

that it had suggested the double character of the hymn, which we have been pointing out.

One more remark may not be out of place: the reader may follow it out for himself. In the *Te Deum*, as throughout our beautiful service, and nowhere more plainly than in the book of Psalms, there is implied a double character in the worshipper. It is the key to many changes and sudden transitions. His master is both God and man. The two natures so entirely, so necessarily co-exist in Christ, that the Apostle can properly say that the Jews "Crucified the Lord of Glory," and our Lord on earth is able to affirm of himself that "the Son of man is in heaven." The Christian lives always in a double condition, has a two-fold relation to his God. He is always a pardoned sinner, (1) a sinner in himself, always frail, always ready to fall, and therefore needing ever humbly to prostrate himself before the throne of Grace; but also (2) a pardoned sinner, one of God's elect, a saint, therefore always "having boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him." Words of praise, and the cry for pardon, not unnaturally, not improperly, proceeding consecutively or even alternately from the same mouth. "Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers." "Thou sittest at the right hand of God in the glory of the Father." "O Lord, have mercy upon us." "Let me never be confounded." "My strength faileth me, because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed." "Be strong and he shall establish your heart, all ye that put your trust in the Lord." (Psalm xxxi, verses 12 and 27.)

ENDING IN SMOKE.

Sitting and watching the curling smoke
Wreathing in circle, and spiral and curve,
Filling the room with a mystical sense
Of dim,—and because of the dimness the sweeter—
Of fading,—and therefore an emblem the meetest,

For pleasures that past,
And for gladness so keen
That memories serve
To recall but a tint,
Or throw out but a hint
Of the colours that love shed around
From garlands that richly were wound
Over and round me—deep breathing of incense—
Sitting close curled—I repeat—in the smoke
Filling the room with a dim-fading sense
Of happy remembrance;

Whose are the eyes

That softly arise,

Yet cause no surprise.

But only a feeling that some one is near,
And with glance of sheen;
Though melting with ruth,
Yet full of the truth;
Look forth from halo
Such as doth hallow

The head of the saint in pictured scene.
Whose is the presence I feel to be here?

Though I know I'm alone.

Weary and lonely,

Languid and lone,

And watching the smoke
Curling and curving and filling the room?

Say! gentle maiden, gently say!

Read me my riddle, and softly allay

By answer of truth, by answer of ruth,

The restless perturbation

Of my sad heart's fermentation.

With the pangful joy of feeling

There is one whom to love

Is to beat all fear below,

Is to be all hope above,

Is to give all life a glow,

Is to feel as if the world

Were beneath me, and each cloud

All agleaming

In the beaming

Of the upward sun,

Though to those below, dark and dun

Like a shroud,

Yet to me were lightly curled

Beneath my feet.

Maiden fair, Maiden dear,

Answer sweet.

A. G. L. T.

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