

deacon, but who had a more general name, because some cloisters were detached from the Bishop's house, and were consequently outside the oversight of an officer of the Bishop's Church. In both forms of the rule the clergy house was only to have one door for entrance and for exit; it was to continue a dormitory, a refectory, a store-room, and other offices necessary for brethren living together in a single society; the clergy were to receive food and drink in prescribed portions; those who had no means of their own were to receive clothing as well.

The succeeding Carolingian emperors continued the policy of Charles and Lewis, and in doing so were supported by the Popes. The clergy seem to have struggled against it. At Meaux and Eprenay, in 845, the rules of Aachen were revived with a minuteness and stringency which implies that they had been broken; the Bishop's were required to provide cloisters for all their clergy; if their own houses were not large enough for the purpose, they were empowered to acquire neighboring land, by compulsion if necessary; if they had not funds, with which to build, the emperor undertook to levy forced contributions for the purpose on the holders of Church lands. The rule became as general in Italy and England as it had become in the Frankish domain, and by the beginning of the tenth century the canonical life embraced almost all the clergy in Western Christendom.

It was a great and beneficent reformation. It rescued the clergy of the West from a growing degradation. It took a deep and permanent root in Christian society, because it satisfied a great need. It gave an ideal of life which appreciably raised the standard of clerical living; and however much some of its collateral effects may be regretted, it has in itself played an important part in the development of both Christian morals and Christian theology.

QUIET LIVES.

We have thought that to many an earnest Christ like worker in this ecclesiastical Province, whose life must be in a sense more quiet even than that of any parish priest in the closely settled mother isle, and who have no "London" to visit once a year or so, and who often times are dubbed in no complimentary sense "Country Clergy,"—the following words of appreciation and of a true estimate of such work as theirs may bring encouragement and help.—

There is a certain book called, *The Memorials of a Quiet Life*. It gives the story of what may, in kind if not in degree, be said to be a specimen-life of that of very many of the parish priests of the Church of England. They are not perfect men—far from it. They have (and feel) their backslidings and shortcomings. They are not always good men of (secular) business. They are in danger, sometimes, of getting into a groove; in danger of rusting a little in the seclusion, almost isolation, of their country Rectory or Vicarage, placed sometimes quite inland from the road; no traffic with the outer world; a waggon that rumbles by, or a cart that brings the monthly supply of coals, being the chief disturbers of the dusty silence of the narrow road behind the garden shrubs. They are much out of the world: a dinner with a neighbour, three miles away, now and then; a clerical gathering once a-month; a run to the nearest town sometimes; a visit to London once a-year, or so: these are their chief dissipations. They are sneered at for their simplicity, their old-fashioned ideas about right and wrong, and such things. They are spoken of, and assent willingly to the description, as by no means 'men of the world.'

Yet these men are (I speak of the clerical element in her)—these men are the strength of the English Church. Their prejudices (the world calls them so) are *her* prejudices; their quiet life of unpretending duty is that which she prescribes for them. These are not the men of whom you hear constantly, persistently, wearying the lay-ear and heart with some new 'ism,' a pet of their own. They do not strive nor cry, neither is their voices heard in the streets. They do not multiply hot-pressure Services; nor meet the world more than half-way in the raising of what funds, from time to time, the parish church or the parish schools require. They do not multiply Guilds, nor organize Army after Army, as though the Church of their fathers had not already enlisted the young into the ranks pledged to Temperance and Purity, and renouncement of the world; and, further, placed over these the parish priest as Captain, with wife, children, teachers, &c., as sub-officers. The world hears nothing of them: if ever the doings in the parish are placed on record, it will only be from a notice, in the local paper, of the school inspection, or an account, sent with pardonable pride, of some small entertainments got up to amuse the villagers in the winter months at the village school.

Quietly, and without fuss, is the country parson to be found in his place at daily Matins, for which himself has had to chime the bell. Alone, often, if his wife be an invalid and his boys at school, does he offer the Church's morning sacrifice of prayer and intercession, of thanksgiving and praise, only pausing (with just a shade of sadness then) for the response which comes not (unless his angel makes it, unheard) after the words, 'The Lord be with you.' Quietly is the Office said, and not (as men aver) to bare walls. For he is conscious of much comfort underlying St. Paul's command of reverence to be had in the Church, 'because of the Angels.' Also, he is aware of many another group or single worshipper, here and there about the land, saying the same prayers to the one Father, adoring the same Lord and Master. Quietly follows the routine of Sunday services, the gathering (growing as the Confirmations pass) at the early Communion; the Matins and Evensong; the unsensational address; the unæsthetic service. His cassock is threadbare, maybe, but then he has helped this old man to a comfortable coat, this old woman to a blanket. His once black stole is rusty, his M.A. hood has faded from its scarlet; he has no young ladies in the parish to work him colored stoles; he sighs not for a biretta, nor is fain, in spite of St. Paul, to serve in church with covered head; he robes the Altar in the richest he may, he offers reverent worship for clouds of incense, and purity of heart and cleanliness of snowy surplice, for splendor of chasuble and dalmatic.

Quietly he visits his schools, and ranges the interested class before him; sorry at heart as the radical wave encroaches on his little charge, and, when they leave school, he ceases to receive, here and there, the pretty courtsey dropped, or the ready touch of the cap. Quietly he visits from time to time, often bearing a weary and an anxious brow through the calm of the scenery and the loveliness of lanes; so that, after years lived in his parish, a sadness broods for him over that which seems to the outsider simply lovely, and suggestive only of ancient peace. But the outside world knows little, guesses little, of the anxious thought and brooding care that brings, for him, a blight over this fair landscape often, and a shade over the blue sky. I speak not now of the *res angustæ domi*, which often weighed, a heavy burden, on his life. No, but he cares for his people; and, in a small parish, after some years he gets to know all about his people; and too intimate knowledge often tells the knell of hope for cases concerning which gladder thoughts used to cheer his heart. It is better

for the town-man, in this, that he cannot know so intimately, and so can go on hoping.

His life seems small, and his quiet work insignificant, in the sight of the world. But the small things of the world are often great in the thinking of God. And the noise, and the fuss, and the fume, and the pretentiousness of many a seeming greater life is, really, an element of weakness in the Church, for which they think they care; caring for self really, and so subordinating matters vital to matters of taste and preference merely, and serving restless fancy, in the place of serving Christ's Church, and feeding Christ's flock. But the quiet life, of which the world hears nothing, is a power incalculable for the Church and for the Lord of the Church. Salt that quietly pervades; leaven that silently leavens, and by slow degrees; a light, both warning and guiding, although set on a hill so low that the mountains around look down on it, and count it a valley.

Yes, the quiet, unpretending, imperfect, yet, on the whole, earnest and conscientious life, of the parish priest of the Church of England, is a most potent power in her. Well may the devil strive to cut through these hidden roots, which so nourish and support the mighty tree! Shall he, and his allies, succeed?

In one Diocese and County of England 600 parishes depend—200 (nearly) for any spiritual ministry—upon the ancient Church of our fathers. Quietly, without noise, the work is done, and only the Master notes it. But *He* does note it, and let not the unseen, and unknown, lose heart, in what seems their small work. For they shall hear of it in that day in which He maketh up His jewels.

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These thoughts came into the writer's mind, after taking part in the laying to rest of one of these quiet workers for God. Not in so small a sphere had he laboured as those spoken of above, but in the pleasant, pretty townlet of Dunster, among the Somerset hills. Only—the very characteristic of Richard Utten Todd's life was just this quiet, earnest, unheard of work. Everything done thoroughly, everything done wisely, everything done *quietly*. Few heard of him out of the circle of his quiet work. Great things were done simply; and quality was never sacrificed to quantity in what was done. An irreparable loss, the loss of such a man, to a parish, to a neighbourhood. A place most surely missed, now that his seat is empty. A bright star among many minor stars; yet, thank God, the type of many an unheard of worker in the Church of God in this land. Called away at only forty-eight years of age, yet, when the sharp peal rang out, and the muffled peal echoed it, as we drove away, and the hills closed round, as if to guard his burial-place, that was bidden by the flowers,—we scarce could believe that the life could be so short in which so much had been done.

But such sweet, earnest, quiet lives, are the strength of the Church of our land.—I. R. V. in *Church Bells*.

A NEW-FANGLED RELIGION.

We hear a great deal of talk now-a-days about what is called unsectarian religion. Instead of squabbling about Church doctrines and Methodist doctrines and Baptist doctrines and all the rest of them, they tell us we need only have the plain broad things that all Christians agree about. We all want to get to the same place, so if we have these preached in our churches and taught our children in their schools it does not matter much about the rest.

Well, it is easy enough to talk in this way. It sounds so grand and liberal, that surely anybody who does not like it must be bigoted and uncharitable. But, as the Yankee said to the