

Those were days in which I can well remember, as a boy, the lordly faculty pews, in which there was abundance of room for the owners, but none for the poor, and in which the wealthy proprietors, if anything were too plain spoken in the sermon, stirred their fires, and rendered the offensive words inaudible. The old churches lingered on in calm decay, but no one understood their architecture, and ordinary Christians could see no difference between the style of one age and the style of another.

There were no hymnals in those days—we all rejoiced, or submitted to the feeble rhymes of Brady and of Tate, in supposed imitation of the genius of David.

The Christian year had not then been born. Hymnology was consigned to a few enthusiasts. Liturgical studies formed no part of a clergyman's reading. The Prayer-book was pronounced excellent, and many a panegyric uttered on our admirable Liturgy; but the sources of its grandeur were not investigated, its revisions were unknown, no list existed of the antiquity of its collects, and no history of the discussions at the Savoy Conference set forth in full, for the benefit of all time, the temper and the desires of our opponents, and the full and explicit answers to all exceptions by those most learned champions of our Church, Saunderson, Pearson, Walton, Sparrow and Gunning. How could our Prayer-book be understood, or really valued, when its Communion office was dethroned from its proper place in Christian worship, when, instead of meeting, like the Apostolic Christians, at an early hour to break bread every Lord's day, and to offer the daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, Holy Communion was read, I can hardly say celebrated, three or four times, and received sometimes once a year?

At this particular term of our history, when paralysis of spiritual life and motion seemed the pressing danger,