

13. Because I value, I revere, I pray that I may be ever loyal to all the ancient and venerable customs of the Church Universal, in which Saints and Martyrs from 'the beginning of the Gospel' have joined by which their souls have been fed, and their hearts warmed, and their spirits drawn nearer to God. Others may think they know better, or they may be unable to enter into these customs and means of grace; but I had rather submit myself to the judgment of men so far holier than myself, and try to think as they thought, to feel as they felt, in these high matters.

14. Because day by day, continually in the ancient Temple in Jerusalem—the type of all churches of God in all time—'the daily sacrifice' used to be offered as long as it stood, and I find that my Lord Himself used to attend it. '*He was daily in the Temple*'; and His apostles after Him used '*to go up into the Temple at the hour of prayer*'; and I wish to do as they did. (St. Luke xxii. 53; Acts iii. 1).

(For the Church Magazine).

FESTIVAL HYMN.

Tune—"Monkland."

(No. 221.—HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN).

Thee, O God, we bless and praise
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounties rich by Thee supplied
Compass us on every side.

Fruitful earth and teeming sea
Offer homage, Lord, to Thee:
Beasts of earth and fowls of air,
Fish in the deep Thy praise declare.

Thou Who to man dominion gave,
O'er all that moves beneath the wave,
Let grateful songs go up to Thee
For all the treasures of the sea.

Thou Who didst Thy kingdom build,
On Fishers with Thy spirit filled;
Let not Thy spirit be away
From those who seek Thee here to day,

May the truths Thy Word imparts
Be received in willing hearts;
May we accept Thee as our guide,
And leaving all, with Thee abide.

May those who fish for souls have grace
To cast their nets in every place,

With tears to wash, with care to mend,
With diligence to watch and tend.

Thou who standing on the shore
Didst bid Thine own to cast once more,
And plenteous draught didst give to those
Who all night long sought no repose,—

Now in this, the night of sin,
Grant us souls to gather in;
And in the morning may it be
Our joy to bring those souls to Thee.

Then when the time of toil is o'er,
And seated on the heavenly shore,
The Angels with their vessels set
Shall empt the fish from out the net,—

Let us, and those we love, dear Lord,
Be within Thy vessels stored;
Let not our souls be cast away
In that great separation day,

Lord, by every heart and tongue
May Thy praise be loudly sung:
Thine be the glory, Thine the love,
From all below and all above.

THE LATE CANON COSTER.

Common justice, to say nothing of a higher and better feeling, will not allow us to pass over in silence the memory of a pastor of so much ability and worth as the late Canon Coster. In the sphere of duty in which he was placed he continued, for forty years, to discharge the ordinary duties of a clergyman, with small amount of sympathy from many from whom it might have been expected. His great work consisted in organizing and establishing, in conjunction with his brother the late Archdeacon, the Diocesan Church Society. In its first beginnings, it was small, feebly supported, and most foolishly and narrowly opposed. It has lived to prove itself the mainstay of the Church in this diocese. Much of the work of the Society, and of its hard work, too, devolved on Canon Coster. Diligently he attended all its meetings; without fee or reward he performed all the duties connected with his office as Secre-