



Toronto, Ascensiontide, 1894.

THE ASCENSION.

WHY is thy face so lit with smiles ?
Mother of JESUS ! why ?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky ?

From out thine overflowing eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother ! how canst thou smile to day ?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When HE, thy Life, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight ?

HIS rising form on Olivet
A summer's shadow cast,
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

Down stooped a silver cloud from heaven
The Eternal Spirit's car.
And on the lessening Vision went
Like some receding star.

The silver cloud hath sailed away ;
The skies are blue and free ;
The road that Vision took, is now
Sunshine and vacancy.

Yes ! He hath left thee, Mother dear !
His throne is far above ;
How canst thou be so full of joy
When thou hast lost thy Love ?

For surely earth's poor sunshine now
To thee mere gloom appears,
When HE is gone who was its light
For three and thirty years !

Ah no! thy love is rightfu! love,
 From all self-seeking free ;
 The change that is such gain to HIM
 Can be no loss to thee!

'Tis sweet to feel our SAVIOUR's love,
 To feel HIS Presence near :
 Yet loyal love HIS Glory holds
 A thousand times more dear.

Ah ! never is our love so pure
 As when refined by pain,
 Or when God's Glory upon earth,
 Finds in our loss its gain!

THE ASCENSION.

Without the Ascension the life-story of our LORD, as we instinctively feel, would have been incomplete. It would not have been, in accordance with the Economy of Redemption, for the Redeemer to remain on earth after the completion of the work of atonement which the FATHER had given HIM to do. Nor could HE be again subjected to the power of death. "CHRIST being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over HIM." What then remained but that HE should ascend up where HE was before? It was just as needful that HE should be glorified in the Ascension as it was needful that HE should be abased in HIS Incarnation. We must bring before our mind's eye the eventful morning, at the end of the Forty Days when JESUS led HIS disciples "out as far as as Bethany." It was probably in the early morning, when their passage through the city would arouse no attention. Just as they had passed over the brook Kedron on the memorable night before HIS Passion, so their path to Olivet led them thither again. They must have gone very near Gethsemane—spot of many memories! and, emerging from the vinyards and olive groves on the slopes, have come out upon the open table-land, solitary and unfrequented, of the mountain. It is quite in accordance with the whole tenor of events during the Forty Days that not one of the wayfarers whom they may have met seems to have noticed or recognized JESUS. We never hear, indeed, of HIS having been seen, during all this time, by any of those profane persons who hated HIM, or by the careless and worldly who cared not for HIM. Since not even HIS own attached followers recognized HIM at first, it is not likely that any chance comer should be able to do so. And what a wonderful walk that must have been! Once before when they were together in the way going up to Jerusalem, and the

shadow of HIS Passion was already darkening over the land, HE went before them, and they were amazed ; " and as they followed they were afraid." Even then their Master was to them a mystery, which they had no power to penetrate. As HE passed along at their head, full of heroic resolve, isolated in an atmosphere of unearthly majesty, their habitual reverence rose into astonishment and awe. Surely something great, something terrible, was impending, they must have felt. Something of the same awe, the same fear, must have been produced on this occasion. The awful, heavenly majesty was become more and more visible and habitual. Their LORD is living no longer the life of earth, but the life of Heaven. The effluence of the Unapproachable Majesty is about HIM. When HE speaks it is as if HE were speaking to them from Heaven. We know with what " shuddering fear and trembling, which makes all his bones to shake," (Job iv., 14, 15), man recognizes the presence of a visitant from the Unseen ; and this must have mingled with and transformed the feelings of the attendant disciples towards JESUS. Henceforth they were to regard HIM in another manner than that which it had been hitherto their privilege to maintain towards HIM. Though they had " known CHRIST after the flesh, yet henceforth they were to know HIM no more," (2 Cor. v., 16). In place of attachment to an earthly Friend, of intellectual admiration and warm human love for a wise Rabbi, an amiable companion and fellow comrade along the ways of human life, was to be substituted loyalty and devotion to an absent LORD, awful reverence and lowly self-sacrifice for the Divine SON of GOD, Himself " GOD blessed for ever."

Doubtless a dim consciousness of this, and all that it implied, hung upon every movement of the disciples, and rendered their words few. When HE came and went among them, " it was as though an angel shook HIS wings." And thus we cannot but think that this strange and solemn walk was a silent one on the part of the disciples. Whether any part of the teachings which HE gave them of " the things pertaining to the Kingdom of GOD " is to be referred to this last day of all we cannot tell. . . The Master points them to vistas of the future, in which these, humble and untaught as they were, somewhat rash aspirants to high functions, should indeed be " Princes of the Church," but in a way which as yet they knew not. They had thought of the power and honour and splendour of the high offices of CHRIST'S Kingdom ; but HE reminds them, as of old, " Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister ; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." (S. Matt. xx., 26.) Such a fundamental law of HIS Kingdom came as a sobering

reminder before the sight of glory which they were about to witness. They were not to be leisurely wielders of irresistible physical and worldly force, but the depositaries of spiritual powers too great, as it were, for their handling, in comparison with which they were but as "earthen vessels." They were to be witnesses passing from land to land with toil and pain, spending themselves and being spent, in a weighty service full of weariness and painfulness and "watchings often," leading at length, indeed, to a Crown, but that one which human nature shrinks from: the crown of martyrdom. That was the charge, and after the charge a Blessing. As they stood before HIM in serious and rapt attention, "HE lifted up HIS hands and blessed them," and as HE blessed them HE passed away from them, and a cloud received HIM out of their sight. S. Chrysostom calls this cloud "the Royal Chariot." It swept around HIM, and hid HIM from their eyes; and says, S. Mark's Gospel, "He was received up into Heaven." That longing gaze, with which the first spectators of so wondrous a sight followed the passing of their Master from the conditions of the earthly life to those of the heavenly life, has ever since been shared by the whole Church. Year after year, as Advent and Ascensiontide return, the continually growing company of the faithful look stedfastly towards Heaven, awaiting with faith and longing the second coming of CHRIST in the flesh. To the eye of faith all the centuries which have passed since that summer morning on the heights of Olivet are a mere episode in the one "increasing purpose" of the ages, and the prophetic hearts of Christians dwell in the thought upon the Life behind the Veil, and feel, as it were, the beatings of the heart of JESUS coming to them in mystic waves of momentary union with HIM when the Altar lights burn calmly, and the hush of deepest awe greets the Ineffable Presence. This is "till He come" back into the phenomenal life in which human existence has its place, and out of which HE passed at HIS Ascension. Meanwhile "HE ever liveth to make intercession." Though the government of the universe falls like a Royal Mantle upon HIS shoulders, yet HE is always Mediator between the Uncreate and the creature, and in HIM finally all intercession, whether of men on earth, or saints in Paradise, or angels in Heaven, unites and is summed up. Through HIS hands, because HE is the Great High Priest of all creation, pass the prayers of all the faithful; in HIS Name they are offered; to HIS Cross and Passion all their efficacy is due; He stands at the head of all who pray, and HIS Hands, that still bear the marks of HIS Passion, present the prayers of the human race, as it were incense in a golden censer, before the GOD and FATHER of all.

S. JOHN'S HOSPITAL.

A dear friend of ours has frequently laughed at us for having once spoken of our Hospital as "flourishing." During the past year the word would certainly not have been applicable to the financial position, for our income has been very considerably affected by the universal depression, and whilst the wards were always filled with poor patients, the private rooms have been frequently tenantless; and, although the building must be well officered, well warmed, the table well supplied, and the monthly bills not perceptibly reduced, yet the few whose full payments have usually materially added to our revenue were just those who were absent. We are told that everywhere the same state of things exists, and we are very thankful that our difficulties have not been insurmountable—*anxiety truly has been keenly felt, and must continue to press upon us for some time to come.*

As regards the condition of our patients, however, perhaps we may still be called "flourishing." We have had very severe cases, chiefly surgical, yet the record has been satisfactory, the recoveries good, and the patients evincing grateful affection for the house and its inmates.

The wards and corridor on the first floor have been painted, and look very clean and bright. On the second floor an Associate, Miss Forster, has furnished a private room very prettily and comfortably, and we are told that the members of Mrs. Broughall's Bible Class propose to furnish another. We hope that this intention will be carried out, for those small upper rooms are quite what is needed—providing a separate room at a very low rate for those who desire privacy, yet cannot meet the expenses of our lower floor.

On Easter eve a very nicely made screen with gay pictures arrived—an Easter offering from Master Rex Northcote—such a welcome gift, for we really need screens, and are very grateful to our generous young friend, who must have spent many an hour of the past winter in its preparation.

We also owe much gratitude to Ada Dye (one of Sister Mary Alice's Guild) who volunteered to help us during a week of rather heavy work, and whose aid was most valuable to us.

There is one, however, to whom we owe more than words can express, for constant and loving ministrations to our sufferers. For seven years past the Rev. Hoyes Clark has voluntarily acted as Chaplain to the Hospital, giving bi-weekly visitation from room to room, cheering and encouraging one and all by his bright manner and spiritual teaching. On each Friday morning

Mr. Clark says Matins and gives a short address in the wards, and on the first Friday in each month celebrates the Holy Communion for the patients. On Good Friday, as usual, he came at nine o'clock to say the "Way of the Cross" with them, leading their thoughts to dwell on the solemn events of the Holy Season; and all this work so gladly given, is in addition to the fulness of occupations which gather round the active Parish Priest amongst his own people, and to his self-denying labours in many other Parishes, where he is frequently called to hold Missions, etc. To the Rector of the Parish in which we live, we are deeply grateful for his unvarying kindness and cordal attendance at all times when called upon—he never fails to come and always brings comfort and peace.

At Christmas-tide our Chapel was enriched by the gift from Mrs. Hamilton, of a beautiful pair of oak candlesticks, four feet high, for the steps of the Altar. They were designed by Mr. Eden Smith, and are a much valued addition to our Sanctuary.

On Easter Day the Chapel was very fair in its festal garb of white Frontal and pure white lilies. We had also a pair of Vesper lights of seven branches, which are lent to us by an Associate. For the first time our young Community could not be together for our Easter Communion—our Sister Lucy in Paradise—another absent through illness—those at Oshawa unable to leave their young charges. It was a trial to us to be apart at such a season, yet as our works extend and we are scattered from the Mother House, we know that much that was customary in our first years, must necessarily be impossible later on. Happily our numbers ever increase, so that though some are absent, there are even more in Chapel than of old. We hope very soon to arrange our Quiet Day for aged and delicate women, and shall be glad to receive the names of any who would like to come. Our Home Sunday School keeps up its numbers, four Sisters being required now as teachers.

DONATIONS FOR THE M.C.L. WARD.

Miss A. McKellar, Bibles and Hymn-books, half doz. glasses.
 Mrs. A. Plummer, pincushions, night-dresses
 Miss Norma Reynolds, towels, pillow-slips.
 Mrs. Christopher Robinson, books, pictures.
 Miss Manigault, periodicals.
 Miss G. Snuggs, curtains, glass.

Girls' Friendly Society (S. Matthias), quilt and other things.
 Miss Burrows, tray cloths.
 Mrs. McMichael, bed and spring mattress.
 Miss S. Baldwin, half doz. tea spoons.
 Mrs. Eden Smith, glasses and jug.
 Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Thompson, china.
 Cotterill, florist, flowers.

Miss Trew, table covers.
 Editor Saturday Night, several papers,
 Mrs. Baker, tins.
 Anon., clothing
 Mrs. Lamb, clothing.
 Mrs. C. Whitney, "
 Mrs. Bethune, "
 Mrs. Raynold Gamble, "
 Mrs. Gilmour, "
 Mrs. Corry Smith, four large en-
 gravings.
 Mrs. Lett, Collingwood, box of fresh
 eggs.
 Mrs. E. Macrae, periodicals and tray
 cloths.
 Mrs. J. G. Geddes, periodicals.
 Miss Emily Davies, embroidered tray
 cloth.
 Mrs. Flaherty, Shanty Bay, a quilt.
 Mrs. Raikes, Barrie, linen.
 Master Rex Northcote, screen.
 Mrs. Deane, box of tea.
 For the Christmas tree, presents
 from—
 Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson
 Mrs. Plummer.
 Mrs. Christopher Robinson.

Mrs. Montizambert.
 Miss Ida Moffatt.
 Mrs. Tindall.
 Mrs. Kersteman.
 Mrs. W. B. Bains.
 Miss Irwin.
 Miss Caulfield.
 The Flower Mission.
 Flowers for Chapel and Hospital,
 Easter—
 Mrs. C. Hamilton.
 Mrs. J. Henderson.
 Mrs. A. Campbell.
 Miss G. Snuggs.
 Mrs. Becher.
 Miss Moffatt.
 Mrs. Machell.
 Mrs. E. Macrae.
 Anonymous.
 Mrs. Christopher Robinson.
 Mrs. Montizambert.
 Miss Macklem.
 Mrs. Loudon.
 Miss May Whitehead.
 Mrs. Broughall
 Mrs. McMillan, chintz to cover
 screens.

S. John's Hospital.

INTEREST, THREE MONTHS.

Mrs. Henderson	\$ 6 00
Mrs. Montizambert.....	10 00
Per Miss Acres.....	7 00
Per Miss Playter	
Mrs. R. Bethune	3 00
Mrs. W. Cassels.....	3 00
Mrs. J. Riorden	3 00
Mrs. Ed. Osler	3 00
Mrs. D. A. McCarthy.....	6 00
Mrs. W. Baldwin.....	3 00
S. G. Wood, Esq.....	3 00
J. C. Kemp, Esq.....	3 00
Mr. Dykes	4 00
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	\$54 00

ENDOWED BEDS.

MAY, 1893, TO MAY, 1894.

M.C.L. Per Miss Payne	\$50 00
M.C.L. S. Simon's.....	70 00
M.C.L. Sp. for furnishing....	40 00

M. M. Bed.....	150 00
M. F. Bed	150 00
Mrs. Howard's Bed	150 00
Per Miss Langton	101 75
	<hr/>
	\$711 75

DONATIONS.

Robert Cockburn (Legacy)...	\$500 00
Dr. F. W. Ross (Sp. for paint- ing)	50 00
H. S. Walker, Esq.....	25 00
D. W. Alexander	25 00
Mrs. E. B. Osler.....	25 00
Mrs. Geddes (Thankoffering)..	10 00
Special for gas stove	5 00
Per Mrs. Foster, G.F.S.....	5 00
Annie Bradfield	5 00
Miss Macklem	2 00
Miss Winn.....	1 00
Mrs. Becher	25 00
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	\$678 00

MAINTENANCE.

DECEMBER, 1893.		FEBRUARY.	
Mrs. Eden Smith.....	\$ 5 00	Offertory, S. Thomas'.....	36 68
Miss Garlick.....	1 00	Messrs. Swan Bros.....	20 00
Mrs. Pullen.....	1 00	Per. Mrs. Kemp.....	24 00
Per Mrs. Cayley.....	32 00		<u>\$80 68</u>
Mrs. Becher.....	25 00	MARCH.	
Miss Annie Jones.....	2 00	Offertory, S. Simon's.....	74 73
Mrs. Gibson (Norwood).....	1 00	Per R. H. B.....	4 80
Miss Grier.....	2 00	Alex Galt, Esq.....	10 00
Miss Docker.....	2 00	Mary Stuart Strathy.....	1 00
Mrs. Edgelow.....	1 00	Offertory, S. Thomas'.....	21 85
English Associates.....	34 00		<u>\$112 38</u>
Miss Grier.....	25 00	APRIL.	
	<u>131 00</u>	Per Mr. James Catto (Guild	
		S. J. E.).....	5 00
		Offertory, S. Stephen's.....	10 79
		From a friend.....	10 70
			<u>\$26 49.</u>
		Total.....	<u>\$368 85</u>
JANUARY, 1894.			
Mrs. Larrat Smith.....	5 00		
Mrs. Baker.....	4 00		
Mrs. Kelley.....	2 00		
Miss Grier.....	2 00		
Percy and Elmes Henderson..	85		
Alms-box.....	4 45		
	<u>\$18 30</u>		

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

This was one of the most striking features of our Christmas festivities. It was a large spruce fir—so large, that its topmost branch touched the ceiling of our ward. On Christmas Day it made its first appearance, gaily decorated with roses, red, white, and yellow—with tiny candles, and with many pretty and useful gifts—in S. Margaret's Ward. Thither were brought all the patients able to be moved, and all the convalescents. Santa Claus was unavoidably absent, but the gifts, one for every patient, and one for each of the visitors were distributed by the Sisters. The delight of all the children, though subdued and restrained, for the sake of the patients, was nevertheless very great, and the large and beautiful ward with the radiant tree in the centre, and the bright faces around it, made a very pleasing picture. When the tiny candles had burnt out the children sang a Christmas hymn, and the Chaplain gave the Benediction.

On Wednesday the same tree, laden with a fresh crop of candies, toys, dolls, and books, was again on exhibition, this time in the Sisters' large new laundry in use as a recreation room during the Christmas week. There assembled in due course all the young visitors from Oshawa, those of the pupils who reside

in Toronto, and all the members of the Sisters' Sunday School. A very witty and entertaining Santa Claus enlivened the proceedings this time, and the scene upon which he gazed was a very charming one. The children grouped about the piano on the platform, their eager faces turning from the tree to Santa Claus himself, was a sight to gladden the heart of any lover of his kind. Among the guests were Mrs. Grier, Miss Grier, Miss Roper, Miss Ruby Jellett, Miss Mockridge, the Rector of St. Thomas', and Dr. Henderson. When the last gift had been handed to its recipient, the children sang some more carols at the request of Santa Claus, who in return told them a story—so graphically that the youngest child listened enraptured, and called out baby comments to the speaker. On Thursday afternoon the tree made its third and last appearance in the Mission Room at Seaton village, bearing a rather different crop—toys and candies indeed were not wanting, but to these were added useful garments of every description—gifts from the many kind helpers of this branch of the Sisters' work. There were little petticoats, warm hoods, mitts, mufflers, and cloaks. Although the tree was not to be lighted until five o'clock, two children arrived at half past three, and long before the appointed hour the tiny hall of the Mission House and the staircase were crowded with children. When they were admitted to the room in which the tree stood, they were regaled with buns and oranges, and then stood gazing with joyful eyes at the tree. There was no Santa Claus this time, but the Rev. C. H. Shortt, and Dr. Carter handed the presents to the children with indefatigable zeal and kindness. The little guests behaved remarkably well, and when one remembers that there were one hundred and sixty-five of them in one small room, the fact that for an hour and a half they remained quiet, good, and orderly, speaks much for the training and influence of the Sister-in-charge.

One little incident deserves to be mentioned here. A tiny maiden came to the festivities, bearing a doll in her arms, which she gave to the Sister, saying that as she had been presented with two dolls for Christmas gifts, she had brought one of these for any little girl who should have no doll at all.

Another child, not a member of the sewing school, came a self-invited guest to the festivities, pleading that she had a claim to be present, and to have a gift from the tree, inasmuch as though not belonging to the class, she had often been to the Mission House for soup!

Thus our Christmas tree had an eventful history, and brought joy to many hearts, and gifts in the last case to many empty hands.

Christmas, 1893.

DONATIONS.

CONVENT.

Mrs. Montizambert, 2 turkeys, gifts for tree, flowers.
 Miss Montizambert, and Miss Walker, tray cloths for the Hospital.
 Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, cake, oysters, plant in bloom.
 Mrs. Brodie, gifts of clothing.
 Jane McGann, 4 books.
 Mrs. Galt, turkey.
 Mrs. Henderson, 2 turkeys.
 Swan Bros. 2 turkeys and box candies.
 Mrs. W. A. Baldwin, turkey.
 Mrs. Hebden, turkey.
 Mrs. Cayley, turkey.
 Mr. Tyndale, oranges.
 Flower Mission, sachets.
 Miss Wood, comforters and 5 petticoats.
 Miss Grier, clothing.
 Mrs. Raikes, Barrie, 2 comforters, 6 pillow-cases, and old linen.
 Mrs. Whitney, clothing for the poor.
 Mrs. Lamb, clothing.
 Mrs. Burns, gifts for Christmas tree
 Mr. Kemp, box of tea.
 Miss O'Brien, \$1.
 Mrs. Clarke, Peterboro', needlework.
 Miss Weir, Brantford, needlework.
 Mrs. Hamilton, Hamilton, clothing and needlework.
 Mrs. Osler, clothing.

Rev. Mr. Jennings, 2 turkeys, 2 ducks, and 1 goose.
 Mrs. Gallagher, lemons.
 Miss N. Reynolds, clothing.
 Mrs. Carrie, cake.
 G. F. S. St. Matthias, toys.
 Mrs. James Plummer, 2 handsome cushions.
 Mrs. Lockhart, gifts oranges and cards.
 Mrs. Cartwright, turkey, knives and scissors, candies for the tree.
 Mrs. Rogers, mince pies, candies, and gifts.
 Mrs. Groves, basket of new warm clothing.
 Miss Docker, \$4.
 Mrs. Edwin Keefer, mince pies, pudding, 2 jars jam, candies, oranges, and gifts for the tree.
 Mrs. E. Henderson, clothing for the poor.
 Percy, Elmes and Steve Henderson, 85cts.
 Mrs. Alfred Plummer, cake.
 Mrs. H. L., grapes and oranges.
 Pupils of Bishop Bethune College, clothing and gifts for the tree.
 R. M. Benson, \$5.00 milk tickets.
 Mrs. Greenwood, \$1.
 Mrs. Larratt Smith, \$5.
 Mrs. Hutton, \$2.

THE CHURCH HOME.

We have been just one year in our new (old) house, and a very uneventful year it has been. There is always much nursing to be done, for so many inmates are very frail and have much suffering; as yet, however, we have had no death since our move. Much is yet to be desired by way of repair and furnishing—especially by replacing the worn pine floors with hardwood, which has been begun, and will be carried on whenever funds come in for the purpose. On Easter Day the Chapel was beautiful with fair tall lilies, and bright flowers—the gifts of our Associates. The old people were much pleased and gratified by this kindly thought for their Chapel, which is very dear to many of them.

A great deal of pleasure was given them one afternoon lately by the Rev. J. Osborne, who very kindly brought his magic lantern and exhibited beautiful views of the Sandwich Islands

taken by himself during his late residence at Honolulu. Mr. Osborne's bright and lifelike descriptions of the islands—especially of the town of Honolulu—quite carried his audience in imagination on a trip through the beautiful scenery and luxuriant foliage, fine public buildings, and residences of the town. A bird's-eye view presents chiefly a mass of wonderful palms, tree-ferns, climbing plants and strange trees, underneath whose shelter the dwellings are hidden. Wonderful hedges of night-blooming cereus, avenues of royal palm trees, narrow streets—Oh! so different from our Toronto streets—churches built of coral—Hawain huts built of *tin*—all these pictures, made so real by Mr. Osborne's vivid words, were a delight to all; and such wonderful reports of the entertainment reached S. John's House, that a petition was promptly sent, asking Mr. Osborne to bring the magic lantern for the entertainment of our convalescing patients in the hospital. The request was as promptly granted, and yesterday afternoon the M.C.L. Ward with all the bright spring sunshine carefully excluded, was quite full of expectant patients, friends, and nurses, (we never before saw so *many* Sisters in attendance on the patients at once!) when Mr. Osborne and his son arrived.

The lecture and the views were intensely interesting, and before leaving Mr. Osborne most kindly promised to come again, and in a larger room with a larger lantern, repeat the most interesting exhibition for the benefit of our Mission House at Seaton Village. We shall duly notify our friends, and hope to welcome a large number, who will enjoy, as heartily as we have done, the result of these travels abroad. We shall not sell tickets, but after the lecture we will take up a collection to help us in making the necessary repairs at our Mission House, the need of which is mentioned on another page.

THE CHURCH HOME.

DECEMBER, 1893, TO MARCH, 1894, INCLUSIVE.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
Balance	Housekeeping
\$144 57	\$407 20
Inmates' payments	Repairs
410 15	14 63
Rent, 10 and 12 Larch street	Rates and taxes.....
96 00	115 48
Donations	Medicines.....
189 08	14 70
City grant	Furnishing
150 00	27 15
	Gas and fuel
	86 55
	Interest
	234 00
	\$899 71
	Balance
	90 09
\$989 80	\$989 80

DONATIONS.

IN MONEY.—R. Crombie, Esq., \$6; Mrs. Montizambert, \$13; Dr. F. Montizambert, \$10; Miss Walker, \$15; per Rev. Canon Cayley \$61.45; per Rev. R. I. Moore, \$26.13; proceeds entertainment Bishop Strachan School, \$32.50; per Mrs. Broughall, \$10; Miss Smith (Oakville), \$5; H. M. T., \$3; Susan Davis, \$1; per Miss Lean, \$1; Friends, \$1.50; Mr. Benson, \$5; Miss Featherstonhaugh, 50c.

CLOTHING.—From Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Grier, from Princeton, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. H. Thompson, the Misses Wynn, Miss Bates, the Misses Langton, Mrs. Foster.

MEAT.—Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. John Boulton, Mrs. Wilcocks Baldwin, Miss Langton, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Ingles, (turkey) Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Anonymous (beef).

PLUM PUDDING.—Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, (2); Mrs. Thomson.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.—Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Grier, Miss Macklem, Mrs. John Boulton, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Wilson.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mrs. Christopher Robinson, groceries, fowls; Mrs. Cayley, groceries; Miss M. Cayley, the Misses Boulton, Miss Hoskins. Miss Wood, gifts for inmates; Mrs. Vankoughnet. oatmeal; Mrs. Hoskins, bottle of wine; Mrs. Hoskins, dusters; Miss Rees, Mr. Kean, Miss Watkins, the Misses Boulton, cakes; Mrs. Rixon, large jar of jam; Mrs. Loudon, china and sundries; Mrs. Butcher, two bags of potatoes; S. George's and S. Margaret's Camera Club, cheese, biscuits, cake, etc.; Miss Hoskins, illuminated texts; Miss Walker, pillow-slips; Mrs. McKenzie, 4 sheets; Miss Stevens, 3 lace caps; Mrs. Coleman, buns very often; Mrs. John Boulton, eggs; Hereward Spencer, 5 lbs. tea; Mrs. McMahon, candles.

 CHURCH WORKROOM.

Here, as in all parts of our busy-bee-hive, much work has been carried on. Our good helpers now number thirty-three, many of whom have worked with us several years, one indeed has been constant in her attendance for eight years past, the work consequently is becoming more manageable as our accustomed workers gain experience. Besides much needlework for S. Thomas' Church, where we constantly enjoy many privileges, we have worked for Oakville, Woodstock, Brampton, Quebec, New Brunswick, Calgary, Grafton, Moosejaw, Whitby, Brockville, Lanark Mission, Franktown, Apsley Mission, Peterboro, Arthur, Kingston, S. Mark's, Parkdale, S. Stephen's, and other city churches.

We have promised to provide (if possible) each year, for one Altar in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, Frontals and Linens complete. We shall be very glad of help in procuring material and in the execution of the work.

Before leaving Toronto, the Bishop of Qu'Appelle very kindly came to our Chapel and addressed the Sisters and Associates, telling us of the needs of his vast Diocese, especially dwelling

on the absence of beauty and dignity in the Sanctuary, and the great difficulty of obtaining anything suitable for such use. It will be a great joy to us if we are enabled to provide for the comfort of our distant fellow Churchmen, something of the outward aspect of worship which we in Toronto so richly enjoy. Instead of the usual lull of work after finishing our Easter orders, we have new orders already entered, and have need of all the kind and helpful hands that aid us

We are very grateful to our English helpers for substantial aid during the past two years. Through the energy of Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Skeeler-Hallen, a considerable addition is made to our Maintenance Fund. The various sums have been acknowledged from time to time, and we wish now to express our warm appreciation of their work and labour of love on our behalf. It is doubtless needful discipline for us that pressing needs should teach us the reality of our voluntary poverty; at the same time the providing for so large and active a household is a heavy burden of responsibility, and we are deeply thankful that our dear LORD has drawn so many friends and helpers around us in our work for HIM.

SEATON VILLAGE MISSION.

The good people of S. Cyprian's Church have placed on its Altar a brass cross and candlesticks in memory of our Sister Lucy, whose health and strength were chiefly spent amongst them. We have been unable heretofore to send another Sister to fill her vacant place, and Sister Mary has been single-handed in all the busy life at the Mission House. Quite lately, however, Sister Marina has been able to give a few hours occasionally in the parish attending to the Dispensary and visiting the sick. In Easter week a little child in the District made the startling statement that "Sister Lucy had risen from the dead and was tending Mrs. Dones!" His mother told him that this could not be—he was mistaken. "I am quite sure," he said "on Easter Day Mr. Darling told us that we should all rise from the dead, and I know Sister Lucy did, for I truly saw her taking care of Mrs. Dones!" The little fellow could hardly be persuaded that it was a "new Sister" whom he had seen watching so gladly.

The shutting out of quite half the children who wish to attend the Sewing School, has been a severe trial to Sister Mary. Before we had decided upon curtailing the numbers, the rooms in the Crypt of S. Alban's Cathedral were most kindly offered us for the use of the school until we should be able to enlarge

our Mission Room. This would have been most gladly accepted if we had more Sisters at work here; but even energetic Sister Mary can only be in one place at a time, and it was impossible to leave the Mission House where Dispensary work down stairs goes on simultaneously with the Sewing School up stairs.

In answer to our appeal for help, in order to shut out snow and wind and rain, which find easy entry through the shrunken wood of our unplastered walls, some forty dollars have been sent in by various friends—not enough to justify us in beginning to lath and plaster our walls. Besides lack of money another difficulty arose: the work could not be done in winter. We had decided that if very severe cold and wind came, we must close the house for a short time, and try to do some of the work from the Convent. Happily *severe* cold did not come, and though under great difficulties the winter has been tided over, and now if we can but get the money, we very soon can have the work done. Out-of-work men most kindly offered to felt and shingle the lower part of the house if we would provide material, but it was thought bad economy to do what could be but temporary. If however kind friends send us more dollars, we shall take out the north end of the house, set it farther back and build a small extension, so as to enlarge our Mission-room, and give another room for the Dispensary. This is sadly needed—the number of patients this year is double that of patients relieved last year in corresponding months. Our house is the only place in the north and west part of the city, where out-door sick are cared for, and the distance is great to any general Dispensary or Hospital. We have, moreover, difficulty in carrying on our work; for although we are always sure of good medical attendance day by day, yet we have to supply drugs—we use simple and inexpensive drugs, and the prescriptions are made up by a Sister, therefore our expenses are the minimum, and a small grant from the City would be an inestimable benefit to us, and would, we believe, be an economy to the City, in reducing the number of Hospital patients. Our good doctors have told us that the Yorkville Dispensary, with only half the number of patients who come to S. John's Mission Dispensary, receives \$100 annually from the City. If we had the same amount, we could carry on this branch of our work, so useful as it has proved, without much anxiety. As it is we have not only the actual work to do, but the continual anxiety of striving to keep expenses within the limit (a very narrow one) of our means. The balance sheet on another page shows some six dollars deficit at present, and we have no funds to meet it. Since the opening of the Dispensary 2,009 patients have been attended to. The Fuel and Blanket Club shows a

large balance on the wrong side, some \$47.61. This is our greatest difficulty, and we know not how to meet it. The Sister-in-charge has received \$832.79 from members of the Club, and donations to the amount of \$147.15. Elias Rogers & Co have given coal throughout the winter at \$4.50 and \$5.25 a ton. Members' payments really involve much work, for they are made in small amounts from ten cents to one dollar, and for a period extending over the months of last summer, for many had paid in before coal began to be given out; indeed every encouragement to thrift has been held out, and with satisfactory result *morally*, though the financial result is unsatisfactory. Those who know Seaton Village and its poverty will appreciate the large payments received from members of the Club. Perhaps this may reach the eyes of some who are able to help relieve us of our debt, and who will send us sufficient to meet it.

Our Associates have given faithful personal help in all the various works and we are very grateful.

DECEMBER, 1893, TO MARCH, 1894, INCLUSIVE.

	DR.	CR.	DEFICIT.
Mothers' Meeting.....	\$ 78 47	\$ 73 26	
Sewing School.....	10 37	10 75	
Fuel and Blanket Club.....	979 94	1027 55	\$47 61
Poor Fund	41 58	28 56	
Dispensary	15 24	22 50	6 26
			<u>\$53 87</u>

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.—Bible Class, 13; Evensong, 25; Mothers' Meeting, 27; Sewing School, 117; S. Cyprian's Guild, 5; Invalid Dinners, 15.

HELPERS AT INVALID DINNERS.—The Misses Walker, Montizambert, Lightbourne, Miss Nellie Rees, Miss Edith Wood, Miss Boulton, Miss Drummond, Miss Madeline Cayley, Miss Bethune, Miss McInnes and Mrs. Williams.

Since the above was in type, we have received \$10 from Mrs. Bruce Harmon and Miss Dickson; a share of the proceeds of Tableaux got up for the relief of the poor in various parishes in Toronto. Doubtless others have been very grateful for their shares, but we feel doubly thankful to have this relief from the anxiety caused by so large a deficit in our Fuel and Blanket Club at Seaton Village Mission.

We are very grateful to our kind friends for the timely help.

From Miss Raikes also, we have received \$1 for the fund to repair the Mission House.

The Sister-in-charge has had valuable aid in some cases from the "Nursing at Home Mission"—a nurse having been sent for occasional night work where greatly needed.

DONATIONS.

IN MONEY.—Mrs. A. E. Plummer, \$2; Mrs. Montizambert, \$15; Miss Walker, \$16; Mrs. Cummings, \$1; Mrs. Dones, \$1.25; Mrs. Roger, \$4; Mrs. Pullen, \$1; Mr. Dykes, \$1; Rev. J. C. Roper, \$10; Miss Graham, 75c.; Miss M. Wood, 50c.; Mrs. Bennetts, \$1; Mrs. J. Henderson, \$4; Miss Hall (Bermuda), \$5; Miss Wills, \$1; Mrs. Wood, \$1; per Mr. Beckett, \$2; Anon., \$2.05; Miss Wallace, \$2; Mrs. Henderson, Sen., \$10; S. George's Guild, \$14.50; in small sums, 50c.

MEAT.—From Mrs. Price, Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Greenwood, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Rees, Mrs. Watlington, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. Dykes, Mrs. Hebden and Mrs. Cartwright (a turkey), Mrs. Wood (a ham).

PUDDINGS.—From Mrs. Dykes and Mrs. W. Nation (weekly), Miss Emily Foster, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. Crowley.

BREAD AND CAKES.—From S. Alban's S. S. Festival, Mrs. Wood, Miss Rees.

COAL.—From Mr. A. E. Plummer.

CLOTHING.—From Mrs. Brough, Mrs. Bennetts, Mrs. Hebden, Miss Cameron, Miss Grafton, S. Simon's G. F. S., Miss Roper, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Drummond, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. and Miss Boulton, Mrs. Hayter, Mrs. Watlington, Miss Burford, S. Cyprian's W. A., Mrs. Muntz (baby), Mrs. R. Shaw Wood, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Percival, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Wheelwright, Anon., Miss Barker, Mrs. Crozier, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mrs. Williams, S. Cyprian's Mission Band (a quilt), Mrs. Howland, Mrs. Pickering.

GROCERIES.—Messrs. Swan Bros., Anon., S. Cyprian's S. S. Festival, Mrs. R. Shaw Wood, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Walter Smith, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Larratt Smith.

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.—Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Shuter, Mrs. Foskett, Miss Walker.

NEWSPAPERS.—Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Lightbourne, Mrs. Walker.

OTHER GIFTS.—The Rev. C. H. Shortt (The Churchman's Family Bible and New Testament), Mrs. Hood (crockery).

GIFTS FOR XMAS TREES.—S. Simon's G. F. S., Mrs. Blackburn, Normal School Kindergarten, Jack and Maidie Dykes, Mrs. Roger, Mrs. Keefer, Mrs. Machell, Mrs. Foster, The Misses Montizambert, Miss Docker, Mrs. and Miss Sarah Shuter, Miss Adora Prince, Miss Edith Wood, Mrs. Smith.

MOTHERS' MEETING XMAS SUPPER.—Mrs. Larratt Smith (goose, 8 mince pies, milk and apples), Mrs. Eden Smith (turkey and potatoes), Miss Roper (plum pudding), Miss Hayter (a ham), Mrs. Montizambert (a turkey) Miss Walker (a turkey), Mrs. Wood (goose and potatoes).

 THE DISPENSARY, SEATON VILLAGE.

Our Dispensary at the Mission House, Seaton Village, has been a great benefit to the poor this year. One of the doctors remarked lately that he knew of none in the city as faithfully served, and certainly the need was great for free medical advice, attendance and medicines. Most of the cases are medical, some special for throat or ear, vaccinations are frequent; and occasionally the workers in other parts of the small house know by sounds unmistakable that a troublesome tooth is being got rid of. Lately the number of children brought for advice has decreased. On our enquiring the probable cause, the Sister-in-

charge answered "some of the men have got work lately, and so the children are fed." Is it indeed, in this city of Toronto, *want of food* that caused so many little ones to be sick and suffering?

Think of it! any who enjoy dainty luncheons, daily afternoon repasts, and luxurious Sunday suppers, these little ones suffered, not for lack of dainties, but for *want of sufficient food!* shall it be so again next winter?

THE BOYS' BIBLE-CLASS.

This class of big boys, being rather a hindrance to the quiet order of the Sunday-School of S. Cyprian's Church, has been taken elsewhere to be taught by the Sister-in-charge since last Christmas, and lately the boys had a pleasant evening at the Mission House. Through the kindness of friends a good supper was provided, and so abundant were the gifts that the surplus made a pleasant variety in the dinner for convalescent women the next day. The Rev. C. H. Shortt, who is a warm friend of the boys in his parish, came and said grace for them, but being due at a meeting could not stay long. After supper the boys found photographs and pictures of the World's Fair, of Bermuda and Japan to look at, with bright, willing descriptions of places and people by Sisters who had actually been there! The intelligent interest shown by some of the boys' questions was quite remarkable. A few boys were not able to leave work in time to come, and others held back from—well, they did not quite know what, but wouldn't it be rather strange to have supper at the Sisters' house? Since then, having heard from their "chums" that what is new is not always strange, but sometimes very pleasant, they have expressed in various boyish terms, the one decision "I'm going next time, *sure.*"

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR REPAIRING THE MISSION HOUSE AT SEATON VILLAGE.

Per Mr. Dykes	\$1 00	Mrs. Hutton (Sharbott Lake)..	2 00
Miss Bessie Baldwin.....	1 00	Miss Helen Walker.....	10 00
Miss Macklem.....	2 00	Mrs. Montizambert.....	5 00
Mrs. O. Macklem.....	2 00	David Orr	1 00
Mrs. Becher	2 00	Miss Wallace	2 00
Mrs. J. Henderson.....	2 00	Mrs. Jas. Henderson.....	4 00
Mrs. Greenwood.....	1 00	Anonymous	1 00
Mrs. Henderson, senior.....	2 00	Miss F. Hall	1 00
Mrs. Hebden.....	2 00	Edgar Hallen, Esq.....	2 00
Miss MacMaster	1 00	J. G. Dykes, Esq.....	5 00
A friend	5 00	Mrs. Bedford Jones.....	6 00
A friend	2 00	S. George's Guild	77
Mrs. Dones	1 00		
Special for telephone Mrs. J. Henderson	12 50		
			\$76 27

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE.

The large number of pupils who have gathered under our roof, much to our surprise, are an occasion of anxiety in a certain sense; for whilst our dormitory accommodation is good, our chapel sufficiently large, and the grounds all that could be desired, we find ourselves so closely packed into the Refectory that the maids cannot pass between the rows of chairs, and the "waiting" has to be managed in various ingenious ways not always conducive to order, whilst the class room accommodation is quite inadequate to the demands upon it. Neither have we an infirmary, nor a governesses' sitting room, yet every corner of the large building is used, we believe to the best advantage. Then we can only find bedrooms for three servants, and we really need four. Although our first year has been prosperous beyond our anticipations, and the promise for next year is equally good, we should not feel justified in undertaking any heavy responsibility, and we hope that through the ingenuity of our clever architect, Mr. Eden Smith, we may make available the four sound brick walls of our woodshed—an extension at the back of the house—carry them up higher, and obtain plain airy rooms to enable us to make our work less complicated—to separate the different classes, provide music-rooms, servants' rooms, and an infirmary where any sick child can at once be taken from amongst her companions, and nursed under favourable circumstances. Happily our children hitherto have needed no nursing, but we cannot expect freedom from sickness always.

We have deep cause for thankfulness in the unexpected success which has attended this branch of our work from the first, both as regards pupils, whose numbers already have far exceeded our expectations, and financially our expenses, for the thirteen months that the school has been in our hands, have been necessarily exceedingly heavy. The house was very much in need of repair in all directions, and the cost of heating apparatus, etc., far exceeded our estimate of expenses for the first year or two. It will also be necessary, during the summer vacation, to make some alterations and additions to the building which is, at present, quite inadequate to the accommodation and needs of such an unexpected number of pupils. But even with the burden of these past difficulties, and the prospective expenses of the summer, we have every reason for hopefulness, and the school may be said to be doing well financially. We append a statement of expenditure, for the satisfaction of the many friends interested in this, as in all our works.

About fifteen of our children are spending the Easter holidays with us, and judging from the bright faces which gather about the refectory tables, and the ringing laughter and dancing footsteps one hears on the stairs, and in the rooms and passages from morning till night, they are not finding absence from their homes during holidays as oppressive as might be expected. On Easter Day our Chapel was very bright, and fragrant with beautiful Easter lilies and other flowers, most of them offerings from the children, and though none of those remaining with us were members of the School Choir, the singing of the joyous Easter hymns was sweet and hearty. The services at the Parish Church, which was beautifully decorated, were very bright and full of music—more than one of our little charges told us before going to bed, that she had had a lovely Easter Day. We hope when school re-opens on the second of April, for a long term of hard work, preliminary to the midsummer examinations, that all will return refreshed by this time of rest, and strengthened for their duties by the loving lessons of a happy Eastertide.

I. PRELIMINARY EXPENSES AND EXPENDITURE ON CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

EXPENDITURE.	
Furnace	\$700 00
Roofing.....	250 00
Carpenter and Plumber.....	936 80
Architect	65 00
Furniture, bedding, etc.	1,752 69
Freight and Sundries	37 00
	<u>\$3,741 49</u>

SPECIAL RECEIPTS.	
Subscriptions and Donations.....	\$1,195 73
Loans to the Corporation.....	499 58
Paid out of ordinary Revenues (part to be repaid) ..	2,046 18
	<u>\$3,741 49</u>

II. ORDINARY EXPENSES FOR MAINTENANCE.

EXPENDITURE.	
Household Expenses.....	\$3,157 53
Repairs	91 00
Stationery, Printing and Advertising	339 94
Music Master.....	145 20
Rent of Pianos	60 00
Travelling expenses	63 60
Insurance	66 25
Interest, one year.....	350 00
	<u>\$4,273 52</u>

ORDINARY REVENUE.

Tuition Fees	\$5,776 35
Summer Boarders.....	119 00
Gift to pay interest	350 00
	<hr/>
Less paid as above.....	\$6,245 35
	2,046 18
	<hr/>
Due Treasurer	\$4,199 17
	74 35
	<hr/>
	<u>\$4,273 52</u>



THE ARTIST'S MASTERPIECE.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." ISAIAH, xxxiii. 17.

The crimson rays of the setting sun shone through the beautiful semi-opaque windows of alabaster, which adorned the monastic Church of Santa Maria. The long stream of light fell across the mosaic pavement, and illuminated the marble columns, and at length the gilded reredos and the great candelabra on the Altar caught the evening glow of the fading sunset.

Within the Church that day there was much haste and confusion, for it was the Eve of the great Ascension Festival, and the sacred building was being decorated, and prepared for its observance. The walls were hung with rich tapestries; gorgeous banners on their gilded poles were fixed against each pillar, and many vases of beautiful flowers were set in due order. Only behind what is termed "The Master Altar," there was a large frame merely filled with a black cloth, which was waiting to receive the splendid Altar-piece, which had long been in the hands of its great painter, and which was to be placed therein on the morrow, and unveiled with all due honor.

Within a cell of the adjoining cloister stood an aged monk, in deep thought before a large and yet unfinished canvas. His few gray hairs streamed from beneath his crimson zucchetto, or small cap, and his face was worn and lined by time and toil, but in his eyes still gleamed the unquenchable fire of genius. His hand, withered and wrinkled though it was, still with tenacious vigor grasped the brush or held the palette. He is the pride of the monastery, the artist monk whom Italy honours for his great skill and equal piety—Fra Angelico, as men call him, for they deem that he must indeed have had many a vision of the celestial host to enable him to paint the countenance of his angels with such heavenly sweetness, and their wings with so radiant a plumage.

His life had been a long one, but since his early years, when he had commenced to sing as a little chorister around the one great chant book on its high lectern, which was so large that all the boys could read from its gigantic notes at the same time, he had been devoted to the art of painting as a means of glorifying Him Whom he loved so truly. It was his great desire to hallow the power which he had with brush and pencil to the service of the Church. He trusted that it might be possible, by the influence of religious pictures, to soften hard hearts and make a deep impression on careless souls—to turn the hearts of men, through their eyes, to GOD, and to attract their love by the exhibition, on canvas and in fresco, of the wondrous scenes of the SAVIOUR'S divine life on earth!

Far and near through the land Fra Angelico had travelled, and many a picture had he painted: gentle madonnas with the Divine Child, and saints full of rapturous devotion, and pure-souled virgins and martyrs with their palm-branches in their hands; and all his works were marked by the same grace in design and harmony in colouring. And now, in his old age, dwelling in the monastery in which he had been received as a youth, there had risen up in his heart a deep desire to paint *one* more picture, which should be his great masterpiece, and which he might place in the Church where he had so often worshipped GOD.

Long did the old man sit before a great canvas, arranged in the proper light within his own painting chamber, and, pencil in hand, meditate on what subject he should begin to work. He thought of depicting the manger-throne of Bethlehem, to remind man of CHRIST coming to save them as a little child; or of the cruel death of the Divine SAVIOUR at Calvary; or of the glorious unsealing of the closed tomb. At length he decided that he would depict, with his utmost skill, the wonderful scene of the Ascension of the SAVIOUR to HIS home on high—that he would show the LORD of GLORY still stretching out HIS pierced hands to bless, whilst HIS countenance was already irradiated with the light of the Heavenly glory.

So he painted for many a long day, and the picture grew and developed beneath his skillful touch. One by one the faces of the disciples gathered round their ascending LORD, were drawn, and daily as the good monk looked upon his work, he began to feel that GOD was prospering his labour, and had endued his hand with greater skill than he had ever before possessed. He felt sure that his last work would be his best!

Oftentimes the other monks, or the aged and dignified Lord Abbot himself, would come and gaze at his design, sometimes

watching in silence, sometimes summoning a word of admiration, or even offering some little suggestion, and all agreed "surely our Church will be famous throughout the land, when it contains this noble masterpiece!" though some doubted if it would be finished for the Festival.

So all went well until the artist commenced to finish the countenance of the Blessed SAVIOUR as, lifted up above HIS followers, with HIS hands outstretched in benediction, HE ascended towards Heaven, where the painter had depicted a semi-circle of angels waiting to welcome HIM back to that Kingdom and authority which HE had laid aside for "a little while," that HE might save mankind from the sway of sin and the doom of death. But here the artist's skill seemed to fail him and his right hand to lose its cunning. Again and again he repainted the sacred face, and again and again he altered and effaced it, for he still remained dissatisfied.

He could not fulfill his ideal, which was to give an expression which should combine the sorrow of one who parts from his friends, with the joy of the SON returning to HIS FATHER; the Divine compassion of HIS infinite love towards mankind united with the radiant majesty of the GOD-man ascending triumphant to HIS Kingdom on high. But the lines and colours seemed unable to produce that which his imagination conceived.

Now the Eve of the Ascension was at hand, and he looked sorrowfully at his uncompleted task, and falling on his knees, the old man humbly prayed—"O LORD, I am unworthy that these weak and sinful hands should depict the glory of Thy majesty! For what man can think rightly of Thy presence—what hand can paint Thy glory! My heart is willing, but my hand is weak, take THOU my poor work, and in accepting thereof make it worthy to be offered for the adornment of Thy Altar-Throne!"

So with full heart and bended head he prayed. The Vesper bell rang out from the tall campanile, the crimson ball of the sun sank in the West, night came silently over the land, and still in his darkened cell he knelt as though in a trance.

Then before the first rays of dawn reddened the eastern sky, a glorious light, unearthly in its radiance, illumined the chamber, and looking up, Fra Angelico seemed to see an angelic form beside his canvas, who, with swift celestial hand completed the picture. The monk beheld each face he had limned with such patient toil become transformed with a sudden glow and each figure seemed to be suffused with a Heavenly radiance, and in the centre of the picture where he failed to paint the semblance of his glorified LORD, the angel seemed to place a cloud

of golden mist. Then the Heavenly visitant in the vision turned, and touching the dim eyes of the monk, said, "Arise! behold!"

Then the cloud grew thin and transparent, and passed away, and he beheld, as through a veil, a face, a form, with hands outstretched to bless, so wondrous in its marvelous and perfect beauty, so full of divine majesty, yet withal so loving and pitiful that a great awe overcame him, and daring no longer to look thereon, he again fell on his knees, and covering his eyes with his hands, he wept for very joy.

And when he looked again he was alone, and in the bright, clear morning light he saw his picture finished, beautified and completed, as he had never dared to hope it might be.

In the central position was the figure of the ascending SAVIOUR, but veiled in a golden mist, as it is written, "A cloud received Him out of their sight." And as the old man gazed at this cloud so luminous and transparent, so soft and yet so wondrous bright, he breathed forth the prayer—"Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace, that I may behold Thy face for ever more."

So they found the aged brother, when they sought him, as the day passed on, with his white head bent upon his folded hands, and a look of more than earthly joy upon his face, and when they strove to awaken him they found that GOD had taken Him to His rest, for his work was done!

Then they bore all that was earthly of the painter-monk on his bier in a long procession, and whilst the tall tapers went in front and the banners of their Holy Order, behind him was borne, amidst the white smoke of the fragrant incense, his great picture—his last and best offering to GOD'S glory!

They knew not, till they looked upon the picture, with what mighty power and influence for good GOD could endow the work of a humble, pious soul.

And many came from afar to gaze on the new Altar-piece, and wondered, saying, "Surely such saintly faces, such unearthly glory, and above all, so radiant yet mysterious a cloud, have never been seen before."

Yet some said they liked not this strange golden mist—they would fain have beheld, as in other pictures, the form and face of the REDEEMER, for their faith was weak, and they cared not to give to the picture the loving, lasting, thoughtful attention which alone could obtain the full vision.

But those who prayed and meditated with humble hearts, whose souls reflected something of the image of their SAVIOUR, who desired faithfully "To look upon the LORD," even as they

steadfastly gazed upon that mysterious cloud it faded and melted away from before their eyes, and they saw a face and form which none could describe—saw that in it was the perfection of beauty and of divine love, and what was therein exhibited had been revealed to none before.

And about those who were permitted thus to behold the face of the LORD it was remarked that there seemed to linger around them a singular sweetness and patience—that they were very tender towards others, and bore their own trials and troubles as those who were looking forward to “a better country.”

In this allegory of the old monk who devoted himself to religious art, we see a lesson for the young Christian. His soul is an outstretched canvas, which he has to paint with Heavenly colours, and on which he must draw out the lineaments of his SAVIOUR; then he must draw the lines of purity and patience, the outlines of the Christian character; then he must add the harmonious colors of faith, and hope and charity. The painter learns by copying some great example; so the Christian must set before himself the human life of JESUS to be followed and copied. The more he studies the character of his Divine Master the more noble and beautiful he finds it. The HOLY SPIRIT will aid him in the task of copying the life of our Blessed Pattern. And as he strives to trace out and walk in “the footsteps of HIS most holy life” there will be given him grace to follow, and in answer to HIS servant’s intense gaze of devotion, his LORD reveals to him something of HIS own Divine Glory.

Often the servant of GOD spends all his life in trying to copy his Master’s character, and it is granted to him, as the sands of time run low in the hour-glass of life, to know and understand more, and to display in dying hours much of the reflected light of his LORD’S patience and resignation.

The Angel’s touch to the picture, sets forth “the grace given from on high” to complete the Christian’s efforts to represent his SAVIOUR’S likeness in his own life.

The famous Altar-piece, in which the face of the REDEEMER became clear and visible through the cloud, when gazed at with real love and devotion, is an emblem of the vital truth that, whilst the careless and the irreligious see little to interest them in the words or the history of JESUS, it becomes to the devout Christian, who meditates and prays, the perfection of all beauty, the centre of all truth!

“How,” said an enquiring disciple, “wilt thou manifest Thyself unto us and not unto the world?” And JESUS answered, “If a man love ME he will keep MY words, and MY FATHER will love him, and *We will come unto him.*”

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL NOTES.

After Christmas, as well as in September, we opened with every place filled. This is particularly encouraging, because it proves that the Sisters' School at Oshawa, though also quite full, has not interfered in the least with the older institution. We hope it signifies that Canadian parents appreciate the advantages of Church training for their children; it certainly does mean that the teaching in both schools is good and thorough. It is now well known that our girls can compete successfully with the pupils of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes in the examinations for University matriculation; that they also attain proficiency in the accomplishments which contribute so much to the happiness of the home circle, must have been evident to all who were present at the entertainment lately given here in aid of the "Church Home for the Aged." The first part of the programme was composed of instrumental and vocal solos, and duets, interspersed by recitations. Those taking part in it were the Misses Fletcher and Jellett, Winifred Mackinnom, Augusta Cooke, Naomi Farrell, Rose Mockridge, Lily Rankin, Mollie Kennedy, and Rosa Robertson. The music was undoubtedly good, and the recitations were particularly admired; they reflected great credit on Miss Nation, to whose careful training is due the clear and correct enunciation and intelligent rendering of the different pieces, as well as the absence of exaggeration or affectation in manner and expression.

The second part consisted of a very amusing farce, called "The Mouse Trap," and was exceedingly well done, especially by Miss Nation and Miss Farrell, who had the principal parts. The proceeds, notwithstanding the very modest price charged for tickets, amounted to rather more than thirty dollars; this we hope will help to pay the coal bills which form so large a part of the necessary expenses at the Church Home.

We are again engaged on pillow-cases for the Hospital: if it be objected to this branch of industry, that it repeats itself somewhat often in our history, we can only say that the supply has never yet exceeded the demand; also that we believe Longfellow had pillow-cases in his mind when he wrote:—

"Something accomplished, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

We hope that the usual Retreat for Associates and others, may be held at the Bishop Strachan School, as usual, the second week in July. Ladies desirous of joining the Retreat may send their names to the Rev. Mother, S. John's House, or to the Lady Principal the Bishop Strachan School.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
B. S. S. LITERARY SOCIETY.

WYCKHAM HALL, TORONTO,
December 12, 1893.

My dear young friends,—I am anxious to send a few words of love and Christmas greeting to the members of the Literary Society, most of whom have been at some time or other under my care; may I then, in the first place, wish you all a very happy Christmas! A Christmas full of joys and blessings, which are above being touched by earthly vicissitudes.

I think that most girls leave school with at least the intention of continuing study in some form. They will they think read regularly, and perhaps they do for a time. But soon they feel the need, not only of a rule, but of some constraining power to help them to accomplish something definite. Recognizing very strongly this need, and also realizing that "Union is strength," some "old girls" of the Bishop Strachan School formed themselves into a "Literary Club" with the object stated in the Constitution. The little society has grown and flourished, till now it has a membership of fifty-two, and the "compulsory" books, purchased from time to time, form the nucleus of what we hope will be a good and useful library. Some of these books are not easy to procure, especially in country places, and any of them will be sent at once to any member applying for them. I should like very much to see more essays written, and more candidates offering for the annual examinations. May I hope that all who have written will write again, and that others will come forward. The number of applications for the compulsory works prescribed this year is as yet small. I might say for the information of distant members that the reason the period is the same as last year, is because much time and thought had been spent upon it, and is so full of interest that even two years could not nearly exhaust it.

It is a sad feature of all human institutions that without continual effort there is declension and decay. May I ask you, dear friends, to read over the Constitution, and consider whether it is not worth while to make such effort for your Literary Society. And in refreshing your minds as to its intentions and aims, will you remember that the intellect is a gift from GOD, which HE means us to use and to improve; that by regular, systematic and conscientious study we are not merely acquiring knowledge, but disciplining and developing the mind, enabling it to take larger and truer views, and fitting ourselves not only for this present life, but for the companionship of higher intelligences in

the other world; the companionship of Saints, of Angels, even of our LORD himself, a high aim truly, but not higher than GOD'S thought for man in the creation. Will you let me have the great pleasure of feeling that these thoughts, so earnestly meant, and so imperfectly expressed, may quicken your interest in the society which is meant to be a help to you? Older people, "careful and troubled about many things," sometimes think regretfully of the free, leisure time of youth, when they might have learned and accomplished so much that they did not. This precious time is still yours, will you not use it to the utmost of your power? Yours, lovingly and faithfully,

ROSE J. E. GRIER.

SOMEWHERE.

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
 In God's great universe thou art to-day;
 Can HE not reach thee with HIS loving care?
 Can HE not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matter it to HIM Who holds within
 The hollow of HIS hand all worlds, all space,
 That Thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
 Somewhere within HIS ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of HIM,
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb,
 And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
 That thou must pass to reach those heights sublime.

Then all the more because thou canst not hear
 Poor human words of blessing, will I pray—
 O true, brave heart! God bless thee! wheresoe'er
 In HIS great universe thou art to-day.

JULIA E. DORR.

In Memoriam.—W. J. B.

OB. JAN. 14, 1894.

"The custom at Lincoln is for the bells to ring a short and joyous peal immediately after the funeral."

"COMRADES! when I am gone
 To meet my Captain on Whose faithful Word
 I pledged my life's obedience, drew my sword,
 And shed my heart's best blood drops one by one,
 Let not the mournful music, sad and slow,
 The muffled bells, proclaim their tale of woe
 Where I lie low.
 But let the clarion from its brazen throat
 Ring out in clearest note
 'Advance! advance!' to all the listening host.
 What if one standard-bearer fall? The cost
 Has been well counted. Are not others near
 To grasp the banner-staff from failing hand?
 Close up the ranks! Let no one blanch from fear!
 He cannot fail who keeps his LORD'S command."

Croftedy Vicarage.

W. W.

A LEGEND OF THE SANCTUARY.

I.

IN the house of God knelt Margaret,
 And the voice of praise went up on high,
 With the organ note so full and sweet!
 On the wings of high minstrelsy.
 That it seemed as the door of Paradise
 In listening mood, forgot to close
 And the harps of the heavenly companies
 Mingled with earth's tunes, which upward rose
 So full, so sweet.
 That both went up and were borne in one,
 And offered with odours before the throne,
 At Jesus' Feet.

II.

The lady's heart was filled with love
 As her soul was rapt to the courts above;
 And earth seemed dull and the things of earth,
 Alloyed with dross and nothing worth;
 And the duties of earth, how base seemed they,
 Dimming the bright soul every day,
 When it longs in the courts of God to dwell
 And touch for some brief space, if it may,
 The feet of the Great Invisible.

III.

A touch on her arm: "O Lady, dear!
 You are wanted away from the worship here;
 A poor sick man is laid abed,
 And 'I know no voice so sweet,' he said,
 As we bandaged up his sinking head;
 'No hand so soft, no voice so sweet
 As the voice of the Lady, Margaret.'"

IV.

The lady sighed "'Tis hard to go
 From the house of God to the house of woe,
 To drag the soaring spirit down
 From the sight of the palm and the golden crown—
 This voice of duty, is hard, I own."
 She said it not, but she knew what she meant.
 'Tis a cross, no doubt, to try me sent."
 So she left her prayer-book and off she went.

V.

Low lay the head of the poor sick man,
 His eye was dim and his cheek was wan,
 And, as he turned on his wooden bed
 And dropped on his shoulder his patient head,
 The lady started, so like was he
 To the Form she knew on Calvary.
 Then she thought the words of Jesus o'er,
 "Inasmuch as ye do it to these my poor,
 Ye offer the gift of love to Me."
 So she tended the poor man patiently;
 And then to the service back went she,

VI.

When she entered in at the western door
 The service of praise was well nigh o'er ;
 So she turned to her book where she read before,
 Why starts she so with wondering eye ?
 Ah ! well may she wonder wistfully.
 Lo ! all the pages she looked upon
 Canticle, psalm and hymnal tone,
 All the service of praise and prayer
 Which was sung since the lady before was there,
 (Marvel of marvels that e'er was told)
 Was written in letters of burnished gold.

VII.

Then the lady knew that an angel bright
 Had dipt his pen in the Heavens of light,
 And while she tended the poor man's bed,
 He had taken her place in the church instead.
 And his act meant this : In our Master's eyes,
 Obedience is better than sacrifice,
 No service pleases so well the LORD,
 As that which our hands to His poor afford
 Which earth sees not nor men reward.

“ It has been said, it ought always to be said, for it is true, that a better and more honourable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of HIS Name, in the practice of the virtues by which that Name is hallowed, than in material presents to HIS temple. Assuredly it is so : woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in anywise take the place of these ! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His Word ? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits ; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day ? then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this, but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between GOD'S house and HIS poor ; it is not between GOD'S house and HIS Gospel. It is between GOD'S house and ours. Have we no tessellated colours on our floors ? No frescoed fancies on our roofs ? No niched statuary in our corridors ? no gilded furniture in our chambers ? no costly stones in our cabinets ? Has even the tithe of these been offered ? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury ; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one : that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred

service ; and presenting than for a memorial that our pleasure as well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of HIM Who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill ; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be exercised. There are isolated cases in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses ; but then this is true luxury, felt and tasted, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted nor can be enjoyed ; men's average resources cannot reach it ; and that which they can reach gives them no pleasure and might be spared. It will be seen, in the course of the following chapters, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care and beauty, where they are possible ; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities ; cornicings of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains and thousands such ; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual, things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use, things which cause half the expense of life and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness and facility. I speak from experience. I know what it is to live in a cottage with a deal floor and roof, and a hearth of mica slate ; and I know it to be in many respects healthier and happier than living between a Turkey carpet and gilded ceiling, beside a steel grate and polished fender. I do not say that such things have not their place and propriety ; but I say this emphatically, that the tenth part of expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts, and iucumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England ; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily walks and ways, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

I have said for every town ; I do not want a marble church

for every village; nay, I do not want marble churches at all for their own sake, but for the sake of the spirit that would build them. The Church has no need of any visible splendours; her power is independent of them; her purity is in some degree opposed to them. The simplicity of a pastoral sanctuary is lovelier than the majesty of an urban temple; and it may be more than questioned whether to the people, such majesty has ever been the source of any increase of effective piety; but to the builders it has been and must ever be. It is not the church that we want but the sacrifice; not the emotion of admiration, but the act of adoration; not the gift, but the giving.

While, however, I would especially deprecate the imputation of any other acceptableness or usefulness to the gift itself than that which it receives from the spirit of its presentation, it may be well to observe that there is a lower advantage which never fails to accompany a dutiful observance of any right abstract principle. While the first-fruits of his possessions were required from the Israelite as a testimony of fidelity, the payment of those first-fruits was nevertheless rewarded, and that connectedly and specifically, by the increase of those possessions. Wealth and length of days, and peace, were the promised and experienced rewards of his offering, though they were not to be the objects of it. The tithe paid into the storehouse was the expressed condition of the blessing which there should not be room enough to receive. And it will be thus always; GOD never forgets any work or labour of love; and whatever it may be of which the first and best proportions or powers have been presented to HIM, HE will multiply and increase sevenfold. Therefore, though it may not be necessarily the interest of religion to admit the service of the arts, the arts will never flourish until they have been primarily devoted to that service: devoted, both by architect and employer; by the one in scrupulous, earnest, affectionate design; by the other in expenditure at least more frank, at least less calculating, than that which he would admit in the indulgence of his own private feelings. Let this principle be once fairly acknowledged among us; and however it may be chilled and repressed in practice, however feeble may be its real influence, however the sacredness of it may be diminished by counter-workings of vanity and self-interest, yet its mere acknowledgment would bring a reward; and with our present accumulation of means and of intellect, there would be such an impulse and vitality given to art as it has not felt since the thirteenth century. And I do not assert this as other than a national consequence. I should, indeed,

expect a larger measure of every great and spiritual faculty to be always given where those faculties had been wisely and religiously employed ; but the impulse to which I refer, would be, humanly speaking, certain ; and would naturally result from obedience to the two great conditions enforced by the spirit of sacrifice, first, that we should in everything do our best ; and secondly, that we should consider increase of apparent labor as an increase of beauty in the building. RUSKIN.

" A SONG AND MELODY IN OUR HEAVINESS."

ECHOES of cathedral music
 Heard, it may be, long ago,
 Linger with us unforgetten,
 Haunt us still, and live, and grow ;
 They are drifting, softly drifting,
 Through the wild unrest of life,
 Golden organ notes, uplifting
 Weary souls above the strife.

Though the clamor of the city
 Round our outer being rolls,
 Still those sacred notes are filling
 All the chambers of our souls :
 As if touched by hands immortal,
 Stray chords, tremulous with love,
 Drifted through some open portal
 Of the wondrous Church above !

They are drifting, softly drifting,
 Through the great world's daily strife,
 Golden organ notes that tell us
 Of a new and better life ;
 Low, clear music, sweetly blending
 With the spirit's voiceless cry ;
 Undertones that have no ending,
 Echoes of eternity !

In the grey and silent morning,
 Ere the shadows are withdrawn,
 When the white mist hides the valley
 With a veil of airy lawn,
 Then we listen, hearing slowly
 Through the stillness, deep and calm,
 Murmurs of that music holy,
 Like the cadence of a psalm.

When the summer sunset lingers
 Low adown the crimson west,
 And the weary hands are folded
 With the blessed sense of rest ;
 Then we listen, strengthened, soothed
 By the magic of that strain,
 Till the furrowed brow is smoothed,
 And the heart grows young again.

[Kindly contributed by REV. V. S. S. COLES to S. JOHN'S MESSENGER.
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Meditation.

PSALM III. *Domine quid multiplicati*

MORNING TRUST.

REMEMBER.

1. *That this is a Morning Psalm, uttered at the time of rising.* Notice the early rising of our Lord (S. Mark i. 25) ; the separation of the holy Ruth from the world by early rising (Ruth iii. 14 ; compare S. John xvii. 15) ; the ready faith of Abraham and Gideon shown in prompt rising (Gen. xxii. 3 comp. xix 15, 16 ; Judges vii. 1) ; the early intercession of Job (i. 5). The re-

currence of troubles forgotten in sleep (Ps. lxxiii. 1, 9; Gen. xxviii. 20), and the prospect of toil (Ps. civ. 23) may bring anxiety. Nor is early rising always a sign of holiness (Ps. cxxvii. 2; Is. v. 11; Zeph. iii. 7).

2. *That it is a Psalm of effort.* Enemies rise; the Psalmist rises; he prays "Arise, O LORD." Thus the action of his foes leads him to think of his own action, still more of the action of GOD. It is when man acts, that his true self is shown; through the acts of GOD we come to know the character of God. Though HE slumbereth not (Ps. cxxi. 3), yet Scripture leads us to call on the Almighty to arise and act for us (Is. li. 9; lx. 2; Ps. xlv. 23; lxxviii. 1; lxxviii. 65; cii. 13), as the heavenly bodies rise into sight (S. Luke i. 78; Mal. iv. 2; 2 S. Pet. i. 19); and, at the same time (S. James iv. 8; compare Joel iii. 9; Heb. vii. 19) man must rise, in penitence (S. Luke xv. 18; Rom. xiii. 11; Micah vii. 8), in holiness (Is. lx. 1; comp. S. Matt. v. 16), in aspiration after perfection (Cant. ii. 13; Eph. v. 14). This is possible through the rising of our Lord, and our union with HIM (Col. ii. 12; iii. 1; Phil. iii. 10, 11; 1 S. Pet. i. 3, iii. 21). Thus GOD is entreated "Up, Lord, and help me, O my GOD."

3. *That the Psalmist has a reply to the suggestions of unbelief.* The taunt of his foes is that there is no salvation for him in GOD. His reply is that he knows the defence and protection which GOD gives (1 Sam. xvii. 37; 2 Kings, xviii. 22; xix. 6, 15, 21, 34; Neh. iv. 1-6; S. John xix. 11; comp. x. 15; 2 Tim. i. 12); the change which GOD has wrought in his life (Gen. xv. 1; xxxii. 10; xxxix. 21, 23; Dan. i. 15, 20; S. Mark v. 15; S. John ix. 8-11. 1 Tim. i. 13; 1 Cor. vi. 11; 2 Cor. v. 17; Rev. xiv. 3; xxi. 5; Rom. viii. 18; 2 Cor. iii. 18; v. 16); the answers of GOD to his prayer, removing fear (S. John xi. 45; Ps. lxxvi. 20; 2 Cor. xii. 9; 1 S. John, v. 14, 15; Ps. lvi. 4, 9, 11); so that salvation belongeth unto the Lord (S. Matt. i. 21).

CONSIDER.

1. THAT THE RECOLLECTION OF FAITH RELIEVES THE ANXIETY OF WAKING THOUGHTS.

At every new beginning there is a struggle for mastery between nature and grace, between self and conscience, between Satan and GOD. So, when we wake to a new day, lower thoughts of selfishness and fear, come unbidden, until by the habit of recollection, we have learned to turn to faith, hope and love. Faith, disheartened by the prospect of difficulties, by the heaviness of present feeling, recollects that GOD is the same GOD, and HIS servants are still HIS own. The faithful soul will not be robbed

of the fruit of past victories, as if it were necessary to re-open settled questions, think out again past problems, be troubled by old sins. Rather it is time to press on to perfection, than to lay again the foundation (Heb. vi. 1). If adversaries are increased, experience is increased also. We know HIM that is from the beginning (1. S. John, ii. 13).

2. THAT THE MORNING, AND ALL NEW BEGINNINGS, BRING OPPORTUNITY FOR FRESH EFFORT.

Let me learn from Dr. Pusey (Eleven Addresses, p. 4) "New beginnings are the life of perseverance. . . God, by nature alike and by grace, makes new beginnings the whole history of our being. We shall only know at the Judgment Day the value of these new beginnings, which God gives us daily by the very disposition of day and night, and the necessity of sleep. . .

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove.

What a world of life and strength there is in that fresh self-oblation every morning. . . . Every three years we have a thousand of such new beginnings. . . . What is the one low chant of them all but "Time is ebbing: time is ebbing: when it has reached its last ebb, 'no man can work (St. John ix. 4); no grace can be gained, no work can be done, through grace to God. . . . As of our lives as a whole, so of each employment." If interruptions needlessly attack my morning prayers, let me say 'I am doing a great work, so I cannot come down,' (Neh. vi. 3). If I have to teach or console, I know that in the morning God's teaching comes to me; "morning by morning HE wakeneth mine ear (Is. i. 4);" the Heavenly Manna must be gathered 'morning by morning' (Ex. xvi. 21).

3. THAT THE MORNING ACTIONS OF THE PSALMIST ARE CONSECRATED BY THE ACTS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

"I cried unto the LORD, with my voice," So didst THOU cry, O my LORD, when, THY Hands and Feet being nailed, Thy Voice alone was free; so through that awful morning of Thy Passion, did the voice of Thy Blood cry to GOD. So wast Thou heard amongst the horns of the unicorns; so wast Thou satisfied, when, seeing of the travail of Thy soul, Thou didst say, 'It is finished.'

"I laid me down and slept." Where, but in the garden of S. Joseph? Where, but in the new tomb? And though the hands of men are about Thy sacred Body, yet it is by Thine own power that Thou hast laid down Thy life, obedient to the commandment of the FATHER.

"And rose up again." So mightily on the third day, with such perpetual glory through all the Easters that should follow, with such offers of new power on every LORD'S day that may be made an Easter. Truly no encouragement greater than this do THY chosen need—'The LORD is risen,'—risen, that though we fall, we may rise,—risen, that though our enemies rise, they shall most certainly fall.

"I will not be afraid." For, though that seventh gift of fear was poured upon HIM, though HE was heard in that HE feared, yet HE set HIS face like a flint, and HE knew that HE should not be ashamed. On the throne of His ascended glory, He waits, in majestic patience, but also in unutterable confidence, until HIS foes shall be made HIS footstool. "So let all THINE enemies perish, O LORD; but let them that love HIM be as the sun when he goeth forth in his strength. (Judges v. 31)

RESOLVE.

1. To examine my morning devotions.
2. To remember the cail to effort in Phil. ii. 12, 13.
3. To give thanks for the resurrection of our LORD.

The following subscriptions to THE MESSENGER have been received :

Mrs. Greenwood, \$1; Miss Joan Matheson, \$1; Mr. D. Orr, \$1; Rev. E. Trenholme, \$1.50; Mrs. Clarke, \$1.25; Mrs. A. E. Plummer, \$1; Miss Lean, \$1; Mrs. M. Merritt, \$1; Miss Macklem, 75c.; Mrs. McLean Howard, 75c.; Miss Wood, \$1.50; Mrs. J. Hamilton, 75c.; Miss Loughton, \$1; Mr. Hallen, \$1; Mrs. Waugh, 75c.; Miss Davis, 75c.; Mrs. Dykes (Galt), 75c.; Mrs. Goodrich, \$1; Miss Boyce, \$1; Miss Elsie Jones, 75c.

Those of our subscribers and friends who find a pencil mark against this paragraph, will please accept it as an intimation that their subscription has not been received for *last* year. The MESSENGER is doing good work in making known the various works and needs of the Sisters, and we hope that all who have not yet done so, will send in their subscriptions for last year and this year, and also do what they can to increase the circulation of the MESSENGER.

Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Philip Dykes, Merchants Bank of Canada, Toronto, or to the Mother Superior S. S. J. D., Major Street, Toronto.

Whilst thankfully acknowledging many kind gifts of cast off clothing, we still appeal earnestly for more. Are there not some gentlemen amongst our readers, who can send us something from their wardrobes to supply the needs of many deserving men and lads who come to us so frequently?

Sisterhood of S. John the Divine.



Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

Warden.—THE REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, D.D.

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