

CHURCH GUARDIAN.

UPHOLDS THE DOCTRINES AND RUBRICS OF THE PRAYER BOOK.

Our London Letter.

(From our own correspondent.)

You have asked me to resume my correspondence, which for certain reasons I was obliged to drop for a time, and have given as a reason for wanting me to do so, that your readers miss my letters and are anxious for their continuance. My time is very much occupied, still, as it affords me pleasure to be able to give you a little gossip and a few of the doings in this "little village," I will endeavour to let you have a letter at least once a fortnight, more than that I am afraid I cannot promise, or at least cannot perform.

Mr. Green is still in prison, and seems likely to remain there. No doubt his incarceration is working, and will work much good for the Church, but that does not rectify the present disgraceful state of affairs. The following extract from a local paper from a sometime Vicar of Mr. Green's may be of interest:—"In the Diocese of Manchester I suppose nobody has known Mr. Green longer than I have, for I gave him his title in 1865, in which year he was ordained to the curacy of this parish of Swinton. He remained here till 1869, when my brother gave him Miles Platting. *Gaze him Miles Platting!* Have you ever been there? And yet that man, Green, has *always* been in residence—not in a licensed house in the suburbs—but in residence in his rectory, close to the church, in the midst of the people. He took hardly any holidays; he has been a man (as you know, of no mean abilities) who has given himself *for* and *to* the poor people of that parish, body, soul, and spirit. That is just simple truth: a man without a suspicion of Romanism about him, a man without a tendency to Romanism; loyal (to the very back-bone) to our Church of England, and to our Prayer Book; loyal far more literally, far more exactly, day by day, to our Prayer Book than I am, who am no ritualist at all. I know Green personally, intimately, and indeed things need never have come to this pass if only he had been *considerately, lovingly* dealt with. But it is said he has been *justly* dealt with. *Justly?* Some look at justice through an Act of Parliament; some look at justice through *right*. Looked at through right, I can see no justice in what has taken Mr. Green to Lancaster."

Any account of Lenten services will be stale and have lost their freshness by the time this reaches you, still I cannot refrain from saying a few words about the services in St. Paul's during Holy Week. It was a wonderful sight to see the whole of the vast seating space of the Cathedral literally packed with men and women from one to two o'clock every day during the week. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"Not even on Sunday afternoon, when every nook and corner within range of the voice of Canon Liddon was occupied, were there many more persons present than on each of the six preceding days, when "Knox-Little" occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's. The well-known High Church clergyman of Manchester, and Canon of Worcester, by the fame of his eloquence and the fervour of his preaching, is almost the only preacher who has power to make the weekday congregation equal that of Sunday. The Lenten weekday congregation at St. Paul's is very different from the usual Sunday gatherings in that building. It is much more reverent, much less conventional, and more largely composed of men. It is the dinner-hour of the City, and men of business and their clerks stroll across from Cheapside and the Bank to spend a short time in the solemn calm of the Cathedral shades. There is no music, no choir, no organ-music. After a brief invocation, the preacher begins his discourse at once, and when it closes a large proportion of the audience return to counting-house and warehouse, while the women, and the remnant of the men remain to hear the psalms and the prayers. The preacher, short in stature and of a pale but pleasing countenance, possesses a power-

ful voice, which stands him in good stead in what is perhaps the worst preaching place in Europe. He speaks without notes, and delivers a discourse with great fluency and fervour, which although a trifle florid, is nevertheless characterized by evident sincerity and earnestness."

It has become now an established custom to sing on the evening of Tuesday in Holy Week, as an act of devotion, Bach's Passion Music, and if attendance and reverent demeanour be a guide, it seems to be more and more appreciated each year. An hour before the service began every seat was occupied, and there must have been 10,000 persons present. The music was preceded by the fifty-first psalm, beautifully chanted, and by the latter part of the Communion Service. The choir numbered about two hundred and fifty voices, and there were eighty instruments in the orchestra in addition to the organ.

The Queen's visit to Mentone appears to be creating an unwonted amount of excitement in that usually quiet district. Fashion, of course, follows royalty, and it has succeeded in bringing into more powerful contrast the marked simplicity of Her Majesty's life. She is regarded by the French people who go to Mentone with something approaching to awe, if one may judge from the inexact language used by M. St. Genest, a well known Parisian writer:—

"When, an hour after beholding those palaces which shelter people without a name, those jewels adorning women without fortune, those gorgeous emblazoned carriages conveying people of no rank or station, we suddenly see a quiet brake passing, and a lady in it, in a dark wollen dress, and we realize the fact that that lady is the Queen of the Three Kingdoms, the Empress of India, the Sovereign of eighty millions of subject, we cannot but be forcibly struck by the impressive grandeur of the picture."

And, will it be believed?—the French writer actually grows envious of the nation of shopkeepers, Queen Victoria's simple state leading him to exclaim, "What a happy people are the English. That little island, growing no corn, no wine, bereft of sunshine, is waxing greater every day, whilst our France, with her corn, her wine, and her sunshine, is daily on the wane." A German has this week been writing to tell Count Bismarck how much happier he finds life in England compared with Germany; and if Frenchmen take up the same cry, we may expect a fresh influx of foreigners into our "little island."

The royal marriage is to take place on the day appointed if Prince Leopold can come to it at all. His illness is not very serious; it may almost be described as his normal condition of health, for he is always falling and hurting himself, and every hurt for him means pain and seclusion and a certain amount of danger, only to be avoided by perfect rest. He will, it is believed, be ready for the ceremony on the 27th. It is doubtful, however, whether the grand public ceremonial, on which the Prince insists, will take place. His royal mother always opposed it, and gave way only out of affection; and if the royal Benedict's health is not more safely established, then there is reason to fear a more private function will be indulged in. It is not generally known that this marriage will draw the Royal Family in closer alliance with Ireland. Yet such is the fact. The uncle of Princess Helena of Waldeck is married to an Irish lady. Prince Leopold's future aunt was a Miss Gage, daughter of a clergyman who lived near Dublin. Nearly twenty years ago Prince Albert of Waldeck met the young lady at Bown, and fell desperately in love with her. Prince Albert was inconsolable, and marriage being indispensable, the ceremony took place quietly in Dublin, and Miss Gage became the Countess Von Rhoden. Two years later she became aunt to the Queen of the Netherlands, and will shortly become aunt to our Prince Leopold.

News from the Home Field.

PROVINCIAL SYNOD.

MONTREAL, Thursday, April 27.

The Synod assembled for Divine Service in the Cathedral at 10.30 a. m. All the Bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province were present and a large majority of the delegates from the Upper Dioceses. The Maritime Dioceses were not so well represented. Fredericton sent eight clergy and no laity, Nova Scotia two clergy and one layman. There was a fair attendance besides the delegates. The delegates entered the church in procession, the Bishops preceded by their chaplains. Bishop Kingdon intoned the Litany, and the service was choral. The Bishop of Nova Scotia took the Communion Office, the Bishop of Toronto reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Huron the Gospel. The sermon was a forcible and clear appeal by the Bishop of Toronto on behalf of Algoma.

In the afternoon the Synod assembled in St. George's School House. The Bishops entered in their robes, and the Metropolitan read his address. He announced that it had been his duty to summon the meeting for the purpose of nominating and electing a successor to the late esteemed and beloved Bishop of Algoma, to whose fidelity and earnestness in his episcopal labors, and simplicity and godliness of character, he bore testimony. The speaker enumerated the various and unexpected difficulties which arose in the administration of a new see, and said that in meeting them the late lamented bishop had invariably forgotten himself, though he could not always forget the occasional want of sympathy he received. There was urgent need for the establishment of a permanent fund for the support of the clergy in the diocese. He would ask if they could abandon the work. Would they give a pledge to God and to the Christian Church by the ordination of a bishop and the foundation of a See, which they were now prepared to abandon? Could they desert the wild, untutored Indians whom they had baptized into the Christian faith? Should they coolly tell them, "Depart in peace. Be ye warmed, but not by our fire; be ye filled, but not by our charity?" The zeal and earnestness of those few faithful clergy in the diocese of Algoma deserved a far better recompense than to be called upon to surrender their trust and bid them find among other brethren the fostering care which was neglected to be given them. He was unwilling to bring up other subjects for discussion, in view of the reports of the main subject before them, but having consulted a high legal authority he had come to the conclusion that everything necessary to the interests of the diocese and the appointment of a Bishop to the vacant see would be legitimately considered. He enjoined upon them not to leave the scattered settlers of the Northwest to be cared for by others or not cared for at all. The Gospel seemed to him to contain a sentence remarkably, he might almost say providentially, applicable to the subject:—"He leaveth the sheep and fleeth, and the wolf cometh and scattereth the sheep." Whatever difficulties lay in the way of continuing the bishopric, they could be met if an earnest, faithful and diligent bishop could be chosen. His Lordship, in conclusion, said that the thanks of the meeting were due to Rev. Dr. Sullivan for the use of the room in which they were assembled. He nominated Rev. Dr. Sullivan as chairman.

After the usual formalities the Bishops retired, and the House unanimously elected Rev. Chas. Hamilton of Quebec Prolocutor. The old Secretaries were re-elected. The Very Rev. John Grisdale, Dean of Rupert's Land, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Algoma, the Rev. A. Osborne, of Charlottetown, the Rev. G. J. Mazill, of the United States, were invited to seats on the floor of the