

papers that the Duke of Argyll contemplates worshipping at the altar of Hymen at no very distant date.

Another rumour is also prevalent, to the effect that the noble Duke has written his son in Canada, begging him to give up his appointment and thus sever all connection with a Government he is so disgusted with.

We have Blue Ribbon, and several other coloured ribbon, orders amongst the several temperance propagandists. This, I think, is an American introduction to our many customs. The members of the audience who, persuaded by the eloquence of the lecturer, are determined to eschew all strong drink, and be the sworn enemy of its use by others, not only sign the pledge to that effect, but have a bit of coloured ribbon fastened to the collar of the coat, which answers as a distinguishing badge. I see that this ribbon institution has extended to the clergy of the Church, who have, in the Liverpool Diocese, inaugurated what they call the Red Ribbon Army, being an association for open-air preaching. Bishop Ryle is at the head of the movement. The following rules have been approved by the Bishop:—The mission is to be conducted by the incumbents of the diocese in their respective parishes, and such laymen as they may select, subject to the approval of the Bishop. The service to consist of singing, prayer, the reading of a portion Holy Scripture, and an address. A red ribbon to be worn by the preachers in their button-holes, distinguishing them as belonging to the organization.

There has been no successor as yet appointed to Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey. It is imagined by some that Mr. Gladstone is having a hard fight to prevent a very undesirable appointment being made, at the instigation of some high in authority.

Family Department.

THOUGHTS ON THE HOLY COMMUNION OFFICE.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

Food for His household the good Lord provides,
Then to His faithful "Steward" in trust confides.

And so from human lips the message falls
Whereby the King to His High Banquet calls.

How shall each hidden guest himself prepare
In raiment meet, the Master's Bread to share.

God's piercing eye detects the faintest stain,
Each movement of the will, to Him is plain.

His aid we seek, in searching out our sin,
By His Commandments try the heart within.

In will, and word, and deed our shame we own
For wrong against our fellow-men, atone.

Determine by God's Grace to live anew,
And make our walk to our profession true.

Not cloaking ought. But judging in the light
Of Calvary's Cross our sad and evil plight.

There learning God's abhorrence of the taint
The leprous plague with which our spirits faint.

There witnessing the dread and awful price
Which opened wide the gate of Paradise.

Union with Christ we seek, for this alone
Can make us know His bitter death our own.

In Him, we have the penalty endured,
In Him, we have Eternal Life secured.

In broken bread and wine poured out, we plead
The sacrifice that meets the sinner's need.

That bread and wine we eat and drink, that we
Our oneness with the Lord, may clearly see.

Presented in the Son at His right Hand,
Before our God, we now "accepted" stand;

Made perfect, by His "comeliness" Divine
Shall there, in glowing beauty ever shine.

As Jesu's Flesh with every grave endued,
His saints are now, by God the Father viewed;

In Him well-pleasing, shall hereafter rise,
An odour of sweet smell to pierce the skies.

One only Bar to guard His Feast we find,
Not sin, but unbelief, of heart, or mind.

In Christ our Lord, His members here
Become to us so near, so dear,
We bear them all before His Throne,
Plead for their welfare, with our own.
Rulers and Pastors share our Prayer,
God's poor ones claim our loving care.

Bethesda's pool this world we see,
A lazar-house of misery,
All those in sorrow, sickness, need,
Good Lord, may they be comforted;
In this great Feast of Love we bring
And lay them all before our King.

Communion with our Holy Dead,
We hold in Thee our Living Head,
A "multitude" to us unknown
One with ourselves, we gladly own,
And ever to them draw more nigh
As more of Christ our hearts desire,

And now the Feast is spread. With holy fear
Prove your own selves, Take heed! Your Lord is here.

His searching eye each inmost heart discerns,
Sees where the flame of true devotion burns.

Detects the soul which to corruption clings,
Will unrenewed, before His Altar brings.

The great who covers not his carnal dress
With the pure robe of Jesu's Righteousness.

The heart which warmeth not to stronger glow
At thought of Him who took our flesh below;

That His dear Church a Royal Bride might rise
And share His High Estate beyond the skies.

This privilege He purchased with His Blood,
Most holy then we count the precious flood.

Not lightly to be thought of or despised,
Although in Sacred Mysteries disguised.

But thankfully received, in child-like hearts,
Which seek to use the strength His grace imparts.

And study how they may make due return
By grateful service, while life's lamp shall burn.

Then draw me nigh with humble faith, and prove
The sweetness to be found in Jesu's love.

Resolved, no secret fragment of self-will
Shall linger in our inmost spirits still.

All that we have, or are, we gladly yield,
From all we fear, or dread—His grace shall shield.

Repentance, Comfort, Charity convey
The ever fuller measure day by day.

Bewail we now our sinful state, and own
Ourselves undone, our hope in Christ alone.

Without excuse, His only worth we plead
Who bore the burden, and His people freed.

And ever deeper, as we draw more near
The shame, and stain, and guilt of sin appear.

God's Messenger on His Commission stands,
Proclaims our pardon, at His Master's Hands.

Still do our fearful hearts fresh doubt afford,
Hear "Comfortable Words" from Christ our Lord.

They ask no grace, nor fitness, on our part,
Only the weary soul, the burdened heart.

The Father's love is equal to His own—
Free to the world, through faith in Him alone.

St. Paul declares our sin our strongest claim,
Sinners it was to save, that Jesus came.

St. John assures—Justice is satisfied,
And He still lives to plead, Who for us died.

Oh truly now, the last detaining cord
Has been set free, our hearts may seek the Lord.

Gladly we soar to notes of praise,
In grateful love our voices raise.
Sing what our Christ for us hath done,
Incarnate, born the Virgin's Son,
Bursting the Tomb He sets us free,
O'er death proclaims the Victory.

Ascending to High Heaven prepares
A place which His disciples shares,
The Holy Ghost on earth outpours,
And to His Church His Truth restores,
That heaven and earth may hence agree
To laud the Eternal Trinity.

Then echo back the glorious hymn
First raised by holy seraphim,
Beneath their gaze our course we run,
And swell the praise in heaven begun,
Oh Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
Forever be Thy Name adored.

Alas! on sinful lips we lose the strain,
Unworthy still we feel, with bitter pain.

Our hearts once more in shame before Thee bow,
God of our Saviour Christ have mercy now.

Our sinful bodies all-defiled, we own
Are cleansed by union with His Flesh alone.

Our souls made pure through His most precious Blood
Would once more find their dwelling place in God.

A Father's heart—His Only Son bestowed,
Such tender love for man in Godhead glowed.

One all-sufficient Sacrifice Christ gave,
A "glorious Church" from sin and death to save.

A perfect offering in Him we find,
Full satisfaction see, for all mankind.

By many a sign foreshadowed to the Jew,
Re-echoed through all time in figure true.

In Hope, they kept alive their Altar fire,
In Memory, we let not ours expire.

And ever as we fan the sacred flame
Produce our Warrant, and recite our Claim.

Made holy by "the Word" of God, and Prayer
His Blessed Gifts, with thankful hearts we share.

Faith "touches"—and partakes the Food Divine,
The faithless through "press" but the bread and wine.

Christ died for all, the preached Word proclaims,
He died for thee, the Eucharist maintains.

Bone of thy bone, He suffered in thy stead,
Flesh of thy flesh make now the Holy Bread.

Then One with Him in soul and body rise
Henceforth a pure and living sacrifice.

He sanctified Himself to do God's will,
His Church must share the Consecration still.

Partakers of one Loaf—His members here
In Him become, each to the other dear.

With them a holy Fellowship maintain,
We serve our Lord, when we relieve their pain.

Once more we dare to raise the Angel's song,
Christ took our flesh with joy the strain prolong.

Our great High Priest forgets not on His Throne
The human weakness which was once His own.

And so again exultant voices ring
Glad shouts of praise to our Triumphant King.

Peace is the heritage of prayer,
The grave of every anxious care,
The purchase of the Precious Blood
Which reconciled our souls to God,
The fruit of that sweet savour shed
By Christ, in the believers' stead.

This legacy, His Church received
By Jesu's dying lips bequeathed,
And ever at her Altars raise
For His dear love the notes of praise
She takes the Gift, which through Him came,
And breathes it gently in His Name.

T. A. F.

WE may lose heaven by neutrality, as well as by hostility; by wanting oil, as well as by drinking poison. An unprofitable servant shall, as much be punished as a prodigal son. Undone duty will undo our souls.

Calumny is the vice of those who have neither a good heart nor a good understanding.

THE CHURCHMAN'S REASONS.

I.—Nine Reasons for Baptizing Infants.

1st. Because by their first or natural birth of sinful parents they inherit a nature infected by sin (Rom. v. 12; Eph. ii. 3). If infants have not a sinful nature why do they so often suffer pain and die? (See Rom. v. 14).

2d. Because baptism is God's instrument for conveying to all the second or new birth of "water and of the Spirit" (St. John iii. 5). As men were born into the first Adam before they could know the evil they received from him, so it seems reasonable and in accordance with the loving grace of God, that they should be brought into the second Adam before they can know the good they receive from Him. "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive" (1 Cor. xv. 22).

3d. Because Christ tells us He considered little children more fit for His Kingdom than grown people. He says, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God" (St. Mark x. 14); and in the next verse, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." In other words, Christ would not have children to become men, but men to become children in order to be fit for His kingdom or Church.

4th. Because Christ by His acts shows us that little children, although they can neither believe nor understand, are yet capable of receiving a blessing. His disciples, like those who would now keep the children from Christian baptism, ignorantly thought they were too young and therefore incapable of receiving blessing; but Christ was "much displeased" at this, and having commanded the children to be brought unto Him, "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them." Can we believe that His blessing of them was only an empty form conveying nothing?

5th. Because under the old covenant parents were commanded by God to have their children made members of His Church at eight days old (Gen. xvii. 9-14). Christ cannot have meant His new covenant to have less of blessing for children than His old. This doubtless is the reason why He did not, in so many words, say to His apostles, "Baptize infants." These apostles themselves had all been made members of God's Church when they were infants. It would not once occur to them to refuse to admit infants to the new and better covenant. They would not dare to do such a thing, unless they had Christ's special command; and where do we find such a command?

6th. Because on the first day of the Christian Church, and in the first Christian sermon, St. Peter, after exhorting the people to be baptized, says, "The promise (of the Holy Ghost) is unto you and to your children" (Acts ii. 39).

7th. Because the prophet Isaiah, speaking of Christ, says, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." And Christ himself specially charges His apostles in the words, "Feed My lambs." If infants are not to be made members of His flock, that is His visible Church, how can Christ have any lambs?

8th. Because in the history of the first thirty years of the Church we have several instances of whole households being baptized (Acts xvi. 15 and 33; I. Cor. i. 16). Is it likely that in all these families there was not a single infant or young child?

9th. Because for fifteen centuries the Christian Church universally received infants to her fold by baptism, while to-day, with three hundred and fifty millions of nominal Christians in the world, all, except about ten millions, "suffer the children to come" to Christ, and admit the "lambs" into Christ's visible fold, there to be fed and trained as His lambs and for His holy service.—Published by St. John's Guild, Cohoes, N. Y.

As we know the odorous vines of rare and exquisite flowers which are grown behind high opaque garden walls only by the fragrance which they waft to us through the air, while they themselves are invisible, so we are conscious of the heavenly and spiritual elements of noble natures about us, rather by their effect upon us than by any open spectacle of them.

FUEL.

No. 6.

AFTER Mr. Peters' hasty language about the Church, Harry did not feel quite so much at home as usual. He had nothing to complain of, but there was a screw loose somewhere. Now and then he found himself thinking of a move. Mr. Peters felt this too to some extent, for one day, while loading some grain, he said to Harry, "what a pity it is, Mr. Huntley, that such a good fellow as you are don't belong to the Church." But Harry recollected how he had been sat upon a day or two before, had not much to say, and it was evident the gap could not be bridged over again. How many a young person is driven away for want of a kind word? How many otherwise good people seem to think they ought to be angry at the ignorance of those around them. It is no benefit to ourselves, or kindness to our neighbour, to laugh at his ignorance, especially when he does not force it upon us—better "find out thy neighbour's need: all joys are less than the one joy of doing kindness." The grain was nearly all delivered, at the station,

and Harry said, one day, he thought he would like to go home again this fall. Mr. Peters did not take much notice of it, except by saying he thought it was not a good time to travel. A few weeks after this, he got his summer's wages, paid for some patching and mending, and it was rumoured he was off to the old country again. Mary, of course, did not like to ask anything about Mr. Huntley's business. Why should she? But listening to what was said, she found an old couple near by were going to send a letter home by him, and by this means she got to know about the time he was going, and at last the very train by which he was to leave. Of course, she contrived to be going to post about that time, hoping she might accidentally meet him again. As luck would have it, two or three young fellows were walking along with him to see him off, and, "propriety," that terrible master of our feelings forbid her speaking to him. When the train arrived, she was on hand, just looking for some one who was coming, but having an eye to him who was going.

To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not rather have been the penitent thief than Pilate?

God hath stores of mercy lying by Him; His exchequer is never empty; He keeps mercy for thousands of sinners, or many thousands of sins. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all that went before, have not wasted it; and, if God were to proclaim His name again, it is the same still; for His name, as well as His essence, is unchangeable.

THE SCULPTURED LAMB.

It was in the month of August, 1865, writes a foreign clergyman. I was one of a party of tourists who wished to visit the Cathedral of Werden. But the door was shut, and we had to wait till some one came to open it. As the sacristan's wife was busy in her garden, and was some time before she made up her mind to go and fetch the key, we had nothing to do but to examine the architecture of the church. While we were thus employed, we noticed at the top of the tower a little lamb sculptured in the stone. And when we asked our guide, who had just come up, what this meant, she replied:—

"Ah, gentlemen! picture to yourselves, that where you see that sculptured lamb, many long years ago, a tiler was occupied in repairing the roof. Suddenly the rope which held up the scaffolding broke, and the poor man was precipitated into the abyss below. Every one expected to see only his mutilated corpse, for the church was surrounded with large stones to be used in the repairs. The poor fellow would doubtless be dashed to pieces. But what happened? He rose after his fall without a scratch. In fact, between the blocks of stone a little lamb was peacefully grazing in the grass, and the tiler had fallen exactly upon the poor animal, who was killed at once. For this the workman, as a mark of gratitude, had the sculpture you are looking at placed up there."

Is not this a truly striking history, a symbol of that other Lamb Who gave for us His life? So, when we entered the Cathedral, the paintings, the sculptures, the monuments, seemed indifferent to us. We could only think of the tiler and the lamb, and above all of that other Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world." J. F. C.

Not a grace of the Spirit but has a weed growing under it. Each grace is but a victory over its opposite.

MANY of our troubles are God dragging us; and they would stand us upon our feet, and go whither He would have us.

GOD'S WORK.

God's people shall renew their strength and mount up with wings as Eagles. But it is quite a mistake to fancy, that, like that bird which builds her nest on the dizzy crag, and soars aloft and sails along in the paths of the clouds and thunder, religion belongs only to the highest, and what are called holy, duties of life. While she rises to its highest, she stoops to its meanest occupations. As well as the seraphs that sing before the Throne, as the heralds who sound the trumpet of the Gospel, and proclaim salvation to perishing sinners; as the Christian who enters his closet to hold communion with God—they are doing the work of the Lord who kindle a fire, or sweep a floor, or guide a plough, or sit over a desk, or work at a bench, or break stones on the road, with a desire so to do their work that God may thereby be glorified. All work done from such motives and for such an end, becomes the work of the Lord, and thus our life, in all its phases, entirely spent in the work of the Lord, should flow on like a river, which, however rough its bed, short or long its course, tame or grand the scenes through which it passes, springs from a lofty fountain, and, born of the skies, bears blessings in its waters, and, heaven reflected in its bosom.—Guthrie.

The home education is incomplete, unless it includes the idea of hospitality and charity.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.