









Othel Annie Cook  
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My dear  
Mother

## The rights of woman

The rights of woman, what are they?  
The right to labour and to pray;  
The right to watch while others sleep;  
The right o'er others' woes to weep;  
The right to succour in reverse;  
The right to bless while others curse;  
The right to love whom others scorn;  
The right to comfort all that mourn;  
The right to shed new joy on earth;  
The right to feel the souls high worth;  
The right to lead the soul to God,  
Along the path the Saviour trod, —  
The path of meekness and of love,  
The path of faith that leads above,  
The path of patience under wrong,  
The path in which the weak grow strong  
Such woman's rights; and God will bless  
And crown their champions with success



## Hospitality

Referring to hospitality, it says in the 13<sup>th</sup> chapter of Hebrews; Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares; and in the 18<sup>th</sup> chapter of Genesis it says, that Abraham entertained angels, who came to him as three men. As he sat in the door of his tent, he lifted up his eyes, and lo: three men stood by him, and almost his first thought, was to get a little water to wash their feet. In the east it was the custom at one time, to pour the water on them out of a vessel kept for that purpose, and the sensation produced by the cold stream, was singularly soothing and reviving. Whether sandals were used or not, the feet became sore, tired, and dusty with long walking on the



hot roads. So that after a journey w  
over, nothing could be more grateful  
refreshing, than to bathe & wash them  
in cold water. To perform this act for a  
weary traveller, was one of the greatest  
kindnesses which could be conferred  
upon him, by a sympathizing, and  
generous host. To perform this office for  
an individual, sometimes indicated  
the utmost gratitude, reverence, and  
affection. We have a most touching  
illustration of this, in the history g  
us by St. Luke. Our Lord went into a  
Pharisees house, to sit down to meat with  
him; The haughty man received his  
guest in a most disrespectful manner  
not rendering him the commonest act  
of civility. But there came a poor  
woman to whom much had been  
forgiven, and she hastened to do what  
lay in her power, to supply the pro



pharisees lack of service. Having no basin of water, she bathed her Lord's feet with her tears, and having no towel she wiped them with the hairs of her head. And then she kissed them lovingly and anointed them with precious ointment. Jesus commended her deed as an exhibition of holy gratitude & joy, because her sins which had been many, were all forgiven. The same or a similar act might be performed to a stranger out of love to Christ. Then in that sacred narrative, in the history of our Lord, just before, he and his disciples, began to partake of the Passover feast, on the evening before the Saviour suffered, he took a towel and a basin of water and washed the disciples feet. This he did as their host, who had invited them to feast with him. In this way he expressed



his own wonderful humility, and at the same time, the deep affection with which he regarded his disciples. It was moreover an example for his disciples to imitate. yet it does not mean, that we are to imitate Christ in that particular act, but to do according to what is now, the habits and customs of the people, and attend to the wants of those with whom we have to do. I am afraid we too often take no heed of the wants of our fellow creatures. May God help us in the future to follow more closely in our master's footsteps. And whatever we do let us do it all unto the Lord.

Good, better, best,  
 We should never rest,  
 Till our good is better  
 And our better best.



## David's Prayer

I think it would be well, for each of us, if we like David, made that verse our prayer. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. How often we are apt to say little unkind words, words perhaps thoughtlessly uttered, but what pain they may cause. We need to watch & pray lest by our unkind words, we may unintentionally wound some fellow creature. Words are small things, and if thoughtlessly uttered, may cause a world of heart-aches and pain. But if used as God intended they should they may be the means of cheering many a downcast soul. And we need also to watch & pray, over our



Thoughts; if we allow one evil thought to enter our mind, it may lead us we know not where. And the devil is ever on the alert to draw us away from God. It may appear to us, wonderful that in so solemn an hour, when their Lord was passing through a crisis more bitter than death, that his disciples could possibly be found asleep, they his chosen, the most favoured of men on earth, the best and most faithful of his little band of followers. They had seen his wonderful works & heard his wonderful teaching, they had been with him as eye-witnesses of his majesty, on the holy mount of transfiguration, they had heard the voice they had seen the glory by which they knew him to be Gods own beloved son. Nor had they been faithless, they spoke the truth when they said, Behold



3  
we have forsaken all and followed thee.  
Yet these very men, could not watch with  
him one hour. The spirit indeed was  
willing, but the flesh was weak. If so  
great was the weakness of the flesh, even  
in the case of those disciples, so highly  
honoured, so wondrously favoured of  
Christ, how much more have we cause  
to dread, our own far greater weakness.  
Whose love among us is so strong, as that  
of the beloved John? yet he was found  
asleep. Whose zeal can compare with  
that of Peter? yet he too was found asleep.  
If the flesh was weak with them, is it  
less so with us, that we should have less  
need of prayer & watching, that we  
enter not into temptation. It is grievous  
to think how often we have had to own,  
and grieve over sins, from which  
watchfulness & prayer might have  
saved us. The more truly we rejoice in

17  
the pardon Christ has purchased for us  
by his precious blood, the more deeply  
shall we grieve over every fall every  
wandering from his way, every angry  
or vain word, everything in short by  
which we have dishonoured the name  
& profession of Christ's disciples. May God  
help us to be more watchful & prayerful

nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,  
nor time's destroying sway,  
can ever efface us from his heart,  
Or make his love decay.

Each future period that will bless,  
As it has blest the past;

He loved us from the first of time,  
He loves us to the last.



## Perfect through Suffering

(1)

God never would send you the darkness,  
If he felt you could bear the light;  
But you would not cling to his guiding hand  
If the way were always bright;  
And you would not care to walk by faith,  
Should you always walk by sight.

(2)

'Tis true he has many an anguish,  
For your sorrowful heart to bear;  
And many a cruel thorn-crown,  
For your tired head to wear;  
He knows how few would reach heaven at all,  
If pain did not guide them there.

(3)

So he sends you the blinding darkness,  
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;  
'Tis the only way believe me,  
To keep you close to his feet,  
For 'tis always so easy to wander,

## Perfect through Suffering (continued)

When our lives are glad & sweet.

(4)

Then nestle your hand in the Father's  
and sing, if you can as you go;  
Your song may cheer some one behind you,  
Whose courage is sinking low;  
And well, if your lips do quiver,  
God will love you the better, so.

## Be a Woman

Oh be a true woman, stout-hearted & brave,  
Be one of the brightest of gifts which God gave,  
Be not lackadaisical, idle or vain,  
But a woman to grapple with sorrow or pain,  
Be a woman of smiles, not a woman of tears,  
Be a woman of hopes, not a woman of fears,  
Be a woman of joy, when sorrows assail;  
Be a help, not a clog, when misfortunes prevail.



Never mind if mistakes your life-path should through  
Never mind a few jolts as you journey along;  
Be true to yourself, and be true to your God,  
Be neither a weakling, nor only a chod;  
Thus be a companion in womanly love,  
And let not the world your integrity move;  
Be a home joy a solace, the best that you can  
Whi. be what God made you "A help-mate to man",  
There are plenty of women, the world never knew,  
Yet the world is the better for all that they do,  
There are many true women whom to know is to  
And whose work upon earth is blessed from <sup>love</sup> above.  
*genuine*

To carry with us the thought of God  
in every employment and entertainment  
of the day, this is to walk with God.  
In reading, in studying, in working  
with the hands, in walks & drives  
to keep fresh the presence of God is  
to bring the Divine into our lives.

## Grandmother Brown

Dear Grandmother Brown  
Lived in Banterbury Town,  
And a kindly old woman was she  
There was none so bad,  
Either Lassie or Lad,  
But some good in the same she'd s

One fine afternoon  
Mistress Polly Newdoon,  
Ran in for that moment that end  
In an hour or more,  
And did naught but talk over  
The shortcomings of neighbours & friends  
But in vain did she scold  
About young folk and old,  
Only patient excuses she heard,  
Till at last she cried out,  
You would speak I've no doubt,  
For old sátan himself a good word



Continued

Then said Grandmother Brown  
Of Canterbury Town,  
Well, whatever his failings may be  
I don't think you will find  
Many people who mind  
Their own business as closely as he

The little Lads answer

Our little lad came in one day  
With dusty shoes and tired feet,  
His playtime has been hard & long  
Out in the summer's noontide heat.  
"I'm glad I'm home" he cried & hung  
His torn straw hat up in the hall,  
While in the corner by the door  
He put away his bat and ball.

Continued

"I wonder why," his aunty said,  
"This little lad always comes here,  
When there are many other homes  
As nice as this and quite as near.  
He stood a moment, deep in thought  
Then with the love-light in his eye,  
He pointed where his mother sat,  
And said: "She lives here, that is why

With beaming face the mother heard  
Her mother-heart was very glad.  
A true, sweet answer he had given  
That thoughtful, loving, little lad.  
And well I know that hosts of lads  
Are just as loving, true and dear;  
That they would answer as he did  
"His home, for mother's living here."



## The good great man

How rarely friend, the good great man inherits,  
Honour & wealth, with all his worth & pains,  
It seems a fable from the land of spirits,  
When any man obtains that which he <sup>merits</sup>,  
Or any merits that which he obtains,  
For shame, my friend! renounce this idle  
strain;

What wouldst thou have the good great man  
obtain?

Wealth? Title? Dignity? a golden chain?  
Or heaps of corpses which his sword hath slain?  
Goodness & greatness are not means but ends.  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man! Three treasures,  
Love; & life, & calm thoughts  
Egual as infants breath

And three fast friends, more sure than day & night  
Himself; his Maker; & the angel, "Death"

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## Two Privileges

### Liberty & Love

According to English law no one who stands on British ground can be a slave yet there are slaves without number in England. They are in slavery of the worst kind and all because they choose to be what they call their own masters. As children we naturally look forward to having more liberty when we grow up, we count on being free to do as we like; but we must not mistake the way of freedom. Self-will & self-indulgence lead us to form habits that grow stronger till they master us and we cannot do the things that we would. Drink is the most familiar illustration, but there are others such as temper, idleness, lying & the like.



that should be named.

## The Tired wife

All day the wife had been toiling,  
From an early hour in the morn,  
And her hands and feet were weary  
With the burdens that she had borne;  
But she said to herself: "The trouble  
That weighs on my mind is this  
That Tom never thinks to give me  
A comforting hug or a kiss."

"I'm willing to do my duty,  
To use all my strength and skill  
In making the home attractive  
In striving my place to fill;  
But though the approval of conscience  
Is sweet, I am free to say  
That if Tom would give me a hug & a kiss,  
I would take all the tired away."



Continued

Then she counted over & over  
The years she had been Tom's wife  
And thought of the joys and sorrow  
She had known in her married life  
To be sure, there was money plenty  
And never a lack of food,  
But a kiss now & then and a word of love  
Would have done her a world of good.

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Oh, many a one is longing  
For words that are never said  
And many a heart goes hungry  
For something better than bread;  
But Tom had an inspiration,  
And when he went home that day  
He petted his wife and kissed her  
In the old time lover-like way.

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Continued

And she - such enigmas are women!  
Who had held herself up with pride,  
At her husband's display of fondness  
Just hung on his neck and cried.  
And he, by her grief reminded,  
Of troubles he might have shared,  
Said: "Bless my heart"! What a fool I've been,  
And I didn't suppose you cared!"

Scraps worth remembering

We are richer for having suffered if we have  
suffered with resignation and trust in God.

It oftentimes comes that the very tenderest and  
richest memories of a home are the memories  
of its sorrows.

The gift of prayer may have praise with men  
but it is the grace of prayer that has  
power with God.



## The beauty of Holiness

A good life is beautiful. It holds the observers eye with a charm. It begets a disposition to look into its source. It raises the wonder how men can be so noble and excites in others the wish the longing, to be like them. It begets faith, in patience in zeal and in devotion. How many thousands have been thus drawn to Christ. So then the crucified and risen Christ was nothing. They knew him not, but they have seen his representatives, and have learned from whence the divine comes to man. They would be like their friend, and that friend tells them that he has his life from another, that his goodness is only the semblance and reflection of another, that none is truly good

save one. And besides his fitness  
as of a magnet to draw to Christ  
(this being a thing of beauty to win  
for him) the Christian becomes by  
a godly life a fitting instrument  
for aggression. He who can command  
the confidence & esteem of his fellows  
has a licence to reprove and warn.  
He whose life is hid with Christ in  
God is moved to industry by his zeal  
for God. Repulse will not dis-hearten  
nor disappointment chill him nor  
obstacles detain him from finishing  
his appointed task. But let us  
remember a godly life is more than  
a steady one, more than a quiet  
& inoffensive one. It is an inward  
force of goodness, seeking expression  
in work, and glorifying God in every  
act and purpose. It is a positive  
as well as a negative condition. It is



the working out of a salvation which  
God has wrought within, a working  
according to the energy that worked  
in us mightily. Without this inward  
energy there can be no godly living.  
All religion that lacks this is a  
watch without a spring, a stream  
without a fountain a tree without  
a root, a sham without the substance,  
a form of godliness without the power.  
What can be more beautiful than  
godly life, and why should our lives  
not be beautiful. In our own strength  
we are weak sinful creatures at best  
but if we derive our life from Christ  
the great fountain head, then will be  
revealed, not us but Christ who lives  
in us.

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Fret Not.

I Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,  
Or too regretful,

Be still!

II What God hath ordered must be right;  
Then find in it thine own delight,

My will.

III Why should'st thou fill to-day with sorrow  
About to-morrow,

My heart?

IV One watches all with care most true,  
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,

Thy part

V Only be steadfast; never waver,  
Nor seek earth's favour,

But rest.

VI Thou knowest that God's will must be  
For all his creatures—so for thee—

The best.

Be a cheerful Christian.

"If thou art blest,

Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest -  
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies  
Black in thy Brother's skies.

If thou art sad,

Still be thou in thy Brother's gladness glad."

It is worth while to be a singing bird in this world in which are so many harsh and discordant sounds and so many cries of pain. Even a bird's song puts music into the air.

It is yet more worth while to be a singing Christian giving out notes of gladness amid earth's sorrows.

It is not easy to be always glad; yet, we should learn our lesson so well, that whether amid circumstances of sorrow, or of joy, the song shall not be interrupted.



# Life

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour

Life's a short summer - man is but a flower  
(Young Johnson)

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die. (Pope)  
The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh. (Prior)  
To be, better far than not to be, (Sewell)  
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; (Spencer)  
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are  
dumb - (Daniel)

The bottom is but shallow when they come  
(Sir Walter Raleigh)

Thy fate is the common fate of all;  
(Longfellow)

Unmingled joys here no man befall; (Southwell)  
Nature to each allots his proper sphere

(Congreve)  
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

(Churchill)

# Life

Custom does often, reason overrule, (Rochester)  
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool  
(Armstrong)

Live well; how long or short permit to heaven  
(Milton)

They who forgive most will be most forgiven  
(Bailey)

Sin may be clasped so close, we cannot see  
its face -  
(Frost)

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place  
(Somerville)

Then keep each passion down, however dear,  
(Thompson)

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile & tear, (Byron)

Her sensual snare let faithless pleasure lay  
(Smollett)

With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;  
(Crabbe)

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;  
(Grassington)

## Life

We masters grow in all that we despise  
(Crowley)

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,  
(Beattie)

Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream,  
(Bowper)

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave  
(Sir William Davenant)

The path of glory leads but to the grave; (Gray)

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, (Wallis)  
Only destruction to the brave and great.  
(Addison)

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?  
(Dryden)

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down  
(Francis Quarles)

How long we live, not years, but actions tell;  
(Watkins)

The man lives twice, who lives the first life well.  
(Herick)



## Life

Make, then, while yet ye may, your God your  
friend. — (William Mass)

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.  
(Still)

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself  
be just (Blanca)

For live we how we may, yet die we must.  
(Shakespeare)

## Oh Woman

He is a fool who thinks, by force or skill,  
to turn the current of a woman's will,  
(Samuel Johnson)

The most beautiful object in the world, it  
be allowed is a beautiful woman. — (Macaulay)

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Angels are painted  
fair, to look like you. — (O'Keefe)

## Woman

Lovely woman, that caused our ears, can  
every care beguile. (Beresford)

Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,  
shall win my love. - (Shakespeare)

He that would have fine guests, let him have  
a fine wife. (Ben Jonson)

A woman's strength is most potent when  
robed in gentleness. - (Lamartine)

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman  
rules us still. - (Innocent)

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not  
meet my wife there. - (Andrew Jackson)

Women need not look at those dear to them  
to know their moods. - (Howells)

Woman! Fairest work of Creation; The edition is large  
And every man should have a Copy

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'Tis woman to win 'tis man's lot to smelt.  
Mine makes his head ache to woman his heart

Hemo

# Triumph

"The Lord watch between thee and me  
When we are absent one from another

Go thou thy way and I go mine  
Apart yet not afar;  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
The pathways where we are,  
And "God keeps watch 'tween thee and me

This is my prayer;  
He looks thy way, he looketh mine,  
And keeps us near

I know not where thy road may lie,  
Or which way mine will be,  
If mine will lead through parching sands,  
And thine beside the sea;  
Yet "God keeps watch 'tween thee and me  
So never fear

He holds thy hand, he claspeth mine,  
And keeps us near



Imyrah continued

Should wealth and fame perchance be thine  
And my lot lowly be;  
Or you be sad and sorrowing  
And glory be for me,  
Let "God seek watch 'tween thee and me"  
Both be his care;  
One arm 'round thee and one round me"  
Will keep us near.

Sigh sometimes to see thy face  
But since this may not be;  
I'll leave thee to the care of him  
Who cares for thee and me,  
I'll keep you both beneath my wings,  
This comforts dear;  
One wing over thee and one over me  
So we are near.

My path concluded  
~~mine~~ ~~mine~~

And tho' our paths be separate  
And thy way is not mine.

Yet, coming to the mercies seat

My soul will meet with thine

And "God keeps watch 'tween thee and me

I'll whisper there

He blesseth thee he blesseth me.

And we are near.  
~~mine~~

"Men see not yet the bright light that is in  
the clouds." Job 37. 21

The inner side of every cloud

Is bright and shining;

I therefore turn my clouds about,

And always wear them inside out,

To show the lining.

Mrs Browning

Child of my love

Child of my tenderest love I know thy care,  
Thou hast to bear alone what I would share  
I thought though it seems to thee I laid it there  
With my own hand.

My burden presses still my child I know  
Sometimes thy bitter tears will overflow  
And thou dost wonder why I leave it so  
And yet love thee

Think not I laid this on thee willingly  
That in wrath I seek to furnish thee  
For "my child is very dear to me,  
This for thy good.

Child of my love, come near to me, and I  
Will help thee understand the reason why  
I mixed for thee this cup of agony  
And caused thee pain



Continued

Have I not shown my readiness to bear  
my portion of thy grief, thy pain, thy care  
Tell me, my child, canst thou refuse  
to share my sympathy

It was for thee I left my home above  
Suffered on earth, then died that I might join  
My everlasting love my true unchangeable  
enduring love

Could I do more

Will ye not come and find in me thy rest  
Will ye not stay and lean upon my breast  
Will ye not trust that my way is the best  
Child of my love

Bring me thy heaviest woes and thou shalt see  
How soon they lose their weight when shared by me  
Shou'lt prove the sweetness of my sympathy  
Child of my love

The best is yet to come

When we were young how glad we were  
To think of coming years;  
We never dreamed of sorrows dark,  
Or dismal cares and tears.  
The world was ours to woo and win  
Thought could our joy benumb,  
The ever present was the thought —  
The best is yet to come.

But with the riper hours of life  
Came unsuspected griefs;  
We were but humble servants where  
We thought we had been chiefs.  
All hope came tripping to our aid,  
And made our murmurings dumb;  
And so with bounding hearts we said —  
The best is yet to come

Continued

And ever quicker passed the years,  
And grey our hair became;  
And from our fireside passed away  
The friends we cannot name  
But though the sorrows of our way  
Still grew a greater sum,  
We said with trembling lips again —  
The best is yet to come

We have a strong old-fashioned faith  
In one who knows us well,  
Whose ear is open to our cry  
When we our story tell;  
And so as down the slope we go,  
Far from the glad earth's hum,  
We're singing as we near the tide —  
The best is yet to come



After all

Our journey now is ended,  
And our steps at last descended  
To the valley, where they tended,  
Where the twilight shadows fall;  
We have reached - by faith inspired -  
The sweet haven we desired,  
And we do not feel so tired  
After all.

Though the way was dark before us,  
And the tempest gathered o'er us,  
Yet the faith within us bore us  
Through whatever did befall;  
Though with sorrow - having met her -  
Yet we supped, and felt her fetter,  
Yet we feel the end is better,  
After all.

Continued

We have now no cares to bind us;  
Though the wayside past reminds us  
Of the joys we left behind us

When the leaves of autumn fall,  
Yet we look not back in sadness,  
And we murmur not in madness,  
For our grief hath brought us gladness  
After all.

All the days.

"Goodness and mercy have followed me all  
the days of my life"

Is this the song to sing at night?

Some days had very little light:

They were most sad with gloom and pain

So wild with wind, so dark with rain;

Yet God did surely bless my way

Through every hour of every day

And my glad song shall always be

"Goodness and mercy followed me."

~ Continued ~

How fair the flowers were in the spring,  
How bountiful the harvesting!  
Yet joys come never without cost,  
And ah! what treasures I have lost  
When friends have died, bright hopes have failed,  
Some ruthless tempests have prevailed;  
And yet my song must ever be,  
" Goodness and mercy followed me."

For there was cause for grateful praise  
And lowly trust in "all the days";  
A light from Christ shone through the tomb  
The love of God spoke through the gloom  
New comforts came when sorrows fell,  
And Angels whispered "It is well."  
So all the days by land and sea,  
" Goodness and mercy followed me."



## My Work

I asked the Lord to let me do  
Some mighty work for him,  
To fight amidst the battle-hosts  
Then sing the victors hymn  
I longed my ardent love to show  
But Jesus would not have it so

He placed me in a quiet home  
Where life was calm and still,  
And gave me little things to do  
My daily round to fill  
I could not think it good to be  
Just put aside so silently  
Small duties gathered round my way  
They seemed of earth alone  
I, who had longed for conquests bright  
To lay before his throne  
Had common things to do and bear,  
To watch and strive with daily care.

## My Work

So then I thought my prayer unheard  
And asked the Lord once more  
That he would give me work for him  
And open wide the door,  
Forgetting that my master knew  
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came  
"My child" I hear thy cry."  
Think not that mighty deeds alone  
Will bring thee victory.  
Thy life work has been planned by me  
Let daily life thy conquest see

C. A. Goodwin

# Home Missions In

loving memory of one, whom to know was to receive a lift heaven-ward  
Missions, means being sent, charged with an errand delegated by authority - etc:-  
We are all missionaries and I intend to deal mostly with the individual mission work, that lies right at our door.

By the grace and goodness of God, we are born into this world, living, thinking, reasoning, creatures, one amongst many millions, each brought into the world by God and each for a purpose.

But what possible influence can one have among so many; if we look at it in the light of one against millions, the hopelessness of it is overpowering; but in the light of one's influence in a home, or on a friend, the possibilities are full of hope and inspiration, and this is just where each individual mission is. There is a



place for each to fill & the question we must ask is, am I filling my place?

We cannot all leave home and travel to other states, or go amongst the heathen, on the Islands, or to Africa, China etc.:-

I believe God gives a special call to such men & women. Their hearts are filled with the longing to go forth, to such work, willing to sacrifice all for Christ's sake. May God bless such men & women and crown their work with the power of his holy spirit.

There will be a noble list of these arrayed in white standing before the throne of God & to each will be given a crown studded with precious jewels. Souls won for Christ

But I believe there will be a still more numerous array of:-

Mothers: - unselfish, uncomplaining, who have borne the heat & burden of many a long weary day in the kitchen, in the home, with always word of welcome & encouragement, or a kiss

for the children. God's errand of gentleness and love and self sacrifice.

Of Fathers: - living conscientious lives, honourable and upright in life and business, by example deeds and words helping his children to live in the fear of God, thus filling his position of authority, according to the word of God.

Of Daughters: - making the home bright & pleasant, always neat, cheerful, a joy to the father, a help and rest to the mother, loving dutiful, obedient, God's messenger of joy and help to the home.

Of Sons: - bright and manly, with always a cheerful "all right turn", to every little service asked, honouring and respecting his father courteous and kind to each member of the family, God's errand boy. The medium of glad thankful hearts, to each one of the family - you can also be a missionary amongst your own circle of friends and acquaintances. You may say to one come along to our meeting tonight it will help you and I would be so glad. Or give



a bright word of greeting to another, or a hand clasp and smile. Small things you say! Yes in our sight perhaps, but God reckons not as we reckon, when even such small things are done for him the result is beyond our calculation. You may be a missionary in your own town.

Though you may not be rich in money or goods yet you are, or can be rich in sympathy and what is more you may grow richer by giving.

Your sympathy is sweet and cheering to the troubled neighbour, in the sick room it is a ray of God's brightness. To the fallen it is uplifting the dawning of hope & the promise of better times how pleased even the children are to know that someone sympathises with their little troubles.

Don't give grudgingly, give heartily and God himself will bless your efforts.

A word of welcome & encouragement, an earnest invitation to the stranger to come along to church with you, will surely not lose its reward you may be sure he will have a very hard try to keep your



respect and regard, it may be a soul saved  
from ruin, just think of it a jewel for your  
crown, and how very very little it costs you.  
Are you one of God's missionaries or willing to  
become one, the work lies just at hand, is your  
eye open to see it; is your heart willing to take  
it up? Face the question honestly on your knees  
before God and you will find the answer.

written for Y. P. S. C. C.

Wellington

~\*~\*~  
Oin for the dead I will not bind  
My soul to grief.

Death cannot long divide

For is it not as though the rose  
That climbed my garden wall  
Had blossomed on the other side?

Death doth hide

But not divide

Thou art but on Christ's other side  
Thou art with Christ and Christ with me.  
In Christ united still are we.

~\*~\*~

## Two kinds of People

The two kinds of people on earth I mean  
are the people who lift and the people who lean  
Where ever you go, you will find the world's masses  
Are always divided in just these two classes  
And oddly enough, you will find too I even  
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean

In which class are you? Are you easing the load  
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear  
Your portion of labour and worry and care?  
~~~~~  
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

You

The chief want in life is somebody who shall make  
us do the best we can. - EMERSON.

A. Flash! You came into my life,  
And, lo! adown the years  
Rainbows of promise stretched across  
The sky grown grey with tears;  
By day you were my sun of gold,  
By night, my silver moon,  
I could not from the Father's hands  
Have asked a greater boon.

Life's turbid stream grew calm and clear,  
The cold winds sank to rest,  
Hand-clasped with you, no bitter pain  
Found dwelling in my breast;  
I did not dread life's care and toil,  
Your love dispelled all gloom,  
And now on graves of buried hopes  
The sweetest violets bloom.



Continued.

My every breath and every thought  
Were pure because of you  
I had not dreamed that heaven could be  
So close to mortal view;  
My hands and feet were swift to do  
The good that near them lay  
And in my heart throughout the year  
The joy-bird sang each day.

A flash! you passed out of my life—  
No, No! your spirit still  
Is sun and moon and guiding star  
Through every cloud and ill;  
As down the rainbowed years I go  
You still are at my side,  
And some day I shall stand with you  
Among the glorified.

Clarence Urney.

Lead kindly light

I know that the hand that is guiding me  
Through the shadow to the light;  
And I know that all besiding me  
Is meted out aright.

I know that the thorny path I tread  
Is ruled with a golden line;  
And I know that the darker life's tangled tread  
The brighter the rich design.

Amid the encircling gloom

F. P. H.

I know the sorrow that is known  
To the tear-burdened heart alone.  
But now I know its full relief,  
Through him who was acquainted with grief;  
And peace through every trial flows,  
Because I know that Jesus knows.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,  
The longing for the love of earth.  
But now I know the love that fills  
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, & stills

Lead thou me on  
So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
Our moor and fen 'o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since  
And lost awhile.

---

God hath many sharp cutting instruments  
and rough files for the polishing of his  
jewels; and those he especially esteems  
and means to make the most resplendent  
he hath oft'nest his tools upon.

Archbishop Lighton

---



He leadeth me

In pastures green? Not always; Sometimes he  
who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me

In weary ways, where heavy shadows be,  
Out of the sunshine, warm & soft & bright  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.

I oft would faint with sorrow & affright  
Only for this; I know he holds my hand  
So whether in the green or desert land  
I trust although I do not understand.

"And by still waters? No not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go  
But when the storms beat loudest & I cry  
Abroad for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul, "So it is I,  
Above the tempest would I hear him say  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day  
In every path of thine I lead the way  
So whether on the hilltops high & fair

I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie, what matter? He is there  
And more than this, where'er the pathway  
He gives me helpless, broken need. leads

But his own hand, sufficient for my need.

So, where he leads me I can safely go

And in the blest hereafter I shall know

Why in his wisdom he hath led me so.

~ Peace ~

There is a peace that cometh after sorrow  
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled.

A peace that looketh not upon tomorrow  
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace that lives not now in joys excesses  
Nor in the happy life of love secure

But in the unerring strength the heart possesses  
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is in sacrifice secluded  
Life subdued from will & passion free

Not the peace that our Eden brooded

But that which triumphed in Gethsemane

A. C. W.

# Leave it with Him

Yes, leave it with Him,

The leaves are dead,

and they are

They grow in the sun,

and they grow in the rain,

yet, they grow,

They grow in the dark, as well as in the light;

They grow in the sun, revealed by the light,

and they grow,

and

They do not ask your help,

They need not your care

Oh, the leaves;

Dropped down in the water,

They fade, and they

and they grow,

They grow in His hands, around His feet,

They grow, and they grow, by His own light,

Sweetly grow.



The grace we obtain  
But the same we find  
From His hand,  
But you who are weak  
Can you find it  
How much more  
Will He cloth us with grace,  
Them he will sustain; He has everywhere  
Ample store

Yes, look up with Him  
His more dear to His heart,  
Than the lilies that bloom,  
Or the flowers that wither  
Or melt in the snow,  
That you see, if you ask it in prayer,  
You are in His hand, if you are His care,  
You, — you have

## Jesus washing the disciples feet.

Occasion: - Christ eating the passover with His disciples

Time: - The evening before our Saviour suffered on the 14<sup>th</sup> of the month Nisan (the 1<sup>st</sup> of the Jewish year)

A. D. 33.

Place: A large upper room in Jerusalem.

### The passover supper

The passover commenced with eating what was called the paschal lamb. In the time of Josephus a paschal society consisted of from 10 to 20 persons to one lamb. Our Saviour's society was composed of Himself & His 12 disciples. The passover was instituted in memory of the favour God showed the Israelites in sparing their first born while He put to death all those of the Egyptians.

The paschal lamb was to be a male without blemish. This passover was symbolical of the greater passover soon to be instituted, in which

Christ would be the true paschal lamb, sacrificed for us. The holiness of His nature the spotless purity of His heart & life, was prefigured by the paschal lamb's being without blemish. It was of Him that John the Baptist said "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. And the Apostle Peter tells us Christian Brethren that they were not redeemed with silver & gold but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish & without spot.

The paschal lamb was killed by the effusion of its blood, and the Saviour laid down His life poured out His soul unto death and shed His blood for the remission of the sins of many. Faith Moses kept the Passover and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the first born should touch them. So Jesus Christ gave Himself for the life of the world, & once He said "Unless ye eat the flesh & drink the blood of the son of man ye have no life in you".



## The Disciples

These men gathered round the supper table had had no ordinary chance of learning from their Master. They had seen His works & heard His words, & could quote His teaching about many things; but discipleship means more than that. They had been learning to grow like Him. They were "His own", and (though slowly and uncertainly) had begun to follow in His steps.

But it was a very very imperfect likeness they bore as their dispute that very night "as to who should be greatest" (Luke 22:24) showed only too plainly.

But let us remember that these disciples had been chosen from among the Jews who had for nearly 400 years been looking for the fulfilment of Malachi's prophecy concerning the "Messiah". They (the chosen people of God whose dominion had at one time filled the whole earth, and who were now chafing under the Roman rule) in the Messiah

were looking for one who would release them from  
this Roman yoke.

Even these favoured 12 did not yet understand  
the character of the kingdom Christ had come  
to set up, and during supper the contention  
arose, as to who should be greatest, and Christ  
laughed them, the great lesson, that true  
greatness consists in ministering to the good of  
others not in being ministered unto.

The unchanging Christ

Having loved His own He loved them  
unto the end". His circle of  
disciples differed much from one  
another; all were not equally  
worthy, but Jesus loved them,  
and how long? — To the end,  
"to the uttermost". He foresaw  
all that was coming. — Judas  
treachery, yes and Peter's denial.  
Supper being ended" (Guests being  
prepared or going on) He riseth

& laid aside His garments, & took a towel and girded Himself and began to wash the disciples' feet. Those of us who claim to be followers of Christ ought to ask ourselves, how much there is in us of the spirit of love that makes us one with Him. Pride, jealousy, anger if we are not first and do not get the best of everything, taking mean advantage of others, or despising them are all contrary to it. When these feelings arise & we are unwilling to take a secondary place, or to serve the undeserving let us picture Our Master & Pattern washing the feet of His betrayer. Then "He cometh to Simon Peter" and hasty impetuous Peter saith to Him. "Wash Thou



wash my feet? "Thou shalt never  
wash my feet.

How often have we rebelled against  
the very things that were intended  
to better fit us for participating  
in His great work, who of us that  
have never murmured when sorrow  
or trial came. The Master's  
answer to Peter might well include  
us "What I do thou knowest not  
now but thou shalt know here-after.  
Then we realise that if we put  
ourselves in God's hands He will  
not allow us to grow into crooked  
half trained christians, then  
like Peter our love for Our Master  
will mount higher & rather than  
have no part with Him, we too  
will say "Lord not my feet only  
but also my hands & my head.  
Again this feet washing  
(next page but one)

Sent by Rev. C. Sommerlad to, C. H.

"Shrink not from the perils thy soul must endure,  
By the blast of the furnace the gold is made pure;  
That star is the brightest which pierces the gloom,  
And the rose that is crushed breathes the sweetest perfume.

If trials oppress, if thy pathway be hard  
For thy chast'ning thou reapest a nobler reward  
The soul that has suffered is ablest to bless  
And love born of sorrow gives sweetest caress.

"Thy God who has planned all the future for thee  
In wisdom decrees what that future shall be  
Submissive thy crosses in obedience bear  
Till thy soul by refining be smileless & fair

---

was symbolical + distinct from the usual one before supper.  
"He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet but is clean every whit.

After the people of the east had performed their customary ablutions they often contracted some amount of dirt on the way home, their feet being only sandaled, and they needed not save to wash their feet which was done by mounting a low stool + pouring water over them. We may take this to mean that the washing is a symbol of conversion, "spiritual cleansing", the whole life current in its object changed, but if in the process of building up a christian character, imperfections arise even every day



the daily prayer can ask for forgiveness.

"Know ye what I have done to you? If I, your Lord & Master have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet." It is not literal feet washing that is here enjoined, but the general spirit of humility, a willingness to do and be anything for Christ's sake. — Someone has said "one way in which disciples wash one another's feet is by reproofing one another. But the reproof must not be couched in angry words, so as to destroy the effect nor in tame so as to fail of effect, just as in washing a brother's feet you must not use boiling water to scald, nor frozen water to freeze them.

If ye know these things happy  
are ye if ye do them.  
Knowledge of religion alone will  
not make a man happy because  
it does not make a man better.  
Knowledge alone will not save.  
Alone it will make a man's case  
worse. It is the practise of religion  
that makes a man happy.

---

In lighter vein

## Our picnic

A Merry "Gambrol" over a few short "miles".  
Such a party, laughing, talking, is not met with every day,  
Such a noise, such talk and bustle, such a task to get away,  
Even the horses caught the feeling of exuberant delight  
And they danced, and pranced, and snorted, on the road  
with dust so white.

Then at last the bus was loaded; with a final laugh & shout  
Started off the picnic party for the caves just five miles out.  
What a mixture was that bus load, fit for barnyard, or for zoo  
For we carried "hens" and "Roosters" and a very large "Hawk" too,  
Which was told if it molested any of our motley crew,  
We would shut it in our safe "Barnes" and we'd maybe "Bagot" too.  
One large Rooster was our driver and those horses fairly flew  
For they feared his "spurs" might touch them, then hid crow with flee  
they knew.

So the "miles" were quickly covered and we reached the picnic ground  
And a very little later at our games we all were found.  
One we played, I've often noticed, is in life most sadly true  
Three by all is shunned and hated, but most folks are fond of "two"  
And the poor old lonely miller, grabbing wildly for a wife



Had some shocking divorce cases, could not keep a mate for life.  
and by a call came ringing on the breeze so cheerily  
ringing news of cheer and gladness "Come along tis time for tea".  
and the inmates of the barnyard came in answer to the cry  
and soon taught the cakes & tartlets just the proper way to fly.  
the midst & sweet though not "jam my" sat our "small"  
friend Brother Giles,

a rock of isolation higher up was "Rules" of smiles  
as by sat a slim young fellow & he made the cakes look small  
very tart he saw he'd Bapot; which was not the thing at all.  
the cup that cheers was circulated & we drowned our care & grief  
the purest brand of "Rushells" which we stirred with twig or leaf  
& a chill of fear came over us for a strange form hovered right  
so curly, long, & shaggy, such a wild gleam in his eye  
such a dread of soap & water showed his skin our joy was squashed  
we drew aside and murmured "It is He! the Great Unwashed."  
had come to guide us safely into regions dark & cold  
here had lurked the lawless robber (so he said) in days of old  
on the steps into the darkness, went each holding high a light  
we left the day behind us, & down there tis always night  
he talked (our queer old leader) of geology & such

Told us true things & I fear too that old man invented much.  
And he lit a magic wire which sent out a wild blue flare  
Showing Angels, crosses, altars, and Parkes of the shaggy hair.  
Scenes like these would haunt an artist with a fierce desire  
to paint.

But the fun all ceased abruptly "Someone" thought it  
time to faint.

---

When the fuss & trouble ended homeward in the  
bright moonlight.

Lired, but still quite determined to return some  
future night.

Poetical effusions

by B. S.

And they



