

life before God in which we seek His grace, comes from what He does now on high. He shews before the mercy seat the sacrifice which He offered on the cross, pleading for us. And He has told us how to join with Him in making a remembrance of His death. We are thankful that in that one service which He gives to the Church, we have a way of worship of divine authority. We take part in it with a glad faith; for it is not any tradition of man, but a command of God which has sure promise in it. Not only with angels and archangels, but with our Great High Priest, we go into the presence of our God. All our prayers and all our lifting up of heart, and effort of life are accepted "through Jesus Christ our Lord." They are united with the service in which is pleaded on earth the same one sacrifice which Christ pleads in heaven.

STATE OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.—The report of the state of the church at the Protestant Episcopal Convention, held at New York on Oct. 22nd, showed that there were 51 dioceses throughout the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, 14 missionary jurisdictions, 69 bishops, 3,932 priests, 320 deacons of both orders, 487,167 communicants, 3,974 churches, 1,988 chapels, 149 academies, 15 colleges, 19 divinity schools, 40 orphan asylums, 60 homes, 57 hospitals, and 22 miscellaneous institutions. The sum total of offertories in three years was \$22,316,514. There were 171,799 baptisms, an increase of 16,275 over the three years previous, and 112,783 confirmations, an increase of 29,734 over the same period.

ABOUT MY BED.

PSALM CXXXIX. 2—PRAYER BOOK VERSION.

WHAT though my heart be lonely,
I will not fear the night;
For when I sit in darkness
The Lord shall give me light.

For darkness is no darkness,
The night is clear as day
To Him whose constant presence
Drives all my fears away.

No human friend is near me
On whom my eyes can rest;
But there is One who holds me
Close-folded to His breast.

My throbbing brow He presseth
Against his loving heart,
And in my every suffering
My Saviour hath a part.

His head was sorely wounded,
Pierced with the thorny crown,
Bewailing all His anguish
My soul forgets her own.

What though my wearied eye-lids
Can find no rest in sleep:
Night after night my Saviour
Did prayerful vigils keep.

THE class meeting, an indispensable condition of membership with the Methodists, is evidently doomed. At the Conference of the Methodist New Connexion no less than 123 out of 152 members voted in favor of relaxation of the present stringent conditions.

At his recent confirmation at Newport, Mammouthshire, the Bishop of Llandaff confirmed twenty soldiers belonging to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

Our own opinion is never wrong.