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THE DREAMS OF AN OLD WOMAN

by

LADY MONTGOMERY

Daughter of the

REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

late Dean of Canterbury

Wife of

BISHOP H. H. MONTGOMERY, K.C.M.G., D.D.

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*With love from
The Author
M. Montgomery*

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PILGRIMAGE OF PRAYER

THESE words would not convey anything to this generation, but in the First World War they were widely known. Curiously enough the incentive to the Pilgrimage came from Ireland.

I was sitting on the executive of the Mothers' Union in London when a letter came from Dublin, saying, "Cannot you do anything to comfort mothers and wives of the boys who are fighting in the trenches?"

All at once the idea flashed through my mind: Let us go through the country on Pilgrimages of Prayer. We received the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I went on the first pilgrimage myself. The work spread so rapidly. I was obliged to do all the organizing, and my husband gave me a room in the S.P.G. House as an office. I spent most of my time training the pilgrims.

I will try to describe the first pilgrimage. As a rule, we went by train or bus to within a mile of the village, and walked the rest of the way.

We went first to Communion in the cathedral city. We went in threes to the altar, and the bishop gave us our staves, which we carried. I still have mine. We wore simple blue overalls with a Cross in the front. I had to make a rule that no jewellery was to be worn. When we arrived at the entrance to the village, we were met by the Rector and some of the parishioners.

We went first to the church and asked for a blessing on our work. We arranged that we should sleep in one house, have dinner in another and tea in another, and that way nearly every cottage in the village was visited by one pilgrim. We made it a rule as far as possible to sleep in the cottages. We spent the morning in prayer and the afternoon in visiting, and we left at each house a notice of the meeting to be held in the evening. I remember calling at one house and talking to the lady. When I got up to go she said, "I thought you belonged to the Pilgrimage of Prayer. Aren't you going to pray with me?" And I shall never forget the beaming face of the butler at another house where I called when I told him that I belonged to the Pilgrimage of Prayer. I had prayer there with all the servants. The evening meetings were held when possible outside the church or by some war memorial. We always had large crowds, and it was interesting to see the men in the background gradually coming nearer and nearer. Before leading them in prayer, I tried to make them visualize

the men in the trenches, the sailors on the ships, etc. After one week a lady came up to me and said, "You never prayed for the prisoners, and my son is a prisoner." Later on, when I was organizing future pilgrimages of prayer in country dioceses, the clergy would object that the people were too poor to put up the pilgrims for three days, my answer was that each pilgrim slept in one house, had dinner in another, and supper in another, etc., thus every cottage was asked to give one meal to one pilgrim.

In organizing other pilgrimages we arranged for one trained pilgrim to go with two local ones. Later on, the idea was adopted by some of the bishops themselves, who went on foot on pilgrimages through their dioceses.

"And the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets thereof."—Zechariah viii, 5.

What a wonderful picture we have here of the new Jerusalem! I think many of our ideas of the Holy City are taken from the Book of Revelations and from hymns. We think of the "Great White Throne," of the "Sea of Glass like unto Crystal," of "The Rainbow round about the Throne," of the "Four and Twenty Elders," and of the multitude of angels singing hallelujahs. But here the prophet tells us of what is going on in the streets. They are full of boys and girls, not singing, but playing games, just as our own children did when they were playing hide-and-seek, running races, leapfrog, etc. If any of my readers have lost their children when they were young, has it ever occurred to you that it must be dreary work for them to be always worshipping and singing hymns? But now the Prophet bids us think of them as having their times of fun and gaiety, just as they did when on earth, only we may be sure of one thing: there will be no quarrelling or spitefulness.

Let us think of our children who have "gone before," whose loss we still mourn, as living happily carefree lives, growing daily in grace and beauty, and when we meet them? "Not as a child shall we again behold her,"

For when with raptures we let
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child
But a fair maiden in her Father's City.
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expression,
We shall behold her face."

COME

SUCH a short word in our language, only four letters, yet how much does it mean on the lips of Our Lord. Let us think of some of the occasions on which He used the word.

Two of the disciples of John the Baptist were with him when Our Lord walked by. "Behold the Lamb of God," said St. John. The two disciples followed Jesus and asked Him where He dwelt. "Come and see," was the answer.

The second time Our Lord was walking by the Sea of Galilee and saw two brothers, Simon and Andrew, casting a net into the sea, for they were fishermen. "Come ye after me," said Our Lord, and I will make you to become fishers of men." Simon and Andrew straightway forsook their nets and followed their new Master.—Mark i, 16-18.

And the third time Our Lord met a man coming out of the tombs possessed with an unclean spirit. "Come out of the man, thou unclean spirit," said Our Lord, and straightway the man was healed.—Mark v, 8-16.

The fourth time Our Lord was preaching, and He used the words, "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his Cross, and follow me."—Mark viii, 34.

And how we all love the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi, 28.

Another time Our Lord used the word to his disciples, who had been away preaching and working. They returned wearied, and Jesus said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—Mark vi, 31.

"I will come and heal him," said Our Lord to the centurion, who besought Him to come and heal his servant.—Matt. viii, 7.

Another time Our Lord used the word was after the feeding of the five thousand. He had sent the disciples away in a ship to the other side of the Lake of Galilee while He went up into a mountain to pray. A storm arose and the boat was tossed with the waves. Our Lord saw their plight, and came to them, walking on the sea. When the disciples recognized their Lord, Peter said, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water," and He said, "Come."

"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," said Our Lord to his disciples shortly before his Crucifixion.

"Come and dine," said Our Lord to His disciples after the

Resurrection. This is the last time we read the word "Come" in the Gospels.

In the Book of Revelations, in the last chapter, the word "Come" is written several times, ending with, "Surely I come quickly."

What does the word "Come" mean to us? First, let us remember that we, too, are Our Lord's disciples. He has called us as He called Peter and Andrew. He claims our help: We, too, are to be "Fishers of Men."

But first we must ask Him to "Come and heal us," to cast out the evil spirit from our hearts. We must not expect constant peace in our lives. But whenever we feel wearied and discouraged, as we so often do, let us think of the words, "Come unto Me—and I will give you rest."

Let us make a quiet time in our lives as often as possible. The busy mother will not find this easy. She has to rise early and get the breakfast ready, send her husband off to work and the children to school. Then the breakfast things have to be washed up, the beds made, the house tidied. But before preparing the next meal the mother can snatch a few moments of quiet. She can kneel down by "The altar of her own bedside," and leave her cares and troubles at the feet of Jesus. Then she will ask Him to use her as He used His disciples. Though only a humble woman, she, too, can become a Fisher of Men.

THERE IS A LAD HERE

St. John vi, 9

I HAVE often wondered who this lad was. What was his name? Did he become one of Our Lord's disciples later on?

Jesus was sitting with His disciples on a mountain near the Lake of Galilee. Evidently He had gone up there for a rest, for He had performed many miracles of healing on those that were diseased and He must have been weary.

But the multitudes followed Him, and Our Lord's heart was touched when He saw them, for they had been many hours without food, and they were a long way from any town.

Jesus intended to feed them, but first He turned to Philip to prove him, and said: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?"

All Philip could answer was that if they had two hundred

pennyworth of bread, it would not be enough to feed such a multitude.

Another disciple, Andrew, was not much more helpful. "There is a lad here with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

Perhaps the lad was carrying the food intended for Our Lord Himself and His disciples.

Did Our Lord beckon to this lad to bring to Him the loaves and the fishes? And how the lad must have wondered when he saw the use to which they were put!

In after years the lad must often have looked back on that day and thanked God for making use of him.

Have you a lad in your family? He may not be of much account in your eyes.

Another mouth to feed—another child to clothe and educate. But in Our Lord's eyes that lad is destined for great things. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." That lad, if properly trained, will grow up to be one of His disciples.

It is up to us mothers to hold up a high ideal before our children, to train them, not for this world only, but for the life to come.

Teach them that no trade, no work, is too humble if done in the right spirit.

Our Lord's disciples were all men of humble origin: fishermen, tax-gatherers, etc., but they transformed the world. And this lad's job was to "carry" their daily food.

Let us mothers bring up our lads and lasses to "carry" for their Saviour, to transform each homely duty, each humble meal into a Sacrament of His Presence.

'I AM'

1. LET us think of some of the occasions on which Our Lord used these words—"I am." We are most familiar, perhaps, with the words in St. John's Gospel, Ch. x, 14, "I am the Good Shepherd," and we remember the 23rd Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

In our country we are accustomed to the sight of the shepherd driving his sheep before him with a crook and accompanied by a sheepdog. But in Palestine the sheep follow the shepherd. "He goeth before them and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

This parable is full of lessons for us. Let us think only of one—the sheep follow Jesus, for they know His voice. Do we know the voice of our Good Shepherd? And if not, how can we follow Him? The world is full of voices which tempt and entice us to sin. Let us learn to listen only to the one Voice—that of the Father speaking to us through His Son.

2. "I am the Bread of Life."—John vi, 35. Not only does our Good Shepherd *lead* us, but He feeds us on the way. "He that cometh to me shall never hunger." The Good Shepherd feeds us with the true bread from heaven. If we eat of this bread we shall live for ever.

3. "I am the Light of the World."—John vii, 12. If we follow our Shepherd we shall be led in the right way, we shall be sustained with food and drink, and our way will be made light before us.

4. "I am the Door of the Sheep. By Me, if any man enter, he shall be saved." If we go in through the right door, we shall find our Good Shepherd waiting for us on the other side.

5. "I am the Way"—the only true way that will lead us to our Father. This way sometimes looks very hard and rough. We are tempted often to leave the hard, narrow path, and to follow the broad, easy road that leadeth to destruction.

"Does the road lead uphill all the way?"

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend."

6. "I am the true Vine." If we follow our Good Shepherd, He will lead us through the right *Door*; He will go before us on the right *Way*; He will shed His *Light* on the dark places of our life; He will feed us with the *Bread of Life*, and he will give us drink from the *True Vine*. He is the Vine, and we are the branches. As long as we abide in the Vine, we shall bear much fruit, we shall be the friends of our Saviour, and His loving Father will grant us all things that we ask in His Name.

Let us acknowledge Jesus as "our Good Shepherd." Let us go then through the right *Door*: "I am the Door of the Sheep." Let us follow our Good Shepherd along the right *Path*: "I am the Way," knowing that His *Light* will illuminate the dark places of our life: "I am the Light of the World." We shall be sustained by Heavenly food: "I am the Bread of Life." We shall be refreshed by Heavenly drink: "I am the True Vine."

Let us then "bear much fruit" that we may be the disciples of our Heavenly Saviour, that we may learn to love one another, that some day we may have "right to the Tree of Life," and may enter in through the gates of His City.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

WE are accustomed to divide people into workers and idlers—those who work for their living, and those who live on their investments. Those who take an active share in work for others, those who spend their life in pleasure. But—"they also serve who only stand and wait." "Trust in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him"—listen for His Voice.

Too often the Divine Voice is unheard because of the cares and pleasures of this life. Our one aim in life should be to trust in the Lord, to try to do His Will. He may call us to a life of active service; He may bid us to trust and "wait patiently for Him." Those who spend their life in active service are sometimes in danger of forgetting to listen for His voice. They may think they are helping other people, but how can they be sure they are serving their Heavenly Father if they don't "Wait on Him." Think of the invalids, the cripples—can they not also "serve"? "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." These beautiful words of Tennyson's remind us how much depends on prayer, on listening for the Voice of God, on "Waiting for Him."

Those who are laid aside from active service have still their work to do in the world. Old age may overtake us, we may be crippled by disease and no longer able to do any active work for others. Is our life work then over? No, perhaps it is only just begun. We may have been too busy to listen for God's voice. We may have hurried over our prayers because there was so much work for others waiting to be done, and at night—because of that work perhaps—we are too wearied to listen to God's voice.

God needs His workers, but He needs still more those who "wait on Him"—who listen for His voice.

When you kneel down to say your prayers, *wait* and hear what your Father has to say to you. I like the story of the little boy who, before beginning his prayers, used to say, "Are you there, God?" And let us begin our prayers by confession, thanks—

giving, and praise. The *petitions* should come last—"our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of." And we can serve Him best by "waiting on Him," by listening for His voice. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

HOME, SWEET HOME

WE are constantly hearing that now the War is over we have to win the peace, and that this is a harder business. But one thing is certain—the *War* was won by men, the *Peace* must be won by women. And it must be won in the home. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill." "The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way." We are all familiar with Mrs. Heman's beautiful poem, "The Happy Homes of England," etc. And those of us who are members of the Mothers' Union will recall the words in our prayer, "Make our homes homes of peace and love." Home is the one place on earth where we know each other best and love each other most, and bear each other's burdens and forgive each other's failings.

And the true home must consist of father, mother, and children. I say "children" advisedly. I am sorry for the home where there is only one child. Not only are large families needed for the upkeep of the British Empire, but they are much more easily run. The children bring each other up, rub off their angles, etc. The mother, of course, is the mainstay of the home. But don't let us belittle father. He is the wage earner, he is responsible for the upkeep of the family, but the mother must see to it that he is part of the home life. The boys must be taught to bring their troubles to their father. The girls must be brought up to keep the home neat and tidy, to have a warm fire and cosy meal ready when daddy comes home from his work. It is the fireless hearth, the lack of welcome, that so often drives a man to the public-house. And this is entirely the fault of the woman.

Do we need an example of home life? Then let us think of the humble home at Nazareth. Have you ever thought how wonderful it is that of Our Lord's thirty-three years of life, only three years were spent on His ministry? The first thirty years were spent in the carpenter shop at Nazareth. What happened to the tables and chairs that Our Lord helped to build? What would we not give now to possess one of them? And during those thirty years Our Lord was preparing for His ministry, His death, and Passion.

Surely it is a lesson to us to prepare ourselves and our children for the future? Could we not revive two customs which are fast dying out of home life? One is family prayers. I know the difficulty of this in the morning. The mother has to be up early to get the breakfast ready, to send father off to his work, and the children off to school. But in the evening? Before going to bed, should not the mother call the family together and kneel down for a few words of thanksgiving and prayer. This will surely mean a peaceful, happy night.

And what about grace before meals? Our Lord never partook of a meal without blessing the food first. I beg of you all to follow His example, and to revive this habit.

And the mother must always be the chief factor in bringing her children up to lead pure and Godly lives. A child should never be able to remember the time when he or she did not say their prayers—first at mother's knees, then by the altar of their own bedside. And teach your children when they kneel down not to be in a hurry, but to put themselves first in the presence of God. And teach them that our prayers should not be all "asking." Before making our petitions we should *thank* God for all the mercies of the day past, for our meals, amusements, friends, etc.

And bring your children up to look forward to the day when they will be old enough to go to church. Teach them that we go to church to *worship* our Heavenly Father, to praise and adore Him, to give Him thanks for all His mercies to us, and, lastly, to put our needs before Him.

Sunday should be the happiest day of the week. Sunday clothes, Sunday meals, Sunday pleasures. Keep the best toys and books for Sunday—not be played with or read on weekdays. And when your boys and girls leave you—perhaps to go abroad, write to them regularly, and specially on Sundays. I remember my eldest son, who went, when quite young, to South Africa, telling me that they always put the postman on a white horse so that they could see him coming a long way off.

And, finally, let our last thoughts be of the Home above. The Home where we shall meet those who have gone before; the Home where our sins and shortcomings will be forgiven; the Home where we shall meet our Heavenly Father face to face. Let us pray daily that we may be found worthy to enter through the "ever-open door," and join in the blessed company of the faithful who worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness.

AND WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

THIS question by the lawyer who tried to tempt Our Lord, led to the beautiful Parable of the Good Samaritan, Luke x, 29.

In this parable we are taught that all who are in trouble and need our help are "neighbours."

I think that true Christians always find it easy to help their friends. "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." But what of those who are perhaps really our neighbours—who live next door to us? I am quite sure that if they were in real trouble—sickness, fire, burglaries—we should be ready to assist them. None of these things may happen to our neighbours, and therefore we do not trouble about them. And yet they may need our help in other ways. They may be lonely and friendless. Perhaps they feel all the more lonely when they see the many friends who call on us. They would rejoice to be offered a lift in our car, to be allowed to borrow our books, but these little acts of kindness never occur to us. We are too "full of good works" to think of our neighbours. And suddenly perhaps we realize how unfriendly we have been.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear; it's the thing you leave undone
That causes a lot of heartache at the setting of the sun,
The stone you *might* have lifted out of another's way,
That bit of heartsome counsel you were too much hurried to say.
The flowers you *might* have given, the letter you didn't write,
The visit you *might* have paid, dear, are your haunting thoughts
to-night."

It is easy for Christians to "do good work." They bring a certain amount of kudos with them. We are not naturally conceited, but it is pleasant at the end of the day to realize that we have attended that committee, or spoken at that meeting, or done so much knitting. But all the time, perhaps, there is the something "left undone."

When we kneel down for our morning prayers let us ask our heavenly Father to show us how we can help our *neighbour*; how we can cheer their loneliness, how we can make them realize that we need their friendship, and at the end of the day we shall be able to thank Him that our *neighbour* has become our *friend*.

OULD IRELAND

I OFTEN say that I am English by birth and Irish by adoption. If you have lived any time in Ireland you will come to look on it as the most charming country in the world. For scenery alone it is hard to beat the Emerald Isle. The hills of Donegal, the lakes of Killarney, Dublin's "Fair City," Achill Island, Lough Swilly, the Lake of Shadows, and Lough Foyle—the lough of silver streaks with Bellarena towering over it.

And then the Irish folk are the most hospitable and the most humorous in the world. Everyone greets you on the road: "A fine day," or "A soft day," "Good day," or "Good evening"—never "Good afternoon," because there is no word for afternoon in the Irish language. "You're welcome," you hear, whenever you go into a cottage, and you are always offered a cup of tea. And then their humour. An Irishman is never at a loss for an answer. "Does it always rain in Ireland?" "Naw, whiles it snaws." Meeting an Irishman who had failed to do some repairs, I said, "I wonder you're not ashamed to look me in the face." Swift came the reply, "I'm always pleased to see your leddyship." A cashier in the bank, when asked what my balance was, replied, "Tell her she's on the pig's back." Where would you get that answer in an English bank?

And we must never forget that Ireland was a land of saints and scholars when England was still barbarous. St. Patrick, St. Columba out of many. And most of the great generals are Irish—Gort, Dill, Auchinleck (half Scotch), Wavell, Alexander, Montgomery—all Irish, and to go further back, Kitchener. Churchill, too, owns to Irish blood. The Irish, of course, are great fighters. More men fought in the Great War from Eire than from Ulster. If the Irish are not fighting the enemy, they are fighting among themselves.

And it is a land, too, of giants and fairies—thim wans. Near Moville is a large stone which "Finn na Cool" threw across at "Brian Boru." There are many crosses and boundary stones of great age which are sacred. And there are mounds called Fairy "Raths" which are never ploughed up or built over. We don't often hear of ghosts in Ireland, but of course you know what to do if you meet a ghost? Ask him for a subscription! He will never trouble you again.

To conclude—

Ireland was a country when England was a Pup,
And Ireland will be Ireland when England's eaten up.
Ould Ireland's a-calling.

A FRAGRANT MEMORY

THESE words are in no sense intended to be a criticism on the present-day keeping of the Sabbath. We realize that "the old order changeth" and God fulfils himself in many ways. But sometimes in the rush and hurly-burly of modern life, fragrant memories of the old days, when Sunday was a Holy Day and not a holiday, as it so often is now, rise up before us.

"A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content." That was one of the axioms of our childhood when Sunday was the happiest day of the week. For to begin with it never rained on Sunday! And then there was the Sunday sausage for breakfast, much to be enjoyed after the weekday round of bread-and-milk or porridge. The best frocks, the hymns in church, the Sunday walks, the special books kept for Sunday reading—and it was just as wrong to read a Sunday book on weekdays as *vice versa*, the Sunday supper, to which we were allowed to stay up, and, finally, "Readings from the poets." All this makes a picture never to be forgotten, and we who are growing old love to look back on the picture.

We realize that the old days will never return. The week-end habit—the motors, Sunday games, and cinemas, make that impossible. And yet we look forward hopefully to the future. We remember our Lord's words: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Our Sundays are still with us, to use or abuse. A new and better way may yet be found for "keeping holy the Sabbath Day."

And we who are old still cherish our "fragrant memories."

"MARRIAGE"

THERE are many aftermaths of the War. One is the great increase in crime. Another is the appalling number of divorces that we read of daily. This is partly due to the large number of

"war" marriages. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." Love at first sight may be very beautiful, but every sensible girl should insist on three or four months' engagement. And during those months do all you can to get to know each other. You may have had flirtations or love affairs with other men. Well, tell your future husband about them. Don't let him find out about them after your marriage. And in return, if he is honest, he will tell you of his past life. "Perfect love casteth out fear." During your engagement find out all you can about your fiancé's likes and dislikes, his idiosyncracies and shortcomings.

The marriage service is one of the most beautiful in the Prayer Book. You take each other for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, etc. And remember the happiness of your home will depend almost entirely on the wife. The husband is the wage earner. When he comes home tired after his day's work, let him find a loving welcome, a kiss, a warm fire, a cheerful meal. If, instead of this, the wife has gone off to a party or the cinema, small wonder if the man goes to the public-house.

And in return I would say to the husband, don't let your wife suffer from your apparent coldness. You may love her devotedly, but if you take your love for granted you will cause her great sorrow. Women are naturally more demonstrative than men. They need the outward show of love, caresses, words of affection, little gifts, etc.

And the perfect marriage must result in children. I believe in large families. Many girls say, "When I marry I shall only have one child." I am always sorry for the only child. Children bring each other up, they rub each others angles off. And bring up your children to love God and serve the Empire. A child should never be able to remember the time when he did not say his prayers, first at his mother's knees, afterwards at the altar of his own bedside. And teach them to "serve the Empire." This does not mean necessarily in the fighting Service. Children can serve the Empire in the home, on the farm, in the workshop.

And the time will come when the children will leave the home and the father and mother are left alone. This should be the happiest time of their married life.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

"At eventide there shall be light."

“AND THE LORD TURNED AND LOOKED
UPON PETER”

St. Luke xxii, 61

THIS is I think one of the most pathetic verses in the New Testament, and the incident marked a turning point in Peter's career.

The verse only occurs in St. Luke's Gospel but we must read all the Gospels to get a clear account of what happened. The Last Supper was over. Our Lord had washed the Disciples' feet and Judas Iscariot had gone out into the night. Then followed the visit to the Garden of Gethsemane. Our Lord took the three leading Disciples with Him and bade them watch whilst He went away and prayed. But their eyes were heavy and they slept. Three times did our Lord return and each time He found them sleeping. Then He said to them "Whither I go ye canst not follow me now." "Lord," said Peter, "Why cannot I follow Thee now. I will lay down my life for Thy sake." "Wilt thou lay down thy life," answered our Lord. "I tell thee Peter, this night before the cock crow twice thou shalt deny me thrice." "Though I should die with Thee I will not deny Thee," answered Peter. Likewise also said all the Disciples. And yet, when the soldiers arrived to arrest our Lord "all the Disciples forsook Him and fled." Later, moved by love or curiosity, two of them SS. John and Peter, came into the Court and watched the trial.

We know what followed. Three times the servants accused Peter of being one of our Lord's Disciples and three times Peter denied it with wrath and curses. The third time—"Our Lord turned and looked upon Peter"—and Peter went out and wept bitterly.

Does it ever occur to us what we should have done had we been in Peter's place? We may not be called upon to lay down our lives as the early Christian martyrs did, but can we say that we have never denied our Lord? By unkind words and deeds, by neglecting to "guard our thoughts," by refusing aid to those who need it?

Let us pray to our heavenly Father, Who gave His Only Begotten Son to die for our sins, that He will keep our feet in the narrow way, that our Saviour may look on us with eyes of Love and that when the time comes for us to tread the Valley of the Shadow of Death with those loved ones who have gone before, we may "fear no evil" for His Rod and Staff will comfort us and we will "dwell in the House of the Lord for ever."