

solved. My whole being seemed to me like incense wafted gratefully towards God." The lecturer characterized the various portions of the Prayer Book, and minutely described the different services, speaking strongly of the spirit of equality and Christian brotherhood which was everywhere set forth. In its worship it knew no class distinction, for

"Our mother, the Church, hath never a child
To honor before the rest ;
But she sings the same for mighty kings,
And the veriest babe on her breast.
And the Bishop goes down to his narrow bed,
As the ploughman's child is laid ;
And alike she blesseth the dark-browed serf
And the chief in his robe arrayed."

The services of the Prayer Book were so arranged as to follow us from the cradle to the grave, and to hallow every eventful era in human life. As its words welcomed us into the folds of the Church, so they formed our last farewell of earth when we are laid in our silent narrow bed in God's Acre. It was not only the offices of the Prayer Book that afforded instruction and the means of devotion. Refreshment was to be found in its unsought for parts. The calendar was to the Churchman a source of pleasure and profit. In it he found a systematic plan for reading the Word of God ; it brought before him the continuous motion of fast and festival, circling round the Sun of Righteousness, the centre of the whole as the sun is the centre of the solar system, for every true Churchman's motto should be, "Looking unto Jesus." Hence a great part of the Prayer Book was taken up with the life of our Lord, sober Advent, joyous Christmas, radiant Epiphany, solemn Lent, sad Holy Week, culminating in the gloom of Good Friday ; glorious Easter, triumphant Ascension. Year after year we followed these events, and so became, as it were, permeated with the story of the Evangel.

The teaching of the Liturgy was fitted to make those that used it praying Christians, frequent communicants, model neighbors and pious citizens. All this they must be, else they were using their privileges in a wrong way, or not using them at all. Let them also beware in these days of conflict, when so much was said about ritual and ceremonial, that in defending the outward signs and symbols they did not forget the inward and spiritual grace. The Prayer Book, as he had shown, had provided for a ritual. Rites and ceremonies were engraven on its title page, but without the doctrine and the faith, the ritual was only a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The two together made a noble edifice ; separate them and you marred the work. The revival now going on made this more evident, and what was once looked upon with suspicion, was now accepted and admired. "Finally,"

continued Mr. Inglis, "cherish the good old book. Let the young learn its collects, epistles, and gospels, thus husbanding fruit for after years ; and the aged pore over its Psalms and lessons, and find comfort on their journey home. Next to the Bible, it has won a place in the people's hearts, and the more they know it intimately, the better they love it."—*Selected.*

THE BISHOP OF MISSISSIPPI ON THE "JUBILEE."

(From the Diocesan Organ *Church News*.)

LONDON, indeed I may say all England, has been wild for two weeks. The saturnalia is not yet over. The normal conditions, of London at least are slow to return.

On Tuesday last the Queen, through shouting millions, the streets lined by 40,000 troops, including contingents from Africa, India, Canada, and Australia, and hung with wreaths and banners, was drawn with all her family and the representatives of foreign powers, through her royal city, with such pomp and splendor as no "royal progress" here or anywhere has ever approached. The people were wild with loyalty. The shouts and tears were spontaneous. What struck me most was that the venerable lady could have ridden those same seven miles unguarded in her carriage save by the love and reverence of the millions lining the route—every man of whom, it appeared to me would have died to save her from even an annoyance.

On Saturday, the great naval review at Spithead roused again the royal frenzy. There was gathered twenty miles of steam-clad battle-ships, the most enormous fighting force that ever floated, and yet not a ship withdrawn from any fleet on any sea abroad ! This was just "the Home Squadron" ! There was quietly exhibited to Europe the fact that England is not only quite competent to deal with two or three powers united, but could cheerfully, if necessary, "pitch into" the fleets of combined Europe and sweep the seas clean of them ! The continental peoples and princes are digesting the fact as each sees best. France—frankly, generously, courteously, as becomes her—congratulating herself and the world that the fleet means peace, the patrol of the high seas to protect the highway of commerce from robbers and disturbers. The bad grandson, William of Germany, crossly and in ugly fashion scared at England and dreadfully scared at the United States, which he says is about to throw her tremendous power into European politics, a power with which no diplomacy can reckon. (This is *apropos* of the Hawaiian and Spanish conditions.)

Meanwhile, flying from a thousand staffs the