

The Christian, All Saints Day reminds us, is a saint. And what is a saint? We commonly think of saintliness as consisting in the contemplation of God, communion with Him in prayer, attaining to such a sense of His presence at all times as to walk with Him, growing in an ever intenser love to Him. But in this Divine portrait of a Christian our Lord does not speak of those things; He turns our thoughts to something else, which it is evidently much more necessary for us to dwell on. He bids His followers, at the very outset, to remember that if they come to Him at all, it must be to share His work, the work for which "He emptied Himself of the form of God and took upon Him the form of a servant," a work for others; a work the essence of which was to show men, not in words but in the person of His Son, their Heavenly Father's love for them—to let them see how true, how tender that love is—how that it stops short at no sacrifice to win them. And the effect upon the Christian of seeing this, S. John sums up by saying, "Ye know the love of God, how that He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

And I think that in respect to this, perhaps more than anything else, do Christian people need to have a *conscience* created in them. The Christian laity, especially of the Church of England, have, as a laity—I fear it is not too strong a thing to say—*no conscience at all* with respect to sharing in the highest department of the work to which their Lord called them when He said, "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

Is it not so, my brethren? We recognize the grand importance of the personal reconciliation of the soul with its God, but we delegate that duty to the Clergy. We endure to live, all our lives it may be, side by side with our neighbour whom we see to be