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"So He giveth His Beloved sleep."

The last verses of Rev. W. C. Dix.

I toil, I moil, I work, I strive
In this world's feverish race to thrive;
I want to do, I want to be
Something, I scarce know what, for Thee,
Forgetting that they most are blest
Who wait on Thee and find their rest.

The world around is rushing fast,
Its Future spurning—Present—Past;
It has no time for quietude,
Heaven's silences are all subdued;
And I must in the fight be found,
For ne'er a slumbering saint was crowned.

And yet God's saints His secret keep.
"He giveth His beloved sleep;"
And while the world is wide-awake [make;
They, sleeping, Heavenward progress
Closed eyelids know God's burning light,
And passive wills are dowered with might.

Not by the swift the race is run,
Not by the strong the battle won;
The violet hides her tiny head
Beneath her leaves of green outspread;
The river rushing to the sea
Must first the trickling streamlet be.

Nothing I am, and Thou art all;
Faith waits to hear the Heavenly call.
And Love and Penitence lie still,
Waiting on Thy absorbing Will. [keep,
Thou, slumbering not, Thy watch dost
And blestest me, e'en while I sleep.

Prayers for the Dead.

ALL Souls' Day, following All Saints' Day, comes each year as a continual reminder of the duty of Christians to remember the departed. This duty rests upon primitive practice, upon reason, and upon love. Not one of the early Liturgies of the Church is without prayer for

the departed, and the practice was never questioned till the days of Luther. It is moreover unreasonable to hold that there is no growth or development or change in the condition of the departed after they leave this earth; and if we grant development and change we cannot exclude intercession for them. But the most forcible point is that if we love our dead we cannot forget them and our whole nature rebels against letting them fall out of the place they have always had in our prayers. Who is there that has lost anyone dear who does not cherish their memory, and can we remember them better than when we come before the throne of God.

We have lately come across two utterances on the subject which we reprint here, both from writers of great weight and certainly free from all Ritualistic proclivities. We think that Archbishop Temple and Dr. Welldon, the new Bishop of Calcutta might be looked upon rather as champions of the Broad Church party—if such still exists—certainly not among the High Church clergy.

The Archbishop's charge to his Diocese on Oct. 11th., has these words: "There is, of course, a very great difference between praying to the departed and praying for them. They are in God's hands; but it is possible that He may allow our prayers to help them, and we cannot point out any evil that is likely