

pany that we are called to think upon, those saints of God now at rest in Paradise, who have been gathered there from the remotest ages until our own days, and whose number is even now augmented with every year that passes; all those who have striven humbly to follow their Saviour, and by His grace have been allowed so to pass through temporal things, that they failed not finally to attain to eternal things: those who were allowed openly to witness a good confession, and went forward without shrinking to seek the martyr's crown; those, too, who meekly bore the cross of suffering, and fought a good fight, struggling bravely through temptations, doubts, and difficulties, unseen, perhaps, and unheeded by any but the God of Love, who upheld their trembling steps, and guided them safely at length to the shores of a better land. Some amongst them were early gathered to rest in the arms of the Shepherd who foldeth the lambs in His bosom; and others passed the space of time usually given to man on earth; but for all, Time has merged into Eternity, and the life which was theirs below, whether long or short as we count time, must appear but as a drop in the ocean of eternity on which they are now launched. It is a sweet and a peaceful feeling that steals over us when we consider that they are all resting under the keeping of the Almighty, and dwelling upon their happiness seems to draw us nearer to them, and to all that is holy and good. These are moments when we feel that the veil that divides us from the world beyond is but a slight one; that

better land is indeed hidden from our gaze, but faith is stronger than sight, and by faith we seem to pierce through the veil of separation, and to realise that we are all members of one body, of whom the head is Christ; through Him we are joined in mystic communion one with the other, He leads us onward in His strength, until, as He sees fit, the members of the Church militant on earth are called to join those of the Church triumphant in heaven.

The service was ended, and as I passed from the holy portals into the outer world I thought of those who since last year's festival had been summoned from earth, and of one especially, on whose peaceful grave in a quiet churchyard in the south of England the sun's rays were even now falling; one to whom many grateful thoughts would on this day turn, who was permitted to labour long in God's vineyard, a burning and shining light, enkindling a flame of love and zeal in many hearts once dull and cold, whose memory will be cherished, not only in this land, but in many others; and in ages far distant will the name of the good Bishop Wilberforce be held in honour and reverence. May the influence exercised upon us by the lives of all the servants of God be such, that being dead they may yet speak to us, and by their examples win us to lead holier and better lives, so that when our summons from this world comes, we may enter in with joy "through the gates into the city,"—the heavenly Jerusalem,—“whose builder and maker is God.”

CRUX.

AUTUMN.

AND now the glorious harvest-fields are bare
Of the ripe corn which late so golden shone,

The reaper's and the gleaner's work is done;
And in the cottage orchards bright and fair
Hangs many an apple red and yellow pear,

Beauteous almost as blossoms that have been.

On heaths and hedges blackberries are seen,
And ripe brown nuts are dropping here and there.

Graceful and green the hops no longer twine
Round the tall poles; but (feast for hungry bird,)

Red berries on the briar and hawthorn shine,
And through the woods the robin's song is heard,
And everywhere, with joyous, grateful sound,
Harvest Thanksgiving-echoes all around.

MAX.