

# The Church Guardian

Upholds the Doctrines and Rubrics of the Prayer Book

"Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Eph. vi. 24.  
"Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—Jude 3.

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## ECCLIASTICAL NOTES.

**THEN AND NOW.**—The Rev. Canon Hole, in a speech at the annual meeting of the Derby branch of the Church of England Working Men's Society, drew the following graphic picture of the development of Church work in his native parish during his own lifetime:—

*Then.*

Our vicar, in my boyhood, was never seen in the parish. His curate lived five miles away. When he came to give us one short service on the Sunday, he passed through a churchyard, which was the village playground also, and there was horse-play as well as child's play, for I remember seeing and hearing the village lads as they chased the churchwarden's steed, and shouted with delight as he went lumbering amid the broken stones, half hid by grass and weeds, where the rude forefathers of our hamlet slept. As he entered the church (the clergyman, not the horse), the sparrows, twittering their protest at the strange intrusion, woke up the bats from the rotten beams, and they came forth, sailing solemnly eastward and westward, ho! The nimble beetle retreated at the double to his entrenchment in the broken pavement. The emaciated mouse forgot his famine in his fear. Upon the walls, coloured originally a gay gamboge, the moisture, descending from leaky roof and broken panes, ascending from the sodden soil, which had accumulated for centuries outside, produced a green and yellow melancholy, dreary to the eye and spirit. There were pews of every altitude, longitude and latitude, in which the dry rot of the sides and seats vied with the wet rot of the floors; and in their dingy draperies and druggets there were bloated spiders and mealy moths and all manner of creeping things and flies. The service began with a hymn, and the hymn was preceded by a keynote from the bassoon, which ever reminded me of "The Ancient Mariner"—"The wedding guest, he beat his breast, for he heard the loud bassoon"—and which sounded as though some naughty boy in Wombwell's Menagerie had stuck a pin in the elephant's trunk. Of the service itself, of those prayers and praises which have been the precious heritage of the Church almost from the times of the Apostles, I can only speak with reverent admiration, remembering that, despite the nasal antiphones of the clerk, they were offered by so many earnest and humble spirits, now, as we believe, at rest. Of the sermon, I may say that, as a composition, it left nothing to be desired, for what could be more composing? At first, the heads of the audience were seen erect and listening attentively, like watchful grouse among the heather; by-and-bye they began to disappear and reappear like a fisherman's float; then they totally collapsed, and faint tones, as from the bassoon at a distance, "rose and fell on the alarmed air."

*Now.*

Now, the vicar resides, as in almost every village in England, close to his church, and is in it every day. The churchyard is well cared for, planted and mown. The widow and the orphan bring flowers to deck the graves of

those "whom they have loved long since, and lost awhile." The church is restored to its ancient beauty. The pews of all denominations, entomological museums, boudoirs, private boxes, dull men's sleeping cars, loose boxes, are all gone; and in the uniformity of the benches, free alike to all, is proclaimed that "our mother, the Church, hath never a son to honour before the rest," and that as the Duke of Wellington said, when a poor man, walking before him to the altar, was requested to stand aside, "Not so, we are all equal here." The services are daily, instead of weekly; four in place of one on Sunday; and an organ supercedes the bassoon.

**PLAIN SPEAKING BY A BISHOP.**—The Bishop of Truro, preaching at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, on behalf of the repair fund of the church, after some local allusions, said that the condition of that fund, to which the many refused to give while the few did so beyond their means, was a parable of the present state of the Church and realm. Monday had left its mark in London, and not a single landowner but was impoverished through the prevailing depression. We were passing through a critical period. A nation must have sorrows, and when the old order was giving place to the new, the period of transition was naturally one of pain and peril. There was stealing over men a kind of apathy which need strong words, deeds, sacrifices and prayers to make men awake, such as the monks of St. Bernard employ to rouse men from the deadly torpor of sleep. In spite of desires for good, and philanthropic schemes on all hands, men failed to realize their individual responsibility. The cry of the hungry ones was rising up in the ears of God, and it was little wonder that the people were embittered against the upper classes, and slandered them when they read of the wicked extravagance in wine and in trousseau, and knew that few even among the good living dare part company with their fellows, if after kindly warning, and subsequently the strong voice, they would not give up their wretched self-indulgence which made the lives of women a burden.

**THE DANGERS OF MODERN LIFE.**—The Rev. Canon Percival, President of Trinity College, Oxford, preached a powerful sermon at St. Paul's, last month, on the dangers of modern life, which were so similar to those of the Athenians, who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The population of Athens, by tradition representative of republican tendencies, marked by a restless and inquisitive activity, spending its days in public, turning constantly to the market-place for its sensations and surprises, to whom the mission of St. Paul was simply a silent failure, has its counterpart, said the preacher, in the life of this city, with its ceaseless rush of daily news; we indulge in the same criticism and discussion of every new topic. Their time and ours is marked by the decay of old faiths, by unrest and uneasiness of heart. Theirs was a time of transition, and of doubtful outlook, and so is ours. The tendency of their life was strongly materialistic, and a good deal of our's is practical material-

ism from Sunday to Sunday. Quoting a remark made the other day, "We all desire to believe ourselves Christians, but without the cost of personal allegiance to Christ," Dr. Percival urged upon his crowded congregation the truth that personal consecration, and that alone, would save men from wreck and failure amidst the ever-restless sea of London life, with all its accomplishments, its refinements, its eclectic philosophies, and its unknown God.

**THE DANGER OF INDIVIDUALISM.**—The Rev. R. Eyton, designated by many as the "coming man," and who has been selected to take the place of a Canon of St. Paul's, who is invalided, spoke recently of the danger of an exaggerated individualism in the Christian Church, an individualism which bids us think perpetually of our own salvation as an end of life, that seems to consecrate spiritual selfishness as the highest virtue. "We read wearily in railway stations, and at other places, appeals torn from their context in the Scriptures, and made to subservise an intolerable individualism." Mr. Eyton went on to speak of the inevitable reaction from the crude associations which seem to enslave all Christianity in the system that meant that every man was to do the best for himself, and leave other people to get on as best they could, and the throwing of all the energies into schemes of philanthropy, to the neglect of that personal consecration which is indispensable to real religious effort. He also warned the collective Church of the danger of condoning the eternal laws of truth and love in order to keep touch with the people, and helping them to their social ends.

**EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.**—The *Family Churchman* states that a feeling of great satisfaction is felt alike in Christian and in Jewish circles at the determination of the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund to make an organized and systematic effort to obtain trustworthy information respecting the manners and customs of Palestine and Syria generally. The field of enquiry proposed by the Committee embraces such questions as religion and morals, health and disease, superstitions, legends and traditions, language, industries, arts, proverbs, &c. Almost concurrently with this decision for investigation comes the remarkable statement of a young engineer who has just returned from Palestine to Sweden, that he has explored the site of the Temple and the surrounding locality, and is of opinion that the Ark of the Temple is buried in the valley of Hinnom. He offers, if furnished with the necessary means, to undertake its recovery.

**DEATH OF BISHOP HANNINGTON.**—Official telegrams from Zanzibar confirm the recent report of the putting to death of Bishop Hannington by the King of Mombasa. Dutiful acquiescence in the will of God, supported by that feeling of holy joy which mingles with our deep sorrow when we hear or read of "a faithful witness, even unto death," is the attitude of mind for which Christians must pray in the presence of such a trial. It is but a year since we wept over the martyrdom of Gordon; only a year, and again the Church triumphs in the death of a valiant son.