

fallible, it becomes her to receive the *advice* of her ministers; but I know of no government, republican or monarchical, which may constitutionally *rule* the Head. In the singular case of the Church on earth, the Head is infallible, even God. While it were presumption of His ministers to advise an infallible potentate, we can readily see the benefit to accrue from *advice* tendered from the subalterns to the field officers, though in such case it were but ordinary modesty (the much-neglected virtue of humility) to withhold advice until it be asked for. The analogy between the gift of light in God's material world and spiritual kingdom, is not so obscure but that "he who runs may read." The moon and the stars receive their light from the sun, and shed their entrusted radiance upon the world and one another. In the natural and spiritual kingdom of God, He is the sun, and his light shed forth upon the surrounded planets, is given to them in trust for the nebulae of darker masses. Where then is the Church's unit? In God the centre, around whom revolves, and from whose unapproachable glory, is united the radiance which fall upon the Church in rest and militant—past, present and to come. And in the position of the Church with which we as dwellers upon earth have to do, the position now militant, where is the ecclesiastical unit—the unit on earth? The unit on earth? The parish? then which parish? The Diocese? then which diocese? the Bishop? then which Bishop? Alas! alas! the frailty of the Church! the divisions of Christendom! Once there was a unit. The Council of Jerusalem. The Council of the whole Church. The oecumenical. We have lost our unit on earth, unless we give the position to the Father of the Roman branch, His council at the Vatican. We cannot do this, because thereby we stultify the Catholicity of the Church as founded by Jesus and organized by His called Apostles. We have lost our unit; we have broken our unit into fragments. There is a breach in God's law made by Jesus and organized by His called apostles. We self-willed men. We have lost the unit of the dioikesis. We must leap the gap, thankful that in the midst of Christendom's unfaithfulness, God hath left to us the knowledge of the Supreme unit, Jesus Christ.

We must descend the streamlet, content to be deprived of its junction with the stream, to where the rivulet branches from the streamlet. Here we find a subordinate unit, one of the many units that combine to reach the junction, whence the stream runs straight from its divine head. The dioikesis, the national church, the branch distinguished by the name of the country through which its course is guided by Divine providence. This unit the Diocese, following the universal law of nature, revelation and divine appointment, centres in its unit—the Angel, now called Bishop.

Surely as The Shepherd and Bishop, the unit of the shepherds and bishops of the flock, is the risen Lord, so is each shepherd and bishop, yea though we should call him a new name—Moderator—the unit of the shepherds and Bishops (or Presbyters) of the divisions of the flock.

Now did the House of Apostles, apportion dioceses or churches, and leave to these the appointment of their shepherds—I trow not—Christ *The unit* called and set apart *units*, and the latter units called and set apart other *units*. Only when a parish becomes again as in the early centuries, co-extensive with a diocese, and presided over by its bishop, can it claim to be the ecclesiastical unit,—as only when Rome shall prove its claim to have been *ever* co-extensive with *the church*, shall its claim as the ecclesiastical unit under Christ be recognized.—Marvellous it is that extremes do meet. The claim of the parish to be the ecclesiastical unit, is an exact prototype of the claim of one of the churches to be the church unit.

Until church people, laity and priests, recognize the laws of God in the transmission of power from root to trunk, from trunk to limb and from limb to twig, it cannot be expected that peace and order will reign throughout the body ecclesiastic.—When that happy day shall arrive, at which each member of the church on earth shall recognize a superior, then will all bow in humble obedience at the footstool of the over-all God

blessed for ever. Then will lay-popes be no more, vestries in which vote the unbaptized will no more rule God's heritage, congregations will no more usurp the mission work of the church by *sending* messengers of salvation to themselves; private opinions will no more sit in the seats of lawful exposition of the Word of God, the shepherds will no more be hired by the sheep—but Christ's chain of authority will be unbroken.—The commission will descend from unit to unit until it reach the lowest point in the divine net within which are safely enclosed the baptized members of His Holy Catholic Church throughout the world. God will in his own time—for with Him time is not counted as His creatures reckon—restore His own laws, broken by the presumptuous and imperious wills of rebellious subjects of His Kingdom. O, Our Father, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. W.

A LENTEN SHAM.

DEAR SIR.—In looking over your last issue I could not help thinking, as I noticed the particulars of an entertainment there described at Ottawa, of the following passage from Dr. Potter's excellent little tract "Shams in Lent." Permit me to quote it for the benefit of those clergymen of our own Diocese who are sometimes tempted to break through the Church's wise rules regarding her revival season. The writer says, "There is a cry that one hears in the social world, as it passes within the penumbra of Lent, the burden of which is the necessity for getting up some 'quiet entertainments' which shall help people through the dullness of these forty days." In God's name, let us ask ourselves is it not possible to exist that long without providing some fresh titillation for our jaded natures? Must we be for ever catering to the pitiful passion for pleasure, and is there no better use for our Lenten retirement than to drug ourselves with sleep, or deteriorate our intelligence with the very dish water of literature, or feebly attempt to dissipate our dullness with cheap recreations in diminished doses? To cultivate such retirement may be to withdraw from much that the world calls gayety, and from much that is downright dissipation; but in so far as it pretends to imitate that retirement to which the New Testament bids the disciples of Christ, it is an odious and contemptible sham!" I heartily commend these words to the getters up of this entertainment, *et hoc genus omne*.

Yours, etc., A LOVER OF REALITY.
Peterborough, March 17th, 1879.

Family Reading.

RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The agonized cry for help which rang out from the burning ruins of Carlton Hall was so evidently the voice of one in extremity of peril, that all the bystanders crowded round Raymond, with an instinctive consciousness that if succour was to be given it could only come from him. A hundred questions assailed him—"What is it? Who is it?"—while Hugh, forgetting the moment of anguish he had passed through, when Estelle, in her overwhelming agitation, had so openly revealed the impassioned exclusiveness of her love for Raymond, ran hastily up to him, saying, "Can I be of any use? Is there anything to be done?" At the same time Mr. Carlton, roused from his stupefied state by the screams, which were growing every instant louder and more despairing, came, half staggering in the bewilderment of his misery, towards his nephew and Raymond, and hoarsely asked them not to let any one perish. For a moment Raymond made no answer to the conflicting questions; he was steadily looking towards a window on one of the upper floors, which was at some little distance from the angle of that part of the house which had not yet fallen in; but the fire was doing victorious battle with the wind, which had hitherto preserved it, and was now sweeping round it in gusts of furious flame, which were certain very soon to make an end of this last remaining fragment of the beautiful building.

The cries for help seemed to come from this window, and Raymond saw that if any one were indeed in the room to which it belonged, the position was one of the most desperate peril, for he had observed that the staircase which led to that wing of the house had fallen in a few minutes before, and the height was far too great for any one to leap from it to the ground without being killed. He was only waiting, however, with the coolness and presence of mind which he had acquired under the training of the Brigade, to ascertain precisely the position of the person in danger before hurrying to the rescue.

Suddenly he called out—"I see him! It is a man! He has got on the ledge of that window; he is holding on with one hand, and waving for help with the other!"

All eyes were turned to the point he indicated, and an exclamation of horror burst from Mr. Carlton.

"It is Harcourt!" he cried; "that is the window of his dressing-room. I know he went there to rescue the title-deeds. He will perish! Oh, my poor Kathleen! Raymond—Raymond—for her sake save him!"

Then a chorus rang out from the assembled crowd of servants—"Save him—save him—Miss Kathleen's husband! Save him Mr. Raymond!"

"You can do it, sir, if any one can," said Jenkins, the butler. "You have experience of fires, I know; for I have a friend among the men of the Brigade, and he told me how you have worked with them; and you have the helmet and dress as a protection; but I almost fear it is impossible for any one to reach Mr. Harcourt. I do not see how it is to be done."

While these many voices went on sounding in his ears, Raymond stood for a moment rigid and motionless; but a tremor was passing through his powerful frame such as he had never experienced before, and there were great drops of cold dew on his forehead. It was no sensation of terror that moved him, for he knew not, and never had known, physical fear, brave soldier as he was; but he was overcome by the mental horror of the alternative which he felt had been suddenly placed before him, and which he perfectly understood in all the force of its appalling meaning. He saw that there might be the barest possible chance of rescuing from total destruction the man who was shrieking in his despair from the window of the burning house; but he also perceived, with unmistakable clearness, that whosoever attempted it would do so at the almost certain cost of his own life, and it was none other than his detested enemy who had thus been justly overtaken by the fate his own selfishness and cupidity had brought upon him; every feeling of hatred and anger he had ever cherished against him had been aggravated a thousandfold by Hugh Carlton's account of Harcourt's treatment of Kathleen that night; it seemed to be his natural instincts, unsoftened at that moment by any thought of the religion of mercy, that his base and treacherous foe was but meeting the due punishment which had been measured out to his deserts, and that no one, far less himself, was called upon to give away a life, which must be better worth preserving at least than his, to retain upon the earth so vile a cumberer of the ground. Yet, even while he strove to believe this thought conclusive, the truer voice of his conscience told him that had the man perishing there been any in the world, however worthless, excepting Tracy Harcourt, he would not have hesitated one instant in laying down his life to save a fellow-creature. No; he must face the truth; he did not wish to move one step to the rescue, because he saw in the mere passiveness of the next few minutes the long-desired opportunity for revenge, and the certainty of releasing Kathleen from a union that could only work her misery. He had but to say to these people, clamouring round him, as he almost might have done with truth, "It is useless to attempt a rescue!" and remain a brief space longer where he stood, and the result would be that the very existence of the traitor who had blackened his own would be swept from the earth; and surely the air would be purer when Harcourt no longer breathed. But yet, what was that voice which told him in the wood that the crisis of his eternal destiny was come? Was this the test which was to show whether he was ever to have a place in the sinless kingdom of Him who forgave His murderers on