

Church Chimes.

we find them associated. Historical criticism, which has gone about among the stories which made history pleasant to our childhood, lopping off one after another like King Tarquin with the poppies, would have little respect, for instance, for the legend of the dream of S. Margaret or that of S. Perpetua, in which they trampled on the dragon the night before their agony. We do not care to reason the matter, since such legends are addressed to the loving instincts of Faith; not to the modern infidel, whose first course is to reject everything that savours of miracle. Faith receives a doctrine or a story, not indeed *without* evidence, but on a *different kind of evidence* from that demanded by reason; just as we are ready with regard to those we love, to believe on little evidence what seems to harmonize with our conception of them. Faith is far from rejecting miracles merely on human argument, and it is quite impossible to press such argument, which is the only conceivable one (the King of Timbuctoo's non-experience against those who said that water can freeze,) against all primitive or mediæval miracles, and to retain a living faith in the miracles with which Christianity is identified.

We believe that miracles did not cease with the completion of the New Testament Canon. We see no reason for doubting that supernatural courage, strength, consolation, was a matter of fact, given to those who, like S. Laurence and S. Margaret, suffered a death of dreadful torment rather than deny Christ.

We do not wonder that the profane Church Association persecutors of the faith, laugh at the sufferings of the martyrs, but with regard to several other writers who have lately commented with some cleverness and with a good-humoured intention on the CHURCH CHIMES Kalendar, we really think if these gentlemen would seriously consider who the Christian Saints and Martyrs were, they would agree with us that the torments they were called to endure cannot be a legitimate subject for fun.

There is a third class of legends—those which convey a moral, and enlist the devout affections in honouring the memories of the servants of God. These stories are not told as literal facts, of a great many of them we are quite well aware that they are the luxuriant growth of the Christian imagination incessantly wearing a dress of fictitious, and even fanciful form, if you will, but still a dress for the objects of its love. These were the romances and novels of an age to which God, and Heaven, and Hell were realities. An age whose wildest and most grotesque fancies were still concerned with religion, with the Church and the Saints; which loved to think of the heroes and heroines of Christianity just as the present age loves to build "castles in the air" for the *dramatis personæ* of the world and the flesh.

We are of opinion that the study of these legends, whether historically certain, probable only, or purely mythical, is calculated to give interest to the contemplation of Christian history, and to aid in the formation of Christian character. Children who read of the Saints of

the New Testament, miss the attraction of models of manhood and womanhood other than those of a race and civilization so far removed from their own. As a matter of common sense, therefore, it is a good to make use of the material which the Reformers (as above mentioned) were so thoughtful as to leave in the Prayer Book for the edification of the faithful.

A Few Results.

If the several schools of religious thought of the present day are tested by the great Napoleon's question, "What has he done?" very little indeed can be said for the Low Church and Evangelical Party. What has the movement which began with the efforts of those English clergymen who were influenced by John Wesley, done during a century to enrich the literature of Christianity? What new weapon has it hung up in the armoury of the Faith, what new region of thought has it made its own and ours? The chapter that treated of the snakes in Iceland commenced with the words, "In Iceland there are no snakes". And in the Evangelical Party there is no literature, no leading theologian or thinker, no movement of mind. After a hundred years of popularity its result is *nil*, cypher, zero. The Evangelical leaders of the last century were not learned men, and their writings are dry as the bones beheld by the prophet Ezekiel, but they had earnestness, and a cause which had yet to become popular. Their successors, the Evangelicals of the present day, present a dead level of spiritual flatness, their stronghold is in the rank of the British and Canadian Philistines, the well-to-do and vulgar *bourgeoisie*, whose religion consists of their patronage of a clergyman and proprietorship of a pew, whose selfishness rebels against asceticism, whose stolid materialistic prejudices revolt against the supernatural, whose purse-proud self-will rejects all improvement as "something we have not been accustomed to," and whose innate vulgarity is safe to declare war against Gregorian chants and reverent worship. There is no question about it, no need even to listen to a sermon by Dean Grassett to illustrate the fact, Evangelicalism is at this day the party of stupidity.

Broad Churchism in Canada can not certainly boast of much intellectual force, though it is probably on the increase quietly as what pathologists call a degeneration of the older Evangelicalism. Nor does Canadian Broad Churchism take the form of pronounced infidelity of which Dean Stanley of Westminster scandal notoriety is the type in England. With us the "broad" man preaches sermons that are not only broad but flat—common-places refined to truisms, and truisms expanded to platitudes. With a stock-in-trade of popular formulas and an exceedingly good opinion of his own ability, your "broad" clergyman is very likely to be popular, especially in towns, where the would-be intellectual class among the laity are attracted by views that claim "breadth", and by preaching that flatters the most darling delusions of the modern

mind, as it teaches, or at least insinuates, that for all purposes of salvation, false doctrine equals true.

For the High Church or Ritual movement there is undeniably something to be said if we test it by results. It is generally hated, denounced and persecuted; it has the ill word of the world and the opposition of the flesh. But it is not a trivial movement done in a corner, for its influence is epidemic throughout the world at the present moment. The effort to crush it by compulsory legislation occupied the Imperial Legislature for all last session. It is feared and opposed by Roman Catholic controversialists, witness Monsignor Capel's last onslaught; it is hated by infidels like Colenso, as the bulwark of the worship of Christ.

And look at its intellectual and spiritual results, being such as it is impossible for any fair minded and intelligent outsider to shut his eye to. Evangelicalism has certainly never produced a poet—it found poor Cowper writing "John Gilpin" and it left him a hopeless lunatic. We should like any outsider reading this article, to do it the further justice to buy one little book of poetry, the *Christian Year* by John Keble, a copy of which may be had for a few cents. Let him read for himself a few pages, taken anywhere. What is this new spirit breathing in every thought of that vigorous and fervid strain? It is exactly the spirit, the teaching, the tone, which by men of the calibre of the Executive Committee of the Church Association is cursed and hated as "Ritualism". Or let him take up Liddon's Bampton Lectures, or University Sermons, and notice the only real attempt made by modern theology to cope with the atheism of the age on its own ground. Who is this learned and fearless champion of the cross, whose eulogium and belief in his cause, so wins you? A Bishop? A Dean? No: a "notorious Ritualist".

We are very far from asserting that a great movement like Ritualism carries no fools and no marauders among the refuse of its camp-followers. Certain silly tracts published in this country are cases in point. But we do maintain, that viewed as a whole, the High Church or Ritualistic school comprehends the ability, the learning, the faith, the mental and spiritual force of the present generation of the Church of England.

The Rev. J. Ambery leaves Trinity.

ALTHOUGH the lithographed series of letters relating to the Rev. Professor of Classics is meant for private circulation, still we cannot allow Mr. Ambery's departure from the College where his scholarship and energy have for years supplied the chief motive power, to pass without a word of indignant regret. The history of Trinity College, Toronto, we are sorry to say, repeats itself, and those who remember how the great ability and high character of the late Rev. Mr. Irving was lost to Trinity in consequence of personal misunderstanding, although his resignation was ostensibly made because the in-