

THINGS NOT COMMONLY KNOWN ABOUT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—1. The Episcopal Church of Scotland was once, like the Church of England, the "Established Church" of the country.

I. In 1688 it was dis-established and dis-endowed by William III, Prince of Orange, because its bishops and clergy refused to recognize him as their king, and remained firmly attached to their rightful monarch, James VII. (II. of England).

III. Shortly afterwards, William III. having swept all the incomes of the bishops and dignitaries into the exchequer, appropriated those of the parochial clergy to those of the Presbyterian sect, and thus set up, on the ruins of the old Church, what is now legally termed the "Church of Scotland"; which derives all of its endowments from the plunder of the ancient Church.

IV. But the Episcopal Church, though in poverty and destitution, still continued to exist and kept up with the most faithful and conscientious care the episcopal succession to the Apostolic ministry, thus providing for the continuance of the due administration, in the Church, of Christ's Word and Sacrament.

V. From 1746 to 1792, the members of the Episcopal Church (having always warmly supported the cause of James, commonly called "the Pretender," and Prince Charles Edward, against the usurping monarchs, and persisting in the refusal to recognize as king any one of the House of Stuart), were placed under the most severe penal statutes; it was made illegal for them to possess any churches or chapels; those which had remained in the country districts were ruthlessly burnt; those in towns were ordered to be pulled down at the expense, if not with the hands, of the Episcopalians themselves; all public service was forbidden; more than four persons, besides the family, were not permitted to meet for divine worship in any house, the penalty incurred by the officiating priest for disregard of this prohibition being, for first offence, six months' imprisonment; for second offence, transportation for life.

VI. During all this time, the Church of England raised not a single voice of remonstrance against this cruel persecution; and thus, though herself in spiritual communion with the Episcopal Church of Scotland, tacitly approved of it all.

VII. Notwithstanding the malice of the enemies of our Church, and the indifference of those who should have been her friends, the Bishops in Scotland, in 1784, consecrated Dr. Scabury as the first bishop of the American Church. The consecration took place secretly, in the upper room of a house in Aberdeen; and through that act, done by the venerable Prelates of our Church in their hour of bitterness adversity, the Episcopal Church of Scotland became the mother-Church of the Episcopal Church of America, now the largest portion of the Anglican Branch of the Church Catholic.

#### WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JUNE 21, 1887.

Is this the venerable Abbey of Westminster? Wonderful, indeed, is the metamorphosis. High and stately as of old rise nave, and choir, and transepts, their dignity undiminished, the chastened splendor of their lights warm and cheering on this glorious June day. But within it all, a veritable *imperium in imperio*, stands an erection, or combination of erections—for the galleries are not supported in any way by aught save the floor of the Abbey—filled with ten thousand of Her Majesty's happy people. It is in the Abbey yet not of the Abbey; for, on the one hand, the Abbey walls might fall away without endangering the crowd, and, on the other, at this early hour (ten o'clock), some of

the fortunate possessors of good seats are munching biscuits and sandwiches, and emptying flasks, regardless of the proprieties due to the sacred edifice. Some are reading newspapers, some books. Here and there an animated conversation on very mundane affairs is palpably overheard. On the whole, the metamorphosis has its drawback.

Yet it is indeed the old Abbey of Westminster, and to-day the Queen comes hither to offer humble thanksgiving for the mercies vouchsafed by the King of Kings during a reign of fifty years. No apology is needed for erecting accommodation in our Royal Cathedral for ten thousand representatives of Her Majesty's subjects. Had it been possible, ten millions would willingly, joyfully be there. Here, then, we are, of all places in the world, directly behind Sir Gilbert Scott's majestic reredos, in the apse, looking down sacrarium, choir, and nave. No description could do even approximate justice to the scene. As time goes on, and notabilities arrive, it is a picture glowing with life and flashing with jewels. Here are representatives of the army, navy, and civil service, brilliant in uniform and orders; here the Lord Mayor and corporation, in their scarlet mazarine gowns, with many provincial mayors, high sheriffs, and other civil officers. The yeomen of the guard come presently in to complete the magnificent show in the nave; and, in their pretty Tudor costumes, keep the line for the procession. On the choir screen stand the Queen's trumpeters in their magnificent gold uniforms, ready to announce the arrival of the procession at a signal from Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, who stands with flag in hand for the purpose near the door. Here also sits at the organ Dr. Bridge, in the brilliant colored gown of the Mus. Doc. Brass instruments and drums, to be presently utilized with great effect in the rendering of the Prince Consort's *Te Deum*, are here in proximity to the organ pipes; and in this central position are the representatives of the Press. The choir itself has yet to be filled up. The stalls there are left for members of the Royal family and illustrious visitors. The Choristers in these circumstances are raised aloft, and sit almost concealed in galleries under the diapered arcade, the front ranks perched so to speak, on the pinnacles of their choir stalls. Three hundred surplices in all they number, for the Abbey choir is re-inforced by the choristers of St. Paul's; All Saints', Margaret-street; St. Peter's, Eaton-square; and St. Andrews, Well-street, and the Chapels Royal, including, of course, the boys of the Savoy, with their crimson girdles, and violet cassocks. To the colonies and India are devoted adjoining galleries, while across the transept in corner balconies in view of and near proximity to the sovereigns, and the high society in which they move, sit the diplomats. The peers, the members of Parliament, and lords-lieutenant of counties, mostly in the splendor of uniform or court dress, and accompanied by their wives, make the transept from the north door to Poet's Corner extremely brilliant. The judges in their wigs and robes, enjoy in the south transept gallery a higher elevation than even their own seats of justice afford. The Scottish Bar has its representatives present, and Nonconformist deputies sit in galleries over the members of the House of Commons. The bishops and clergy, with representatives of the universities, are in the galleries over the sacrarium in the apse.

Now the royal pew (as the dais is termed) is the centre of attraction, and the sacrarium begins to fill. The Queen's throne—the Coronation chair, enclosing the Stone of Destiny, of which the traditions extend back so many ages of monarchy—faces the altar. The royal robes of purple are thrown over it, but not so as to conceal the golden lions supporting it, which are curiously viewed. Chairs are set on the carpet right and left for the royal family, and beyond in the sacrarium in front of the altar—laden with gold plate and sweetly adorned

with pure white blossoms—are seats for the crowned personages who are to honour the Queen's Jubilee. Presently the procession enters, and we are in the presence of the Queen of England, five European Kings, an African Queen, Prince and Princesses without number, and representative Indian Princes of the highest degree.

The service begins. The officiating clergy present, and who had met the Queen outside the Abbey in the vestibule, are five Minor Canons in surplice, hood, and stole; six Canons, wearing the ancient Copes of the Abbey, namely, Canon Westcott, Canon Furze, Canon Rowsell, Canon Farrar, Canon Duckworth, Canon Prothero, preceded by their verger; next in order the Bishop of London, present not as Bishop of the Diocese, but as Dean of the Chapels Royal, clad in scarlet and ermine; the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Westminster, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, these three dignitaries wearing also rich Copes, inherited from the period of Charles II, by the Abbey, the Dean being preceded by his verger and the Archbishop of Canterbury by his apparitor. The versicles opening the service are sung by Mr. Flood Jones, the precentor, the choir making the usual responses. From Queen to humblest subject in that great assemblage, conflicting emotions must press for ascendancy, as the grand harmony of the Prince Consort's *Te Deum* now fills the spacious edifice. The men's voices in chorus, and Mr. Hilton's superb voice in solo, are as well heard throughout the building as those of the trebles. Nothing could have been more effective than the Gregorian setting of Psalm xx. To those acquainted with that ancient music, it may be recorded that the tone was "fifth—second ending." One curious and beautiful feature of this psalm is the distinction made between the "people's prayer" and the "ruler's trust,"—as in Dr. Westcott's edition of the Psalter—which has really a powerful and sympathetic effect. The music, as a whole, is simple, joyful, and popular: Dr. Bridge sacrificing grandeur to simple dignity. Perhaps the most impressive feature of the anthem is the theme from the Prince Consort's tune "Gotha," effectively introduced for bass voices. Dean Bradley reads the short lesson in a clear, distinct, scholarly manner. The Primate monotones the special prayers. First and last the service occupies exactly fifty brief, fleeting minutes.

Throughout the whole service Her Majesty sat in the Coronation chair, or knelt on the stool at her feet (a *prie dieu* erected for the purpose was left unused, probably because of its inconvenient distance), her family around her in order of their seniority. The service over, a scene ensues, all the more beautiful and delightful because it was unexpected, and because it revealed the mother in the Queen. "The nation had hardly risen from its knees, the choir had scarcely breathed its last prolonged and exquisitely harmonized "Amen,"—is the description given by one spectator—"when the Queen, turned from her seat towards her right hand which she held out to the Prince of Wales, and one by one the Princes came up and with homage kissed the mother's hand, and she kissed them on the cheek: and then, turning to her left, every Princess in order did the same loving duty, and received the same blessed recognition of love. It was as moving a scene as perhaps the most sensitive loyalist has ever witnessed in England. We may not be a sentimental people, but we have sound, loving hearts, and hardly an eye was left unwet with tears, and surely no manly breast was unmoved with sympathy, while the Queen and Empress, without false shame and shyness, without excitement, with utmost dignity, and with supreme affection, helped us to love her as the mother of us all."

From the Abbey we hasten to witness, if possible, the pageantry outside, and there we leave the reader to other guides.—From *The Family Churchman*.