

the electric cable connecting two persons on opposite sides of the ocean is perfectly legitimate. Christ from His side sends forth the Spirit into our hearts, and to dwell in our bodies as temples, and it has pleased Him to use the bread and wine as the outward and visible covers, veils, or wires by means of which the Holy Spirit conveys the life-giving electricity of Christ to the members of His body."

We take the above extract from the *Church Times*, a High Church English paper. We may take it as being the orthodox High view of Holy Communion. We have heard the illustration before, but with the addition that the current is turned on by the words of consecration. In the *Church Times* we read much of masses—high, low, pontifical, and requiem; much of albs, croziers, gradines, processions, confession, crucifixes, candles five feet high, etc., etc., but microscopically little that would lead a soul into closer communion with Him who should be the centre and soul of all worship. We read of many reverend fathers, but very little of the Holy Father of all. The Tractarian party lays great claim to being Catholic; but while it may have adopted some things that were in the undivided church, yet its pretensions and spirit belie its words, and show it to be schismatically sectarian. Speaking of catholicity, in our opinion Presbyterians are the best Catholics; our church is churchy, and yet denies neither the orders nor sacraments of any other body of the Christian church. Our minister, when ordained by laying on of the hands of presbytery, is not a minister of the Presbyterian Church only, but of the one Holy Catholic Church, and if any body denies his right to perform the functions of the holy ministry that denomination is guilty of dividing the body of Christ, and breaking the visible communion of saints here on earth. So it is Romanists, Episcopalians, Baptists, who deny the orders and sacraments of other bodies, who are the schismatics, not we Catholics.

"He leadeth me!"

And so I need not seek my own wild way
 Across the desert wide;
 He knoweth where the shaded pastures lie,
 Where the still waters glide,
 And how to reach the coolness of their rest
 Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"

I shall not take one needless step through all,
 In wind, or heat, or cold;
 All day long He sees the peaceful end,
 Through trials manifold;
 Up the far hillside, like some sweet surprise,
 Waiteth the quiet fold.

—M.K.A.S.