

out of) God. That He was of one substance or essence with the Father. That He was, as the Athanasian Creed afterwards stated, 'equal to the Father as touching His God-head.'

Truly the joy-bells of heaven must have rung, and the angels have sung a new hymn of Praise as they beheld the Christian world saved from dishonouring its Lord and Saviour.

The Council of Nicæa is usually reckoned

as the First General or Universal Council. The English Church recognises four undisputed General Councils, to whose decisions she gives in her allegiance. They are those of Nicæa, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. As stamped with their sanction and authority, she receives and holds her three Creeds. They have been put forth not by any branch, but by the Church Universal, as containing the true doctrines of Holy Scripture.

(To be continued.)

Forms and Ceremonies.

BUT what is the good of forms and ceremonies, Granny, dear, if the heart worships God? Won't a prayer go up as straight to Him from a barn, or a bare hillside, as from the finest cathedral or the best ordered church?'

It was an eager young sailor lad who spoke; he had been a thoughtless young fellow for sixteen of his seventeen years, but in the last few months he had begun to think of the life to come very seriously, and heartily to wish to live as a Christian should. He was hot and hasty in his desires and actions still; as hot and hasty in his search for good as he had been before in the indulgence of sinful pleasures.

Granny was listening patiently now to one of his hasty conclusions, very decidedly poured into her ear. The Spirit was the only necessary thing to be thought of, the form of religion was a matter of no importance.

Young Jack was not particular about going to church, or having a fixed hour for prayer, and indeed he was a little apt to despise people as 'formalists' who thought much of these things. Did he secretly think dear old Granny a bit of a formalist? Perhaps so.

At any rate, he asked her that question about the cathedral and the hillside with a little air of having floored her completely.

Granny sat up in her chair, her still bright blue eyes twinkled. 'What is it, Jack, my boy—the question of the necessity

of forms and ceremonies? Ah, Kezia settled that for me completely—let me see, last Michaelmas four years.'

'Kezia?' Jack staid.

Now, Kezia was Granny's good, rough, rather stupid country maid.

'Yes, Kezia. It isn't always the wise ones of the earth who teach us the best lessons. But let me tell you how it was. I haven't a very large appetite, you know, Jack—'

No, that was true enough; just a merry-thought of a chicken, or a poached egg did for Granny's dinner, everyone knew.

Well, when Kezia first came to me, she used to lay the cloth on my little dinner-table with great care, and really arranged the glass and little matters very neatly, but it took her some time—she is slow, you know. So one day I said to her: 'Never mind bringing in so many little extras, Kezia—the jug of water and the loaf, for instance—just a bit of bread on a plate, and a tumbler with my dinner (one dish), will do for me.' Kezia stood and thought a moment, and then said, 'Yes, mistress,' and next day there was my one dish, and a bit of bread, and a glass of water put ready for me much more quickly. Quite an improvement, I thought, for I really had all I wanted—my dinner—with half the trouble.

Next day I said, 'Kezia, only lay the cloth on half the table; that will do for my little meal.'