

were appointed for Synod meeting of C.E.M.S. Three new members were nominated.

Rotorua.

The C.E.M.S. is holding regular meetings. A number of its members have banded themselves together to do certain painting and repairs necessary round the Church, while others are going to make a special canvass for subscriptions towards the reduction of the debt on the Parish Hall and Vicarage. Seven or eight members have also offered their services to the Vicar as Lay Readers to carry on the services at the prison, camps, and elsewhere.

A Mission in a Country Parish.

The intense reverence, the deep spirituality, the quiet manners of the Missioner, who could help being struck by it? The stillness and hush that pervaded the House of God deepening each day as the Mission proceeded, till even those few who joined in for the first time towards its close, felt the atmosphere of the building, the building verily consecrated afresh to the worship and glory of God, by that sacred, uplifting period of prayer and praise.

Some, indeed, awakened to the fact that the House in which they had worshipped for so many years was indeed "the House of God, the gate of Heaven;" they knew in their hearts that "the Lord was in this place," aye, and that they had touched Him. God—God really present; present in the House set apart for His Presence; present, so wonderfully present in the Blessed Sacrament, the Lord's own Service, instituted by Himself, to satisfy the hunger and thirst of men's souls. How precious that early daily morning meeting together around that Holy Table, when He Himself gave Himself to those who longed for above everything else—just this—Himself!

For how can the soul of man be satisfied till it finds Him—finds Him within the soul; till it finds rest, rest of weary heart, and of weary head, in Him, on Him.

And has He not promised, "Come, and I will give you rest," "Abide in Me, and I in you?"

We entered and knelt humbly, expectantly. No great words of majestic oratory fell on our ears, rather were we children once again, kneeling

before our Father, as of old we knelt at our mother's knees, and as little children of the Spiritual Kingdom, we joined the Missioner in simple child language,

"God sees me," "God hears me," "God loves me," "O God of Love show me, show to me Thy child, Thyself!"

And God drew very near to us, as He always does when His children cry to Him. He seemed so close to us, so near, we could put out a trembling hand and touch Him.

Yes, we were learning afresh, day by day, the great and precious truths of simplicity, sincerity, and reality in prayer, and worship.

And above everything the grand truth of the reality of God's loving Presence.

Jesus was indeed becoming to us, "A living, bright reality."

And the words of the Mission hymn were sung so reverently, so meaningly:

"Sweetest note in Seraph's song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

And now the Missioner is reading out those lists of Intercessions! Ah me! what need there is of Jesus! That sick friend; that struggling Christian needing Him so much; that careless, thoughtless lad breaking his mother's heart; that anxious, troubled Martha; that poor soul causing so much unhappiness by sins of drunkenness; the needs so many, the sins so great!

And kneeling, thus, we cannot but feel that we who intercede, need so much, so much ourselves; so faulty are we, so inconsistent, so unfaithful. Yet these very thoughts that come to us, urge us the more to join in those Intercessions with all the longing of our hearts, for these, too, for whom we plead need Him, and "His touch has still its ancient power."

Then comes one memorable evening when the Missioner first before the Vicar, and next the Vicar before the Missioner, renews the solemn promise and vow made in his Baptism—

"I renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in my name at my Baptism."

—And then, one after another, men and women, lads and girls, kneeling before the Missioner, till well nigh all the congregation save a few, have knelt and renewed their Baptismal vows. May God keep us and them faithful to our life's end!

The Mission has closed, but the Missioner had not yet left us, and the evening following its close sees some fifty men and women kneeling quietly in God's House of Prayer, the time is 5 p.m., the sinking sun still has strength to flood the Eastern window with its bright rays and the figure of the ascending Saviour, Hands held out to bless, stands out illuminated by the sunshine, as though to tell us of His Presence still abiding with us. Half-an-hour passes, one short prayer broke the silence, one or two verses of Scripture said, otherwise all was still—we were "practising the Presence of God," we were listening to His Voice.

A few have risen and gone out quietly, others remain on as though loath to leave, and many minutes pass before the Church is empty once again of worshippers.

And the Missioner says, "I would have more of this; surely this is one of the greatest needs of this restless age, this quiet silent meeting in the presence of God."

"Here is something the good Quakers have learned to value so highly, and we must learn from them!"

And yet had not the Psalmist all those ages ago learned the value of such quiet pauses in life, when he says: "My soul waiteth upon God," or rather, "My soul is silently waiting unto God," and who can estimate the power and force of a number of waiting souls together, silently waiting upon God.

We can only say, after our experience of that quiet meeting, that if the Church is to be a great spiritual power in this Dominion, it will not be through a multitude of new organisations, and restless activities, but through prayer, meditation, and many quiet silent meetings in the presence of God. Thus, and thus only, can our whole life be lifted up to a higher plane of spirituality, of power, and of influence.

Surely, if we have learned only one great lesson more than any other through the mission, it is just this: More faith in prayer, more time spent quietly in the presence of God.

"He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of these things, and does them best."—R. V. Hitchcock.