

In its worship it knew no class distinction, for

“Our mother, the Church, hath never a child

To honor before the rest ;

But she sings the same for mighty kings,
And the veriest babe on her breast.

And the Bishop goes down to his narrow bed,

As the ploughman's child is laid ;

And alike she blesseth the dark-browed serf

And the chief in his robe arrayed.”

The services of the Prayer-Book were so arranged as to follow us from the cradle to the grave, and to hallow every eventful era in human life. As its words welcomed us into the fold of the Church, so they formed our last farewell of earth when we were laid in our silent narrow bed in God's Acre. It was not only the Offices of the Prayer-Book that afforded instruction and the means of devotion. Refreshment was to be found in its unsought-for parts. The Calendar was to the Churchman a source of pleasure and profit. In it he found a systematic plan for reading the Word of God; it brought before him the continuous motion of fast and festival circling round the Sun of Righteousness, the Centre of the whole as the sun is the centre of the solar system, for every true Churchman's motto should be, “Looking unto Jesus.” Hence a great part of the Prayer-Book was taken up with the life of our Lord. sober Advent, joyous Christmas, radiant Epiphany, solemn Lent, sad Holy Week, culminating in the gloom of Good Friday; glorious Easter, triumphant Ascension. Year after year we followed these events, and so became, as it were, permeated with the story of the Evangel.

The teaching of the liturgy was fitted to make those that used it praying Christians, frequent communicants, model neighbors and pious citizens. All this they must be, else they were using their privileges in a wrong way, or not using them at all. Let them also beware in these days of conflict, when so much was said about ritual and ceremonial, that in defending the outward signs and symbols they did not forget the inward and spiritual grace. The Prayer-Book, as he had shown, had provided for a ritual. Rites and ceremonies were engraven on its title page, but without the doctrine and the faith the ritual was only a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The two together made a noble edifice, separate them and you marred the work. The revival now going on made this more evident, and what was once looked upon with suspicion, was now accepted and admired. “Finally,” continued Mr. Inglis, “cherish the good old book. Let the young learn its collects, epistles, and gospels, thus husbanding fruit for after years, and the aged pore over its Psalms and Lessons, and find comfort on their journey home. Next to the Bible, it has won a place in the people's heart, and the more they know it intimately the better they love it.”

LENT.

DURING this penitential season then, let me urge you all, as members of God's Church, to strive and *observe it* as the Church bids you. Do not make this solemn season a *farce* or a *sham* by your contradictory actions. If you are Churchmen, act as Churchmen. What