

say. The dissenters' chapels usually confine themselves to two or three services, as their congregations are homogeneous; but the churches are thronged from early in the morning till late at night. I have again and again been forced to stand in the street, and in the midst of a crowd filling the sidewalk and all the approaches, till the congregation already inside were ready to give place to those waiting without. At St. Paul's Cathedral, at St. Andrew's, Wells street, at All Saints', Margaret street, at St. Mary's, Kensington, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and at countless other churches, the usual Sunday services are continuous throughout the sacred day. To these are added daily matins and evensong throughout the week, with numerous other "instructions." Sunday-school services, mothers' meetings, guilds, friendly societies, and the like. The life of a London curate is no easy, idle task. It is work, work, work, to which there is no rest, save the brief "outing" in the summer, when the overworked clergyman hurries to Switzerland and climbs mountains and makes the various "passes" for a fortnight's holiday. It was the testimony of a prominent independent minister of the North of England, with whom I travelled for half a day, that for zeal, intelligent devotion to work, success, and thorough spirituality, the clergy of the Established Church far exceeded the dissenting ministers. His own son, with his hearty approbation, was about applying for orders in the Church. He had graduated at an English university with honor, and had found that his companions who were preparing for the Church were far more imbued with the spirit of the gospel than his dissenting associates, who were largely influenced by rationalism and materialism. Such was the testimony of an intelligent and earnest man, who deplored the fact of the "dissidence of dissent," but found consolation in the great advance made by the National Church during the period of his own ministry of two-score years.

In London, every one appears in his best and brightest attire on Sunday, and when the day chances to be bright, the city wears a most attractive aspect. The parks are thronged by an orderly assembly, who stroll along the broad avenues or lounge on the abundant and comfortable seats, in evident enjoyment of the day of rest. The streets are filled with old and young. Many, with their Bibles and Prayer-Books in hand, are hurrying to or from church or chapel or Sunday-school. All traffic is suspended. It is even hard to get a lunch if one is away from one's hotel or lodging and wishes to satisfy the cravings of hunger between the services. There would be no difficulty in getting "something to drink," for at every corner is the gorgeous "gin palace," and the crowd thronging its portals ceases not, day or night. One finds a strong argument for prohibition as one sees the thin clad woman, with scarcely more than a faded, ragged gown to cover her nakedness, and a worn, discolored shawl over the wan neck and arms, slinking into the publican's presence to get a penny's worth of drink, while even children of tender age are often sent on errands by their wretched parents to bring them the means to satisfy their insatiate thirst.

The American in London naturally turns to St. Paul's, on Sunday, if he desires an early service; and he takes his choice of one either before or after his morning meal, as he prefers. The early sacrament at St. Paul's is quiet and restful to the body, as well as nourishing to the soul. To pass from the hurry and busy hum of the densest portion of the world's capital to the stillness and solemnity of the interior of this grand cathedral is of itself a rest. The musical intonations of the clergy, the splendor of the organ-playing, the absolute perfection of the choral service, and the spirit of reverence pervading everything around, is to the visitor a special means of grace. By all means,

the American Churchman should make his first pilgrimage to the shrine erected by the genius of Christopher Wren on the hill of Lud, and offer to him the praise due to the architect of the cathedral of his ancestors before the war of independence; for, prior to our separation from England, the Bishop of London was the diocesan of the American colonies, and St. Paul's was America's cathedral, as well as that of London itself.

The musical service at St. Paul's is considered the finest in the world. If excelled, it is only surpassed by the choir of the Imperial Chapel at Berlin; and, surely, one need not seek a more perfect rendering of choral song than that which is given morning and evening, day by day, all through the year, by the magnificent choir of St. Paul's. A choir of upward of fifty men and boys is heard there at matins and evensong, daily, year after year. The choir is composed of soloists of wonderful power and musical taste, who render the Anglican music most effectively, and all this is done as an act of worship to God, without money or price. The prince and peasant kneel together here. There are no pews—no pew doors. Chairs fill the vast open space under the dome and reaching out into the transepts and nave. Strangers are frequently placed by the attentive vergers in the clergy stalls, curiously and exquisitely carved by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons, and no one, however squalid his appearance, is turned away from this grand temple of his Heavenly Father. No one who visits London will fail to thank God for the stately shrine and solemn services of St. Paul's.

At the usual hour of morning prayer, one cannot make a mistake, if, in turning in from the crowded Fleet street, near the magnificent Inns of Court, and hard by the site of old Temple Bar, one seeks sanctuary and a service in the famous Temple Church, the church of the London Benchers—the church over which the judicious Hooker was once "Master." The present Master of the Temple is the Very Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Dean of Landaff Cathedral, in Wales, and one of the most noted of English preachers. The church is of great antiquity, and was consecrated by a Bishop of Jerusalem in the twelfth century. It is one of the many shrines once held by the Knights Templar, and built, as their sanctuaries were, after the pattern of the Holy Sepulchre. The effigies of cross-legged Templars, who had fought in the Holy Land, abound, and the old stained glass reproduces the memory and the pictured presentation of those days of old, when, at the beginning of the order, and in its days of poverty and privation, two of the brothers sat astride a single horse. In this grand Temple Church assemble, Sunday after Sunday, twelve hundred of the leading "benchers" of England—lawyers, Queen's councillors, Judges, and Chancellors, the most learned and distinguished of their kind. Ladies have no place, save in a few most contracted and uncomfortable seats, which make their presence penitential to themselves; even though it is an artistic treat to listen to the Temple choral service, and an intellectual feast to hear the "Master" preach. The spectacle of a thousand intellectual, cultivated faces turned toward the preacher, himself one of the saintliest, most devout, and most learned of the English clergy, where all are scholars, and all are of standing and a measure of culture, is of itself an edifying spectacle. The music is choral, and of the highest perfection. The service is charming, and one cannot fail of satisfaction, who, on his first London Sunday, worships in the Temple Church. Outside is Goldsmith's grave. Near by are the chambers occupied by Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer. Leaving the church, the cloisters, the chambers, the gardens, the noble library building, with its treasures of books, attracts one's straying feet. A step, and one is again amidst the busy hum and drive of the

densest part of London. We stroll along the streets. There is no unseemly noise. Every one is hurrying home from service, or if like ourselves, homeless amidst the crowds of the world's capital, intent on getting the mid-day meal, for Sunday is not half over, and we shall be in ample time, after rest and refreshment, for the evensong in Westminster Abbey.

In this historic shrine one is profoundly impressed. We are in England's mausoleum, and the greatest of England's dead are here commemorated, and here their sacred ashes mingle with the dust. Here have been the coronations, marriages, and burials of England's sovereigns, and here, but a few weeks ago, at the grand Jubilee services of prayer and thanksgiving, I beheld the noblest pageant this age has witnessed—one in which the rulers and the people of England, and the crowned heads and nobles of other lands as well, united in praise to God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the blessings of fifty noteworthy years, bestowed on Victoria the Good. The service at Westminster is excellent. Interrupted while preparations were being made for the Jubilee, the Abbey choir officiated in St. Margaret's, close beside the shrine of Westminster and the burial-place of Raleigh and of William Caxton. At the Abbey several of our American clergy have preached, among them the late Bishop of Pennsylvania, the Bishops of Rhode Island and Iowa, and Dr. Phillips Brooks. It was here that the Bishop of Iowa preached the centenary sermon commemorative of the consecration of Dr. Charles Inglis, of Nova Scotia, England's first Colonial Bishop.

The sermon at the Abbey is usually delivered in the choir, and the preacher's voice can reach an auditory of between three and four thousand. Special services are had, from time to time, in the choir, and the numbers who can hear are only limited by the strength of the preacher's voice. One sometimes chances on a sermon by the Dean, Dr. Bradley, who fills the place lately occupied by Dean Stanley, well known in America as well as in England. Dr. Bradley is a great scholar, though not a remarkable preacher. The pulpit orator of the Abbey is Canon Farrar, who is always interesting, and whom we have always heard with great pleasure. On the occasion of our last Sunday in London, Canon Duckworth preached an excellent discourse. The service was charmingly rendered. Our visit to the Abbey was most successful.

The evening still remains. We have dined, and a "fly" brings us to one of the great parish churches we have named—St. Andrew's, Wells street, where a congregation of fifteen hundred assemble at the sixth full service of the day; or at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where even greater numbers are filling every seat of the great church, the center of countless activities of good; or at St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, holding over two thousand worshippers, the church which when we last preached in its pulpit was that of the present Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. MacLagan; or at St. Pancras, Euston Square, which averages throughout the year between nineteen hundred and two thousand attendants at every Sunday service. There are churches everywhere. They are always filled. The services are generally choral. They are always hearty, and crowds attend evidently because they believe that it is good for them to go to the House of the Lord. The evensong and sermon are not prolonged, and by nine o'clock the streets, which have been filling every moment more and more, are crowded with passers to and fro. We drive homeward through the Seven Dials one of the worst parts of London. It is all ablaze with the gleaming gas-lights of the gin-shops, and the people who are pouring in and out of these humble resorts are sad proof that all Londoners do not spend Sunday in church-going. Snatches of coarse songs rise in the air. Loud words and angry voices tell of brawls sure to arise