

longing to the estate. The next Sunday I went to a village called E. O—, near the vicarage. This church was then in its primitive simplicity, the walls damp with mildew, the vestry had moth-eaten curtains instead of doors, the floor was curiously uneven, the pulpit lofty but rickety, and the door would not close. The service was attended by about sixty, a part consisting of the Sunday-school, who sat under the tower at the west end, and were kept awake by the whacks of the vigorous schoolmaster and the sobs of the delinquent scholars.

Here were three churches within two or three miles of each other, with a total attendance of little over one hundred, and two clergymen in charge.*

Contrast this with the thousands of a London or large city parish, and one desires a readjustment of clerical ministrations.

As to the kind of service one meets with in England, it is as various as anywhere else. One can say of every variety, "They do this in England." Considering there are more than 23,000 clergy, one may reasonably expect to find this, nor can any one who has not travelled much form any opinion except from local examples. As far as my observation goes, the prevailing type is what is known as "Anglican." The service is said or sung, the choir composed of boys, usually with surplices, but boys' voices are sweet in England, and they seem able to sing. This reminds me of an anecdote of the late Metropolitan, Bishop Medley. At a village church where he was holding a confirmation, the choir had been ambitious, and had prepared an anthem for the occasion. After the service the rector asked the bishop how he liked the singing. The reply was, "Why did they sing an anthem?" The parson said, "The rubric says, 'In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem.'" "Oh, yes," said the bishop, "but that is in places *where they sing*."

I think I noticed a tendency in several churches to habits which discouraged congregational responding. The minister would say the confession very softly and the people hardly dared to let their voices be heard, and I fear the heartiness of the worship is much checked by this habit, which, I suppose, some eccentric parson has introduced.

At St. Paul's Cathedral, London, it was pleasant to find so many, a hundred or more, joining in the daily prayers of an afternoon. Nearly half the sight-seers took more or less part in the service.

The midday prayers were not so well attended. Perhaps twenty or thirty stopped in their gazing round the magnificent building to join in the hymns and prayers for fifteen minutes in one of the side chapels.

I attended a morning service at the well-known Temple Church, where lawyers and their wives worship. The music was certainly

nearly perfect, but the reading of the curate poor, and the sermon by a dean very so-so.

At Westminster Abbey was the most perfect form of worship I attended during my holiday. The seats were crowded by a seemingly devout congregation. The prayers were sung very well by one of the minor canons, and the lessons excellently read by another. The sermon by Canon Duckworth was the best I heard in England, even though I listened to the leading dignitaries of St. Paul's. Surrounded by such mementoes of greatness and of great men who had shown their humanity by passing away, leaving but their footprints behind, we, the living, could worship the same God and Saviour; and when those who conducted the service were impressed with the desire to render to God the very best of their powers, it seemed like a house removed from the pettiness of the world, and filled with the eternity of heaven.

One sees the Church active on every side, and men and women devoting their lives to the service of the Redeemer. What still "lets" the Gospel? My impression is that the great hindrance and the great contest soon to be fought is for the very foundations of Christianity, and the truths of God's Word. When from cathedral pulpits the subject is "doubts," not "verities"—a text taken only to discredit its genuineness or application—a book is scoffed at as containing only a little of the truth which the great minds of to-day are to pass judgment upon; when, as one has said, the wisest conclusion these wise men arrive at is the absurdity that the books of Moses were written by a man called Moses, but certainly not by the Moses mentioned in the Bible, then we may well imagine that humble minds are shaken in their belief in a God who is painted as not so wise as man of to-day, and the religion which has made England what it is, is becoming discredited by very many. I fear this is a growing evil, because it is easy enough to sow doubts, but not so easy to root them out. One lady told me, "I never go to Rochester Cathedral when Canon — preaches, because he is always arguing against some doctrine, or suggesting a doubt whether some book or text be true. I do not wish to have my mind, or my daughter's, unsettled. I go to church for comfort, not to be disturbed in mind."

Whilst this is the trouble amongst the educated masses, whose reasoning powers are imperfect, there can be very little doubt but that the Church is pretty strongly seated in the affections of the people, and that far more are intelligently attached to her than in days gone by. The *fashion* of being High or Low is passing away, and, whilst followed by a *famine* in some minds, yet probably it is being succeeded by more real service of Christ and the Church, more personal devotion to His cause. Many are stirred from their selfish ease