

English constitutional freedom. We know how it has been the refuge, in life and death, to Princes who had no other place in which to lay their heads—how on the change of Faith (greater than the Norman Conquest) it received the great shock of the Reformation, and became a shelter for that famous School which is bound to it by so many illustrious names, and how under its shadow were held assemblies to discuss momentous questions affecting the interests of the Church of England, and also to compile and set forth the only Confession of Faith ever imposed by law upon the population of the whole island, and which at the present moment, although bearing the name of Westminster, is the established formulary of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland—how its walls embrace memorials from every rank and profession in life—sovereigns and statesmen, divided in all but death and the hope of a common resurrection; the doubting sceptic, hard by the enthusiastic believer—the ornaments of other communions. Romanist, Puritan, Dissenting, beside the uncompromising prelates of our own, the smoking flax beside the blazing lamp, the bruised reed beside the sturdy tree. Such has been the development and expansion of the seed planted here by our founder; and we do well to think of it. The Abbey so regarded is a standing monument and witness of the peculiar process by which our English Constitution has been framed, and the peculiar duties we owe to it as Englishmen and as Christians. The Dean proceeded to urge, that on its character as a house of worship all its other historical interests depend. The idea of Christian worship, of its permanence and value, was then evoked by him from the series of pictures he had drawn. Finally, pointing out that in founding the Abbey, the Confessor had also founded the City of Westminster; the preacher closed with an appeal for the Westminster Hospital. The service closed with the Holy Communion. There was a very large congregation.—*The Record*, Dec. 29.

### ON CERTAIN SINS OF OMISSION.

“Very rudely must our sins of omission oftentimes recur to the mind. Chief of all, when we are suddenly aroused from apathy by the knowledge that it is no longer possible for us to discharge the great debt of love and kindness which we owed. We pass away from the parents’ home, or the child passes away from our home; mountains rise and oceans roll between us and friend or brother; chief of all, death raises its impenetrable barrier. Oh, those kind deeds which we might have done, and we have not done them! Oh, those loving words which we might have said, and we have not said them! Oh, those high-souled words of truth and justice, of warning and encouragement, which might have aided the efforts of the struggling and checked the debasement of the falling, and we never stepped aside from our selfish, narrow, conventional ways to range ourselves beneath the banner of righteousness? Moreover, there is this crowning reflection, that our silent but most potent influence has been barren for good. When Peter moved through the ancient streets, the sick crowded beneath his shadow, and withersoever the Apostle’s shadow fell, it brought a healing influence. Now, there is a certain influence which awaits on each of us as nearly as shadow upon substance: it were to realize the wild German legend of the shadowless man to suppose that the case were otherwise. How often does it happen that our influence of character, unlike the healing, kindly shade, only withers each spiritual life that is brought within its noxious range!”—*Rev. F. Arnold*.