

EVERY DAY CHURCH GOING.

FOR many years, we are thankful to say, it has been the custom of numbers of clergymen to keep the doors of their churches open all day. Not for the convenience of visitors merely—the passing stranger within the gates who lounges, hat in hand, through the aisles, glancing at the monuments, the decorations, or the architectural features of the building. Many of these churches have little or nothing to look at in the way of monuments or decorations. The doors are kept open for worshippers, using the word in its truest deepest sense. "This church is open for rest, meditation, and prayer," is the notice we see daily outside the Church of St. Brede's, Fleet street, famous in the annals of the Church Missionary Society. Can any higher use be suggested for the sacred edifice? And, day by day, hour by hour, some weary wanderer, struggling through life's tearful pilgrimage, will drop into Wren's beautiful Church, where, awed by the silence, touched perhaps with the religious associations, restfulness gives way to meditation, meditation to prayer, prayer to a renewed and revived spiritual life. "My house is the house of prayer," and prayer is a daily duty, but we have relegated it to a few stated hours a week, as if the human heart could be wound up, like a clock, to strike with regularity at stated moments. It seems so obvious, the advantage of opening churches all day, that it comes upon us almost with a shock of surprise to hear the question discussed as a new one. The letters of Lord Carnarvon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, have brought home to us the fact that notwithstanding the many practical difficulties which stand in the way, it is easy, it is right, it is only natural, it is imperatively a necessity of our highly-strung times, that a provision should be made for individual spiritual needs by opening our churches daily for private prayer. We are constantly proclaiming that the Church is the spiritual home of the English people. What would we think of a home which closed its doors on us six days out of the seven? If, as we are also fond of asserting, a pious man can say his prayers at home as well and as piously as in church, where is the reason for shutting the door of his spiritual home against him? Let it not be said that we underrate the practical difficulties. Like other difficulties, however, they are disposed to vanish in thin air when grappled with by practical courage. Scores of churches—literally scores—in the east and south of London are daily open to the poor. Some of these do not even possess a caretaker. Yet we have heard no complaints; in no case has the plan been abandoned as a failure; on the contrary, everywhere the practice is being emulated with great spiritual advantage to the districts adopting it. Prayer books, books of devotion (of which the name is legion), or leaflets may be left in the seats or pews. Now and again, perhaps, one

may be taken away, but we think the Bible Society or the Religious Tract Society might recoup the losers—or at worst, they might set up a small insurance office against such losses. Seriously, the movement is practicable, and we trust that the Archbishop's encouragement will have a wide effect in flinging open wide the Church's gate, wherein all are equal.—*Family Churchman*.

BISHOP TALBOT.

At the Church Congress, just concluded in Buffalo, one of the most striking speakers was the missionary Bishop of Idaho and Wyoming. The American missionary bishop is an ecclesiastic *sui generis*. He has to be ready to lead the life almost of the trapper and the hunter, to travel long distances in whatever form may present itself. He must preach to cow boys, trappers, hunters, early settlers and Indians, in bar rooms, wigwams or the open air, and when he comes east he must be prepared to address refined and educated congregations, conventions and congresses. From all this a certain amount of interest attaches itself to the Missionary bishop.

Bishop Talbot is a young man for a bishop, and this, of course, a missionary bishop should be. The duties are too trying for any man unless he is young and strong. There is a vein of originality about Bishop Talbot which seems to fit him for his own peculiar work. His buying up churches in villages overburdened with sects, instead of adding to those already existing, is itself a master stroke of policy. He made a good point against one of the speakers from Philadelphia, who urged strongly that the Church should not plant herself in places already in possession of "other churches," by quietly asking how it was that the worthy speaker had planted himself in Philadelphia, a city which originally belonged to the Quakers. He also told of his endeavors, when a parochial clergyman, to conciliate and fraternize with the ministers of the various denominations of the place in which he lived, and of the dangers that it brought to him. He made it a practice to invite them all to his study on every Monday morning and to make them very happy by affording an opportunity for each one to tell over the sermons he had preached on Sunday. This nearly, however, got him into trouble and only a man of quick wit and of an original cast of mind could have extricated himself from it as easily as he did.

On one occasion the Presbyterian minister, evidently with a view of entrapping him, produced a document for signature by all "the brethren" present. This was a document declaring perfect equality among all present, in doctrine, ecclesiastical standing, etc., etc. Mr. Talbot (as he was then) saw that if he did not sign this he would be proclaimed everywhere as a bigot and as possessing "the usual episcopal exclusiveness." He also