

can discern God and God's truth. He exhibited that unselfish use of all lineament for the benefit of others; He exhibited a perfect example of man as a social creature, a patriot, a member of a household, a unit in the great human family. In the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ, this Christian ideal is presented to all who disbelieve, who rebel, who waste on themselves what life has given them, and yet fail in happiness and peace. The peace and serenity of Christ teach the world at this solemn season what that is in which alone happiness, peace and perfection are to be found. They are to be found only in self-sacrifice; in faith; in obedience, and these dispositions are to be seen in their full effectiveness only in the character of Christ. That character appears with ever new freshness and reality as it is year by year set forth in the Scriptures read through Holy Week. It is un-historical to say of the Christian ideal as it is imaged in Christ that the world is growing tired of it. A 'mellowing decay' may indeed have dimmed on the wall of the confectory at Florence the features of that Central Head, until among the Company of Twelve, 'ghosts which you see on the wall, faint as the shadows of leaves upon the wall of autumn afternoons,' it seems but the faintest, most spectral of them all. But the Christian ideal is still the living Church's ideal, nay, the world's living ideal, and it can never be said that Leonardo's Face of Christ 'is the imago of what the history it symbolizes has more and more become for the world paler and paler as it recedes into the distance.' The history of the Passion is potent and inspiring as ever; and the only answer to the doubt of the intellectual, the ignorance of the scoffer, the selfishness of the rich, the rebellion of the poor, is the lesson still preached year by year, and embodied in the words of the apostle, 'Let the mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.'

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Was not the Bishop of Rome supreme in ecclesiastical matters in England before the Reformation?

ROAMING CATHOLIC

The Papal Supremacy exercised in England in pre-Reformation times was an encroachment and an usurpation. A study of the history of the *Ecclesia Anglicana* will show you how, from time to time, that supremacy was protested against, and ultimately, in Henry VIII's time, repudiated by such men as Heath and Bonner, Tunstall and Gardiner, and others, who had no desire, and made no efforts to "reform" doctrine, but who were determined to throw off a yoke which circumstances had enabled the Bishop of Rome to impose. The Church of England, therefore, was acting within her rights in throwing off a usurped jurisdiction which had been exercised, as Edward III. told Clement VI., for the purpose of shearing the flock, not tending it. The Church simply went back to the condition of affairs which existed before the encroachments of the Papacy began; to the time when the British Church was entirely independent of Rome and its acts nevertheless, perfectly valid; to the time when the Pope had not attempted to interfere with the appointments of the Suffragan sees; when no oath was imposed with the presentation of the Pall (*i.e.*, before 1115 A.D.) and when the royal license was necessary before appeals could be sent to Rome. A study of such matters will show you of what nature was the supremacy exercised by the Bishops of Rome; that in repudiating the Papal claim to jurisdiction, the Church of England was not only acting within its lawful rights, but was restoring an antecedent condition of affairs. It matters not what theoretical ideas about the Monarchy were entertained subsequently by great men of the later Tudor period, The question is what the Church in her

Convocations, etc., has pronounced, and it cannot be shown that the Church of England has conveyed to the Crown any spiritual jurisdiction contrary to the doctrine and discipline of the Church (see Art. 37)—*Church Times*.

GOD'S FLOWERS UPON GOD'S ALTAR.

BY ESTHER W. BARNES.

'Tis "of Thine own we give Thee," gracious God!
Flowers of the spring-time, offerings from the sod,

Tinted by Thine own hand with rainbow dyes,
Or with the gold and blue of sunset skies,
Of all earth's boundless gifts, to Thee we bring
Nought that is holier as an offering.

Oh! glorious symbols of the Easter morn,
Out of decay and death and darkness born,
Springing to life and light from out the tomb
Of nature's desolation, sadness, gloom:
Ye come, sweet flowers, with fragrance pure
and rare,
To blend your incense with the breath of prayer.

Christ hath arisen, "with healing in His wings.
Ye have arisen, O bright and beautiful things,
To tell us of that resurrection morn,
When we, immortal, from the grave new-born,
With bodies glorified, to life shall rise,
And meet the Saviour in the bending skies!

Correspondence.

ST. ANDREW'S BROTHERHOOD.

To the Editor of the CHURCH GUARDIAN.

SIR,—It may be that others have experienced similar difficulties to mine in relation to this movement, and on this account have withheld their practical sympathy. A young man from my parish, not bearing a very good character, but extremely aggressive in any prominent concern where he could obtain notoriety; was within about six weeks admitted a member, made much of in a convention, and all this without any application to his Rector as to moral fitness. If, I thought, it is such an easy matter for men to join, the Brotherhood cannot be worth much. We do not expect perfection in any man, but surely some little care should be exercised in admitting members. Since that day I have not had any interest in the extension of the movement.

PRIEST.

SYMPATHY IN PREACHING.

We come day after day to God's house, and the most careless one of us there is still one who, if he really could hear a word from God to his own soul, would listen to it—ay, and be thankful for it. No heart can tell out to another what waves of temptation have been struggled through during the week past—with what doubtful success, how after the soul has been beaten back and defiled, with what bitter anguish of spirit it has awoken to a knowledge of its back-slidings and its bondage to sin not to this or that sin merely, but to a general sense of sinfulness pervading the whole man, so that redemption would be indeed a joyful sound.

Many a weary and heavy-laden soul has taken his burden to the Saviour because he has found some man of like passions with himself who has suffered as he has and found relief. I think a bold, faithful, experimental preacher rarely fails to hit some mark; and oftentimes God's Spirit witnesses to the truth of what is said, by working this and that man to the feeling: "Why, I, too, have been agonising, and falling, and crying, for just such help as this. Ah, this man has indeed something to say to me."—*Robertson of Brighton*.

EASTER.

BY HARRIET ONSLOW FIELD.

I.

Christ is risen! Rejoice and sing!
Over the earth let your voices ring;
Lend to the anthem volume and might,
Breaketh the morning. Past is the night,
Christ the Lamb that for us was slain.
Lo, He was dead, but now liveth again.

II.

Nation with nation unite in the song,
Gather the tidings and bear them along;
Let every creature that liveth now say:
Christ our Salvation is risen to-day.
Christ, Who this world from sin hath freed,
Christ the Lord is now risen indeed!

WHERE IS THE FAULT

If it be true that 'blessings brighten as they take their flight,' the trouble at ordinary times is with our eyes, and not in our blessings. The blessings are just as great while we have them to enjoy as when they are looked back upon. But we are so much occupied with other things that these special blessings while they are before us among other things, that we fail to perceive their real importance, as it will appear in perspective, but viewed from a distance before or behind. Richter says of our estimates of those dear to us: 'Our feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and of farewell; like the glaciers, which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset.' Yet why should we not so profit by a consciousness of this truth to estimate rightly the mountain-peaks of affection towering in our sight at the midday of life? Those peaks are the same when we stand under their shadow as they seemed on the horizon while we were coming toward them, or as they will appear when we look back upon them in the receding horizon. The very thought of this ought to fill our eyes with tears of joy through which the near-at-hand peaks may become rosy-hued and newly precious. Looking thus at our blessings, we shall find them brighten before they take their flight.—*S. S. Times*.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

A king is sitting with his council, deliberating on high affairs of state, involving the destiny of nations, when, suddenly, he hears the sorrowful cry of his little child, who has fallen down or been frightened by a wasp. He rises and runs to his relief, assuages his sorrows and relieves his fears. Is there anything unkingly here? Is it not most natural? Does it not even elevate the monarch in your esteem? Why, then, do we think it dishonorable to the King of kings, our Heavenly Father, to consider the small matters of His children? It is infinitely condescending, but is it not also superlatively natural that, being a Father, He should act as such?

Well, He has given us the promise: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." And, despite the cavillings of unbelievers, it is true that He numbers the very hairs of our head, and while not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Him, yet in His sight His children are "of more value than many sparrows"—*Selected*.

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—*Gal. vi. 9*.