

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), preaching some time ago at Sefton Presbyterian church, with reference to the Liverpool Cathedral Foundation Stone, spoke thus of the Church of England:

When a man entered one of her ancient places of worship he passed into a home of quietness. Not only did the noises of the street die out of his ears, but in her worship the noise died out of his heart. The garish light fell softly through glass enriched with the pictures of saints, and many a Christian of our shallow and unbelieving age was melted in this solemn shadow. In a church of England, from the font where infancy was received, through the Gothic interior symbolizing the mysteries of Faith, to the altar where he received the sacred symbols of the Communion, the worshipper had portrayed the beginning, the progress and the triumph of the Christian life. The prayers of the church, handed down through prophets and apostles, saints and doctors, by their religious note and catholic comprehension, took us out of sense of time and place, and placed us amid things eternal and unseen. There were minds which resented this chastening shadow, hearts which would not cease question even before historic catholic creeds. But, notwithstanding immutability and antiquity, her worship remained today the standard of the most perfect Christian worship in this country, checking the wild vagaries of spiritual enthusiasm, and unconsciously refining the spiritual attitude of her children.

The second quality was her learning. No church had, since the Reformation, made such permanent and valuable contributions to theological science. Not only in the universities and high places, but up and down the country, there was a large body of clergy who up to old age, and without hope of reward, were pursuing their studies in sacred and profane learning. It was an excellent thing in so many obscure rural parishes in England there were men of highest culture, and evidently also of most genuine piety, and they could appreciate the service which the church thus rendered to the country, if, having travelled in the East, they had seen the sort of clergy another great church had. A great debt of gratitude was due to the Church of England for the character of clergy, and they might, to mention but a few, thank God for men like Hooker, the sanest theologian who had written in the English tongue; for Jeremy Taylor, the golden mouth of the English pulpit; and for Butler, subtlest and most virile defender of the Faith; and with Farrar, who had converted many a wavering mind; Lightfoot, who has placed modern English Theological scholarship on a level with that of Germany; Gore, Liddon, Pusey, Illingworth, and many others of our own day, whose books were on their shelves, and whose inspiration was in their hearts, the Church of England might truly say that strength, as well as beauty, was in her sanctuary.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Nov. 28. Brave spies. Num. 14. 6-10.
T., Nov. 27. A courageous leader. Josh. 10:22-27.
W., Nov. 28. An intrepid minister. Dan. 6:7-10.
T., Nov. 29. A brave-hearted king. Ps. 27:1-14.
F., Nov. 30. A true patriot. Ezra 10:1-8.
S., Dec. 1. Paul's courage. Acts 28:15-18.
S., Dec. 2. Topic—Courage or cowardice which? Luke 12:4, 5, Gal. 1:9-12; Jer. 1:3-10, 17. (Consecration meeting).

Many a man is bold enough to face an army with banners who has not courage enough to face Christ Jesus alone.

As a chisel in the hand of a good workman so is a Christian in the hand of Jesus.

WHEN IN DOUBT.

Honest doubt as to what course one ought to take is an assured part of one's life experiences. But when one is at such a juncture there ought to be no doubt as to how to meet it. Paul gave the secret when he told what he did after he had met his ecstatic mysticism overthrown of all his life purposes and ideas on the way to Damascus. "Straightway I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me; but I went away into Arabia." To withdraw from all human counsel and get alone with God is better than conferring with flesh and blood. And this "Arabia" is always easy of access to those who need it.—S. S. Times.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

By Mary Lowe Dickinson.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,

If we had but a day!

We should drink alone at the purest springs

In our upward way;

We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,

If the hours were few;

We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power

To be and to do!

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light;

We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,

If they lay in sight;

We should trample the pride and discontent

Beneath our feet;

We should take whatever the good God sent;

With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,

If the day were but one;

If what we remember and what we forget

Went out with the sun;

We should be from our clamorous selves set free,

To work or to play,

And be what the Father would have us be,

If we had but a day!

LIFE A DISCIPLINE.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for he likes to see his children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overwhelming and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and gently or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough; and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like the thunderclap startling a summer night. But one thing we may be sure of: the task he sets us is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not measured by these. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his father's home.—Henry Drummond.

COURAGE OR COWARDICE, WHICH?

Some Bible Hints.

Much fighting—among men and nations—is simply, because men are too cowardly to stand by the principles of peace (Luke 12:4).

"He's not afraid of anything," we say in admiration; but a well-bestowed fear is one of the most valuable human qualities (Luke 12:5).

Pleading men is well enough if it is by-product of our lives, and not the main product (Gal. 1:10).

Consciousness of God's presence is the bad man's prison and the good man's fortress (Jer. 1:8).

Suggestive Thoughts.

The word "courage" comes from the Latin word *cor*, heart. Whatever the appearance, a man is courageous if his heart is brave.

The most valiant exercise of courage is manfully to grapple with one's dearest sins and tear them out of one's life. No one is likely to have the true courage if he admires the false courage.

Spiritual courage is helped by physical courage, but physical courage cannot endure at all without spiritual courage.

A Few Illustrations.

"Your face is pale," sneered one soldier to another. "Yes," he answered; "if you were as much afraid as I am, you would have run long ago."

A Quaker often shows more courage by refusing to go to war than a soldier in the hottest battle.

Peter, who whipped out his sword in Gethsemane, shrank from a woman's tongue in the high priest's courtyard.

Perhaps Paul's most courageous act was in continuing his journey to Jerusalem in spite of his friends' prayers, well knowing what fate awaited him there.

To Think About.

Am I afraid of the right thing?

Am I bold where Christ wants me to be bold?

Is my courage firmly based upon Christian faith?

A Cluster of Quotations.

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—Richter.

Courage without discipline is nearer beastliness than manhood.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Courage is always greatest when blended with meekness.—Chapin.

God is the brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse.—Plutarch.

Do Something New.

Many a society is dying for fresh air. The air was good once, but the members have breathed it over too many times. Open the windows.

Try a mission-study class. Or a class in civics, or in church history and doctrine.

Go out into the country and organize a Sunday school.

Sing in front of the church building to attract people into the evening services.

Get up a church paper.

Carpet the church, paint it, put in electric lights.

Have a bulletin board. Form a society choir. Hold socials in the members' homes.

Try some of the many new ways of calling the roll at the consecration meetings.

Vary the arrangement of the chairs in the prayer-meeting room from time to time.

Introduce one new plan in every prayer meeting.

Never hold a business meeting without proposing some advance step for some committee or for the entire society.

Get out of the ruts!