

# Church Observer.

A Journal advocating the interests of the United Church of England and Ireland in the Dominion of Canada.

"THIS PROTESTANT KINGDOM."—BILL OF RIGHTS, 1688.

VOL. I.—No. 35.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 8TH OCTOBER, 1868.

\$2 per an.—Single copies, 5 cents.

## Poetry.

### PERILOUS TIMES.

"In the last days perilous times shall come."  
2 Tim. iii. 1.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUST AS I AM."

My God! "The perilous times" foretold  
Are come alas! in this our day;  
"The love of many does wax cold,"  
Many from Thee do fall away;  
And Thy pure word is set aside,  
Man's only safe, unerring guide.

Th' light of science grows more bright,  
New fields of knowledge are explored,  
But heavenly truth's refugent light,  
Is so rejected, or ignored,  
That few hold on their steadfast way,  
Turning from all false lights away.

That finished work, that glorious plan,  
By Christ, for our salvation wrought;  
By erring and presumptuous man  
Is deemed superfluous, set at naught!  
While human systems are believed,  
Man's doctrine as the truth received.

Thy pure commandments, just, divine,  
Which it is "great reward" to keep,  
Men hold by debt; while sloth supine,  
Or sceptic doubts, lull souls to sleep;  
And, though Thy mercies never cease,  
Our sins, our daring sins increase.

Thou markest those "who sigh and cry,"  
For these our nation's sins, O Lord!  
Look down, look down, with pitying eye,  
More of Thy quick'ning grace accord!  
Stir up Thy power, stretch forth Thine hand,  
Revive Thy work in this our land!

We hear that nations rise or fall,  
As Thy pure truth thrives, or decays!  
That truth shall triumph, ever all;  
Oh! hasten then those glorious days,  
When thou wilt claim Thy dear-bought throne,  
And make this ransomed world Thine own.

### KINDNESS.

Oh! be thou kind to the wounded heart;  
Nor pluck the thorns away;  
From whence its life it drew,  
Have pity then, nor bring the tear  
Back to the sorrowing eye,  
Crush not the flowers, which grief dost blight,  
Nor cause the heart to sigh.

Be kind to all, as you on go,  
Where'er they may be found,  
Smile with the gay, weep with the sad,  
And scatter gladness round.

Thus live, and walk, in sunshine bright,  
Until your work is o'er,  
Then God will give a crown of light,  
And peace for evermore.

### THE CODEX SINAITICUS.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

As the present year is to witness the publication of this codex, which promises to be the most important manuscript of the Scriptures now known, we have prepared the following statement, which embraces the principal facts concerning the volume and its discovery.

In 1844 some fragments of a very old manuscript of the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Old Testament, were brought to Europe from the East and published by Prof. Tischendorf, of St. Petersburg; but he then refused to say whence he had obtained them, hinting that more might be procured if the subject were not too much discussed.

In 1846 an exceedingly old copy of the Septuagint was seen at the convent on Mt. Sinai by a Russian ecclesiastic; and soon after Major M'Donald saw it, and was told that it belonged to the fourth century.

In 1853 Prof. Tischendorf visited Arabia Petraea a second time, but was unable to find any trace of the manuscript.

In the early part of 1859 he again visited Mt. Sinai, being now commissioned by the Emperor Alexander II to search for manuscripts. On February 4th of that year he was in conversation with the steward of the convent, when a chance remark led to the production of this hitherto famous volume. The professor at once recognized it as being the one to which his former obtained fragments belonged, and the one he had made the special object of search; but as, before this, he only expected to find the Old Testament, and that more or less incomplete, we may judge of his joy when he saw the New Testament absolutely perfect, with not a letter missing.

Three days after Professor Tischendorf set out for Cairo to obtain permission of the superior of the convent, residing there, to copy it. On obtaining leave a special messenger was dispatched to Sinai for it, and after some seven months of tedious negotiations, the superior was induced to present it, through the professor, to the Emperor Alexander.

The manuscript consists of three hundred and forty-five pages of half leaves of the finest parchment; the fragments of the Old Testament covering one hundred and ninety-nine leaves, and the New one hundred and forty-six and a half. All the leaves are loose, and many of them have been torn into several pieces; indeed, it now appears that in 1844 the professor had rescued his scraps of the same book from the rubbish of the convent, where they were destined for the fire; but when placed in order, the New Testament—the all-important part—is complete. It is written in a cursive or capital letters, but with a flowing elegance

scarcely inferior to the Alexandrian manuscript in the British Museum. Beyond the beauty of the writing there is no attempt at ornament. Accents are wholly wanting, and only slight traces of punctuation exist. Like all other manuscripts it has been corrected (or rather altered) at various times; but the great mass of the changes are very ancient; and there are not so many of the Vatican or Alexandrian codices; the estimated number, all counted, is about seven thousand.

The date of the book is determined by the ordinary paleographical arguments to be the first half of the fourth century. This makes it the oldest known copy of the New Testament. From the Old Testament all before 1 Chron. xix. with the beginning of that book, is missing; also Proverbs, Canticles, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Amos, and Micah. Part of the Apocrypha is inserted; Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, 1 and 4 Macabees, with part of Judith and Tobit.

The New Testament commences with the four Gospels in their present order, followed by the Pauline Epistles, the only variation being a transposition of Hebrews to between 2 Thessalonians and 1 Timothy. Then come the Acts, followed by the epistles in their present order of James, Peter, John and Jude; then Revelation; and then, without any break or change, the apocryphal Epistles of Barnabas. Four blank leaves follow, when the Shepherd of Hermas is begun; but at the end of this book, with all that may have followed, is missing.

With regard to the readings of this manuscript but little is known yet. That contained in text, 1 John v. 7, is absent. The narrative of the woman taken in adultery—John viii. 1-11—is omitted; and also the disputed passage, Mark xvi. 9-20. The reading of *os for Theos* in 1 Tim. iii. 16 is sustained, and the superscription of the epistle "the Ephesians" is omitted.

It is the intention of the Russian government to publish two editions of this codex during the current year, it being the one thousandth anniversary of the Russian monarchy. One edition, limited to 300 copies, will be for presentation from the Emperor to the various crowned heads and public libraries of Christendom. This will be in three volumes of text and one of notes in fac-simile type, and with some twenty photographs. We should certainly think it would have been better to have photographed, or at least photo-lithographed the entire book; for it is impossible to make a perfect fac-simile of any manuscript by any system of movable type, and the risk of typographical errors is great; while photography would have precluded any possible error. The other edition, at first limited to the New Testament, Barnabas, and the fragments of Hermas, will be printed in ordinary Greek type, for sale. The estimated cost of the two editions is \$200,000. We may reasonably hope that the imperiousness—not to say carelessness—which so seriously impairs the value of the late edition of the Codex Vaticanus will not be seen in these volumes. Pax.

## Ritualistic Cleanings.

### EXTRAORDINARY HARVEST FESTIVAL AT HAYDOCK.

The Ritualistic clergy all over England are this year making thanksgiving services for the late harvest a pretext for the most grotesque innovations in worship. The following account, which is quoted from the *Warrington Guardian*, shows that the incumbent of St. James the Great, Haydock, whose vagaries we have more than once had occasion to expose, has in extravagance, and we may add profanity gone far beyond his brethren of the cope and biretta. The presentation of a pig's head at the Lord's Table seems shockingly irreverent, and scarcely like the act of a sane man.

The late harvest festival on Saturday and Sunday last, at St. James the Great, Haydock, must have been one of the grandest ever witnessed in an English church in this part of the country. The first service on Saturday consisted of a procession of the choir and others, bearing offerings to the church. The procession made the circuit of a corn-field near the church, winding by way of a foot-path through the fields, and so on by the high road to the church. The procession was as follows:—Cruicker, in cassock, cotta, fur tippet, and biritta; choir boy, in a violet cassock, bearing on his head a round basket of fruit vine leaves, &c.; banner of St. James the Great, with painted picture; another boy with round basket; white, blue, and silver banner of the Holy Spirit; two boys with cornucopia-shaped baskets, with fruit, vegetables, &c., (at intervals there were about twelve baskets of this form in the procession); banner of harvest; large basket of offerings, on two poles, borne on the shoulders of four boys in violet cassocks; banner of St. Outbert; choir boys in surplices and violet cassocks; A.M.D.G. banner; two boys with moss baskets containing eggs; banner of the Blessed Sacrament; new white silk vestments, borne on a crimson velvet cushion, covered with Brussels lace; figure of the patron saint; the band and choir; men in surplices and black cassocks; second cruicker in cassock, cotta, and fur tippet; the clergy in cassocks, surplices, priests' hood, white stoles, and birettas; banner of the Holy Catholic Church. The majority of the makers of the choir wore the proper square cap as directed by the "Directorium Anglicanum," not the trencher or colledge cap. Many other banners were carried by school children, and several of the parishioners carried offerings, afterwards presented in church. The procession hymn was "Daily, daily," until the procession reached the lych gate, when Hymn 222 (*Ascend and Meditate*), "Come ye, thankful people come," was sung. At seven o'clock the first evening of the festival was sung by the vicar, the lessons being read by Mr. Arthur Evans, sacristan of St. James, and the Rev. R. C. Gibson. The band accompanied the harmonium in the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis," which were sung to Parian chants; also in the harvest Litany, which was sung at almost every service before the altar, the priests kneeling with baskets of fruits, &c., banners, and cross.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. S. Wilkinson, of Stockton-beath, Warrington. The preachers at each service were conducted to and from the pulpit by the cruicker, bearing the handsome processional cross, set with many precious stones, lately presented by the parishioners. The cross was held at the pulpit steps throughout the sermon. During the offertory hymn, the following offerings, which had been previously borne in procession, were brought to the sacristan at the chancel steps, and by him taken to the priest at the altar for presentation:—A pig's head, decked out with flowers, corn, and berries; a large pat of butter stamped with a lamb; a loaf of bread, with A.M.D.G. on the crust; two smaller pats of butter, several white and blue wax candles for use on the altar, richly-ornamented new white silk chasuble, stole, and maniple; loaf of bread stamped, another loaf of bread, a splendid bouquet of flowers, a special offering in money, twelve fresh eggs, in moss baskets. The processional hymn set was "Pilgrims of the Night."

The second evening of the festival was sung, at 7 o'clock, on Sunday, by the Rev. Henry Sherlock, the lessons being read by Messrs. Montfield and Vick, of St. Philip's, Liverpool. The band played as at the first evening; the processional hymns were "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "O Paradise," and "Joyfully, Joyfully." The preacher, the Rev. John Wilberforce Doran, priest of the diocese of Rochester, referred to the blessings of the fruits of the harvest, not only in a temporal, but in a spiritual sense, for did not that bread of corn (which naturally is the food of our bodies) become by consecration at the hands of God's priests supernaturally the food of our souls? The preacher spoke of the pleasure he had in celebrating for the parish at 8 o'clock. It was truly cheering to see over eighty communicants, but it surely was equally true to lament that comparatively so few men and women came to receive that food without which souls cannot live. Some were kept back from a sense of their own unworthiness, and a very proper feeling to have. But it should be borne in mind that no one ever was, is, or can be, good enough to receive our Lord. Man as man is in comparison with God, yet man's soul is so great, that even God Himself is the food of man's soul. No, no one could be good enough, none of the saintly army of confessors, martyrs, and virgins, who lived and died by God, were good enough, not even were the Apostles good enough, nor Holy Mary, Mother of God, so that should be no excuse. Sin makes us not good enough. Sin can and does keep us back from God, and this God knows, and has in His abundant kindness provided a special sacrifice to remove the stain of sin ere we approach His altar. He has told His priests, the physicians of our souls, to listen to our secret sins (and keep them secret to themselves, to bind them or loose them in God's name), and to read the penitential psalm over each of them in God's name at His body in Heaven.

A solemn *Te Deum* was sung before the altar after the 10, 20, and 7 p.m. services, followed by all the banners, crosses, and baskets forming a most imposing group. There were two celebrations of the blessed sacrament—that at 8 a.m. was sung by Father Doran. The bell was rung at the elevation of the host, the candles were lighted, and the old white silk vestments worn as usual. At 11.30 matins were sung by Father Doran, the lessons being read by Mr. R. B. Fairclough, of St. James the Less, Liverpool, and the Rev. R. C. Gibson. The processional hymn was "Onward, Christian Soldiers." After the third collect, Father Greenwell, the Vicar of Haydock, retired to vest for the great service of the day, that service at which the church contemplates the presence of all her members, the highest act of Christian worship, in which Bingham, in his *Christian Antiquities*, says:—"On the Lord's Day the Eucharist was celebrated in all the churches, and never omitted by any assembly of Christians whatever." The candles having been lighted, and the *Intrud* begun, a boy issued from the sacristy, bearing a banner of the Blessed Sacrament, having on it painted a jewelled gold chalice and host. After him came the server, in violet cassock, Bohemian lace cotta, and fur tippet, carrying the altar service book, and lastly, the celebrant, vested in the new vestments, and bearing the sacred vessels veiled.

The music throughout was Merbecke's, the band playing in the *Credo*, *Sanctus*, *Gloria in Excelsis*, and solemn *Te Deum*. The thanks givings of the church were desired by Prior Augustine, O.H.B., for the recovery from his late illness. This service was most solemn and impressive, especially so at the moment of elevation, when all those about the altar prostrated themselves: the perfect silence for several seconds, and then the sweet *Agnus Dei* tripartite sung, *Beatus*, having preceded the Canon. The preacher was the Rev. Robert Christopher Gibson, rector of Weston, Shropshire, at one time assistant priest at St. Oswald's, Winwick. The afternoon service was more of a popular character—Bible and hymns, with a stirring sermon by the vicar, who, grasping the cross at his side while preaching, used it in a most spirited manner. Unfortunately, however, he lost his voice before he had finished, and was therefore unable to carry out his subject so fully as he otherwise would have done. The services of this remarkable festival have been fully described, and a few words about the decorations, which are most costly, may not be out of place. The altar stood out grandly, a blaze of light, with its twenty-two candles and massive cross well raised, on a crimson and gold stand, numerous vases of choice hot-house flowers and ferns, with sheaves of wheat, barley, and oats, together with two ornamental baskets of peaches, grapes, plums, pears, &c., adorned the re-table; the floor was, in addition to these, melons, vegetable marrows, cocoa-nuts, and tomatoes. Every window in the church had a sheaf, with flowers springing from the sheaf, fruit and vegetables being arrayed round the base; there were several beautiful plants also. The font, lectern, and pulpit call for special attention, the font being literally loaded with fruit, flowers, and corn; mountain ash berries were used in great profusion. Many banners and painted devices adorn the walls, and the church was very fragrant with incense, which had been freely used. It was rather strange that the cope should not have been used; if it had not been worn at evensong, one cer-

tainly expected to see it at the "Magnificat," and especially at the solemn "Te Deum." The offertories, which were devoted to the church school, were over £20 being £12 more than those of last year. The choir was much strengthened by members of St. Philip's, Christ Church, and St. James the Less, Liverpool, and Messrs. Ann's, Warrington, who were announced for 8.30; "Fraser," the Rev. Father Ignatius." At 8.10 I reached the church, which was already well filled, and hundreds were clamouring for admission. I succeeded in getting in, and (through the courtesy of an official) in getting a seat. Having recovered from the effects of my exertions, I looked around me, and, with your permission, will briefly describe what I saw. In front of the so-called altar was a raised platform of considerable size, with one or two ascents. On each side of the lower platform sat the choristers, men and boys, robed in white and pink; one of them superior being I presume) had his white vestment trimmed with lace. Between the lines of the choir sat two awful personages, wearing magnificent cloaks, which as the service proceeded, they now and then took off and put on again; for what reason I cannot imagine.

But, splendid as were these dignitaries, they were totally eclipsed by the more glorious orb which shone forth higher up in the third heavens. There, on the south side of the altar, sat three archangels, chief of them the Rev. Mr. Purchas, whose songs, at one critical moment in the performance, were supported by the other two.

Sir, this is no part of fancy, but sober truth. And, indeed, it was a triumphant moment, when, amidst a cloud of incense, his gorgeous wings were spread abroad. Oh that he could have soared above, if only half way to the ceiling!

But I am being carried away, and anticipating the course of events. At 8.45 two white-robed knave-vested boys, merged from a certain space (I must say, vestry), and howling as they passed before the altar, seized the one a long candle, the other a large cross, and bowing again, vanished into the curtained space. A few moments after, a boy spoke the current words of the *Intrud*, and then, with a flourish, he and blotted out of His book in Heaven.

A procession of vestment-bearers followed; such crosses I saw, and kneeling; it was indeed a spectacle. Father Ignatius, however, was not in walking humbly, but stood motionless as a statue at the west side of the altar, while the priests, deacons, and lay members of the Protestant Church of England marched round and round.

A word, sir, if you please, about the altar. It was a mass of lights, flowers, and ornaments; a picture, as the Father afterwards told us, of the heavenly reality. I devoutly hope not. Beside the grand altar was a smaller, covered with various vessels, and in one of which was burning a floating night-light; a most pregnant symbol, I do not doubt.

Well, sir, all the performers having taken up their proper positions, and the Father having made a low obeisance to the huge cross, evensong began; and as great liberties were taken with the order for evening prayer, evensong soon came to an end. Yet none too soon; for everybody was longing for the great event. And now the dark figure, draped in a hooded cloak, with bare cheeks, bare neck, and, but for a wig, bare head, suddenly started into life and action. I will not attempt to describe the Father's sermon, founded nominally on Eccl. xiv.

For fifty minutes he raved in a desultory manner, pacing and running about on the platform in the greatest excitement. Of so many of reasoning, of eloquence, there was none; and, though I do not question the Father's sincerity, I am sure his vehemence was utterly ineffective. It killed itself; it made many laugh; but I did not see one weep. Indeed, now and then, a good laugh was forced upon the most serious, as, for example, when we were told that, in case of impotence, the Redeemer would tell us to go and join that old gentleman, Dives, at the bottom of the pit. At the close of his wild address, Father Ignatius begged us to be liberal in our donations, as half of the collection would be devoted to his monastery and the revival of monastic institutions in England—an object, by-the-by, to which the Rev. Mr. Purchas said he wished God-speed.

Now, sir, all this in the Church of England! Is it not scandalous? Is not this more to be feared than disestablishment and disendowment? Are not the Popish practices in this town a reproach to the Protestant Bishop of this diocese? For, whatever may be doubtful, such an exhibition as I have described—I omitted to mention elaborate incensing—is clearly unlawful.

## A MOTHER'S HAND.

The cares of a family are numerous and heavy; and there are many instances in which it is impossible for a mother and head of a house to be much engaged in external ministry for God. But if she be willing to serve Him, she need not be disheartened. Is not home a little world in itself, and is not she either for good or evil, the grand influence of home, much of it taking its tone from her? Would that Christian mothers recognized more the great opportunities and responsibility of home ministry; that they saw how the very fact of their influence being concentrated gave it force! The charge of gunpowder which occupies but a little space, sends the shot to a long distance. What mother can tell how far her concentrated influence will send her children in the career of holiness and usefulness amongst their fellows.

There is ministry in a mother's look. It has re-appeared in earlier days, as though it were privileged to speak with soft melody of heaven. Yes, there is ministry even in a mother's touch. And long after the hand from which it came is cold in the motionless solitude of the tomb, its impress remains in living power. A mysterious hand from the invisible world traced the sentence of Belshazzar's ruin; this hand, mysterious and invisible also, leaves its impress on the heart words at once of warning and of love—words of most powerful warning, because of love. "When I was a little boy," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth she died and I was left to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man I travelled in foreign lands and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a solemn voice saying, "Do not thus great wickedness do thou, nor sin against God." Yes, Christian mothers, God requires testimony and ministry from you in your own circles. If you be limited to them by Him, He will accept your home ministry, and He will not leave you without a reward. A mother's hand upon the world from the recesses of a mother's heart.

will perhaps be the best of all; they will praise and God-praising families; they will bring and minister in the public service of the sanctuary; they will salt the society in which they move. It may be that your daughters, as mothers, will re-produce your influence; the circle widening by every generation, and thus providing God has limited your circle) shall you, if you minister in it for Him, throw forth circles ever widening more and more, so that you being dead shall speak and live and move in the influence long after you have departed in the flesh. Are there not cars and privations and many troubles to be borne from time to time in the ministry of home? Are there not self-denials to be endured and exertions to be made? There are, for all such as would carry on an active ministry for God, a desire to do something more than merely drag through or discharge duties which they cannot well avoid.

## Children's Department.

### THE ANGRY GIRL.

A very sad thing happened the other day. A little girl got angry with her boot strings. When she went to put on her boot, she found a hard knot, which she jerked until it became a great deal harder.

"No matter," said her mother, "put on your shoes."

"I hate my shoes," she answered angrily. "I shall wear my boots," and away she tugged at the knot.

As knots never yield to violent treatment, the child made no headway. She then caught the scissors, cut the strings, and a great gash in the boot too.

"Oh! my child, you did not do that on purpose, did you?" said her mother.

"I did—I did it on purpose; the hateful old boot!" she cried, the veins of her forehead swollen with anger.

Breakfast was ready, and her mother, well knowing that was not the moment to correct her, left Bessie alone. Bessie did not appear at breakfast. After breakfast came morning prayer. "Where is Bessie?" asked Uncle Charles. "Uncle Charles learning what the difficulty was, went to bring Bessie; for he hoped by this time the little girl had come to herself."

She received him with a sullen scowl. And what do you think she said? "Get out! get out!" Uncle Charles was so surprised! Was this his pretty little Bessie! It was—and it wasn't. Oh! if she had only yielded.

He left her for the family were waiting, and they knelt around the family altar without her. Bessie edged out to the back door. Her brother James came along. "O Bessie!" he cried, "how can you behave so! You worry mother almost to death, and you are enough to disgrace us all."

Bessie's eyes flashed. Quick as lightning, she gave him one push, and down he fell a flight of steps. "Oh!" he screamed. What a scene of confusion and distress followed!

The bad temper of a child hardly ever did a worse morning's work than that. Yet it is just what bad temper leads to. It makes a child unkind to the best of parents, unkind to its brothers and sisters, selfish, cruel, and destructive. If you do not master it, it will surely master you; and bad temper is a terrible master.—*Child at Home.*