

dealing resolutely with them. But I am convinced that we shall do so successfully just in proportion as the Church is able resolutely to assert herself collectively, and make her demands known to the State through an assembly which represents her as a whole.

Everywhere I find myself driven to one conclusion—that, if we would keep relation of alliance between Church and State, and under it secure to the Church its right freedom, and power, we must plainly make up our minds on a question which seems to me to underlie many burning questions of the day—whether the promises of Christ do not belong to the Church as a whole; in which, while we clergy have reserved to us the exclusive ministry of our ordination, yet all, clergy and laity alike, have in right organization their share of mission, power, responsibility.

For my own part, looking at the question of Church and State both as a citizen and as a Churchman—believing it, indeed, to be of even more vital moment to the nation than to the Church—I would venture to say act on the old motto, *Spartum nactus es: hanc exorna.* 'Hold fast, thankfully and resolutely that relation which you have inherited, bound up, as it undoubtedly is, with so much of the spiritual strength and glory of the past. Yet do not calmly acquiesce in its defects. Do not believe in impossibilities till you have tried whether they cannot be overcome by resolute, patient, unwearied action. Never be content till we have, by God's blessing, removed every anomaly, every injustice, every impediment which hinders the Church from doing to the utmost her priceless service to the nation in the glorious liberty of her right service to God.—*Church Bells.*

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THE YEAR OF SAINTS.

Not round the world has been our way,
But nearly round the year;
With shortened step and short'ning day,
The goal we're drawing near,
We've marked the way, not by the mile,
But met a saint each little while
The weary road to cheer,
We've passed them all, and still before
We journey toward the open door.

Good Andrew saw the course begun,
And beckons now to rest
With doubting Thomas faith we won,
And peace with Stephen blest,
Evangelists have made us glad,
And martyr's trials left us sad,
Though sure there end was best;
But now all troubles find amends
When we may call All Saints our friends.

But still Thy chariot seems to wait,
Whom most we long to meet;
The world is sad, the times are late,
Our prayers than steps more fleet,
If we outlive All Saints like John,
Give us Thy face to look upon
Thy City's golden street,
To Thee our endings we resign,
If all our hearts and wills be Thine.

—G. M. W. in the Michigan Churchman.

THE WORD OF GOD,

"The Word of God endureth forever."

BY A. O.

The grass of the field shall fade away,
The men of the world shall die,
What matter the passing tones of these
Compared with the Voice on High;
Our God hath declared His Will to men,
His Church hath received the Word,
And every county and every land
The sound of that Word has heard.

Oh, priests of the Church, beware, beware!

Ye handle a sacred trust;
That Word shall pass through the lips of men
When your own are turned to dust;
Take not from His Body the power of speech,
Nor dwarf it to finite tone,
'Tis the voice of God and not of men,
Belittle it not with your own.

Christ's Body shall live, it shall not die,
The Spirit of God gives breath;
Its Head in triumph hath overcome
The forces of hell and death;
Freely His Voice to you hath given,
Oh, freely His gift bestow,
That men of the earth may hear and live,
And truly their Father know.

Then feed ye the flock with God's own Word,
That food is the children's right,
Add not nor diminish lest God shall come
And avenge His own with might;
To you it is given to preach that Word,
Oh, speak what the Father said,
And turn from the foolishness of men
With the Mind of Christ, the Head.

Be, as the Baptist, a voice to sound
The message, both far and near;
Willing to lose the pleasures of earth
That sinners their pardon hear;
Be ready to die for the Word of God,
As John, the Disciple of Love,
For the ear which is trained to listen now,
Shall hear in full rapture above.

—The Living Church.

HARRY'S BICYCLE.

For the Young Churchman.

'But mamma, you promised me that I should have it!' cried Harry Warren, half in anger, half in sorrow.

'I think I did not promise, my dear.'

'It was just the same thing.'

'Oh no! Did I not say, when I told you that you were rather young to have a bicycle at your birthday, last March, that I would give you one at Christmas, if I could?' Did I not say 'if'?

'Yes, mamma; but don't you remember papa laughed and said, 'Ah, Harry, we know what mamma's if means; of course you shall have a bicycle.' And now that Christmas is 'most here you say I can't have it; I think it's real too bad!'

'I am very, very sorry to disappoint my boy,' answered Mrs. Warren with a sigh, 'but now that your dear father has gone to paradise, he is no longer here to give us the money he used to earn so abundantly. Until his business is settled, I can have no more money, and so must be very economical.'

'Do you mean that we are poor?'

'Yes, compared with what we were. We shall have to give up this house and move into a smaller one as soon as a purchaser can be found, and I am trying to find some dress-making to do.'

'And must I wear old shoes and ragged clothes, and—'

'No, no! Mamma will not let you go ragged!' said Mrs. Warren smilingly through her tears. 'We shall be deprived of luxuries, but we shall not be penniless.'

'I think it is too bad! I don't see why we must be poor; we deserve to have nice things as well as the—'

'Harry, Harry!' cried his mother, hastily interrupting him. 'We deserve nothing. All the good things we enjoy are God's free gifts; what have you and I ever done for Him that we can pretend to deserve anything.'

'What have the Burritts and all the other rich people done for Him?'

'I don't know; He knows, and that is enough. We ought rather say, what have we done that He should give us so much more than he has given the Murrays, for instance?'

'Benny Murray has got a father, any way,' muttered Harry.

'And such a father!'

'I know he uses bad words and drinks, but he always gave Benny everything he wanted.'

'Would you like to think of your dear father as having being a bad man like Benny's father? Are you not thankful to remember that while he was with us he always tried to serve God and his fellow men in every way?'

Harry blushed; he knew that it was a comfort to him, whenever he thought of his dead father, to remember that he was a good man, beloved and mourned by every one.

'Joey Moran told me just now that Benny's father was going to give him a bicycle for Christmas,' he presently said, returning to his former grievance.

'I am going to see Benny's mother to get her to do some work for me. Will you come with me? Perhaps you'll hear more about Benny's bicycle.'

Harry readily accepted his mother's invitation, and in a few moments the two were entering the three small rooms in which Benny Murray lived, with his father, mother, grandmother, aunt, and four little sisters.

It was a clear, cold day, and they enjoyed their walk so much that Harry almost forgot that there was such things as bicycles.

'Good morning, Mrs. Murray,' said Mrs. Warren, as she entered Mrs. Murray's small kitchen, closely followed by Harry. 'How is your sick boy, to-day?'

'He's asleep, jes' now, mum,' said she, pointing to two chairs occupying the middle of the room. 'but the pain in his back, an' in his arm, kep' him awake 'most all night. You see I have to lay him in here, 'cause 'tis too cold in the bedroom; so I put some pillows on two chairs an' made a bed. I'm hopin' to get the windy mended in the bed-room, for when Larry come home so uproarious like, yesterday evenin', he flung his boot right through the windy an' broke the glass.'

'What a shame that Larry drinks so much! He is a good bricklayer, isn't he?'

'Indeed he is that same! He earns his three dollars whenever he chooses. But ah me, 'tis little good money does whin you've got a sore heart! Look there at my poor Benny, with his little arm in splints, an' the doctor says 'twill have to come off after all! An' just because his own father knocked him down, whin the drink was in him, and trod on him unintentional! He'd promised the child a bicycle for Christmas, but it'll be many a day before he can stand' on his two feet.'

'Oh, mother,' said Harry, when they were on their homeward way, 'how terrible it must be to have such a father! Here I am, well and strong, and yet I was miserable because I can't have a bicycle! God has given me more than I deserve, hasn't he?'

'Yes, He is our Father, and always gives us 'more than either we desire or deserve,' and let us always pray that He 'will forgive us those things whereof our conscience is afraid and give us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.' Even though He takes away some of His gifts, we still have far more than we deserve, and more than many of our less fortunate friends,' answered his mother.

FRANCES ELLEN WADSWORTH.

FAITH is moved by one solitary passion,—the hope of cleaving closer and ever closer to the being of God. It is, itself, nothing but this act of personal adherence, of personal cohesion; and all else is, for it, material that can be subdued to this single service. Each bettering of knowledge intensifies the possibilities of this cohesion; and, for that, it is welcomed. It opens out fresh aspects of the good Father; it uncovers new treasures of His wisdom; therefore for faith, it is an ever-mounting ladder by which it draws nearer and nearer, spirit to spirit, heart to heart.