

THE CHURCHMAN

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The Bible.

The Bible contains in germ nine-tenths of all that is best and noblest in the literature of two millenniums of Christianity. Warriors have fought for it, and martyrs bled. It exercised the toil of Origen and Jerome, and fired the eloquence of Chrysostom and Augustine. It dilated the supreme and immortal songs of Dante and of Milton. It woke the intrepid genius of Luther, and the burning zeal of Whitefield, and the hallowed fancy of Bunyan. It inspired the pictures of Fra Angelico and Raphael, and the music of Handel and Mozart. "There is scarcely any noble part of knowledge," says Hooker, "worthy of the mind of man but from Scripture it may have some direction and light." The hundred best books, the hundred best pictures, the hundred best pieces of music are all in it. "The literature of Greece," says Theodore Parker, "which goes up like incense from that land of temples, has not half the influence of this book of a despised nation. The sun never sets upon its gleaming page." "What a book!" exclaimed the sceptic Heine, after a day spent in the unwonted task of reading it. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in this book." "In this book," said Ewald, picking up a New Testament which had fallen to the ground when Dean Stanley visited him, "is all the wisdom of the world."

Or test it by the immeasurable comfort and blessing which it, and it

alone, has brought, and evermore can bring, to men. Millions have loved it passionately who have cared for no other literature, and it has led them through life as with an archangel's hand. "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Augustine, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, St. Bernard, Luther, Melancthon, Columbus, Francis Xavier—and I wonder how many thousands more—have died with those words upon their lips! "That book, sir," said Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, pointing to the Bible, when he lay on his death-bed, "that book is the rock on which our Republic rests."

"I have only one book now," said the poet Collins, "but that is the best." "Bring me the book," said Sir Walter Scott to Lockhart on his death-bed. "What Book?" asked Lockhart. "The Book—the Bible," said Sir Walter, "there is only one." Every shallow and ignorant Free-thinker fancies that he can demolish the Bible. He might as well try to demolish the Himalayas. The greatest men have esteemed it most.

Infidels try to deride the Bible because (they say) it contradicts science. Now I have quoted the testimony of the most eminent living man of science, and I will quote one of the illustrious dead. Once when Faraday was ill his arm was resting on a table upon which lay an open book. "I fear you are worse," said Dr. Latham. "It is not that," said Faraday with a sob, "but why will people go astray when they have this blessed book to guide them!"

And its words speak to the ear and to the heart as no other music will, even after wild and sinful lives. "Though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod, and Thy staff, they comfort me ;" those words were repeated by his physician to Daniel Webster on his death-bed ; and the great man faltered out, "That is what I want ; Thy rod—Thy rod—Thy staff—Thy staff." They were the last words he spoke.

I would then urge you all to a constant and reverent—but at the same time a wise and spiritual—study of this sacred book. "If we be ignorant," says the translators of 1611, "the Scriptures will instruct us ; if out of the way, they will bring us home ; if out of order, they will reform us ; if in heaviness, comfort us ; if dull, quicken us ; if cold, inflame us." But the Bible is not a charm or an amulet, that it should do this of itself. The blessings which it can bestow depend on yourselves and on the grace of God which you seek in prayer. Read as a scoffer, read as a Pharisee, and it will be useless to you. Read it rightly, and it will indeed be a light unto your feet and a lamp unto your path. Read it teachably, read it devotionally. The knowledge of Scripture "is a science not of the intellect, but of the heart." Read it above all as Christ taught us to read it : not by entangling yourselves in the controversial and the dubious, but by going to the very heart of its central significance. Have you no Reason to guide you, no Conscience lighted by "God and lighting to God?" Have you no Spirit of Christ to teach you that you must read its lessons—not conceitedly, not with self-satisfaction, not through the lurid mists of some anathematising theology, not with the blind and furious eyes of party suspicion or factious hate—but into "the soul's vernacular" and with the eyes of love? Treat it as a heap of missiles to be hurled at your neighbour and his opinions, and there will be no end to your follies and errors. You will but distort it,

as so many have done, to your own perdition. Read it in humility and in love, and then no Urim which the High-priest wore has ever gleamed with such lessons as it will reveal to you. However much it be mingled with mysteries which we are not required to unravel, and difficulties which we are not able to solve, "it contains plain teaching for men of every rank of soul and state in life, which, so far as they honestly and implicitly obey, they will be happy and innocent to the utmost powers of their nature, and capable of victory over all adversities, whether of temptation or of pain."—*Canon Farrar.*

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Could we but crush that ever-craving lust
For bliss, which kills all bliss, and lose our
Life,—
Our barren unit-life,—to find again
A thousand Lives in those for whom we
die—
So, were we men and women! and should
hold
Our rightful rank in God's great Universe,
Wherein, in heaven and earth, by will or
nature
Nought lives for Self!—
All, all,—from crown to footstool,—
The Lamb, before the world's foundations
slain—
The Angels, ministers to God's elect—
The sun, who only shines to light a world—
The clouds, whose glory is to die in showers,
The fleeting streams, who in their ocean-
graves—
Flee the decay of stagnant self-content—
The oak, ennobled by the shipwright's axe—
The soil which yields its marrow to the
flower—
The flower, which feeds a thousand velvet
worms,
Born only to be prey for every bird—
All spend themselves for others!—And
shall Man.
Earth's rosy blossom—image of his God—
Whose twofold being is the mystic knot
Which couples Earth and Heaven—doubly
bound
As being both worm and Angel to that service
By which both worms and Angels hold their
life—
Shall he, whose every breath is debt on debt,
Refuse, without some hope of further wage
Which he call Heaven, to be what God has
made him?
No! let him show himself the creature's Lord
By freewill gift of that Self-Sacrifice
Which they, perforce, by Nature's law must
suffer.

KINGSLEY.

Parish Notes.

S. JOHN'S PARISH.

It is a trite saying, "That those who speak about the weather have nothing else to speak about, and thereby exhibit a barrenness of thought." Like most such sayings of the kind it has just enough truth in it to attract, but is itself to be classed amongst that huge mass of literary rubbish which had better be buried out of sight. For, after all, the weather, more almost than the food we take, does influence for good or evil the well-being of mortals. "The rise and fall of the leaf—to use another adage of a better type—tests the stamina of the very old and the very young," so much so that some eighty per cent. of the deaths occur in the Spring and Autumn. Whether our theory be true or false the experiences of the past month or six weeks lend themselves as proofs in its support. The wide-spread epidemics of measles and bronchitis have not only practically emptied, for the time being, our Churches and Sunday-schools, but have paid their sad tribute also to the demands of man's arch-enemy, death. Our medical men have, we are assured, hardly ever before been so overwrought. In the presence of these facts let that tiny knot of censorious folk, who are so ready to criticise, bear patiently with their so-called weaker brethren and sisters who sometimes dare to mention the weather.

On August 30 Mr and Mrs J. H. Fray were the recipients of several addresses from the choir and members of S. John's on the eve of their departure for New Zealand. To each also was presented a purse of sovereigns. The pleasing events took place in the school-room in the presence of a large number. The addresses set forth the fact that during the past six and a half years Mr and Mrs Fray had been amongst us, and that during that time had proved

themselves earnest and clever church workers. The choir had never before been in so healthful a condition. Though full of regret at their departure, yet it was felt by all present that Mr and Mrs Fray were to be congratulated on the high preference to which they went in New Zealand, and a sincere hope expressed that success and happiness would await them and theirs in their new home. The vacancy occasioned by Mr Fray's resignation has not yet been definitely filled, though it is thought this will have been done in the very near future. Miss Evershed has kindly undertaken the organ for a time, and Mr T. Rule is handling the choir. The arrangement is, we are pleased to say, working very satisfactorily.

The Ven. the Archdeacon preached at S. John's at the 11 a.m. service on September 10. It happened to be the day for the quarterly collections for the Church Extension, to which very apt and sympathetic reference was made. The Rev. C. G. Wilkinson preached in the evening, and ably advocated the "good cause." That the words of the preachers for the day were appreciated is evidenced by the offertories which amounted to £53. When "Wardens" are pleased we may be certain things are "not so bad after all," and it is confidentially reported that our own special Wardens were quite satisfied on the occasion in question—which is a matter for congratulation.

On September 25 a meeting of ladies interested in the Church Extension took place in the school-room. The number attending was large, and much enthusiasm shown. After some debate it was unanimously agreed to have a tent for afternoon tea on the Show Grounds on October 4th and 5th. A strong committee was appointed, and we hope to have a good report of the outcome—on behalf of our Building Fund—next month.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. A. Barkway, Rev. H. B. Atkinson, and last, but by no means least, to the Rev. C. G. Wilkinson for their opportune help recently during the Rector's temporary indisposition.

Our curate has not yet come. The course of curates, as it is said of "true love," never runs smooth. We were to have an Oxford graduate in priest's orders, but the gentleman in question evidently changed his mind and has withdrawn. Mr Frank Bethune, who has just returned to the Diocese, has now consented to fill the vacancy. Mr Bethune went to the University of Cambridge about four years ago, and has taken a brilliant degree, standing third on the final honour list. He and a cousin will be admitted to the Diaconate at the coming Advent Ordinations. In Mr Bethune we shall not only have a scholar but an earnest and very active worker. The ordinations will probably be held in Launceston.

The Festival Services in connection with the Sunday-schools will take place during this month. S. John's will be on Sunday, October 15, when Rev. J. Hebblethwaite will be the preacher for the day. S. Aidan's will follow on the 22nd, and the Mission House School on the 29th. In connection with S. John's there will be H.C. at 8 a.m., and a Special United Flower Service at 3 p.m., which will be a very interesting one. Each class presents a design in flowers at the Altar rails, and these are taken out to the Cemetery and placed on the graves of those who have passed through the schools. At each service collections will be taken up for the Sunday-school, and we hope for generous help, as it is on these collections we depend for carrying on the work of the school, and at the present time our General Fund is not in a flourishing condition.

Measles affected the attendance at the fifth bioscope entertainment, and though we had a good muster, it looked small in comparison with

what we are used to. The next entertainment will be on October 11, and will be the last of the monthly series.

A special bioscope entertainment will be given on Wednesday, Oct. 25, and the price for admission is, or ought to be a very popular one. Threepence is all that is to be charged, the idea being to give everyone the opportunity of having a splendid evening's entertainment at a maximum of cost. Illustrated songs and part songs will be on the programme, which, with upwards of 2000 feet of films to be shewn, should ensure a crowded house.

"Peeps through the miscroscope" is the item on the syllabus of the Young Men's Club for Friday, Oct. 6th. Non-members who would like to be present will receive a hearty welcome.

The Diocesan authorities will be pleased to find that S. John's Parish Schools intend to take up the Diocesan subjects for next year's examinations. This has been rendered possible by the adoption of a series of subjects framed so that the same lesson can be taught right through the school. If this had been done years ago the Diocesan Examination would have been in a far stronger position to-day. However we are glad that we are able to compete against the whole of the Diocese once more, without being handicapped.

We understand that S. John's Sunday-school intend to compete at the Easter Competitions next year in the class for "Juvenile Choirs." If they are not successful at the competitions something will be gained by the formation of the choir, as it will be useful in Sunday-school work. The contest is for children under 16.

* * *

S. JOHN'S MISSION HOUSE.

The Annual Fair, contrary to all the sage predictions of many pessimistic friends, has been a success.

Held on the 6th and 7th of September in the Albert Hall, under climatic conditions which would have not disgraced an Icelandic winter, things looked at first somewhat gloomy. But when clever hands, willing helpers, and loving hearts are in evidence, we can afford to laugh at obstacles, and instead of being tripped up by them make them stepping stones to high success. The measles, with all the bad taste of an epidemic that cannot boast of any refinement, first upset our calculations by attacking half of the tiny mortals who were to have taken part in the Floral March. These, instead of marching, had to stay in bed, and a fresh levy was hurriedly made. However, the "march past," in gay and handsome costumes, was a decided success. The stalls were cleverly handled, and looked marvellously pretty and attractive. The refreshments, too, were actual, and not in name only, to the joy of all. The presence of the string band, to whose members we are sincerely thankful, gave a pleasant impetus to matters, and the music was really enjoyed. All worked well on the various committees, and, without particularising, we cannot but express our high appreciation of the ardour and enthusiasm shewn on all hands. Our many friends will be pleased that after the payment of all expenses the sum of £94 stands to the good. Considering the drawbacks, as noticed above, we hesitate not to call this really very excellent.

The new Mission House, whose building had for certain reasons to be suspended during the winter, is to be re-started again at once, and it is confidently hoped that we shall be in it by the end of March. Hurrah!!

* * *

BAPTISMS.

August 30—Lionel Ernest Panton
Dorothy Ann Cox
" 14—Robert Hermon Bowling
Sept'ber 6—Edward Augustus Millwood
Thomas Raynor Tait

Sept'ber 13—Harold Ernest Morton
Charles Robert Sadler Field
Roy Osborne Martin
Frank Edgar Herbert Smith
Ivy Pearl Arnold
" 20—Sylvia Alice Cobern
Bernard Henry Joyce.

MARRIAGES.

Sept'ber 6—Henry Richard Ibell Payne to
Edith Beck
Charles Harry George Baxter
to Elma Florence Goodall
Frank Holmes to Eva Janet
Sophia Wade
" 12—John McKeown to Mary Ann
Hollingsworth
" 24—Thomas Henry Norman Lang
Albertine Bertha Quast.

BURIALS.

August 26—Eliza Saggars
Sept'ber 24—Elizabeth Powell.

HOLY TRINITY PARISH.

Letters received from the Rector tell us how much he and Mrs Barry are enjoying their holiday in Sydney. We are all glad to hear this, and hope to see both Mr and Mrs Barry looking considerably better for their trip. They expect to return the next trip of the Wakatipu, that is some time during the first week in October.

On September, the 10th, the Archdeacon preached in the Parish Church at Evensong, the collection throughout that day being in aid of the G.C.F. The preacher had just returned from an extensive tour of the large parish of Derby and Ringarooma, and was able to hold his hearers spell-bound in detailing the difficulties to be met with in that and like country districts. The special object of the G.C.F. is to meet just such work as this, and we are glad to say our collections were large, thus showing that an impression had been made, which meant that churchmen in settled communities realised their obligations to those of their brethren who did not enjoy such privileges.

The following evening the Archdeacon delighted a large audience in

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who have nearly finished what they intend to send, and we hope it may encourage others to take up this good work in a willing and determined spirit to make the Fair a great financial success.

On Friday an admission service in connection with our branch of the Mothers' Union, took place. The Rector gave a very earnest and helpful address, and admitted the nine members, who were presented by Mrs Hardwicke Weedon, the president. Hymn 260, "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," was sung at the commencement of the service. Subsequently all who were present, about 30, adjourned to the school-room, where the annual meeting and election of officers took place. The president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and head of literature were unanimously re-elected. Mrs Hardwicke Weedon, president, in a

few kindly words encouraged all present to try and do even better this second year than last, which, as is well known, is the most difficult task, as Mrs Mercer told us. It always takes a long time to make a start, but we feel most thankful for the ready and willing way in which all our members have taken up this good work, and with God's blessing we hope to make it a tower of strength to the parish. We most cordially welcomed Sister Charlotte and Mrs Merrylees from S. John's, who by their presence and kindly sympathy encouraged us in our new work. Afternoon tea was then partaken of by all present.

On Sunday evening S. Paul's was highly honoured by having Mr Coward, of the Westminster Glee Company, to assist the choir. Our Church people well remember that two years ago he came as a stranger

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and helped us, this time, he remarked, it was as a "friend," as he had many happy recollections of his former visit. To the Rector he said "I felt quite at home in my little church to-night," and I hope it won't be long before I come again. The large congregation who had the pleasure of listening to his exquisite rendering of "O rest in the Lord," will not soon forget the impression it made upon one and all, and the happy memory of it will remain with us until he comes again. The Rector, at the close of his address, told the congregation that it was with great thankfulness he welcomed a member of the Westminster choir to S. Paul's, and he felt sure that the advent of such a talented company to Launceston must help and encourage our choirs to try and follow in the steps of those who came to set us such a splendid example. That Mr Coward has a warm place in the hearts of

our townspeople, was plainly expressed by the splendid reception he received when he made his first appearance on the platform in the Albert Hall last Friday evening.

* * *
After service the Rector and the Misses Barkway entertained Mr Coward, the Churchwardens, Choir-master, and organist at supper at the Rectory, and a pleasant time was spent, one and all hoping that before long the same happy party would all meet at the Rectory again.

* * *
The Rector left Launceston in the Wakatipu on Tuesday for Sydney, to be present as "Chaplain to the Bishop of Tasmania" at the General Synod of Australasia and Tasmania, which will be held in Sydney next week. All join in wishing him a pleasant holiday and safe return to Launceston again.



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Worth.

I have often wondered that the Jews should contrive such a worthless greatness for the deliverer whom they expected, as to dress him up in external pomp and pageantry, and represent him to their imagination, as making havoc amongst his creatures, and acting with the poor ambition of a Cæsar or an Alexander. How much more illustrious doth he appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur, wherein the Jews made the glory of their Messiah to consist!

Nothing (says Longinus) can be great, the contempt of which is great. The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness, because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind, to condemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the

For the Children.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

Most children know the word "Michaelmas," because it has to do with holidays. But there may be some of you who do not know where the word comes from, or what it means.

The 29th of September is the feast of S. Michael and all angels. The day dedicated to those pure and holy beings who are always round the throne of God in Heaven, and serve Him day and night. The word "angels" means messengers, and in years gone by they used to be sent to earth with some particular message to deliver. We read of their appearance in bodily form many times both in the Old and New Testaments. There are only two mentioned by name in the Bible. Michael, which means "Prince of God," is spoken of in Rev. xii. 7, and Dan. x. 13-21 and xii. 1. Gabriel (Man of God) seems to be one of the special messengers. He was sent to tell the Virgin Mary that God had chosen her to be the mother of the promised Messiah, and also to foretell the birth of John the Baptist (S. Luke i. 19-26). Many years before he appeared to the prophet Daniel, and talked with him (Dan. viii. 16). In Psalm 68-17 we read "Thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him." This, and many other passages in Holy Scripture, shows us that there are a great number of angels. Perhaps some of you might like to find out some references for yourselves. During our Lord's life upon earth the holy angels ministered to Him.

Some came to Him after His temptation, and one strengthened Him after His agony in the garden of Gethsemane. They proclaimed

cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressure of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue; are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applause of men, but consider the figure that every person will make, at that time when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

LADIES! You must have noticed the lovely white enamel-like appearance of the Gentlemen's White Shirts, Collars, and Cuffs when they come first from the Shirt Factories. You no doubt wonder: "How can they get them so lovely and white?" The secret is this—the factories wash them with

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LADIES, PLEASE TRY IT!

His resurrection and ascension, and surely they were present at the crucifixion, though no one else could see them. Sometimes these heavenly messengers were sent to deliver God's servants from some special danger. Two of them hastened Lot out of Sodom, and one delivered S. Peter from prison. Do the angels ever come to earth now? Yes, these "ministering spirits" are always about us, night and day, though we are not able to see them. Some have a special care for little children; we call them guardian angels. I remember seeing a picture of a very little child reaching over a precipice to pick a pretty flower that grew over the edge, and behind her stood a beautiful angel, with outspread wings, preventing the little one from falling over. They take care of us at night as well as by day. Some children are very much afraid in the dark. There was once a little girl who was very nervous indeed. When told to think of something very nice, and she would soon fall asleep, she said, "Shall I think of the angels?" If any of my young readers have the same dread of being alone in the darkness, try this little girl's plan and think of the angels, and in the words of the children's hymn ask God to take away your fear and keep you from all harm.

Through the long night watches
 May Thy angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Who are these like stars appearing,
 These, before God's Throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing,
 Who are all this glorious band?

The 1st of November is All Saints' Day. The day set apart for remembering all those who have "departed this life" in God's "faith and fear," and are now waiting the "resurrection of the just" in Paradise.

The epistle for All Saints' Day is taken from the 7th chapter of the Revelation. In it, S. John tells us, a great multitude—more than he could count—stood before the throne of God, dressed in white robes, and holding palms in their hands.

When one of the angels asked him who they were, and where they came from, he could not answer. So the angel said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." These are the lambs of God. Those who have been "faithful unto death." They were robed in white to show that their souls had been washed white and clean by the blood of Jesus, the "Lamb of God," that takes away all sin. In their hands were palms of victory, because they had fought against Satan and sin, and conquered in the fight.

We are all "called to be lambs." God wants us all. This "glorious band" had been weak and frail men, women, and children like ourselves. Through the grace of God they conquered. He gave them strength to be faithful. For them the fight is over. We are fighting still. What they were, we can be. Our souls must be washed in the "blood of the Lamb" before we can join with them in their song of victory. We may not be called to suffer death for Christ's sake, as were some of them, but each one of us must "fight the good fight" if we would win, like them, the crown of everlasting life.

Some day we shall be called away. We know not how, or when, so must be always ready. One by one the sheaves are gathered into the heavenly garner. Let us try to serve God here below, that we may be worthy to take our place amongst His lambs hereafter.