

"ONE ANOTHER."

There are two distinct classes of Christians in every community professing Christianity; the one is always wrong, the other sometimes mistaken in the estimate of their obligation to "one another;" the one is centered in self; to improve their own condition, and to gratify their own desire; but, in respect to others they have the same ready reply of Cain, "*am I my brother's keeper?*" From this class little is to be expected, for they have but little to give for the help, encouragement, and comfort of their brethren. But there is a far better hope to be derived from the other. "Who would do good, but, how to perform it they find not;" who caring for others, have no definite plans for promoting their welfare and improvement, and yet for all such there is the never failing remedy prescribed by the inspiration of God: "*Exhort one another;*" "*Pray for one another;*" the one we are to do *daily*, the other we are to practice *every where*, and *here* is the Parish of St. Luke, and at this Eastertide there is a special demand for the exercise of both; and if, in the spirit of our Lord's new commandment, we love "*one another*," we shall not witness the good profession of those who have ratified their baptismal vows and are preparing to make their first communion, without the fervent prayer that He who has begun a good work in them, will perform it unto the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. All, in greater or lesser degree may "*bear one another's burdens*," and so fulfil the law of Christ; the vow to which we are twice pledged, first as the disciples of Jesus, and again as members of our Church association. A glorious promise is made to this communion and fellowship in which we are knitted together; as it is written, "They that feared the Lord, spake

often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a Book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name; and they shall be mine saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." —(Malachi iii. 16-17.) The obligation is plain, the recompense is sure. "So let us consider '*one another*' to provoke unto love and to good works." —(Heb x 24)

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FREQUENT COMMUNION.

By a Rubric at the conclusion of Divine service, we are bidden to note that every parishioner "shall communicate *at least* three times a year" "*At least!*" In the commencement of the present century, "*at least*," was the maximum as well as the minimum of the appointed office; and many an indolent and indelicate Priest was satisfied to keep himself up to the absolute necessity, and we do not wonder, that seeing their pastor cared so *little* for the sacred ordinance, the majority of his parishioners, should care for it *less*, and that many should not communicate at all. And even now when a higher faith and a holier feeling pervade the Church, and increasing numbers prize the privilege and fulfil the duty of Daily Service in the sanctuary, and a weekly communion, the old leaven still works, and there are some among our own people who sigh for the scant measure of former days, and brand all improvement in the order and decency of worship as innovation, and superstition and popery. We have good reason to be thankful that we have pastors who are not to be hindered by such a reproach, and a company of our people, who