

REGENERATION.—By “regeneration,” or new birth, a child is made a Christian, and by way of analogy the process by which a foreigner is naturalised and becomes a citizen of the land of his adoption, may be cited. Thus, just as the foreigner renounces the country of his birth, applies for admission as an English citizen, and takes the oath of allegiance to the Queen, so in the baptismal service, the candidate takes the vow of renunciation, and promises obedience to Christ, and is admitted a citizen of the Kingdom of Christ. Conversion is distinct from regeneration; it may come after baptism, and be a life-long process, and this the Church of England does by no means deny.

THE GALICAN CHURCH.—The present Church in France is the same Church as that which was derived from Asia Minor in the first century. Through all the vicissitudes through which it has passed, it has remained the same Gallican Church, but it became subject to Rome after the law of Valentinian III. (A. D. 445), in which Hilary of Arles was censured for his supposed insubordination to the Roman See, and from that date France became an integral part of the Roman Church. Nevertheless the Church of the present is identical with the Gallican Church of old, though its old national character, may, under stress of circumstances, be latent rather than patent.

[From the “Church Times.”]

“SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

(SUGGESTED BY A SERMON.)

I toil, I toil, I work, I strive
 In this world's feverish race to thrive:
 I want to do, I want to be
 Something, I scarce know what, for Thee,
 Forgetting that they most are blest
 Who wait on Thee and find their rest.
 The world around is rushing fast,
 Its future spurning—Present—Past:
 It has no time for quietude,
 Heaven's silences are all subdued:
 And I must in the fight be found,
 For ne'er a slumbering saint was crowned.
 And yet God's saints His secret keep,
 “He giveth His beloved sleep:”
 And while the world is wide awake
 They, sleeping, Heavenward progress make.
 Closed eyelids know God's burning Light,
 And passive wills are dowered with might.
 Not by the swift the race is run,
 Not by the strong the battle won:
 The violet hides her tiny head
 Beneath her leaves of green outspread:
 The river rushing to the sea
 Must first the trickling streamlet be.
 Nothing I am, and Thou art all:
 Faith waits to hear the Heavenly call,
 And Love and Penitence lie still,
 Waiting on Thy absorbing Will:
 Thou, slumbering not, Thy watch dost keep,
 And blessest me, e'en while I sleep.

W. C. D.