

pleased with, as he would have no one to rule over him at all in the matter. He did as he pleased; and it pleased him to put his tongue in his cheek and laugh up his sleeve, and then go off on a grand Booth papal tour round the world, professedly in the interest of religion and humanity—what a grand, as well as a convenient plea!—to be met on his return with all the "pomp, circumstances" and extravagant expense of a monarch or conquering hero, which must have filled his brother, but more ancient Pope of Rome, with envy and jealousy.

The £100,000, \$500,000, is soon swallowed up, and as it is said in mythology, the more sops you throw to Cerberus, the more he howls—so in this case; the modest modern Papa's appetite grew more greedy the more it was fed, and immediately, or very soon after the great man's return from his grand tour of the universe. By the way, does any one know who he really is? or whence he comes? He is not ashamed to ask for another \$500,000, less or more, the "more" much preferred.

London, as most people who are fairly well informed know, is in population, not in area, larger than the Dominion of Canada, or of New York, Brooklyn and Chicago combined, and, as every one must admit, is dark enough, but is no worse, if so bad, as most other large, though not such large, cities are. It is numerous hordes of the worst and poorest types of German and Polish Jews, papists from Italy, Ireland, Spain and elsewhere, who deepen the shades of East London life and character. But the miserable book "Darkest England," in spite of Lord Mayor Savory's trenchant exposure of its gross inaccuracies, to use no stronger term, did its work. Every one almost was deceived by its exaggerated statements of evils existing on the one hand, and the still more grossly exaggerated statements as to the good done by Booth and his army on the other.

While the evil was rampant enough in what are called the slums—and in too many cases, not in all—correctly so. Where! oh where! was Booth and where was his army, the blast of his trumpets, and the roll of his drums?

I know as well as most men can know, what is called East London, from all parts of the city to Hackney Wick, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Limehouse, Poplar, Blackwall, Ratcliffe Highways, Stepney Causeway, with Hounds Ditch and all along Commercial Road and many of the streets leading therefrom. I have gone there to help the cause of Christian Temperance in the Sunday-schools and parishes. I have kept my eyes and my ears open. I have enquired—not of the clergy or parish workers, except on the sake of confirmation, of what I have been told by men I've met with, of whom I have made the enquires in the bye streets, the slums, common lodging houses, etc. Where is Booth's Army? This is "Darkest London," surely. There has been but one unvarying answer, and the last but two years ago in Shore Ditch—"oh! Booth—the Army—why you will not see them nor hear the big drum in these parts. They make a big show and parade where they are seen more than where they are wanted," and "this witness is true."

Meanwhile where were the dissenting ministers of the old sort? I can give no answer further than that at their chapels no doubt at the hours of service; of them I saw none, and heard next to nothing, good, bad, or indifferent.

But what of the Church and her clergy? They were everywhere, working in season, and out of season, living, moving, and having their being amongst the people committed to their care. I have been in the company of many of them—rectors, vicars, curates, some of whom had been reared in the lap of luxury, and surrounded in their youth by the most charming scenery and natural beauties, but now, in their young manhood, middle age, and old age, buried among cramped up squares, narrow alleys, and equally narrow streets, bricks and mortar in the shape of houses which are not "things of beauty," and very far from being "joys for ever"; the rectory or vicarage, in many cases, is only to be distinguished from the rest by the name on the door plate. Thus have lived and thus have laboured for years the devoted clergy of the Church, almost unknown and uncared for by the world outside their spheres of labour, but whose labours, the writer of the book referred to with Booth's name attached, is careful not to say much about, if he mentions them at all, while nearly all the good done is credited to him and his followers.

That there is a deeper depth of misery, crime and sin, than our devoted clergy have been able to grapple with, may be, indeed must be true, so long as this pretender to greater deeds of good is furnished with almost fabulous sums to do as he likes with, while they have to be content with mere pittance, in many cases grudgingly eked out, with a strict account required of every cent entrusted to them, and which at all times they are ready to render.

In the regions round about such as I have named, there are any number of clergy who are similarly situated to the rector of St. Alphege of Southwark, who would be glad of £1,000, to say nothing of £10,000. May the devoted rector get it, and soon.

Some years ago I endeavoured to point out, through the columns of the *Guardian*, how so-called Churchmen starved their own Church and her institutions by their latitudinarian notions and practices, or, as they put it, greater "breadth and depth of charity," giving from twice to ten times as much to so-called non-sectarian institutions, which then, as now, simply meant dissent in all its worst features under a mask or false name. To tell such people the Church is the only non-sectarian body in the land, is to their esteem to prove yourself a bigot of bigots, and as devoid of a proper Christian spirit as Satan himself, in which dissenting allies will not fail to join them. So evidently thought the editor of the *Guardian* at that time, as he did not print my letter.

My objection to Pope Booth and his system is much deeper and much more serious than is involved in any mere monetary considerations, or even the injustice done to the devoted lives and labours of our clergy and laity in Darkest England. I object to him first as a usurper of an office and discharging duties to which he is self-appointed; second, see I. Kings xii. 31; I. Tim. i. 7; II. Tim. iii. 5; II. Tim. iv. 3-4. These and kindred passages, have, to my mind, a much wider application, but to none do they seem more thoroughly to apply than to Booth and his Army.

GEO. WARD.

Notes and Queries.

SIR,—What is the service of *Tenebrae*, and what is its authority in the Church of England?

Ans.—It was an office in the Church of England before the Reformation, and must have been of no little awe-inspiring solemnity. Some of the clergy are trying to revive it for its deeply impressive character, but legal authority it has none. For the office a number of candles—seven, or as many as seventy-two—were placed in a conical stand or bier, and all lighted. As each Psalm in the office was finished, a tallow candle was extinguished, until the one wax candle, representing our Saviour, remained. This was carried behind the altar, and while the church was in darkness the Psalm (51) *Miserere* was sung. The office received its name from this darkness, and was usually said on the last four evenings of Holy Week. It is said to signify the darkness that over-spread the land at our Saviour's crucifixion. Its use is wholly sentimental, and some may derive a benefit from it, although to others it may seem difficult to see where or how.

Sunday School Lesson.

Palm Sunday.

March 26th, 1898.

PREPARATION FOR COMMUNION.—II.

I. THE PRAYER OF HUMBLE ACCESS.

This was formerly said after the Consecration prayer, as an acknowledgment of man's unworthiness to approach God's Table. It was placed in its present position in 1552. In the Eastern Church it is called "The Prayer of Bowing Down," and surely no words could better express the feelings of a faithful communicant than those of this prayer. We do not come "trusting in our own righteousness," which is like "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), utterly unfit to wear at the Table of our King. He has presented us with a more suitable "wedding garment," we are "members of Christ" by means of Baptism, and share His righteousness. We may "come boldly to the throne of grace" (Heb. iv. 16), because we are one with Him, and yet we confess humbly our own utter unworthiness to "gather up the crumbs" under His Table (comp. S. Matt. xv. 27). The words seem to make us more humble, and then express most perfectly the feelings of the Christian who has lived for years in communion with God, and those of the beginner who has just begun to tread the narrow way. The Jews were not allowed "to enter into the holiest," but Christ took our flesh, becoming one with us, that we might share His Human Nature, and thus, being united to the great High Priest, enter where He alone has a right to go (Heb. x. 19, 20; ix. 7, 24, 25).

Next comes the petition that His Body and Blood may cleanse our bodies and souls. Some people seem to think that the body is of no consequence, but S. Paul says it is "the temple of God," which must be kept clean (1 Cor. iii. 17; vi. 19), and prays that it may "be preserved blameless" (1 Thess. v. 23).

We should never draw near to God without the spirit of humility expressed in this beautiful prayer, remembering always that He dwells with him "that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble" (Isa. lvii. 15). Like the centurion, we should feel "I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof; wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee" (St. Luke vii. 6, 7).

II. THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

Before the presentation of alms, the priest places on the Holy Table bread and wine, thus setting them apart for God's service. These "Holy Elements" are now to be made still more holy as the outward symbols of Christ's Body and Blood. This is the meaning and object of the *Prayer of Consecration*. The priest stands before the Lord's Table as the deputy of the great High Priest, acting in His Name and by His authority using the same words and gestures. He takes the bread, gives thanks and breaks it; then takes the cup, using the Lord's own words regarding both the elements. This prayer may be divided into three parts:

1. *A solemn remembrance or memorial of Christ's sacrifice.* As He commanded, we still "show forth His death" (1 Cor. xi. 24, 26), pleading it before the Throne our only hope, the only sacrifice which can take away sin (Heb. x. 4, 12), the one oblation (or offering) by which we are sanctified (10, 14); the satisfaction (payment in full) for the sins of the world. God's promise that His people should "be redeemed without money" (Isa. lii. 3) was fulfilled when the price was paid, "not with silver or gold," but with something far more precious, even "the precious blood of Christ" (1 St. Peter i. 18, 19). This sacrifice is called full because, like a full cup, nothing can be added to it; perfect (i. e., finished) because Christ's work was finished and complete; sufficient because satisfaction was made "for the sins of the world." Every one has his debt paid; God is not willing that any should perish.

2. *The meaning of the institution.* It was to be continued "until His coming again," as a perpetual memory of that, His most precious death. When He appears there will be no need of these memorials. We treasure the portrait of a dear friend during his absence, but, when he returns, look at him instead.

3. *The words of consecration.* The words and gestures of our Blessed Lord are always used for the consecration (see above). This is the central part of the service. The great mystery cannot be explained, we must accept it humbly as a truth to be believed, not yet to be understood. Let us not dare, as many do, explain away our Lord's words in order to satisfy our own reason. He has said "This is My Body, This is My Blood," and He can and will make good His own promise. The Church has always taught that, by means of the words of consecration, the bread and wine become the outward signs of Christ's Body and Blood, really although spiritually present. Now He comes nearer to us than in any other time, we "are one with Him, and He with us," being, as St. Paul says, "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones" (Eph. v. 30). Only a priest can consecrate the "Holy Elements," but the congregation being "a holy priesthood," take their part by saying Amen. (See 1 St. Peter ii. 5).

Family Reading.

Gladys: the Story of a Disappointment.

Written for Canadian Churchman.

"You are ill?" I said leading her to one of the empty arm-chairs.

"Yes, I caught cold that night," she answered. Her face was composed, her voice calm, but years might have passed since that night she had knelt, with tear-stained cheeks and anguished eyes, in St. Cyprian's Church—she seemed so aged and changed.

Her aunt had not yet come into the room—and I could not help trying to speak one word of comfort, but she stopped me.

"Please—never speak of her," she said, "never ask me."

I was puzzled, the right that yet her friend seeking what confidence "I will say word, be patient, sometime and pray. Y has said 'no' be 'no'."

She shook "I know it! If I had wait Her aunt words with (

A few days Mr. Brookes hesitating worse the last tor, and that "her mother! I went away, was shown A small ings and dress perfect clear lay Gladys—abundant her braid, her w her.

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