

## ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

**T**HE *Churchman* (N. Y.) of May 19th, contains a picture of the "Venerable Archdeacon Farrar in the pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster." The pulpit itself is enclosed, reaching up to about the elbows of the preacher, who has his right arm extended as if calling attention to some important expression, while his face, turned towards the right as if looking over the extended arm and at the people, has stamped upon it a look of intense earnestness. He is noted for his strong expressions and vivid descriptions, rising sometimes to a height of impassioned eloquence. Thus he speaks in one of his sermons on those who are inclined to despair over the slow progress that Christianity is making at the present day in her warfare against the powers of darkness:—

"Let us not be impatient; let us not despair. If we do we shall not understand the true spirit of the saints of God. They ever felt, even in the worst of times, that God's kingdom

is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion endureth throughout all ages. Days of darkness they have known, days of vexation, days in which God seems to be almost terribly silent; and yet they have been 'persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' When the wild beast from the sea was wallowing in the blood of martyrs; when the fires of hell lit the darkness of those gardens on the Pincian hill; when a Decius or a Diocletian was emperor; when a Mary or a Philip, a Bonner or an Alva, was torturing the

saints of God; when the feeble spark of heaven's light seemed certain to be quenched under the raging and swelling tempests of the world's persecuting hatred, the saints have still not feared for Zion; they have still said, 'God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be moved. God shall help her, and that right early.' However dark the horizon, whether of the State, or of the Church, or of our individual lives; however ominous the clouds that may seem to loom upon our future, that horizon is not half so black, nor those clouds

one-half so lurid as in the days of a Claudius or of a Nero. Yet even in those days, when Jews loathed the Gospel and Gentiles were striving to stamp it under their feet; when intellect spat upon it, and philosophy spurned it, and legions of armies tried to strike it down, and malignity searched it with candles—even in those days St. Paul spoke fearlessly of it to the poor slaves and artisans of Thessalonica as 'a kingdom that could not be moved.' Upon its present certainty he founded its future permanence; and that his converts might feel its blessedness now, and



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enter into its heritage hereafter, he adds the exhortation which I would fain leave with you: 'Therefore we receive a kingdom which cannot be moved.' Let us, at any rate, no matter how much evil be around us, no matter how vehemently the world swaggers on its own evil way with its companions the flesh and the devil, no matter how much even the nominal Church may be tainted by the factions, the materialism, and the base methods of the world, let us have grace to serve God acceptably with reverence and Godly fear. Let us do