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ONE IS YOUR MASTER, EVEN CHRIST, AND ALL YE ARE BRETHREN.

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SISTER DORA.

MY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

—"Dowered with beauty, youth and grace,
Affluent of soul and strong
To command some queenly place
Far above the toiling throng;—
Holding in possession, skill
Magnet-like to work your will,—
Wherefore should you cast away
Gifts so Heaven-bestowed as these,
For the lowliest ministries,
You so strangely choose to-day?

"Such may fitly fill the hands
Of some humble soul whose plans
Stretch no higher, demand no more
Than that God would grant to her
Room to work in, leave to pour
Like some saintly comforter,
Healing into hearts that ache
Through the stress of wrong and woe:
—Sweet such choice is: Let her take
Up the sacred task, and so
Fill her cravings.

But for *you*!
Who would choose a crystal cup,
Drink to beggars' lips to bear,
When the bowl of delf would do
Better?—Who, even if he could,
Heats the hearth with sandal-wood?
Does the fever-patient care,
When he drains the medicine up,
That the nurse's face *is* fair?

"If you do but purpose so,
You can build yourself a name
That may overtop the fame
Of all women that you know;—
That may shed an added worth,
In the far-off years' decline,
Like the lustre of a shrine,
Round your very place of birth."

Calm she listened: Then her eyes
That were eyes of wondrous hue,
Seemed to draw from out the blue,
As she strained them to the skies,
Inspiration.—"Nay,"—she said,
"If as you have fondly plead,
God has give me gifts to use
For His needs, or for my own,
And has left me free to choose,—
I *do* choose, that He alone
Shall have all my costliest: Could
I withhold the crystal cup,
If my Lord should come to sup?
Or refuse my sandal-wood,
If He shivered at my door?
Or some menial send to pour
Out the draught if He were ill?
For I know that o'er and o'er
Hidden in forms of suffering still,
He will come as heretofore.

"Pride and honor, place and fame!
Think you phantoms, such as these
Can the grasping soul appease?
Nay!—I care not, if my name
Comes to be, through service, dear
To the Master's listening ear,
Though within the world of men,
It were never breathed again!"

—So, her self-renouncing way
Went she, straining to her task
And the world bestows to-day
Freely what she would not ask,
Crowding tenderest meed of fame
Round her sweet and cherished name.

—*S. S. Times.*

THE APTNESS OF CONGREGATIONALISM.

If the Saviour did not enact a rigid and minute system of church order, then the system which, adhering to great ecclesiastical principles, is most marked by flexibility and opportuneness must be the best. Congregationalism has two great ecclesiastical principles, the liberty of local churches, and the duty of fellowship among the churches. The birth of a system with these two leading principles was not only timely, but inevitable when it occurred. And every development of it has been, the same, showing its power of adaptation and elasticity. It is not pliable in its principles,—it refuses to give up either freedom or fellowship—but is ready and flexible in its measures. It is a portable system, one man can carry these two principles anywhere. It yields a quick and ready service in every emergency and need. Herein it is genuinely apostolic.

Thus ecclesiastical councils summoned from "neighbouring churches" grew up on occasion. As the circumstances of the church at Antioch required the sending of Paul and Barnabas and others once (Acts. xv. 2) to the apostles and elders at Jerusalem for counsel, so the necessities of the New England churches created councils. But in the colonies before the Revolution there was no call for colonial associations or conferences meeting statedly. Massachussets, after 1643, or Connecticut, after 1665, although the churches in these consolidated colonies had now somewhat increased, did not feel the need of them any more than they did of an A.B.C.F.M. anniversary, a Home Missionary Convention like that held in Chicago. And when the political transition from colonies to States, under the declaration of Independence, arrived, the felt necessity of State organizations everywhere did not arrive with it. In due time afterward, however, it came. And no one can now question the wisdom and indispensableness of such organizations. They were created, on occasion, in a thoroughly Congregational way.

"*All the Churches*," said the Cambridge Platform of 1848, "ought to preserve communion one with another, because they are all united unto Christ, not only as a mystical" (or spiritual and merely inwardly recognized head) "but as a political head, whence is derived a communion suitable thereunto." Here is the germ and common source, both of State Associations and our National Council. No man can consistently assert the Congregational propriety and orderliness, in some local need, of the calling of a council by a local church, or an aggrieved individual member, or a number of believers desiring to constitute a church, as one of the ways of communion, and also deny that a State Conference—though not one of the six ways named by the Cambridge Platform—is another. He is stopped even from denying that a purely ministerial association is a useful and orderly way of communion among ministers. Yet Browne, Robinson, Colton, Hooker, and the four Mathers had no foresight of modern State bodies, any more than of a national one. Nor did the fathers in 1822-3, who originated the former, foresee the latter. So the brethren at Scrooby and Southwark did not forecast the English Union Jubilee next October. Wisdom did not die with them, however, on either side the sea. The Boston Platform (p. 45) says that "the more intimate communion existing among these churches is exercised in conferences and consultations for the parochial revival of religion or the general advancement of Christ's Kingdom." The older Cambridge symbol says, "*All* the churches ought to preserve church communion," as they do not in these bodies, but only in a *national* conference. Nor do they "all" otherwise consult for "the general advancement of religion" together.

The day is not distant when our National Council will be cited as a proof of the aptness, flexibility, and elastic, expansive fellowship of Congregationalism. It will be said with joy, if not with pride, "How natural, how opportune, how inevitable, how like the Christianity of the apostolic times." "How fitting that the churches of the Pilgrims should develop their two great principles in this great land in just this way."—*Advance.*

DEAN STANLEY'S FUNERAL.

A week ago yesterday, after the second service in Westminster Abbey, I went through to the door of the Deanery, to inquire after the Dean and leave a message for him. No one felt any uneasiness about him, and a few moments previously Canon Farrar had told me he was doing well. Just as we reached the door a bulletin was posted up that unfavourable symptoms had set in and grave apprehensions were entertained as to the issue. "Ah!" said Newman Hall to me, "our good friend the Dean is going to die." The next night, before the clock struck twelve, he was dead!

The whole nation was shocked and saddened to the heart; for on many accounts Dean Stanley was the best-loved man in the Church of England. He was the personal friend of the Queen, the tutor of the Prince Royal, the advocate of cordial fellowship among all denominations, the most simple, modest, and affectionate great man in the realm. His genius everybody admired, but his pure, sweet character everybody loved. So, for a week past great preparations have been making to give to the good Dean's remains such a burial ceremony as should bespeak the nation's affection and be worthy of the guardian of the great Abbey. The services really began yesterday morning, with an eloquent sermon by Canon Farrar, in whice he extolled the moral courage of the Dean in standing by his honest convictions. In the afternoon I found the choir of the Abbey packed, and the adjoining transepts also. Presently Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff and preacher in the Temple Church, ascended the pulpit so long occupied by his beloved friend Stanley. Vaughan and Stanley were classmates at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and their intimacy was very deep and cordial. It was a very trying occasion for Dr. Vaughan, and when he announced that he would preach on the very text that Dean Stanley had selected for his next discourse there he was very much overcome. It was a happy text for the hour: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The famous preacher of the Temple is a fine, manly speaker and his style is almost perfect; so the discourse was a model funeral tribute. He happily said that Stanley had given perpetuity to Dr. Arnold's fame by writing his biography, and to Dr. Arnold's system of teaching by a living illustration of its beauty. In dwelling on the certainty of immortality, Dr. Vaughan exclaimed, with impassioned fervour: "Oh! what a wanton waste it were if such an intellect as Arthur Stanley's were destroyed!" The discourse was heard with deep emotion.

To-day, at four o'clock, the funeral service took place. Around the Abbey a vast multitude had assembled, not merely attracted by curiosity, for the Dean was a great favourite with the working classes. Thousands had applied for tickets of admission, and by the kindness of Canon Farrar and the timely attentions of one of the subordinates I secured an excellent seat in the front of gallery over the Poet's Corner. It commanded a view of the whole ceremonies. Immediately below me was the tomb of Lord Macaulay, with its well known inscription. "His body rests in peace and his fame liveth forevermore." Sir Charles Trevelyan, the biographer of the great historian, was among the group of mourners. Beside Macaulay lie Campbell and Dickens, and upon them looks down the statue of Shakespeare.

The crowd in the Abbey was prodigious. Many of the guests climbed upon the monuments, to witness the ceremonies. After long and patient waiting, we heard the funeral anthem pealing through the nave, and presently the procession entered. It contained the foremost living men in England. The heir to the throne marched in and occupied the pew of his old tutor, who was lying in the coffin before him. Upon the coffin were wreaths of "immortells," and white flowers from the Westminster School boys, and a handful of lilies from the Queen herself. The venerable Archbishop of Canterbury was in the line, and Cardinal Manning, and Lord Houghton, and Tyndall, and Browning, and the Bishop of Peterborough. The coffin was borne by the same hands that had carried the Dean's beloved wife, Lady Augusta, to her burial, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. It was set down before the pulpit in which the Dean had stood a few days before.

By the foot of the coffin the most conspicuous figure was William E. Gladstone. He was called away before the service was over, and hastened to the House of Commons. (The pilot cannot leave the helm while the ship of state is off that Irish lee shore.) The funereal music to-day was solemn and sublime. Its rich strains swelled and rolled among the lofty arches with prodigious grandeur. Then the deep tones of the "Dead March" were heard, and the procession formed again. The body of ARTHUR STANLEY was taken up and tenderly carried over those historic stones, which he himself had trodden so often and so long. He was to be laid among the great, in his death.

With slow and measured tread, they bore him past the tomb of Dryden. Old Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and the author of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" were sleeping close by. A little further on, they passed the tomb of Edward the Confessor. The heir to the Confessor's throne was in the procession, and the descendants too of many a great warrior who laid in silent stone effigy on those monuments. Gradually the line passed on and on among the columns, until it entered the door of Henry the Seventh's Chapel and disappeared from my view.

As I looked at the dark-palled coffin, with its weight of flowers, vanishing out of sight, I felt a peculiar grief; for the Dean had been to me a very kind and beloved friend. I had broken bread with him in his hospitable home; I had enjoyed with him a memorable visit to the Jerusalem Chamber; and on his last day in America he had gone with me to the tomb of my own beloved child in Greenwood. A gentler, sweeter, and more unselfish heart I have seldom known; and no man has been laid to his rest amid more sincere lamentations in all this realm for many a year than Arthur Penryhn Stanley. Of him, too, it may be said that his body sleeps in peace; but his name doth live on forevermore.—*By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in The Independent.*