioned her concerning all things which related to the Child. The Virgin Mother, replies to their inquiries, and they believe all she tells them. Regard them carefully; how reverently and courtly they speak and listen. See, also, the blessed Virgin, how she shrinks from their questions, and with eyes fixed on the ground, bashfully answers—desires neither to speak nor to be seen. Yet the LORD gave her strength to deport herself fitly on this great occasion, for these worshippers represented the whole Gentile Church of the future. Then consider the Child JESUS; He does not yet speak, yet there is an air of gravity in His manner beyond His age, and as one intelligent He regards them blandly. They are much delighted with the Child as they, inwardly taught and illumined by Him, regard Him with the eyes of their mind, and with the bodily eye see Him Who is fairer than the sons of men. At length, full of joy and consolation, they open their treasures, and having spread a carpet at the Feet of the Lord JESUS, they offer Him gold,

frankincense and myrrh, all of them in the greatest abundance, but more especially the gold. For, had their offerings been small and of little value, they would not have "opened their treasures," because things of small value they would have entrusted to their attendants. And then, perhaps, they reverently and devoutly kiss His Feet. Perhaps the Infant, in His great Wisdom, that He might the more comfort them, and increase their love for Him, stretched out His hand for them to kiss, and therewith blessed them. Then they bowed themselves once more, took their leave, and with great joy departed, returning to their own country by another road,

But what, think you, was done with this gold which was of so great value? Did the Blessed Virgin receive it for her own use, or hoard it up? Did she purchase with it houses, lands, or a vineyard? Far otherwise; she was too great a lover of poverty for that. The Virgin Mother, in her great zeal for poverty, and knowing her Son's Will by inward manifestation, gave it all away to the poor in a few days. For to keep or carry such a sum was a burden to her. Whence it happened when she came into the Temple she had not enough to buy a lamb as an offering for her Son, and, therefore, she presented only doves and pigeons, for all the money was gone. Therefore, it is to be believed that the offering of the Magi was of great value, and that the Blessed Virgin, having a zeal for poverty and being full of charity, gave it to the poor.

You have here, then, a commendation of poverty, and on these two points dwell: First, the Child JESUS and His Mother received alms as needy persons; secondly, they had no mind to acquire or hoard up riches; but, on the contrary, did not even retain that what was given to them, as the desire and love of poverty increased in them daily. But have you not yet taken notice of the humility which is also here conspicuous? Surely, if you consider it, a depth of humility may be discerned in all this. There are many that are mean in their own sight, and not lifted up by the opinions of others; yet they are not willing to be thus regarded by others, nor patient under contempt or derision; neither can they bear to have their faults or the meanness of their condition exposed, lest they should be brought into contempt. Not thus acts to-day the Lord JESUS,—the Lord of all; for He desired that His poor estate should be made public before all, not to the few and the despised, but before the great and the many, before kings and all their grand retinue. And this, too, on an occasion and at a time when there was plenty of reason for alarm as to the result. For when these Kings came in search of the King of the Jews, whom they

believed to be GOD likewise, finding Him in such an abject condition, they might have thought they were deluded or duped, and have returned to their homes without faith and devotion. But this lover of humility was not deterred from giving us this example, lest for some specious reason which had the appearance of goodness, we might be led to set aside lowliness, and that we might learn from Him to be willing to appear vile in the eyes of others, and of no account—*From S. Bouaventure's "Life of Christ."*

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S. JOHN'S HOUSE, *January 3, 1893.*

MR DEAR ASSOCIATES AND FRIENDS,—Again we have a long list of acknowledgments to make to the many kind donors of Christmas gifts, both for the Sisters and for the various works of love in which Our Master allows us to be employed. To one and all we desire to express our affectionate gratitude, first thanking GOD for His gift to us of your love. The Christmas tree which was lighted in our largest ward at the hospital was made gay by your handiwork; we had some little gift for each of our patients and attendants, as well as for several little ones who had come to spend the afternoon with their sick mothers. Though many voices were of course weak, yet "Hark, the Herald Angels," sounded very sweet and joyful as the tree was lighted. The Sisters could not but wish that many of you had witnessed the peaceful brightness of the ward and happy faces on the pillows, or in easy chairs. Yet we were obliged to avoid anything approaching excitement, or even a room full of people, as there were so many sick, and three patients dangerously ill that day. After a happy half-hour during which, whilst the presents were distributed, the Chaplain spoke to one another, as did also our few visitors, we sang "While Shepherds Watched," and the Chaplain gave the Benediction, bringing to a close our little entertainment, which was full of joy, though necessarily restrained and quiet. The next evening our Sisters at Seaton village had a Christmas tree for the girls of the sewing school, and we do not recall any such feeling of restraint—indeed a considerable amount of noise is a necessary ingredient in the merriment of our healthy children guests at the Mission House!

On Thursday we had the children of our Sunday School at S. John's for the afternoon, when Santa Claus (in the person of Mr. John Mockridge) arrived promptly at 3.30, just as the tree was lighted. His unexpected appearance added greatly to the children's amusement, each one being greeted with some merry

words accompanying the gifts. Santa Claus appeared hale and hearty in spite of his fatigue on the previous evening when he had performed similar kind offices at S. George's Mission school, for Sister Mary Alice's children.

On Thursday evening some of us joined the party of "Mothers," (Sister Gertrude's Mothers Meeting) who were entertained by the Rector of S. Margaret's. An account of the entertainment appears elsewhere. We have yet two more gay evenings in view ere the Christmas festivities come to a close, and I doubt not that one of our associates will record for us each event as it passes.

The New Year opens before us with the prospect of new work. The Council of the Bishop Bethune College at Oshawa has urged upon us the opportunity of keeping this beautifully situated school for the Church, and in view of this, two of us with an associate visited Oshawa, where we were hospitably entertained—our associate at the rectory, ourselves at the residence of the mayor, Mr. Cowan, whose grounds adjoin those surrounding the College. Nothing could be more cordial than our reception; and our impressions of Oshawa and its kind people, as well as the college grounds and buildings, are most pleasant. There are necessarily some business details yet to be arranged, but probably we shall accept the invitation, so cordially given, to carry on the work there.

In our list of donations we must give special mention to a large bundle of clothing for the poor, sent to us by the Needlework Society. From amongst about seventy useful articles of clothing all the warm flannels and under-garments were quickly selected by the Sister in charge of our "Church Home for the Aged;" also all the pillow-cases (15 of them) come very opportunely to help us furnish the new little rooms provided in the improved buildings on John street, now nearly ready for occupation. (If some kind friend would but supply the needed pillows!) A little girl, an unusual member of our Hospital family, was very comfortably fitted with flannelette night-dresses, which supply just what she needed on leaving the Hospital for her own less comfortable home. There were warm frocks and petticoats in this rich bundle, all of which were apportioned to the needy ones in wonderfully quick time. We thank the Needlework Guild warmly, venturing to express a confident hope that its members will remember again next year how many uses are found by busy Mission Sisters for just such comfortable and well-made garments as they provide.

THE MESSENGER has not been sent out since Thanksgiving Day, last November, so we only now acknowledge the good offices of the Sunday-school scholars of S. Mark's, Parkdale,

who brought *many* pounds of groceries and a fine roast of beef to the inmates of our Church Home for the Aged. Twice a year these kind young friends show their remembrance of their aged fellow-churchmen in this practical way, and we thank them heartily for all they do for us and our work. All the benches which furnish our Mission Room at Seaton Village came from this generous Sunday School, and the Ministering Children's League of S. Mark's Parish have frequently shown their care for our patients at S. John's Hospital, notably in providing the pretty white china tea service, with blue letters M. C. L., which we have ready for use in the new ward which will come into existence as soon as the new Chapel is completed, releasing the present Chapel for hospital use. The children of S. George's Parish have shown their loving care for the aged in the same manner as at S. Mark's, having weighed down the pantry shelves at the Church Home with many pounds of groceries. In a short time our old people will be such close neighbours that the children (and the grown people too, we hope) will be constantly reminded of them as they go to Church. Indeed, we contemplate putting quite a large title over the doors of Nos. 169 and 171 John Street—THE CHURCH HOME—so that every parishioner of S. George's must see it as he or she goes to Church (the Rector needs no reminder; *he* never forgets his old people), and we are quite sure that the very large sign will very quickly pay for itself by the household savings effected through these pound packages coming at more frequent intervals. The Children at S. Margaret's have just sent in \$4.60, and have expressed their intention of following the above good examples. When we remember also our Child-friends at S. Stephen's, and at S. Simon's who do so much for us, especially at this season, when our hearts are filled with loving, reverent thoughts of the Christ-Child Who came to bring Peace and Goodwill to men, we give hearty thanks to GOD Who allows us to share with children all our work for Him! And because we have so many child-friends to whom we want to make the MESSENGER welcome, we are giving them an allegory all to themselves in this Epiphany number, called "The King's Barge," and if you like it, dear children, will you write and tell the Sisters so, and I think, perhaps, they will find another even more interesting story for the next MESSENGER. The Hospital has been almost omitted from this long letter, perhaps because we are aware that our Associates know more about it than about our other works; nevertheless, some very dear Associates are far away from Toronto, and they will like to know that all goes well with this more prominent branch of our work.

The wards and private rooms are always filled, and we are fairly free from all financial anxiety. To the absent Associates and to those near home the Sisters send a very loving greeting. May He Who has called us together in the Society of S. John the Divine, draw us and all whom we love ever more and more to each other and to Himself. And as we pray each for the other, let us not forget those of our Associates who "have gone before us, with the sign of faith, and now do rest in the sleep of peace," especially *Sarah Roberts* and *Caroline Hardinge*, who have but just now entered into Paradise, "Grant them, Lord, eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon them." With every loving wish for peace and happiness in the coming year. I am, my dear Associates and friends, yours affectionately, in Our Blessed LORD,

HANNAH,  
*Mother Superior, S.S.J.D.*

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S. JOHN'S MISSION HOUSE,  
 SEATON VILLAGE, *Jan. 2nd, 1893.*

Christmas passed over very happily to all here. Thanks to kind donors of money and food, Sister Lucy was able to provide dinners for twelve families, exclusive of six tickets kindly given us by the Rev. Mr. Lutz for S. George's Society dinners. We found three more families who had no Christmas cheer (among them the Gorles now living on King Street), so I sent dinners to them for New Year's Day. The Guild of S. Simon's Church sent us a box of children's clothing, *very* well-made, as well as gifts for the Christmas-tree. The package from Miss Cayley's Guild was also very nice. I don't know what we would do in S. Cyprian's Parish without these generous Guilds!

The Reverend Mr. Shortt distributed the presents, and was assisted by our old friend, Charles Carter. After the children had marched round the tree, singing Christmas hymns, and viewing the tree on all sides, they were called up in turn to receive their gifts.

There was great excitement when the Rector took from the tree a cup and saucer for himself from some of the children, and again when he found a parcel of cake and cards for the Sisters from the little ones!

At 7 o'clock they all dispersed, each receiving a cake and bag of candy at the door. There were about 125 children present. At the Sewing School on Saturday, we heard glowing accounts of the delightful time they had had. One little mite of five years old said, "O, Sister, we had such fun! There was such a big



boy there, a *great big boy*, and he got a black doll, and he nursed it just like a mother!" Every child was pleased with her present; and none of our scholars were absent except from sickness. The "big boy" referred to, I guessed rightly to be Mr. Chas. Carter, who had kindly lent us the tree which he had provided for the children at S. Alban's Cathedral Sunday School. Unfortunately it had to be placed outside the Mission House for the night, as we had an early Celebration next morning, and was stolen during the night! However, the treat at S. Alban's does not come off until Friday evening, and it has been easily replaced. Some of the children had never seen a Christmas-tree before, and thought it very wonderful, enjoying the "march round" extremely. The President and several members of S. Simon's Guild were present, and Miss Cayley and a number of her girls from S. George's. They, with the assistance of Mrs. Menzies and Miss Mercer, dressed the tree, and remained till the entertainment was nearly over. It is a happy arrangement that the Guilds of these two Churches come so generously to help brighten the holidays of their poorer sisters in S. Cyprian's Parish.

#### DONATIONS, DECEMBER 1892.

For the Christmas tree gifts from S. George's Guild: Mrs. Hebden's children, Mr. Catto, S. Stephen's M. C. L., Mrs. Elmes Henderson's children, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Soutar, Miss Hoskin, Mrs. Clarke, Peterboro; Miss S. Baldwin, Mrs. Geddes, Mrs. Montizambert, Quebec, Mrs. Henderson.

Mr. Little, three loaves of bread.  
 Dr. Atherton, medicine for Dispensary  
 Dr. Davidson, " "  
 Mrs. Shaw-Wood, London, two barrels vegetables and box of butter.  
 Mrs. Dykes, plum pudding.  
 Mrs. J. Henderson, turkey.  
 Mrs. Montizambert, two turkeys.  
 Mrs. A. E. Plummer, clothing.  
 Mrs. Watlington, clothing.  
 Miss Bell, old linen and nails.  
 Miss Wood, articles for Xmas tree.  
 Miss M. Wood, " " "  
 Mrs. Dykes, " " "  
 Mrs. J. Henderson " " "  
 Miss Montizambert " "  
 Miss Docker, " " "  
 Miss Cayley's Guild " "  
 An Associate, 125 candy-bags "

Mr. Matthews, two barrels of apples.  
 Rev. Mr. Lutz, 6 tickets, S. George's Society, for Christmas dinners.  
 S. Simon's Guild, box of children's clothing and articles for Xmas tree.  
 Clothing and Xmas gifts for two poor families taken to them by Mrs. Cochrane and her children.  
 Miss Walter, Poor Fund, \$6.50, Dispensary \$2, Sewing School \$1.50—\$10.  
 Mr. Hebden, Dispensary \$5, Xmas dinners \$5—\$10.  
 Mrs. Hebden \$1 for a poor widow.  
 Mrs. Grayson Smith, \$5 for Xmas dinners and half a ton of coal.  
 S. Simon's Guild, \$2, an Associate, 50c. for lights, apples and candies for Xmas tree.

#### EMBROIDERY ROOM.

Many handsome pieces of needle-work have been sent out since our last issue. Notably a red silk frontal with red velvet superfrontal for Trenton; an elaborate stole for one of the

Churches at Cornwall, and for another Church at the same place a stole, burse, veil and book-markers of white brocade, embroidered in red and gold, with a complete set of altar linens; a stole of purple brocade worked in gold, and a very elaborate white stole, worked from end to end with flowers in dull shades of pink, and green leaves, the stems in rich Chinese gold couched in red, whilst the cross and sacred monogram are worked in brown and Chinese gold, on pale blue diapered couching.

There are still a number of unfinished pieces of work, enough to keep us busy for many weeks to come: indeed we could not hope to accomplish such work at all were it not that our helpful Associates give us so much of their time in the Church work-room. We are at work upon a frontal of white brocade, for an Easter gift to the Sisters of All Hallows, at Yale, B.C.; and if we really decide to go to Oshawa, we must call in all dexterous hands to help us fit up the Sisters' Chapel there. We, also, look forward to much elaborate work for the new Church of S. Thomas, where all our interests centre.

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#### BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE.

A number of Associates and friends met at S. John's House on Saturday afternoon, December 17th, to consider the question of the new work about to be undertaken by the Sisters, viz., the charge of the Bishop Bethune College at Oshawa, and to hear what the Rev. Mr. Roper, Chaplain, and Canon Middleton, had to tell them on the subject. After a short prayer, the Rev. the Chaplain addressed those assembled, telling them in the first place of the proposed undertaking, and appealing to them for that ever ready help on which the success of all the Sisters' work is so dependant. He told them that in this instance, they could assist by speaking of the school to their friends, so that those who have children to send might know of it before making other arrangements after the Christmas holidays; also that help was greatly needed in the making up the quantities of house linen, etc., required for the new establishment. The Rev. Canon Middleton, through whose efforts and influence chiefly this school was in the first place opened in Oshawa, and who felt keenly the threatened necessity of selling it into the hands of Romanists, or others who have not the interests of the Church as heart, then addressed those assembled, telling them the history of the school, and of the difficulties which had led to its failure, and setting before them in a few earnest words the great importance of saving it to the Church, which he and others

think, can be done if the Sisters will undertake the work. The Associates gladly promised all the assistance it lies in their power to give, feeling, as the Sisters do themselves, what a clear and unmistakable call this is, though from a human point of view it seems almost impossible to respond to it with their slender numbers and steadily increasing work at home. This is not the first work undertaken in fear at the thought of its magnitude and their little strength, yet all they have hitherto tried to do at God's command has been abundantly blessed, and we must trust that this new and most necessary undertaking will be blessed and prospered as well. To this end the prayers of all interested are earnestly desired.

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The Sisters are greatly indebted to the Dorcas Society of S. Peter's Church for their valuable help in making up household linen for the Hospital. A large bundle of finished sheets and pillow-cases has just come in, and the Sisters are preparing another bundle to send back to their kind friends at S. Peter's. The linen about to be made up is for use at the Bishop Bethune College, and in the pressure which must always precede the opening of a fresh branch of work, it is a great relief to find such ready help. At the same time the Sisters rejoice to hear that their sewing provides employment for many poor women, who are paid for it by S. Peter's Dorcas Society. The ladies who manage this excellent charity are to be congratulated upon their plan of double helpfulness—to the poor women who need employment, and to the busy Sisters whose hands are full to overflowing, and who cordially thank the Dorcas Society for its kindly aid—especially Mrs. Boddy and Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, through whose good offices the work for S. John's has been undertaken by the Society.

The patients at S. John's Hospital were very much gratified by Miss Kingsmill's bright visit on Thursday last, when she sang, in the wards and sitting-room, "Annie Laurie," and other popular songs. Many were the requests for "just one song more," and most kind was the songstress in yielding to their desire. We do not think that Miss Kingsmill can ever have a more appreciative audience elsewhere, though she may often hear louder applause. Her visits from time to time are eagerly looked for and are keenly enjoyed.

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The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean  
 Will leave a track behind for evermore;  
 The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,  
 Extends and widens to the eternal shore.—S. J. Bolton.

## THE KING'S BARGE.

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Everybody was very anxious and troubled, for the time would soon come round again when the King's barge would be seen once more to sail away again, perhaps without landing. For that was what had taken place every year since first the King had been driven away. His royal barge had come back, even in the stormiest weather, and standing on the shore in the moonlight, you could almost count the rowers, and see the crown on the head of the King, and the flash of the diamond drops when the oars were lifted, and a few strokes more would have brought them to land ; but they never came. Year after year it was always the same ; they lingered for a little and then slowly turned the barge about and sailed away, and became lost among the moonbeams, over the dark blue waters.

For it was said the King could not land until everything was ready for Him ; and now all the chief people were met together in the palace to talk the thing over, and see if they could not find out a way of getting ready for the King against the time the barge next appeared, for they had now found out how poor they were without Him. When He had been with them they thought they could do better themselves ; and so they were rude to Him and did Him wrong, and drove Him away. But now they were all in trouble ; the land was overrun with wild beasts, and the people were fighting with one another, and no man could get sound sleep, for he did not know when the enemy would be down upon him. If they could only get the King back, they knew all this would be put to rights. And so year after year they had tried to get ready for His coming ; but evidently they had not done it in the right way, for the King never landed.

Yet they had been very hopeful about it just the year before, for they had sent a hundred painters and plasterers and paper-hangers up to the palace, to make everything sweet and trim, and after them they had sent a hundred upholsterers in paper caps ; but it was all in vain. They had seen the barge come in the moonlight, they had seen the silken sail on the mast, and the golden bird on the prow, and they had got all the great people together, with gold chains round their necks, to stand on the shore and make nice speeches when the King did land, but He did not ; the barge came near, lingered a little as before, and then slowly glided away again.

And now things were worse than ever, and that is why they were all met together in the great hall of the palace to discuss

the matter, and to see what could be done. And some said one thing, and some said another, and others cried "Order! order!" in order that they might make speeches themselves, and they were no further forward than at first, when an old councillor rose up. He was the man who made tombstones, and so was looked on by everybody as a great authority. He had lost some teeth, so they could not make out all he said, but at last they gathered that he wanted to know what were the words of the message the King himself had sent to them, long, long ago? And nobody could tell him, for some had forgotten all about it, and others had never heard of it; so at last they sent for the Lord Chamberlain of the palace, and asked him to bring the King's last letter. And he went away and came back with a paper in his hand that was yellow and limp with age, but the royal seal was on it still; and after they had held it very close to the light and turned it round and round, and looked at it up and down, and wiped the dust from it, and breathed on the ink, and looked at it again and again they could just make out these words:

Where there's always wealth,  
And a fire on the hearth,  
And a light that never grows dim.

"There!" said the old councillor, speaking in a hollow voice as a respectable maker of tombstones should, "There! that's it!" "That's what?" asked the others; "What does it all mean?" So they discussed it all again till at last they thought the best thing they could do would be to send somebody to go up and down the world and enquire where there was always wealth, where there was always a fire on the hearth, and where there was light that never burned dim; then they said, they might hope to get ready against the time the King's barge next appeared.

And they said the chamberlain was the proper man to send for he knew all the great people abroad. But he was to leave his shadow to look after the palace while he was away. You do not understand that, perhaps, but it is a very common thing to do. A great many people leave their shadow behind them to look after things while they are away, and the shadow becomes then a very important personage indeed, sometimes much more important than the master himself. And so they gave the chamberlain a beautiful sword, and a purse of gold, and sent him away, only commanding him to return before the northern lights began to shoot across the sky, for it was about that time the King's barge always came.

And he went away and travelled far, and learnt very much, but he could not find out where there was always wealth. He asked the flowers, and they did not know; he asked the birds, but they only perked their heads to one side, and looked at him slyly along the edge of their bills, and gave a low, gurgling, mocking whistle.

But at last he heard of a very rich man who lived in a castle and sat in chairs made of ivory, and had a stable where he kept a great many Ideas, all of them with shoes of gold on their hoofs; but when he got talking with the man he found he was very sad because he did not know where to get money enough to buy his wife a jewel she wanted. She had been at a great ball and had seen her neighbour with a finer diamond than she possessed, and now she must have a better herself, and her husband could get no peace, for he did not know where to get money enough to buy such a jewel. "After all," thought the chamberlain, "this man is poor, for he can't get what he wants, and it is just the same with a beggar!"

Then he went to the house where the lady lived who had the best jewel, but he found her crying. She had heard that her neighbour meant to have a jewel even finer than hers; then she would not have the best any longer, and now she was wanting money that would buy one that would be better than all, and she did not know where the money was to come from. "After all," quoth the chamberlain, "this lady is also poor!"

So he went on, asking, searching, never finding, till he came to a strange land where there were many nobles, but they did not understand his language, and he did not know theirs; all they could say in his own tongue was, "Worse than ever! worse than ever!" If he asked how they were, they said, "Worse than ever!" If he asked about wealth, it was "Worse than ever!" If about the country, "Worse than ever!" He was glad to get away from here, for the air was heavy and it was always raining.

So he came to a great city where there were many merchants, but all they could say in his own language was, "Very bad indeed! Very bad!" The air was a little better here, but the people were very anxious and troubled looking, and there was a great number of funerals always going about. But at length he came to a sunny place, where there were only poor labourers and cottagers, and ditchers, and delvers, and the like, but all they could say in his language was, "Better to-morrow! Better to-morrow!" They were so happy and bright with their "Better to-morrow! Better to-morrow!" that he could not get the words out of his heart, they kept sounding inside him like a song, making him laugh even when he got weary.

He fain would have stayed there always, every one was so contented and joyful and strong, and the land itself was so lovely, for the sunshine was bright and abounding, but he had to go on; only he thought deep thoughts to himself, and his face would grow radiant as he said, "Yes, better to-morrow! Better to-morrow!"

Thus he wandered on and on, till the way grew lonely, and the trees grew bare, and the wind was sharp and the stars seemed near, and he shivered from head to foot, for he felt that somebody was walking beside him, yet he could not hear a sound or see a shape. But he shivered again, and his teeth chattered, and he drew his sword and swung it around; but there was only a hard, mocking laugh, like the crackling of thin ice, and he knew that somebody was with him still. He hurried on cold and numb, till it grew darker; then he saw who it was who was walking beside him. It was the Frost King! His face was ruddy, and his eyes were like burning coals, and a crown of icicles glittered on his brow, and his robe was soft and white and fleecy, for it was made of snow flakes stitched together like feathers, and frozen dew was sprinkled over all for diamonds. As they went along he blew on the leaves and they crumpled up, and he breathed on the flowers and they withered away, and he frowned on the ponds, and they grew stiff with fear; and so they came to a city and there were two young people walking arm in arm, and he breathed upon them, and they quarrelled and separated, each going a different way. And an old man sat lonely by a blazing fire counting a pile of red gold coins, and the Frost King blew down the chimney, and the fire went out! A young merchant in his office, weary and sad while he took up his pen to write to his wife; but paused for a moment the Frost King blew on the ink, and the man could not write; he laid down his pen and rushed out with a look on his face that made the chamberlain shudder again.

But two children came bounding along hand-in-hand, and the Frost King blew on them both, and they only laughed. And he blew again, but their eyes only became brighter and their laugh merrier; and with an angry snort he turned away and blew on a babe a poor woman was watching, and the babe turned pale, but the mother snatched it to her bosom and it grew ruddy again. Again, the Frost King breathed on them both; but the mother only smiled, and the babe smiled back, and the Frost King bounded away. A little girl was crying because of her pet bird dead in her hand, but though the Frost King blew hard on her cheek he could not freeze her tears, they continued to flow warm and liquid, and beautiful as ever. And

a poor little boy stood at a door, and a woman was giving him bread, but though the Frost King blew he could not touch them, for the colour came to the cheeks of the boy, and the woman's heart was warm.

"So, ho!" thought the chamberlain, "I have learnt something now! There's a fire which even the Frost King can not cool!" And he thought it all out, and thought deeply about it and as he kept thinking the Frost King kept going farther and farther and farther still, till at last he was gone, and the chamberlain felt warm in himself. "I have learned something for sure to-day," he said.

And on he journeyed till the stars grew greater and greater still, and greater yet till at length the night was as clear as the day, only softer, sweeter and balmier; and the further he went the stronger he got, and the happier and the heartier; for there was rare virtue in this light to make men able for great things, and this he soon discovered, for the people of that land had built cities even on the tops of the waves, and the wildest storms could not shake them; and they had gone down to the very heart of the earth, and brought up food for their children; and had made a way right up through the stars, and brought down medicine for their sick, and every face was radiant, for nobody ever died there. When they felt age creeping upon them, or when a strange whisper fell on their ears, they just went out on the road that lead to the stars, and there more life was given to them than they ever had before. The chamberlain stayed here a long time, and learnt much, and was happy. Suddenly, however, he remembered that in his own country the northern lights would soon be gleaming, and so he went back home—just in time.

The first person he met was his own shadow. They hardly knew each other again, both had altered so much. The shadow had grown darker and uglier, while the man had become brighter and fairer; so that he was quite ashamed of his old shadow, and could not rest till he had put him into a better shape.

Then there was another great gathering of the people in the large hall of the palace. The old councillor wasn't there, however; he had gone to sleep under his own best tombstone. When all the greetings were over, and everything was quiet, the chamberlain rose and said: "Friends, I have found what you sent me to seek, where there is always wealth and a fire on the hearth, and a light that never grows dim. They are all here in the palace, but we have never opened the rooms that contain them since the King went away. Let us open them now and get them ready, and I am certain the King will come among us again."



So he led the way through one great corridor and another, past spacious halls, and through sumptuous chambers, till he came to a door that had written above it in letters of silver the word

“HOPE.”

“There is wealth in here,” he said; “for the wealthiest people I met were those who were rich in hope, so that even in the worst of days they could say, ‘Better to-morrow, better to-morrow!’” And when they passed through the door, all stood silent for a moment; then they drew a deep breath, and looked at one another, but none spoke, the great wealth which was there had struck them dumb.

In silence they passed to the next door, which had written above it in letters of gold the word

“LOVE.”

“Within this,” said the chamberlain, “there is a fire which no frost can chill, and which no rock can resist,” and opening the door, there was a flame, warm and pure, and which gave no smoke, making every one feel gentle and kindly. The last door had marked over it in letters, set with diamonds, the word

“FAITH.”

“In here,” said the chamberlain softly, “is a light that never grows dim, and which strengthens all who walk in it.” But when the door was flung wide open all paused on the threshold, then one and another sank on his knees, for there, before them, was the King Himself! And he spoke to them as He had spoken once, and little by little they drew nearer to Him, and nearer still, till they kissed His feet and kissed His hands, and learnt at His own lips how He Himself had opened the doors from within, for they could never themselves have opened them from without.

And the land had peace. The wild beasts were driven away; for wherever there was Faith, Hope and Love, there came the King, and no enemy could stand up before Him, and the last tombstone was put up to the memory of Trouble, for Trouble was dead.

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“Man's weakness is his glory—for the strength  
Which raises him to Heaven and near God's self,  
Came spite of it; God's strength his glory is;  
For thence came, with our weakness, sympathy,  
Which brought God down to earth, a man like us.”

## BROTHER JEROME'S STORY.

## OBEDIENCE.

'T WAS an old Cistercian convent,  
 And its rule was hard to bear ;  
 It made Heaven a longed-for haven,  
 It made this world dark and drear.

And the Abbot, so ascetic,  
 Had no love for aught of earth ;  
 He rejoiced in fast and penance,  
 He hated smiles and mirth.

As men loved their brides, so loved he  
 The austere Cistercian code ;  
 For each rule he would his life lay down,  
 For each rule would shed his blood.

Brother Ambrose, the seraphic,  
 Brother Ambrose, full of love  
 To mankind and to his Brethren,  
 Most of all to GOD above.

Ofttimes, in his holy musings  
 On the things prepared on high  
 For the souls that wait for JESUS  
 In their exile, patiently,

Would forget some rule so trifling,  
 Scarce it seemed a rule at all,  
 And then meekly bear his penance,  
 Bear it well, before them all.

And one day at the refection,  
 Being much absorbed in thought,  
 He had left upon the table  
 Some small crumbs, and knew it not.

Knew it not till Grace was ended,  
 When he rose among the rest,  
 And he sorrowed, not for penance,  
 But for holy rule transgressed.

Strictly was it known and written :  
 " None may leave or waste his bread " ;  
 Strictly was it known and written :  
 " None may eat when Grace is said."

To his hand the tiny fragments,  
 Gathering with exactest care,  
 He approached the holy Abbot,  
 Knelt before him in his chair.

" Father, I have sinned,"—so spake he ;  
 " Lost in thought, all carelessly  
 Grace was over, ere I noted  
 I had still some crumbs by me.

" There I must not leave them lying,  
And to eat them may not dare.  
What must I then do, my Father,  
What the penance I must bear ?"

Coldly, sternly, then the Abbot :  
" It is well, my son, you know,  
That e'en rules which seem most trifling  
Holy monk may ne'er forego.

" Nought is small which is eternal ;  
Shew me, now, the crumbs from whence  
You have learnt the holy lesson  
Of *exact* obedience."

Ope'd his hand then Brother Ambrose,  
But it held not now the bread,  
Pearls of wondrous size and radiance  
Softly gleamed there in its stead.

And he joyed that CHRIST, his Master,  
Thus his meek obedience crowned,  
That in stern humiliation  
He such mark of grace had found.

—*From Legenda Monastica.*

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## Sermon,



### ON OUR LORD'S COUNSELS OF PERFECTION.

BY THE REV. MORGAN DIX, S.T.D.

" The disciple is not above his Master : but every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."—*S. Luke vi. 40.*

Few things are harder than to recover ideas which have passed out of the minds of men ; but it is harder still, when the loss of those ideas is due to violent revolt from them. Men sometimes agree to cast an idea away, because they have become persuaded that it is false ; in which case there seems to be a positive merit in keeping it in banishment. When some great thought has died out of the spirit through mere carelessness or slothfulness, an earnest appeal might suffice to remind the soul of what it once knew, and to bring back the departed power ; but where men have joined hand in hand to proscribe and banish some such first principles, the obstacles in the way of restoration are so great that it seems next to impossible to remove them.

The time appears to have come when we should at least make the attempt to recover one, if not more than one, of such lost

ideas ; the time, I mean, of the world's spiritual and moral decline, in which all that there is of power in Christianity ought to have free scope, and to make itself felt. Infidelity menaces us with intellectual forces greater and more formidable than were ever before brought to bear against the Faith ; and this is not the time to temporize, nor court the friendship of the world, nor seek shelter from the stormy blast, but rather to examine ourselves, whether we may not have helped to bring on the crisis by losing sight of the real nature of things in the Kingdom of Heaven. There are men who preach every Sunday about the danger of being too religious, and do all they can to hinder the restoration and recovery of her lost spiritual influence by the Church, who seem to think the great peril of our time to be that of believing too much, and would thin out and flatten down our system of Sacrament, dogma and holy mystery, as if that were the way to meet the rising clamor of the world against its SAVIOUR and its GOD. Men were never more mistaken ; we may say so without denying that they are sincere. But we must take our part, which is to insist that greater earnestness, deeper reverence, stronger convictions and more religion, are what we need, in order to stand in the evil day.

It is proposed to speak of what is to many a lost idea of our SAVIOUR'S counsels. We know of HIS birth and death ; of the merit of HIS acts and the preciousness of HIS blood. We also know of HIS positive commands, of HIS law, which we must all keep, whatever our rank or degree. But we do not remember what may be called HIS advice, HIS recommendations, HIS counsels. We have practically lost this idea : that after giving us HIS law, HIS precepts, HIS commands, which are binding alike, and to the same extent, on all HIS people, HE added, over and above advice, not intended for men in general, but for some few, for such as have a gift to incline them to listen, for those to follow who can. There is, as you know, a great difference between a counsel and a command, between advice and law, between what is recommended and what is required, between peremptorily ordering us to do a thing and suggesting that we might do it if so disposed. In the case of a law, an order, a command, there is nothing to be done but obey. Thus we must all repent and be baptized, and keep the decalogue, and fear GOD, and serve HIM truly all our days in faith and love, and fulfil holy obedience in HIS Church. These things are not more binding on one than they are on all ; there is no difference among us here ; they are the common and well-understood conditions to salvation. But then there is heard in the Gospel another voice ; it is persuasive, it is suggestive ; it

intimates that there are things to be done, not that we may be saved—as though we could not be saved unless we did them—but that we may satisfy the burning desire of a more than ordinary love, if such be felt within the soul ; that we may outrun our brethren in the race ; that we may venture and dare and make our lives heroic, though it would have been safe to remain content with ordinary things. This voice, I say, can be clearly and distinctly heard in the Gospel ; it is not a loud voice, because it is not meant for the ears of all ; it is not like that which gives the word of command to a great body of men, but a softly-spoken word, whispered to the few who are to take the lead in a bold and, to the human eye, desperate enterprise, and who receive their instructions secretly, and, as it were, under the seal of confidence. Thus the counsels of Perfection reach us ; uttered under the breath, addressed to one here and another there, to those whose hearts GOD hath touched ; and pledging to the brave such help as they need if they should dare to venture all for CHRIST.

To give illustrations of what is referred to, let us take the case of the rich. By comparing Scripture with Scripture, it is clear that the rich have their place in the Church. The doctrines of the socialist and the communist, who would confiscate all property, equalize the estates of man, and abolish the distinction between the rich and the poor, have no place in the scheme of Christianity. Our religion is a remedial system to help man in this imperfect condition of existence, not a wild scheme to achieve impossibilities, and hence the rich find in the Gospel a law to regulate their acts, founded on the presumption that they, as a class, will always be in the Church. This is clear. But it is not less clear that our SAVIOUR counselled rich men, if they could bring themselves to it, to become literally poor for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. HE certainly gave that advice to some though HE did not impose it as a law on all. Had HE made it a law, it would have been a crime to be rich ; but it is no crime, nor even perilous, unless a man make mammon his god ; he who has wealth may keep it, doing good therewith after his power ; yet he who voluntarily resigns it chooses a higher and harder way, and accepts the LORD'S advice.

Again ; father and mother, and wife and children, and houses and lands, are all among the gifts of GOD ; good things, and lawful to have and enjoy ; and, if faithful and consistent Christians, blessings to be grateful for. Yet it is certain that our LORD attached a special blessing to the free and voluntary renunciation of these very things.

There was a time when S. Peter, referring to the destitute condition of himself and his companions, asked and said: "Behold, we have forsaken all and followed THEE; what shall we have therefore?" On which our LORD disclosed to him and his brethren their future greatness in the kingdom. And after that HE said, in general, that "every one who will forsake houses, or brethren, or sisters, or wife, or children, or lands, for HIS sake and the Gospel's, should receive an hundred-fold" for that act. This is evidently a counsel, a piece of advice, which he may take who can. None but a fanatic would see in it a general law for us all, yet it seems as if one must be scarcely less blind and prejudiced who cannot see that the LORD expected some to listen to HIS recommendation.

And more, it is evident that, while HIS amplest benediction rests upon the estate of Holy Marriage, yet HE also recognized and sanctioned, and blessed that celibate which is maintained, in faith and by grace, in order to a more entire service of HIM and HIS Church. Nor should we omit the case of that young nobleman who came to the LORD for advice, which, however, when it was given, he had not the courage to follow. He told HIM that he had kept the commandments from his youth; the LORD did not deny it, nor overlook the young man's lovable qualities, for it is said that HE loved HIM. But CHRIST proposed to him a higher thing, which was to go and sell all he had, and give the proceeds to the poor, and take up the cross and follow HIM. This was a counsel, and a counsel to perfection; for the SAVIOUR said, "If thou wilt be perfect, do this." What was observed of the rich in general, may be applied to this young ruler in particular. He had the grace to keep the commandments, and fear GOD from his youth. But he had not the supernatural gift to do those extraordinary things. The boundaries of the command and the precept are here plain in view.

These cases illustrate what we mean: that there are certain things required of us all as necessary to salvation, and then, that there are other and more advanced things, in which we are free to do as we like. If for love of HIM we wish to go further, and make acts of unusual self-sacrifice, the way is opened to us; yet is there no general command in that respect, but advice, precept, counsel, and recommendation, merely, which they only can receive who have a gift thereunto.

What has now been said is commended by another very solemn consideration. Nothing has been more clearly revealed than this: that there will be great differences among us in the life to come. Our LORD said: "In my Father's House are

many mansions," implying variety in the eternal condition of their occupants. In HIS parables HE told us of servants, who shall have authority, one over ten cities, another over five ; of some who shall bring five talents as their offering, of others with but two ; of servants who shall be beaten with few stripes, and of others who shall receive many. And S. Paul says that as the heavenly bodies, the sun, the moon, and the stars differ in glory, thus also shall it be in the resurrection of the dead. So far, then all is clear. Now the question arises : On what are these distinctions founded? And it seems an inevitable conclusion, that they must be ascribed either to a mere arbitrary act of the power of GOD, or else to differences in the lives which men lived here on earth. But how can we hesitate between these alternatives? The idea that GOD can intend to make such distinction without the slightest regard to the characters or lives of men, reminds us of the old Calvinistic supralapsarian doctrine, from which heart and head revolt, and must revolt in horror. No one of us can believe that Almighty GOD has from eternity determined that some of HIS creatures shall go to heaven, and others to hell, no matter what they may be or do, and without any reason whatever but that HE wills it. It is scarcely less hard to believe that equally without cause or reason HE will give to some very high and glorious places in HIS Kingdom, and leave others in low seats. We revolt from all such conceptions. They contradict our common sense of morality ; and HE did not give us our minds for nothing. It is irresistible the determination to believe that as those differences are to be, so the real authors of them are men themselves, acting freely as GOD'S grace enables us all to do. And this conclusion throws more light on the subject before us of average Christian obedience contrasted with super-human Christian perfection. The course of this brief argument is finished. It is now in order to meet objections which will be made to it, in answering which the lost idea will come more clearly into the light. These objections proceed from two quarters : from the religious and from the profane. Let us hear the objection of the latter, and briefly dismiss it.

Some, while admitting that our LORD and HIS apostles took severe views and gave hard advice, say that their words are obsolete, that the world has altered, that our habits and ways of life are totally different, and that what was possible in the first age is not to be thought of now. This view we deliberately call profane. He is profane who denies that the words of CHRIST are living words, but obsolete words and counsels are dead words ; and to say of those counsels that they do not apply

to us, or that, so long as this world stands, the time can ever come when they shall not apply, is to make them dead. I need not argue this point; it is too clear; JESUS CHRIST is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and that sameness attaches to every essential thing in HIS Kingdom till HE deliver it up to the Father, and to every word spoken to man in his pilgrimage toward eternity.

But there is another objection, and a serious one, having a religious basis and made by very devoted lovers of the LORD. They say that this way of representing the words of CHRIST gives a mechanical view of them. It sounds like affirming that to be saved costs just so much, and that by paying more we may get greater advantages over and above mere salvation. Let me state this strongly, for it will help us to see how the idea of Counsels of Perfection became lost. Doubtless, the idea was presented in just that hard, dry, mechanical way, by men who erred because they left out one element in the question. It seemed as if, to use a vulgar comparison, the Kingdom of Heaven were a kind of a grand showplace, which you must pay so much to enter; and that if you wanted reserved seats or refreshments after you were in, you could get them by an additional fee in advance. Such gross and monstrous perversions of the SAVIOUR'S counsels must have been current, before people who loved HIM and meant to serve HIM sincerely could have come to reject HIS own words and view them with secret suspicion as they did, and do. And to clear up this cloud, and set the doctrine in its true and full light, is my purpose in approaching a conclusion.

There is one motive principle which makes the life of all that GOD has done for us, or ask us to do for HIM. One link holds Heaven and earth together. One force mediates the union between the just and the unjust. It is the principle of Love. The instant you think, or argue, or act, leaving out or forgetting, the fact that the love of GOD for us, or ours for HIM lies at the base of everything in redemption, or salvation; you begin to err, Love is the spring of all in us that is good; the faith which justifies is that faith which worketh by love; the obedience demanded in us the outcome of that loving faith. But love has degrees; like life, or hope, or zeal, it may be more or less strong; some love is quiet and still, and some is ardent and enthusiastic. Love may be very real and true, yet not demonstrative or outwardly effective; or it may be intense and consuming, or it may ascend to the more than human, the heroic. Thus love and charity may be strong enough to lead you to befriend a man in need, yet not strong enough to lead you to die for him.



“ Scarcely for a righteous man would one die ; yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die.” It is scarcely to be expected such heroic love as that, and yet the love which is not quite, perhaps, or not nearly up to that mark, may be very real, earnest, and true. Love, then, is the motive-spring of all goodness in us ; and whoever is at this hour really serving GOD, is serving HIM, let us trust, through some love for HIM, feeble and imperfect though it be. But there are those who cannot rest content with a faint love, who love GOD more and more, with greater strength, with greater entireness, than most of us, and who must show it in some way. For such as these, HIS counsels were meant ; they are addressed to the higher spirits, to the enthusiastic, to the ardent ; they give them the means of fulfilling their aspirations. It is not, then, a question about paying so much, or doing so much, to get into Heaven, and giving an additional fee for enhanced advantages ; such mercenary notions are too detestable for language to characterize their vileness. But the question is this : How far will love for CHRIST carry a man above the rest of the world ? How far will a man go, what will he venture, what will he resign, what “ peradventure may some one even dare to do ” for the love of the SAVIOUR ? If any of us ever reach the blessed home, it will be because the love of GOD and CHRIST was in our hearts, since even some lesser measure of it is enough to float the soul and carry it upwards into that pure realm. But, if this be so, then the more love there is, the higher we must rise ; and when that love fills the soul and spirit, and the very body, to overflowing, and growing more and more intense, burns powerfully in the heart, it must act after its law, it must lift its subject higher and higher, and carry him ever onward and upward, nearer and nearer toward the central seat of the Glory and Goodness on high. This shows us what those counsels of perfection mean ; they are based on the supposition that there will always be some among the LORD’S children who are dissatisfied with what contents the many ; who long to do much more than the many can do ; who will not rest till they have surrendered everything they have on earth, “ houses and lands, wife and children,” home, wealth, station, all, to show HIM, in these acts, the consuming power of that flame within. Such zeal, such love, are encouraged by HIS counsels, and find in them the means of their expression. Why should we not accept this lost idea ? Does not a degenerate age confess the need of its revival amongst us ? What change is come upon the Church, that the heroic spirits are no longer encountered in her ways ? We have come down to dull, poor, low, ideas about GOD’S service ; the spirit of

CHRIST can hardly be traced in our secularized careers. We live as if anything would do for HIM, and a hurried repentance at the last would secure our entrance into Heaven. The average product of the Christianity of our days is a mediocre life, presumably perfectible by a miracle at the last ; the average Christian is one who, having made small attainments in spirituality up to the hour of his death, departs out of the world with confident expressions and an air of complete security ; and thereupon is eulogized, crowned with flowers, and lamented as if some holy saint or marvellous mirror of piety had been lost to us in him. The religion of this age is like its intellectual cultivation ; education is so widely diffused that vast numbers know a little, yet scarcely one knows much. And so in religion, there is a coating of religious varnish over society, but we hardly ever hear of, and perhaps never see, the lustrous shining of great sanctity. The popular notion of the maximum of Christian duty is as follows : There shall be a temporizing service of the LORD, wherein a man should prudently avoid risks, make no ventures, and eschew hardness as ascetic and extreme ; and this must end with the absolution of a death-bed repentance, to make amends for all defects, and square accounts with the ALMIGHTY. A life which, while it lasts, contradicts the moral sense of him who compares the practice with the profession, is terminated by a scene which, in its alleged consequences, makes an intolerable draft on his credulity.

Here, then, we plead for the recovery of our lost idea. Let us no longer talk of extreme views and obsolete sayings ; but, venerating the holy words of our MASTER, let us make a humble beginning by affirming our belief that it is still possible to obey them. Let us recognize as a reality what is correctly called "The Higher Life." We may have no vocation to it ; but let us admire and reverence it, and give the LORD the honour due unto HIS Name, when we behold some companion striking bravely out in that direction. The hearts of HIS children are as warm as ever, albeit with latent fire ; only let the ashes and heavy dust be raked out, and the flame will brighten and burst forth anew. The spirit of heroism is not dead ; HIS saints, HIS heroes and heroines, HIS perfect may still be developed, and from no bettr material than you, and I and the rest of our mediocrity. All they need is, one word of encouragement, a little generous confidence, a little help. There are earnest spirits enough who have the wish within, but yet are cowed and daunted by the hardness of those faces which regard them with disapproval and suspicion. Thus the late storms of dissolving winter, frowning with cold and rain upon the

chilled and saddened earth, keep back the leaf and flowers, and slow the progress of the lovely spring: even as long cherished opinions, unworthy fears, and inveterate prejudices retard the arrival of a better era in the Church. But the spring will come at last, and the summer with its splendors, and the autumn of the ingathering of the harvests of GOD, and our annals now so barren, shall glisten with the blazonry of our own Saints and Martyrs, developed by the power of ideas long lost but again alive for evermore.

Brethren, I have done; yet let me add one word. I could refer you to books which contradict all I have said; I could tell you of learned and Godly men who will earnestly argue against it, and deny it all. What of that? Then is your own spirit a witness to its truth, which you can hardly silence. To that inner spirit I make my appeal, and rest the case for CHRIST against the reluctance of the heart of man. While I have been speaking, you may inwardly have been gainsaying my words. Never mind; you will not forget them, and in spite of yourselves you will be uneasy hereafter for fear lest what I have said be true. It is true; wait and see. We shall soon have it common among us, to find persons accepting the MASTER'S advice, taking HIS counsel, venturing on what HE recommends; and you will be as glad as all the rest when you see HIS glory promoted, and the cavils of HIS infidel enemies silenced by the moral beauty and strength which will come to us in such illustrations of the power of HIM Whom we adore and love.—*From the Two Estates.*



I MET a child, and kissed it; who shall say  
 I stole a joy in which I had no part?  
 The happy creature from that very day  
 Hath felt the more his little human heart.  
 Now, when I pass, he runs away and smiles,  
 And tries to seem afraid, with pretty wiles.  
 I am a happier and a richer man,  
 Since I have sown this new joy in the earth:  
 'Tis no small thing for us to reap stray mirth  
 In every sunny wayside where we can.  
 It is a joy to me to be a joy,  
 Which may in the most lowly heart take root;  
 And it is gladness to that little boy  
 To look out for me at the mountain foot.

—*Faber.*



## S. John's Messenger.

Owing to the small number of subscriptions received for THE MESSENGER last year, we have been obliged to raise the price from fifty cents, to seventy-five cents a year. We have to ask those of our friends who receive an intimation with this number that they have not paid for last year, kindly to send in their subscriptions as soon as possible. We also ask our Associates, and others who take an interest in our work, to try and increase the circulation of THE MESSENGER, so that it may the better carry out its mission (the making known the work and needs of the Sisterhood) and that it may not be a burden on our funds.

Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Philip Dykes, 234 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, or to the Rev. Mother S.S.J.D., Major St.

The following subscriptions to THE MESSENGER have been received :

Mrs. Nason, \$1; Miss Grier, \$1; Mrs. Howland, \$1; Mrs. Carter, \$1.25; Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, \$1; Mrs. Elmes Henderson, \$1; Mrs. Groves, \$1; Miss Berford, 75c.; Mrs. Kinahan, 50c.; Dr. Atherton, \$1; Mrs. Kelly, \$1; Mrs. A. C. Galt, \$1; Mrs. Kennedy, 50c.; Mrs. Lenox Williams, 75c.; Mrs. C. Sharples, 75c.; Mrs. Hoare, 75c.; Miss Hamilton, 75c.; Mrs. Mortizambert, 75c.; Miss Wood, 75c.; Miss M. N. Wood, 75c.; Miss Field, 75c.; Miss Fitzsimmons, 75c.; Mrs. Bedford Jones, 75c.; Mrs. M. Bell Irvine, \$1; Mrs. Pullen, \$1; Mr. Chadwick, \$1; Miss Matheson, 75c.; Mrs. Shaw, 75c.

## S. John's Hospital.

### DONATIONS.

Mr. Burke, a turkey.  
 Mrs. Henry Thompson, a turkey.  
 Mrs. Hebden, a turkey.  
 Swan Bros. two turkeys.  
 Mr. Jas. Henderson, two turkeys.  
 Dr. Montizambert, two turkeys.  
 Mrs. G. J. Platt, turkey.  
 Mrs. Dykes, plum pudding and jam.  
 Mrs. Holley, granulated sugar.  
 Anon., a turkey.  
 Mrs. Alec. Galt, turkey, mincemeat, and jelly.  
 Mrs. Ingles, plum pudding and holly.  
 Dr Lett, roast of beef.  
 Mrs. Kersteman, flowers and candies.  
 Mrs. Ingles, crab-apple jelly.  
 Mrs. Sewell, candies, nuts and raisins.  
 Mrs. W. W. Baldwin, turkey.  
 Mrs. Burke, gifts to the Sisters.  
 Mrs. Geddes, barrel of apples.

Mrs. Greenwood, four barrels of apples  
 Mr. Nichols, pair of chickens.  
 Mrs. Clark, Peterboro', gifts for patients.  
 Mr. Dykes, oysters,  
 Needlework Society, 67 articles of clothing for the poor.  
 Mrs. J. Henderson, china, grapes, plants, bouquets and magazines.  
 Mrs. Christopher Robinson, flowers for the decoration of chapel.  
 Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, turkey and \$10 for the poor.  
 Mrs. H. O. Reed, \$4 for the poor.  
 Rev. J. Osborne, California evergreens.  
 S. Stephen's M. C. L., icecream and gifts for the poor.  
 Mrs. Scott, half dozen towels.

Miss Lightbourne, holly and mistle-toe.  
 Mrs. C. H. Nelson, two turkeys.  
 Mrs. J. D. Orr, turkey.  
 Mrs. McLean Howard, roast of beef.  
 Mr. Griffin, roast of beef.  
 Mrs. Grier, oysters, biscuits and oranges.  
 Miss Macklem, oranges.  
 Anon., plants in bloom.

Mrs. A. E. Plummer, cake.  
 Mrs. Howland, flowers for decorating wards.  
 Mrs. Rogers, mince pies  
 Miss Docker, candies, gifts for Christmas tree, \$4.  
 Mrs. Carrie, cakes.  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Kemp, box of tea.  
 Mrs. McMillan, 6 plum loaves.  
 Mrs. Baker, plum cake.

Dr. J. F. W. Ross ..... \$25 00  
 Miss Fair ..... 15 00  
 Miss Grier ..... 2 00  
 Mrs. Clark Gamble ..... 5 00  
 Mrs. S. W. Hallen ..... 5 00  
 Mrs. Clarence Whitney ..... 2 00  
 Traders Bank charity box .. 5 00  
 Master Pouton Armour ..... 5 00  
 Miss E. A. D. Murney ..... 3 00  
 Mrs. S. Stratley ..... 2 00  
 Miss Weir ..... 2 00  
 Mrs. Larratt Smith ..... 5 00

Misses McMullen and Maltby 2 00  
 Mrs. Kelly ..... 1 00  
 Mr. Benson, for milk tickets 5 00  
 Miss Walker ..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Pullen ..... 1 00  
 Miss Willoughby ..... 1 00

Per Mrs. Osler.

Mrs. Cooper ..... 25 00  
 Mr. Alexander ..... 25 00  
 Mr. Beardmore ..... 25 00  
 Mrs. Osler ..... 25 00

MAINTENANCE.

Per Miss Carter.

Mrs. Harrison ..... \$1 00  
 Small Sums ..... 75

Per Mrs. Bovell.

Mr. Dennis ..... 5 00  
 Per Mrs. Roberts ..... 17 00

Per Mrs. McLean Howard.

Mrs. Becher ..... 1 00  
 Mrs. Montizambert ..... 1 00  
 Mrs. C. C. Flemming ..... 50  
 Mrs. S. W. Hallan ..... 5 00

\$31 25

BUILDING FUND.

Mrs. Henderson ..... \$20 00  
 Mrs. Todd ..... 2 00  
 Mr. Campbell ..... 1 00  
 Miss O'Brien ..... 1 00  
 Miss Annie Edwards ..... 5 00  
 Miss C. Moffatt ..... 5 00  
 Mrs. Mitchell (Manitoba) ... 1 00  
 Rebate on Gas ..... 17 61  
 Miss Hamilton ..... 100 00  
 Miss Grier ..... 20 00  
 G. F. S., per Mrs. Foster ... 10 00  
 Mrs. Dykes ..... 3 00  
 Mrs. J. Gibson ..... 2 00  
 Mrs. Kenrick ..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Stuart Strathy ..... 5 00  
 Alms Box ..... 1 10  
 Mrs. Kelly ..... 1 00  
 Mrs. Scott (Streetsville) .... 5 00

David Orr ..... 2 00  
 Miss Paton (Winnipeg) ..... 2 00  
 Arthur Cook ..... 5 00  
 Henry Walker ..... 5 00  
 Mrs. Hamilton ..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Scott (Norval) ..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Greenwood ..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Henderson ..... 20 00  
 Per Miss Acres ..... 2 00  
 Mrs. Kendall ..... 25 00  
 Dr. J. F. W. Ross ..... 25 00  
 Miss Davis ..... 1 00

Per Mrs. E. B. Osler.

Jas. Cooper ..... 25 00  
 W. D. Beardmore ..... 25 00  
 D. W. Alexander ..... 25 00  
 Mrs. E. B. Osler ..... 25 00  
 Miss McMullen ..... 1 00  
 Miss Maltby ..... 1 00  
 Mrs. Strathy ..... 2 00  
 Ponton Armour ..... 5 00  
 Mrs. Gamble ..... 5 00  
 Miss Fair ..... 15 00  
 Campbellford Sunday School. 5 00  
 Mrs. Kelly ..... 1 00  
 Traders Bank, Charity Acc't. 5 00  
 Mrs. Larratt Smith ..... 5 00  
 Miss Grier ..... 2 00  
 Miss Docker ..... 4 00  
 Miss M. Morris ..... 2 00  
 Mrs. Broughall ..... 2 00  
 Miss O'Brien ..... 1 00  
 Jack Dykes ..... 2 25

\$484 96

INTEREST.	
Per Miss Acres.	
Miss Grier .....	\$3 00
Miss Acres .....	3 00
Mrs. Abbot .....	75
Per Miss Acres .....	6 75
Mrs. Henderson.....	3 00
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	\$16 50

ENDOWMENT FUND.	
Per Mrs. Cayley.....	\$36 00
ENDOWED BEDS.	
Mrs. McLean Howard .....	\$50 00
Margaret Fitzgerald Bed....	37 50
Millicent Memorial Bed ....	37 50
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	\$125 00

### Seaton Village Mission.

#### MOTHERS' MEETING.

Receipts.	
Dec. From Sale of Material.	\$32 62
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	\$32 62

Expenditure.	
Child's Jacket .....	\$1 15
Two Pairs Boots .....	2 00
20 Pairs Hose .....	3 07
Car Tickets .....	25
Sundries .....	38
Buns .....	97
23 Yards Dress Goods .....	3 47
99 Yards Flannelette .....	4 98
60 Yards Cotton .....	4 18
42 Yards Flannel .....	9 18
10 Yards Lawn.....	1 35
Thread .....	17
In Hand.....	1 47
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	\$32 62

#### SEWING SCHOOL.

Dec. In Hand .....	\$5 51
Donations .....	4 00
For Material.....	2 73
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	\$12 24

Dec. Knitting Needles .....	\$0 20
Thimbles .....	10
Two Yards Lawn.....	28
Lights for Xmas-tree .....	1 00
Candies and Apples for Xmas-tree .....	2 40
In Hand.....	8 26
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	\$12 24

#### MISSION-HOUSE ACCOUNT.

Dec. 1st. In Hand .....	\$5 92
Dec. 3rd. Rev. Mother .....	5 00
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	\$10 92

Dec. Disbursed .....	\$9 03
In Hand.....	1 89
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	\$10 92

#### POOR FUND.

Dec. 1st. In Hand .....	\$1 04
S. Cyprian's Off. November ..	1 85
S. Cyprian's Off. December ..	15
S. Cyprian's Off. Xmas Day ..	3 25
Donation (Miss Walker) ....	6 50
Donation (Mrs. Greyson Smith)	5 00
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	\$17 79

Dec. Groceries.....	\$1 76
Meat for Broth.....	61
Xmas Dinners (9).....	8 55
Half-ton Coal .....	2 80
In Hand.....	4 07
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	\$17 79

## DISPENSARY ACCOUNT.

Dec. 1st. In Hand .....	\$2 40	Dec. Drugs .....	\$7 50
Donation (Miss Walker) ....	2 00	In Hand.....	1 90
Donation (Mrs. Hebden) ....	5 00		
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	\$9 40		\$9 40

## Church Home.

## GIFTS RECEIVED SINCE OCTOBER 1, 1892.

Miss Winn, cloak and bonnet.	Mrs. J. Kemp, meat and vegetables
Mrs. Gimrod, basket pears and grapes.	Mrs. Nicols, beef and apples.
Mrs. Huson Murray, jam and grapes.	Mrs. Cayley, fowls.
Mrs. Kenrick, bedstead, springs, and mattress.	Miss Davidson, soap.
S. George's Church, fruit.	Mrs. Dykes, tobacco and jelly.
A friend, goose.	Mrs. Nicols, goose, sausage and beef.
A friend, corn beef.	Mrs. Wood, box of fish.
S. Margaret's Church, fruit and vegetables.	Mrs. Rutherford, bag of flour.
Miss Moss, clothing.	Mrs. Cayley, fowls.
Miss Langton, turkey.	Mr. Grant, 50c.
Mr. Nichol, goose.	Mr. Wollings, a turkey.
Mrs. Lightbourn, sausages, cranberries and groceries.	McWilliams & Everist, goose.
Miss Tucker, jam.	A friend, turkey and apples.
Mrs. Armour, overcoat.	Mrs. Scarth, turkey.
Miss Lightbourne, fruit.	Mrs. Elmes Henderson, turkey and mincemeat.
Mrs. Cayley, clothing.	Mrs. F. G. Clark, turkey.
Mrs. Davidson, clothing.	Mrs. Willcock Baldwin, goose and honey.
Mrs. Anglin, clothing.	Miss Tucker, basket of fruit.
Mrs. Hagarty, clothing.	Mrs. Bculton, ham and fresh eggs.
Mrs. Lightbourne, clothing.	Mrs. McGregor, bag of vegetables and fruit.
Mrs. Christopher Robinson, ham.	Mrs. Huson Murray, mince pie.
S. George's S. S., 107 lbs. groceries.	Miss Maclem, dates.
S. Mark's S. S., 110 lbs. groceries.	Miss Wood, presents for old people.
S. Philip's, 1 lb. tea.	Miss Boulton, " " "
Mrs. J. Boulton, milk (daily).	Miss Langton, " " "
A friend, cheese.	Miss Reese, " " "
Mrs. J. Boulton, apples.	Mrs. Christopher Robinson, flowers.
Miss Langton, two bags potatoes.	Mrs. Bruce Harman, plum pudding.
Mrs. Armour, clothing.	Mrs. Armour, plum pudding.
Miss Moffatt, clothing.	Mrs. Parsons, blanc mange and mixed beef.
Mrs. A. Plummer, clothing.	Mr. Jeandron, iced plum cake.
Mrs. Kelly, clothing.	Miss Hall, clothing.
Mrs. Wynne, clothing.	Miss Plumb, clothing.
Mrs. Kenrick, sausages.	Hereward, Spencer & Co., 5 lbs. tea.
Miss Moffatt, blankets and carpet.	Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, two turkeys and a goose.
Mrs. Williamson, \$2.	Mrs. Ferguson, roast of beef.
Miss Kelty, \$2.	A friend, jar of anchovy paste and tobacco.
Mrs. Wood, carpet and books.	
Miss Langton, barrel of apples.	