

THE PRAYER BOOK A SAFEGUARD.

The services of the Church are so arranged that every prominent event in the Saviour's life, every cardinal doctrine of the Gospel, are regularly brought to the attention of the congregation throughout the year, so that, if the people are not thoroughly instructed in every part of the Gospel system of salvation, it is their own fault. The church is too good a mother to her children, to intrust so vital a matter to the faithfulness of her individual ministers. A minister may be false to his charge—he may swerve from the faith, but however unsound he may be in the pulpit, he is compelled to be *orthodox* in the reading desk; and when the Desk and the Pulpit begin to contradict each other, the people will soon discover that something is out of joint, and will take measures to have the unsound member reduced or cut off.

"The Church of Christ is the pillar and ground of truth;" as such it is, and ever is to be, the great Conservator of the Truth.

It is the divinely ordained Guardian of the "Faith once delivered to the Saints." The most effectual instrumentality of doing this office is by means of a Liturgy. It is, under God, the great safeguard of the people. The devil never shows his marvellous skill more effectually than when he seeks to undermine the faith of Christians. He rarely, if ever, begins with the laity. He would make but slow headway if he did; for if he succeeded in making an apostate, he would only count one. But if he can poison the mind of a minister, and make a heretic of

him, he has seized hold of the long end of the lever, with which he may tip a whole congregation out of the Ark of Salvation. A minister who is not tied to a Liturgy will do as much mischief in praying heresy, as we will in preaching it. By skillfully conforming his prayers to his preaching, he conceals the change until it has become so great, that it can no longer be disguised, and then it is too late to avert the consequences.

The whereabouts of the dominions of the Queen of Sheba have been for ages a puzzle to the curious. All that we know of this royal lady is the name of her territories and that they were hers—only that and nothing more; the rest is darkness. The Archbishop of Tours, M. Meignan, has just been endeavoring by a thoughtful guess to throw some light upon the mystery, and has located Sheba in Arabia. Others have anticipated his discovery, but there have been many opinions on the subject. Josephus, for instance, thought that the Queen was an Ethiopian and the Ethiopians have traditions which confirm this view. The Archbishop accounts for these legends by a theory that a son of the Queen migrated with some of his race to Ethiopia, taking all the family traditions with him. There is a theory that Sheba might have been in South Africa, and there are some remarkable traces of a highly civilised extinct race in that part of the world which are used to support this view. After all, the question is not one of much moment to the happiness of mankind.

A discontented man is like a snake who would swallow an elephant.