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PUBLISHED BY THOMAS SCOTT,
11 THE TERRACE, FARQUHAR ROAD, UPPER NORWOOD,
LONDON, S.E.

Price Threepence.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OCTOBER, 1876.

GREAT is the trouble in India; loud are the moans of the Missionaries; shrill the complaints of the aggrieved. It appears that, vacancies occurring in the dioceses of Bombay and of Ceylon, two very young clerics, of exceedingly Ritualistic tendencies, were selected to preside over them, and were duly consecrated, and sent out to India to take possession of their Sees. Dr. Mylne was a gentleman unknown to fame; according to the Rev. Mr. Reuther, incumbent of St. Saviour's, Bombay, he was "unknown to the outside world, either as a man of letters,

or a preacher of the Word;" it is not usual to choose such obscure men to rule and guide large dioceses, and to control, or seek to control, men, many of whom have made their mark in the world. It is, however, consoling under these circumstances to be informed, on the authority of the same candid incumbent, that Dr. Mylne "was chosen by the hand of God to succeed Dr. Douglas, the late Bishop of Bombay." A man thus chosen must clearly be an example for all other bishops, as well as for the flock; it is therefore our duty to study reverently the proceedings of this Father in God. One of his early ministrations was the consecration of a cemetery, and his proceedings thereat do not seem to have commended themselves to his faithful children. The *Madras Mail* writes:—

"It must have been rather a shock to the clergy of Bombay last Saturday week to see their Diocesan, arrayed in purple and scarlet robes, a white and gold mitre upon his head, with a black stole with the sacred monogram in gold about his neck, on the occasion of his consecrating a new cemetery; and to observe that after the celebration of the Holy Communion he washed the vessels which had been used, and then drank the water in which he had cleansed them! Whether his Lordship ate the napkin with which he wiped the vessels, and finished off with the basin, is not recorded."

This curious system of washing and drinking is now very fashionable in English Churches, and seems to have nothing to commend it except its nastiness. If any one at table washed out their glass, and then drank the water, the proceeding would be looked upon as an extremely dirty one; and the matter is none the more cleanly when a chalice takes the place of a glass, and consecrated wine is used instead of unconsecrated; in fact, it is the more objectionable, as a matter of good taste, when the cup has been passed round some hundred people, and they have all been drinking out of it one after another. The *Madras Mail* looks upon the affair in a somewhat grave light:—

“When an Anglican prelate, garbed as Anglican bishop never was before these Church millinery days, signalises one of his earliest appearances in a foreign land by drinking dirty water in public, on the assumption, we presume, that it has been sanctified by contact with a certain cup and plate, people who have some regard for the Established Church may well be alarmed for its future.”

Thus, even episcopal follies will have their use, if from the seed they sow springs the harvest of disgust at the superstitions of the Church whose chief officers they are. The installation of this same bishop—who, by the way, is little past thirty years of age, strangely young for the bishop of so important a diocese—has also given rise to some sneering comments: he marched up the nave of the Cathedral in procession with his clergy, and was led to his throne by the archdeacon, and there “the keys” were presented solemnly to him. Whether “the keys” were simply the keys of the Cathedral, or whether any mystic signification was attached to them, it is impossible to say. After all this, the Bishop, “as celebrant, took the Communion service, his singing of it being justly considered beautiful. When giving the blessing, the Bishop held in his left hand the lovely pastoral staff presented to him by Keble College, and which was borne in procession by his chaplain.” Imagine any sensible person writing about a bishop holding a “lovely pastoral staff!” We shall next hear of a *recherche* surplice, and “a sweet thing” in stoles. Bishop Coplestone is a young man of the same stamp, but he has been getting into more serious scrapes than posturing and cup-washing. On his arrival in Ceylon, where the agents of the Church Missionary Society have been labouring for upwards of half a century, the Bishop claimed to exercise supreme authority over these men, and desired that he should be informed of every appointment made in the Church. The request does not seem to be an unreasonable one, as a bishop is clearly the source of authority in an episcopal

church, and should have, one would fancy, full knowledge of all subordinate appointments. The mistake in Ceylon is rather in putting a young man of about thirty over a number of his seniors in age and experience, and in expecting these men to regard him as their head and governor. The Missionaries refused to submit to what they regarded as an unfair stretch of episcopal authority, and when the Missionaries further refused to allow their children to attend Churches where crosses and other Ritualistic ornaments were used, the Bishop's wrath broke out, and he promptly withdrew the licences of twelve out of the thirteen of the Missionaries labouring in Ceylon. The licences have since been restored, at the advice of the Metropolitan; but the Bishop's demand that he should "have a right of veto over every appointment which the Society made, if it were only a native catechist" (*Rock*) remains unrepealed, and is causing great agitation. The *Church Missionary Society* hotly takes up the cause of its agents, and writes indignantly of the Bishop's proceedings. A Missionary, writing to the *Daily News*, says that the Society "will soon squash the youthful Ritualistic Bishop and his beardless satellites, who, going out with him, wish to be princes over missionaries." Meanwhile indignant meetings are being held in Ceylon, to protest against "episcopal arrogance;" and one planter has announced that he will no longer contribute to the support of Christian teachers, for although he liked his coolies to be Christians, he did not want them to be Ritualists. Thus a very pretty quarrel is being waged, for the edification of the natives, between the Christians representing the Church Missionary Society and the Christians representing the Church of England. As a practical illustration of the "peace on earth, goodwill to men," brought by Christianity, it will doubtless be considered instructive by the "heathen."

Protestantism has one bad side from which the Roman form of Christianity is free, namely, its bitter hatred of art. "The last few years have shown," writes a correspondent, "a great revival of a taste for art, and art in its most debased form. But, sir, is not all this mania for sculptured reredoses or painted windows the work of 'the unclean spirit that cometh out of the mouth of the dragon?' We may well consider it so when we remember the æsthetical character of ancient Paganism, as exhibited in its fondness for sculpture." The Editor does not think that it comes from the unclean spirit that cometh out of the mouth of the dragon, for "we should rather ascribe it to the unclean spirit out of the mouth of the false prophet." How pleasant it must be to be so thoroughly well up in unclean spirits, and to be able to distinguish one that comes out of the mouth of the dragon from that which comes out of the mouth of the false prophet.

The Ritualists seem to have hit upon a very funny method of propagandism; sugar plums are largely sold which contain crosses, medals of the Virgin, and so on, much to the indignation of the truly Protestant, and we are told: "At this rate, we shall soon have to make out lists of honest confectioners who may be trusted to sell us nothing but Protestant comfits and uncontaminated toffy!"

How strangely it reads if we turn to some Roman Catholic publication, after studying this sort of literature, and find the same certainty of truth, the same exhortations against perversion, on the opposite side. Dr. Newman lately preached at the Oratory, Birmingham, on the work of the Paraclete in establishing the Holy Catholic Church. "The race of man," he said, "when left to itself, was one against the other, and before Holy Church was established it was a time of rapine and confusion." And since Holy Church was established, very Reverend Doctor?

Surely Dr. Newman's hearers are not expected to be students of history, for he tells them, speaking of the horrible Bulgarian outrages, that such "was the state of the whole world, except for the work of the Holy Church." The Church did its work in a curious fashion. Father Maimbourg says of the first Crusade, "that the first division of this prodigious army committed the most abominable enormities in the countries through which they passed, and that there was no kind of insolence, injustice, impurity, barbarity, and violence of which they were not guilty. Nothing, perhaps, in the annals of history can equal the flagitious deeds of this infernal rabble." One might fancy one was reading about the Turks of to-day. And this was part of the work of Holy Church. "The only bond of peace between nation and nation is the Holy Church," says Dr. Newman, and this of a Church that sent Alva to desolate the Netherlands, that gloried in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that, in Spain alone, in one single year, in one single town, burnt 950 persons, and altogether, in that unfortunate country, burnt alive 31,912, besides heavily punishing 291,450. Why, the mark of the Church through history is a trail of blood and fire; the most heart-breaking pages in the story of humanity are signed with the sign of the Cross.

It is not only the Church of England which is lamenting over the dearth of labourers in the Lord's vineyard. On the last Sunday in October the Wesleyans "purpose to have a special sermon and prayer that the thinned ranks of their ministry may be filled up. The President (at the Wesleyan Conference) says he has not a single name on his reserve list wherewith to fill up a vacancy, or supply a sudden call for help." Yet the Wesleyan is, most certainly, the leading Dissenting communion; and if they cannot find men to do their work, it is certain that

the same want will be keenly felt in other bodies. There is only one remedy open both to Church and Chapel; they can no longer hope to fill their pulpits with educated men. These are slipping away from orthodox Christianity as thought and culture perform their inevitable work, and undermine the foundations of the popular faith. They must be content to lower their ministerial standard; and, as they cannot get what they want, they must take what they can get. They must accept less cultivated men as preachers of their antique dogmas. The intellect of the age has grown beyond them; they must fall back on its ignorance. Long ago Paul told them that not many wise men were called. They must go back to apostolic times, and find their spiritual teachers among "unlearned and ignorant men," like Peter and John.

Who pretends that the age of miracles has passed away? It is only the unbelief of this generation that prevents mighty works from being done in their midst as of yore. Where faith is, there also are the gifts of healing, even as in the days of old, in the years that are past. The Blessed Virgin was lately crowned, the Lady of Lourdes, by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, in the presence of thirty-five prelates of the Holy Roman Church, and of one hundred thousand of the faithful. Was it not to be expected that, in answer to such homage, a miracle should be performed? Who deserved a sign of celestial favour more than these Abdiels, faithful amid a faithless generation, believing among a crowd of scoffers? As their faith, so was it unto them. Madeleine Lancereau, aged sixty-one, of the city of Poitiers, had for nineteen years been unable to walk without the friendly aid afforded by crutches. Her state was well known unto numbers of the pilgrims; even as the lame man by the Beautiful Gate of the Temple was known unto the dwellers in Jerusalem,

so was this lame woman at the holy Grotto of Lourdes known unto the inhabitants of Poitiers. And behold, the Nuncio celebrated mass in the Grotto, and the kneeling crowds adored the Son of the Immaculate One, and the Lord unbared his arm, and his power was revealed from on high, and Madeleine Lancereau arose up radically cured; and it is known unto all the dwellers in Poitiers, and the name of the Queen of Heaven is magnified. Melancholy to relate, the Protestants don't believe in the miracle of the nineteenth century, any more than the Free-thinkers believe in those of the first.

It will be remembered that the visit of the Prince of Wales to India was to spread Christianity amid the masses of that mighty Empire, and that the Bishop of Lincoln offered up, therefore, many prayers. Is it credible that the result of that visit has been directly the reverse, and is spreading among the Christian English population a terribly insidious form of Pagan idolatry, hid beneath the glittering exterior of what is known as "swami jewellery," some specimens of which were presented to the Prince for his wife, the Princess of Wales. This swami jewellery has consequently become fashionable in Madras, and it is to be seen adorning the Christian ladies of the city. The "swamies," be it known, are Hindoo Gods, and they are being fashioned in gold, in high relief:—

"It seems sad that one result of the Prince's visit to India should be to put Pagan idolatry before the rising generation in a very insidious form. No doubt the 'novelty of the season' will be patronised by those ladies who are slaves to the latest fashion, and after a while we may expect to see 'swamies' as generally worn as 'crosses.' Are we to set representations of heathen gods as an ornament or plaything before the eyes of the most impressible portion of society? Surely the elements of infidelity which are at present working in England are more than sufficient without going to India for this crowning iniquity."

Alas for the women, "the most impressionable

portion of society," thus subtly tempted to infidelity. The heads of all houses, both Protestant and Catholic, will, it may be taken for granted, lend a willing hand in assisting to strangle these abominable little Hindoo Gods. It must be curious to see the ancient deities thus avenging themselves upon their successors, and the more antique "cross" replacing the favourite decoration of Ritualistic ladies.

The *Church Times* assures its readers that "for the present things ecclesiastical are as dull as ditch-water." How such a paper came to couple "things ecclesiastical" with a compound so unclean we cannot tell, unless weariness of spirit, "that man's wild soul clutches no more at the white feet of Christ," has reduced this Anglican organ to the dead level of fens and ditches! However, the party it lives to uphold as "God's Church" has been making itself very prominent in the North of England, and as a companion picture to "Beauties of the Prayer Book," we offer to our readers, in the absence of more remarkable "Signs of the Times," the "Beauties of the Church," or "the Church in its Beauty," as sketched for us by a contemporary.

In the "Beauties of the Prayer Book" the entire service from baptism to death has been mercilessly held up to criticism through the magnifying-glass of common sense and reason, qualities which must have been superseded by the *supernatural* senses granted to the Fathers of the Church (the mouthpiece of God) when they accepted as its best exponent the 'Book of Common Prayer.'

That the Church still accepts it fully and entirely as its exponent was lately affirmed by the Dean of Chichester, who, at the fashionable afternoon lectures at St. James's, preached on "the excellence of the Book of Common Prayer, as containing a valuable body of *divinity*, and as a guide to all who are anxious to ascertain *what is the teaching of the Church*

on all important doctrine." In the course of his sermon the Dean said:—"It would be well if the Prayer Book were more frequently *drawn* out and set before the people as representing the voice of the Church." Dr. Burgon, perhaps, hardly knows *how* perfectly this has been done in the "Beauties;" the best thing would be to ask him to widely circulate this "manual of devotion" "as a guide to all who *are* anxious to know what is the teaching of the Church;" a Church on which the people of England have lately been told as a matter of glorification and good works, that they spend one million a-year!

The latest account of "the Church in its Beauty" comes to us from Whitehaven, where the "Prophets of latter days" have won the ground from the Evangelicals who once reigned supreme in the stronghold of the Earls of Lonsdale. Where "Boanerges" and "Praise God Barebones" once thundered, now stands the Ritualist, or, as he calls himself, "a Catholic priest," the Rev. Salkeld Cooke. This gentleman has been lecturing to the people of Whitehaven on Disestablishment from the Ritualist point of view, and so very much astonished the members of the "Liberation Society," who had invited him to lecture, that they hissed him off the platform, and, as Mr. Cooke says, "by requesting him to leave the Society, virtually expelled him." Mr. Cooke welcomes Disestablishment but not Disendowment,—“By all means free us from the impertinent supervision of the State,” but let go none of the loaves and fishes. He says, “Like the Israelites of old we demand to go forth with all our *religious* property, not one hoof should be left behind” (the cloven hoof would certainly not be left behind!) We were not aware the Israelites regarded their cattle as *religious property*. “Repeal the various Acts of Parliament by which we have been fettered, fall back on the charter of King John ‘that the Church of England shall be

free,' and it is done. Let the State take back any property that can *clearly* be proved to have been conferred by it at any time upon the Church, but as a matter of course, the Church shall keep all her buildings of a religious or educational character."

"Disestablished thus," says Mr. Cooke, "whose is the power? Your Bishops can then no longer encourage excommunicated heretics. Your Deans will then be unable to invite such to preach in your abbeys. An avowed infidel will no longer be heard in the nave of Westminster Abbey, nor an excommunicated Bishop be possible in an Oxford chapel. Never again will the shrine of the sainted Confessor be polluted, and the time-honoured abbey desecrated, as when a Dean of the Establishment (a personal friend of the so-called *Head of the Church*) gave the Body and Blood of our Lord to the blaspheming mouth of a blaspheming infidel."

This is pretty strong language even for a clergyman, one who (as we learn from 'The Beauties,' "is supposed to be apt and meet for godly conversation before he can be ordained." As Mr. Cooke's views are held by all his party, they serve to show what an enlarged area of "charity and good-will to men" will be opened up unless Disestablishment goes hand-in-hand with Disendowment. Disendowment will evidently be the great blow to priestcraft, whether high or low; a power that has altered in nothing since the folly of man has permitted it; "the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever," and which wrung from Shelley, in the bitterness of its persecution, these lines:—

"Oh that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
That the pale name of *Priest* might shrink and dwindle
Into the Hell, from which it first was hurled."

But this "Prophet in Israel" was outdone in rancour and charity by another of the Whitehaven "messengers of peace and good-will," the Rev. Mr.

Wallace, rector of Moresby. One of this gentleman's parishioners patronised a bazaar in aid of a congregational school; a school described by the churchman as "a place where the benighted children will be brought up in gross heresy and antipathy to the Holy Catholic Church of Christ." Dr. Dick, the sinner in question who creates this schism, is likened to "Korah, Dathan, and Abiram," and like measure is meted out to all *schismatics*. Upon this, Dr. Dick determines to support the bazaar and take his chance with the Congregationalists of "being swallowed up alive;" telling Mr. Wallace "that it is fortunate for himself and those *he* is accustomed to regard as fellow-Christians, that Mr. Wallace has not the power, as he evidently has the will, to put an end to them and their practices in an *equally effectual manner*." To this Mr. Wallace replies, that Dr. Dick may be a very good physician of bodies, but of souls he can know nothing, and entreats him to remember "that multitudes may call themselves Christians, but not one be so" (according to Wallace); and he adds, "It is a great pity that, owing to the religious indifference of the State, the Church is unable, at present, to close Dissenting Conventicles, and thus check the spread of disobedience and the growth of impurity, lawlessness, and other evils, not to say *infidelity*, the *natural outcome of dissent*."

Further, in proof of his "divine mission," Mr. Wallace reminds this ignorant Christian that "I could not under any circumstances enter into an argument with you [that is just what they dare not do] on religious matters, as it is my province as a priest of God not to argue with but to instruct laics." "School-boys (says the *Examiner*), big babies in bib and tucker, fed at Oxford on pap," whose province it is as "priests of God" not to argue but to instruct men twice their age, and twice ten times their superiors in all that constitutes manhood.

After consigning Dr. Dick and all Nonconformists who, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, "worship God, but not," says Mr. Wallace, "as God willed, to the pit of destruction," this Moresby Rector winds up with the remark: "Though the earth opened wide her mouth to receive them, we do not read that it was so much the worse for God's Israel." So, according to the loving mercies of the Ritualists' creed, Dissenters may in a body be swallowed up alive, and "it will be none the worse for God's Church." The Church of "that God whose name has fenced all crimes about with holiness, Himself the creature of his worshippers."

We cannot be surprised if an interchange of courtesies takes place between these opposing Christian bodies; that if the Church vilifies Dissent to the extent of cursing it, Dissent returns the compliment, and we find the *English Independent* speaking of "the endowed menagerie of Anglican sects," the *Christian World* commenting on "the virulent superciliousness of established Anglicanism," while *The Baptist* classes the "Regius Professor of a University" with the "lowest scullion of the Puseyite heresy."

And these people, spitting venom on each other, are all "servants of the Most High," professed ministers of a "God of Love," messengers of the Gospel of Peace! All we outsiders can think is, that *if* such are the bonds of amity that bind together "believers in the Lord," a thousand times better is unbelief; nor are we surprised at the non success of the famous Lincoln scheme of fusion between Church and Chapel. Both that and the new hobby of the Bishop of Winchester, "The Home Reunion Society," would certainly, if carried out, result in a case of Kilkenny cats—nothing but tails left! This "Home Reunion Society" is another "Sign of the Times," a despairing sign of the efforts Mother Church is

making to gather from the highways and bye-ways the lame, the halt, and the blind, to fill the seats left vacant by the unwilling guests in "purple and fine linen." The Bishop of Winchester and Earl Nelson, joint promoters of the scheme, "propose to present the Church of England in a conciliatory attitude towards those who regard themselves *outside her pale* (fine irony this, we think, after the exhibition at Whitehaven), so as to lead to the corporate reunion of all Christians." The Messrs. Cooke and Wallace of the establishment must first be eliminated therefrom, or how about the "Korahs, Dathans, and Abirams," that class "given up to lawlessness, impurity, and all uncleanness," yclept Congregationalists?" The Bishop of Winchester invites to join this society "all who hold the doctrines of the ever blessed Trinity," which certainly these "dissenting blasphemers" do! The Nonconformists in their turn "claim only to protect the nation against the encroachments of a grasping and tyrannical sectarianism, and to crush the manufactory of hypocrites and the school of popery."

Surely the stream that flows between these "Brethren in Christ" is far too wide and troublous to be bridged by such frail planks as the 'Irenicum' of the Bishop of Lincoln, or the "Home Reunion Scheme" of the Bishop of Winchester.