

trustees. Large sums have been pledged by a number of wealthy gentlemen, amounting in all to between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

THE GROWTH OF A LITURGY.

WE have sometimes heard it objected to the Liturgy, by our non-liturgical friends, that the repetition of the same prayers and praises must, gradually, dull the mind to their meaning and power. There is, undoubtedly, to the undevout, some danger here. It is a danger, however, by no means confined to the uses of a Liturgy. The Word of God itself, by continual repetition, loses its meaning to the careless and irreverent. The soul is on probation, in the use of all means of grace, and there is danger, in all, of spiritual deadness, from familiarity. The danger should be recognized and guarded against in the use of the Liturgy. Clergy and laity should both come to our solemn worship with minds and hearts attentive and prepared.

But it is not repetition in itself that deadens the spiritual power of a Liturgy, though we do acknowledge the danger. A knowledge of human nature shows that repetition is the very power of a Liturgy, the very secret of its hold on the heart. That is the reason why a Liturgy cannot be extemporized, why an extemporized Liturgy is the most barren formalism.

A Liturgy is a *growth*. It is the accumulation of centuries. It is the prayers of the holiest in the past. It is the praises of the saintliest in all the ages. It comes down, burdened with most sacred memories, sanctified with loftiest and holiest associations. These *prayers* have

been the utterances of the greatest brains, and the holiest hearts, for centuries. These *praises* have been hallowed by the purest lips that ever spake. These petitions have gone up from dungeon cells, where Christian heroes prepared to give life for faith. These hymns have rung in triumph round blazing pile and bloody rock. Divinest sorrow has breathed these *misereres*. Divinest joy has winged these *jubilates* to God. They are at last the concentrated worship of the Christian ages. Every pain and every gladness, every mournful defeat, every glorious triumph, in all the cycles of the Church's story are living yet in these words of power. They have been whispered when an infant died; they have been wailed by the lips of a smitten maiden, asking mercy of a chastening God. They have echoed in the laborer's cottage, his thanksgiving for humble mercies to the lowly; they have rung through the vaulted roofs of grand cathedrals a people's shout of glory for deliverance, to the great "God of Battles." They are not one man's words, one heart's utterances. They are the world's words. They are humanity's cries to heaven for ages.

Thus has our Liturgy grown. Thus does it come to us. Such a Liturgy can never be *made*. Such a Liturgy only *grows*. The oak of centuries stands by the hand of God. It has grown to what it is by His will. Men do not make either oaks or Liturgies. They *may* plant and prepare the ground for both.

The growth of a Liturgy into the individual heart and life is by just the same process. Possibly the "Morning and Evening Prayer" speaks to no two souls alike. For