

A WARNING.

churches have now. We looked in at St. Paul's to see the new decorations, and found hundreds in the church, some engaged in praying, others in gazing; the new reredos is very fine, but we could not judge of Mr. Richmond's mosaics because of the immense height at which they are placed. On the whole we were profoundly impressed by the life and activity everywhere manifested in the Church and services which seemed to be levelling up to a standard which was evidently well appreciated by the mass of the people. Circumstances have called me to visit several other places in the South of England, and it is everywhere just the same. We visited quiet country villages, and there we found hearty services and nice churches, and the inevitable altar cross. I tried a very large and well-known watering place, and it was still the same; the most Evangelical have not discovered a cross to be the idol and the spiritual harlot which the P.D.A. and its orators call the Christian symbol in Ireland. At the watering-place we found the churches worked at the highest pressure. Town churches are not there shut from Sunday to Sunday. There were celebrations daily, and at least on Thursdays at eight and again at twelve for invalids. Are there not Dublin suburbs and watering places where there are numerous invalids to whom this Thursday celebration would be a blessing? There was litany with two hymns as a separate service at twelve on Wednesday and Friday, and celebration on Sunday at 6, 7, 8, 9, and 12.15, children's service at 3, and evening service twice, at 4 (for servants, etc.) and at 7. The best preacher we heard at the watering place was an old Dublin friend, Dr. Weldon, and we never regretted the loss Dublin sustained in his departure more than when we listened to his vigorous oratory in an English church. There is one point we specially noted, that all the churches we looked at or attended stopped the morning service at the 3rd Collect, and then proceeded to the Holy Communion, omitting the litany. Most of them inserted the sermon after the 3rd Collect, and some had then the Holy Communion as a second and separate service, matins to the 3rd Collect, and a hymn and sermon with offertory lasted one hour and a quarter. The Communion office by itself then lasted nearly an hour with musical *Trisagion*, *Gloria in Excelsis*, etc. I terminate these desultory remarks by quoting that I have even found the cross depicted upon the altar-cloths of churches owned and worked by the Colonial and Continental Society, where, to my surprise, I have even found short surplices and long cassocks, and the official turning to the East at the Creed. The P.D.A. must look sharp.

OUR PRAYER BOOK.

The Prayer Book is a wonderful book for the majestic simplicity of its English undefiled, its archaic rhythms, its beauty, borrowed in generous measure from the Scriptures. In its prayers all the ages meet to worship. Its creeds bind the world in the unity of the faith. Its canticles harmonize all tongues in bursts of praise. Its offices blend the penitence of the sick room, the prison, the battle-field and the family in one solemn *Miserere*. Its benedictions descend gently as the dew of heaven upon the infant that has just come from God, and the parting soul that takes its flight to God. A wonderful book it is for its tractile power upon the wills of men to win them away from the imperfections of systems which can be loved only by those who are ignorant of the better way. A little black-letter volume, well thumbled, picked up by accident from a dusty shelf, was the discovery of a new world to one who, with eager surprise, found there what his soul longed for.—*Bishop McLaren*.

At this season many—we wish we could say all—of our readers who live in cities will be making their preparations to leave town for the mountains or the seaside. It is to be hoped that none of them will forget to carry their Sunday along with their Sunday clothes. It is a mournful fact that two many church-members behave as if they left their Church covenant and duties behind them shut up in their Prayer-Books on the last day of their attendance at the sanctuary. They do things and engage in amusements on Sunday which they would never dream of at home. I have heard a man speak of going to see a spectacular play of which the morality was at least somewhat doubtful. "I thought you did not go to the theatre," said I. "I do not *here*!" was the answer, "but it is different in New York where no one knows me!" I could never have any confidence in the man afterwards. A Christian should be a Christian at all times, but he should if possible, be doubly careful of his conduct when he is removed from the restraints of home; and when he is thrown among those who perhaps have never learned respect for religion. Let me entreat you, dear fellow-Christian, to bring no scandal on your profession. It has been justly said that one inconsistent church-member does more harm to the cause of Christ than ten open scoffers or unbelievers. And be sure your sin will find you out. "If we deny him, he also will deny us." You cannot leave your religion at home and take it up again as you left it. Your spiritual life will suffer if indeed it be not wholly extinguished, and it may be you will find your support wanting when you need it most. And do not be satisfied with a bare profession. You will never be placed where you cannot do good. If there is a place of worship within reach you can attend it, even though it may not be that to which you are accustomed. Your presence will be a help to the minister, who too often is sorely in need of encouragement. You can, perhaps, help the Sunday-school by a timely gift of books or cards, or by supplying a class now and then. And if such attendance be impossible, you can join in the prayers and praises of God's people at home by means of your Prayer-Book. It would not be amiss to carry with you two or three copies of the pretty new edition of the Prayer-Book to give away as you see opportunity. You can buy half a dozen for ninety cents. I have found such a gift highly appreciated even by persons who do not belong to our Church. In fine, dear reader, let your motto be: "I have set God always before me!" and your determination "to shew forth his praise not only with you lips, but in your life."—*Parish Visitor, N. Y.*

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the appointed exercise of Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill breeding, their perverse tempers; to endure their neglect when we feel we deserve attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks; to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way and whom He has provided on purpose for the trial of our virtue, these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves.

To bear with vexation in business, with disappointments in our expectations, with inter-

ruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Selected*.

THE ANSWER OF FAITH TO THE PESSIMISM OF THE DAY.

(From the Convention Address of Bishop Tuttle)

It may be said, it seems as if true, that materialism is the faith and worldliness the practice of the day; that selfishness and sin in dominant force work discordant wrangling and one can see no end thereof. But, "when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." We may not forget that we live under the dispensation of God the Holy Ghost. These Sunday days of the latter half of the Christian year on which we just have entered are, in the old service books, Sundays after Pentecost, taking their source and inspiration from Witsun Day. With God the Holy Ghost the guide and leader, the personal inspirer and worker for good on the earth, how shall Christians lose heart and faith, however self and Satan, sin and death, may seem to have the high hand?

Besides representing the Blessed Saviour by lighting the reason and conscience and hope of every man that cometh into the world, He, God the Holy Ghost, has the three divine institutions, the Family, the State and Church, for the channels of His grace and the instruments of his beneficent activity. Let the world intensify its seductions. Let pride swell, and gain grow, and sense tyrannize, and self claim imperial rule; and Satan shout cries of victory. Yet set against them is an opposing host. And God the Holy Ghost is the Commander-in-Chief. And the Home, the State, and the Church are the powerful intrenchments. These three are not settings up of our own for defence; the sharpened stakes of an improvised stockade protection. No, they are walls of adamant and strong towers heaven reaching, furnished by the Almighty Himself for refuge and succor to the souls whom He hath made.

Clanging discord shall not bring disintegration and dissolution. Arrogant selfishness cannot choke to the death brotherly kindness and love. The perplexing questions of practical economics touching the making of wealth and the distributing of wealth shall not run on to ruinous distraction of men's thoughts and aims. Because God the Holy Ghost is the Divine personal worker on earth for good. And because the three divine institutions, the Family, the State, and the Church, are the everlasting embodiments for earth of His beneficent activities. If pessimism be loud-voiced to-day it is because it does not so much as know whether there be any Holy Ghost; and it does not realize the tremendous and enduring strength of protection to the better in man afforded by the divine institutions which God's goodness hath set up on the earth.

TEARS are but finite; 'tis but a while that we shall weep; after a few showers that fall from our eyes we shall have a perpetual sunshine. In heaven the battle of tears is stopped.

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