

# 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.

THE following figures are given to illustrate the progress of Christianity: Day of Pentecost, 3,000; end of first century, 500,000; reign of Constantine, 10,000,000; eighth century, 30,000,000; Reformation, 100,000,000; Eighteen hundred and eighty-four, 450,000,000. The figures are full of comfort to present workers; and the future promises a harvest a thousand fold richer. The spirit of the Apostles, men, and means are wanting to conquer the world for Christ. Every life devoted to that cause is infinitely precious *now*. Every dollar given *now* for the spread of Christ's kingdom is worth more than a thousand dollars will be twenty years hence. The Church is simply checked in her progress for lack of men and funds; and the present workers are paralyzed for want of sufficient support.

THE season of Epiphany forces on men's minds the lesson that when they have found Christ they naturally bring their offerings to His feet. It is their bounden duty to do so. Bible Christians, as a rule, do not lay as much stress as they should upon the very plain Bible principle of giving one-tenth of their substance to the Lord. The duties of the Christian dispensation should go beyond those of the Jewish. If the Jew gave one-tenth, how much should the Christian give? Certainly not less; probably a great deal more. We have no right to rob God of His rightful dues, a charge which He laid to the Jews and which many a Christian fully deserves. Give them as the Lord hath prospered you, and then the cause of Christ and His Church will quickly triumph, and quickly hasten the accomplishment of the Christian's earnest prayer, "Thy Kingdom come."

"Ye Episcopi of England who work at home at ease  
How little do ye know of the hardships of these Sees."

So might Bishop Coxe write after his late experience at Geneseo, to which place he went to administer confirmation. First he got in a train going the wrong way, and had to get out at Livonia and hire a carriage to convey him to Geneseo. Getting there, he found that his valise, containing his robes, which had come by the train he should have taken, was locked up in the depot, and it took some time to find the station master who had the key. Getting out his robes, he made a rush for the church, where the services were already under way, but thought it necessary to have a drink of water before beginning his duties. The only man supposed to be able to get the water was the organ-blower, and he could only go for it on condition that the Bishop took his place at the bellows, which the latter did. Even then no water could be obtained, and the Bishop had to take part in the services with his throat full of dust. Nor was this the last of his trials. When the service was over, by some misunderstanding there was no carriage in waiting to take him to the house where he was to spend the night, and he had to ride thither in a fish wagon, which was the only conveyance procurable. And finally the horse ran away and narrowly avoided upsetting the Bishop into the gutter.

As each Christmas appears the decorations seem to be better than ever. The accounts of beautifying the Houses of God in honour of the Nativity have been very full and shew that loving

hands bestow much care and expend much time on this beautiful custom. But it should be remembered that the decorations are Christmas decorations, and therefore should not be left up during the penitential time of Lent. There was an old rule which stated that Christmas decorations should be taken down the day before the Feast of the Purification. We hope that the idea of the "fitness of things" will be sufficient to impel those concerned to see that these decorations are down before, at least, Ash Wednesday.

ANY clergyman renders his people a good service who is the means of putting into their homes good literature. The clergyman that helps to put good newspapers and books into the hands of his parishioners, not only does them a good service, but will be amply rewarded in his labours by the influence a sound literature exerts on his people. Many clergymen might very profitably take a lesson from the example furnished by the ministers of the Roman Catholic and Methodist churches in this respect. They make vigorous endeavours to secure good reading for the people, and as a consequence their newspapers and periodicals are well patronized. The people learn to look to them for council. And their hold is the greater on their people for that very reason. He who has introduced a good book or periodical into the home, has rendered it one of the best possible of services, and one sure to be gratefully and increasingly appreciated.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unhappy state of affairs in Madagascar the Church is making satisfactory headway. Recently the Prime Minister laid the corner stone of what is to be called the Cathedral at the Capital. The Bishop has the confidence of those in authority, having recently performed the ceremony of uniting the widowed Queen in the bonds of marriage with her Prime Minister, such a union being a time-honored custom of the country.

"Men seldom die of hardwork," says R. S. MacArthur; "activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession."

## An Afternoon at St. Paul's.

ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

Religion is not dead in England. It is not dying in England. Nor has the Established Church of England in the least lost its hold upon the reverence and affection of the people of England. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock St. Paul's Cathedral was literally thronged in every inch of seeing or hearing room. There were, at a rough guess, from 10,000 to 15,000 souls under the earnest and scholarly voice of Canon Liddon. And who were these people, from what classes and conditions of society did they come? My answer is simple, comprehensive, and accurate. They were all sorts of people, and from all classes and conditions of society. Among the 2,000 people whom I saw standing I remarked men, women, and youths who evidently belonged to the laboring and artisan class, and in a chair two rows in front

of where I sat I recognized Mr. James Anthony Froude, and sitting next to him was a young lady whom I took to be his daughter, as the illustrious historian and litterateur frequently referred to her Book of Common Prayer, as if to keep the order of the service, which he outwardly followed and observed with signs of deepest devoutness.

How splendid church music is in all England! It is splendid because it is suitable. The music, in quality, form, and rendering, is distinctively and unmixedly church music. The choir at St. Paul's is one of the very best in England. Of course it is a male choir in surplices. The surplice part is only useful for decency's sake. It has no other defence than this; this it has, however, that the whole choir may be uniformly attired. But the music was heavenly. There were four leading boys' voices, and these boys sang as if they had just come down out of the clouds, with an unconsciousness and an abandon to the spirit of the music that was divine; nothing for effect, all to the glory of God. There were not less than forty voices in the choir, and, as always in the cathedral service, the chanting was antiphonal. The Gregorian music was used for the most part, and nothing could have been more consummately perfect as an expression of Christian worship than this Church of England service on this Sunday.

Canon Liddon preached from the pulpit under the dome, and his voice reached to the remotest parts of the transepts and well down the great nave. I have never before been so favored as to hear this famous preacher, regarded by the most intelligent sections of English churchmen as the most scholarly and brilliant orator in the Anglican church. When his Reverence entered the pulpit I was instantly disappointed with his personal appearance. I had always associated Canon Liddon with Henry Melville, and expected to find the same type of mind in the same type of body. I was looking for a tall, spare, pale, scholastic ecclesiastic to enter the pulpit, especially for an ascetic seeming countenance to look down upon me. But no, the preacher has much the look of a man of the world. He is not tall, only of medium height, is rather thick set, and has a round head and florid complexion. His nose and mouth are those of the orator. From first to last the diction of the sermon was literary and the pronunciation academic. The discourse was begun in rather an inaudible voice but after about five minutes the matter of the sermon lifted the voice till it commanded the vast audience and held the interest and seemed to compel the assent of every listener. The sermon was on the parable of the ten virgins, the preacher taking as the particular words of his text, "the door was shut," and a most singularly untrite treatment of this very trite subject of "lost opportunity" I have never heard nor read. And yet the preacher began in a very common-place, old-fashioned sermonic way upon the general matter of opportunities, but soon became eloquent, and, when treating the matter of the "lost opportunities of friendship," his words were pathetic in a degree. He passed rapidly to these consecutive points: Opportunities of wealth, of social advantages, of powers of mind, of our allotted days on earth. He reached his highest pitch of eloquence when on the point of the wasted endowments of the mind. The final appeal of the sermon was simply tremendous. It was a sermon. It was not an essay. It was a sermon, for in form, matter, and spirit it was suited only to the Christian pulpit.