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by that "unpretentious receptivity"¹ which is the hall-mark of obedience to the Gospel. And, again, boyish emotions and griefs for wrong-doing are very poignant, even if short-lived, and they of all people would be grateful for the true answer to the old question, "Must you be forgiven first or made holy first?"² So the faithful fulfilment of religious education, if it is difficult and responsible, is yet of happy augury. Is it a dream to think of a school—not one of Pharisees or hypocrites, but one of boys who knew the sinfulness of sin and were striving against it—who understood that "true work was true worship as well," who knew of the Christ and held Him as their Lord? In such a case it might be that "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment."³ But is it a dream? Then where is our faith? "According to your faith be it unto you."⁴

W. A. PURTON.

ART. VI.—THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.

THE fact of May 7 having been the anniversary for the collection of the Bishop of London's Fund suggests to me that some of my readers may be interested to know the facts which we had to lay before the diocese, for the state of London concerns the whole of England.

The Bishop of London's Fund is the name given to the effort we make as a diocese for supplying the spiritual wants of the people. That means building new churches, erecting new parishes, maintaining new clergy and their helpers. It is now thirty-five years since the Fund was first started by Bishop Tait. It grew out of several local funds which were encouraged by his great predecessor, Bishop Blomfield. Bishop Blomfield, during his long episcopate, consecrated 200 new churches. We have been proceeding at a far slower rate since then. We have never yet been able to overtake the neglects and necessities of the past, and yet the needs of the present force themselves upon us with an always increasing imperativeness.

What is the Diocese of London? Truly an appalling aggregation. It consists of the whole county of Middlesex. That is to say, all London north of the Thames up to the river Lea, which is the boundary between Middlesex and Essex. It has a population of 3,571,000. Such a diocese was never known.

¹ Wendt, "The Teaching of Jesus," English edit., vol. ii., p. 50.

² See "Justification," by Canon Hoare, in "The Church and her Doctrine."

³ St. John xii. 3.

⁴ St. Matt. ix. 29.

It increases at the rate of about 30,000 a year. During the thirty-five years that the Fund has been at work it has increased by 1,400,000. And yet the Fund, which was not nearly enough in Bishop Tait's days to do all that was required, has not only not advanced, but has gone back. It is now not more than the wholly insufficient sum of £20,000 a year for building a number of new churches, erecting a number of new parishes, maintaining a number of new clergy and their helpers.

And still the populations come. From north, south, east, and west they assemble, and from the Port of London, the greatest port in the world. There is a fascination about the vastness of London. Nothing checks it. Are these populations to be Christian or not?

Letting alone the too great numbers in at least eighty-seven of our existing ecclesiastical parishes, of which I shall say something further on, we ought to be consecrating about eight churches a year with (if possible) parsonages, schools, and endowments. A new church costs about £8,000, a parsonage and its site from £2,000 to £3,000, an endowment £10,000, schools (but they are never aimed at now) £3,000. Each of these new parishes, if fully equipped, would need a sum of £24,000, more than the whole annual income of the Bishop of London's Fund; but leaving out the schools, we may say in round numbers about £20,000. To equip the whole eight we should require £160,000 a year. The Fund of course never builds the whole of a church; the locality must do the most; but, putting it at even half these requirements, we ought to be raising £80,000 a year for new buildings alone. And we have to struggle on with an income of only £20,000 to £23,000, and that is for all kinds of objects—churches, mission-rooms, clergy, lay agents, increase of starvation endowments, and the like. The plain truth is, we are doing very little indeed.

How many churches were consecrated last year? Three only—St. Peter's, Hornsey, with a population of 12,000, who ought to have had a church long ago; Emanuel, West Hampstead; and St. Oswald's, Fulham. Bishop Temple asked for forty new churches even for the then existing population, without the annual increase since; but they have not come.

For it is not only these vast new hordes of working-men and their families who come to us every year for whom we have to make preparations. We have never yet got over the neglect of past years and generations. I write with deep sense of the great responsibility, as the representative of the Bishop and the diocese, to give official and trustworthy information, and neither to exaggerate nor to diminish. You can draw the

inference yourselves. I ask you to pay attention to these figures. In this overwhelming diocese you have one parish with over 28,000 inhabitants, five over 20,000, two over 19,000, four over 18,000, three over 17,000, three over 16,000, six over 15,000, seven over 14,000, eleven over 13,000, seven over 12,000, thirteen over 11,000, and twenty-five over 10,000. In all there are eighty-nine parishes—or, rather, I should say ecclesiastical districts—each as large as a considerable country town, in the far larger part of which we cannot say that anything like adequate provision is made. I do not, of course, mean such parishes as St. Peter's, St. George's, and St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, each of which has three churches and an abundance of clergy. They are the exceptions. Nor do we underrate the Christian work of Roman Catholics and Nonconformists; but in these older parishes you need a multitude of mission-rooms and additional clergy. And round the suburbs you would find imperious need for these more than forty new churches for which the indefatigable Bishops of London, Jackson, Temple, and Creighton, have been so long pleading, and pleading in vain.

It is no creditable story that I bring before my readers—forty new churches required and not built; eighty-nine ecclesiastical districts with a population from 10,000 to 28,000; a hundred parishes with an income below £300; twenty-six below £200; upwards of seventy parishes with no residences for the clergy; and a proportion of only one clergyman to every 3,000 of the people. Indeed, owing to the City and the country places and some rich and fortunate parishes having a higher proportion of clergy, a very large number of the poorer and more populous districts fall far short of even the proportion of one to 3,000. What are we about? Why does not the Fund grow with the population? Why are we not able to do what was done by our fathers in the days of Bishop Blomfield?

In his time, though London was not nearly so rich, God's people were far more active. He became Bishop in 1828, and governed the diocese for twenty-eight years. In that time, as I said before, he consecrated no less than 200 new churches. Many of these were built at the sole cost of individual benefactors, like Sir Edward Clark at Staines, and the Duke of Westminster at St. Mary's, Bourdon Street. In those days it was thought a glory to provide for the worship and instruction of one's poor fellow-citizens. Trinity, Vauxhall Bridge Road (near here), was built by Archdeacon Bentinck; St. Stephen's, Rochester Row, by Baroness Burdett-Coutts (at a cost of nearly £100,000); St. James's, Vauxhall Bridge Road, by the daughters of Bishop Monk; St. Paul's, Bow Common, by William Cotton; St. Mary's-in-the-East, by

Lord Haddo ; Christ Church, Isle of Dogs, and St. Clement, Islington, by Alderman Cubitt ; St. John's, Isle of Dogs, by Mrs. Lawrie ; St. Mary's, Whitechapel, by Edward Coope ; St. Barnabas, Homerton, by Joshua Watson ; St. Peter's, De Beauvoir Town, by Richard Benyon ; All Saints', Haggerston, by Lady Pembroke ; St. Anne's, Hangar Lane, by Mrs. Newsam ; St. Saviour's, Highbury, by the Rev. W. Morice ; St. Anne's, Highgate Hill, by Miss Barnett ; St. Mary's, Munster Square, by the Rev. E. A. Stuart ; Christ Church, St. Pancras, by George Moore ; St. Martin's, Kentish Town, and nearly the whole of St. Jude's, South Kensington, by John Dent Allcroft ; All Saints', Marylebone, by H. S. Eyre ; St. Michael's, Paddington, by W. Gibbs ; All Saints', Margaret Street, by Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Tritton ; St. Alban's, Holborn, by John Gellibrand Hubbard ; All Saints', North Kensington, by the Rev. D. Walker ; St. Stephen's, Shepherd's Bush, by Bishop Blomfield himself ; Christ Church, Ealing, by the Misses Lavis ; St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens, by Mr. Freak. The new multitudes still gather in increasing proportions ; why is it that in this generation and in these latter days there are only two solitary benefactors to represent so large a class in giving a growing and helpless congregation a new church in a new parish ?

It is not as if we did not know by experience what the Christian faith when brought home to the human heart will effect in the life and conduct. There is no other influence that can eradicate selfishness, the parent of all evil, and teach the true sympathy for human sorrows and human improvement. Nothing else can cleanse our streets, or purify our literature, or supply noble aims to the illimitable might of the daily press. There is no other way of teaching our girls self-respect, modesty, and firmness ; our young men self-restraint, wisdom, and prudence. Nothing else can elevate the mind above the body, the spirit above the flesh.

I ask your readers to think of all that takes place in a well-ordered parish, with a population not too large to be touched or reached, the daily visits to the houses, the consolations of the sick and dying, the brightening of the lot of the aged and solitary, the relief of poverty and distress, the mothers' meetings, the men's Bible classes, the clubs and guilds for young men and young women, the instruction of the young, the interest in missions, the support of public institutions and societies, the promotion of local libraries and literature, the fostering of a general feeling of brotherhood and Christian unity in the district—surely all this is a daily and yearly benefit conferred on the people with which few great doings or advantages on earth can compare. Mr. Charles Booth, the

statistician, in preparing his wonderful books on "Life and Labour in London," said that the one thing that had struck him was the wholly unsuspected influence of the parish system of the Church of England.

Sir Henry Burdett, who has for many years been the great supporter of the Hospital Sunday Fund, came to the annual meeting of the Bishop of London's Fund last week at Grosvenor House, and said that, until he had read the Bishop of London's letter on this painful subject which was circulated last Sunday, he had been entirely ignorant of the appalling spiritual destitution of London. The cause, he said, was a hundred times more important than even that of hospitals, because it lay at the root of everything else, and the efforts should be corresponding. Yet none of our rich churches raise anything like what they do for Hospital Sunday. Here are some eleven of the largest collections for the Bishop of London's Fund last year :

Christ Church, Lancaster Gate	£480
Church of the Annunciation (Quebec Chapel)	299
St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and chapel	275
St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens	272
Kensington Parish	267
St. Mary's, Primrose Hill	225
St. Jude's, South Kensington	190
St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace	180
St. Paul's, Knightsbridge	175
St. Mary's, Bryanston Square	110
Westminster Abbey	102

Who can say that these show a sense of the need ?

But it is also in the steady support of annual subscriptions that we urge those who enjoy all the delights and advantages of the best part of London life to show their sympathy for those to whom London means nothing but work and livelihood. There are some few who subscribe liberally, twenty-four in all: The Duke of Westminster, £1,000; Lord Iveagh, £1,000; Charles Morrison, £1,200; the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, £1,000; Bishop of London, £400; Lord Portman, £335; the Grocers' Company, £250; Lord Ashcombe, £200; Lord Wantage, £200; Lord Grimthorpe, £200; Mrs. Black, £200; Dr. Poach, £150; the Duke of Devonshire, £100; Lord Cranbrook, £100; Lord Calthorpe, £100; Lady Trevelyan, £100; W. F. D. Smith, £100; Rev. H. F. Tozer, £100; F. A. Bevan, £100; G. C. Bompas, £100; Richard Foster, £100; Miss Monk, £100; J. H. Nelson, £100; William Nicholson, £100; L. M. Rate, £100; and the Drapers' Company, £100. To these contributors, who show practical sympathy with our untiring Bishop in his overpowering and superhuman task, we render most grateful thanks. But the

list for the largest and richest city in the world is deplorably small.

Have my readers ever considered how new churches do get built? Not by the unaided efforts of the people themselves; they are poor and struggling. Not by a penny from the rates; not by a penny from the taxes. That is absolutely out of the question. No; it is entirely by the sympathy of the Christian public, especially those in London. The conqueror of Khartoum appealed for £100,000 for a college for the instruction of the Mussulmans in the Soudan, and in a few weeks he obtained what he asked. It was a noble object. Not less noble is the appeal to Christianize the masses of London which the Bishop makes every year, and the object and its needs are incomparably larger; but his appeal receives no more than £20,000.

It is partly on account of the portentous want of knowledge on the subject amongst the most intelligent and best-disposed people in London. Few know the facts, or anything about them.

But all the while there is a deep pathos in many a parish, if you only knew it, of an over-worked man, with scanty comforts at home, toiling all day from house to house amongst his people, the whole of whom he has no hope of ever knowing, and when he comes back, and should be resting, toiling again half the night at the heart-breaking work of writing begging letters for the support of his many institutions.

There is a pathos, again, which I know must appeal to you, in the thought of thousands of people born in this great city, with its Christian pretensions and inheritance, who might be taught and trained to lead the godly, righteous, and sober life, but who through our indifference are left to live in ungodliness, unhappiness, selfishness, and sin.

There is a pathos in the fact that many a young layman is willing to be ordained, and to go and give up his life amongst these people, but there is no money to maintain him.

There is a pathos every fortnight at the head office of the Fund when applications that are perfectly satisfactory, desirable, and urgent are refused at each committee, or meagrely granted because there is no money in the Fund.

I ask my readers to take these things to heart, and to take that leading share which belongs to them in this responsibility that lies on all London. Think of the Free Church of Scotland building up in a few years the fabric of a community that supplied means of worship for nearly half the nation. Think of the Wesleyans at this moment raising their fund of a million. Do not let the great Church of England alone refuse to rise to its opportunities. There is no truer patriotism

than to raise up a God-fearing people in this magnificent capital of the British Empire. It has been done in part. It can be done altogether. It needs you, your loyalty, your sympathy, your sacrifice, your continuous help.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Review.

Longinus on the Sublime. The Greek Text, edited, with Introduction, Translation, and Notes, by W. RHYS ROBERTS, M.A. Cambridge University Press, 1899. Price 9s.

IT is not particularly creditable to our insular scholarship that more than sixty years have elapsed since the last English edition of Longinus' treatise was published. Sixty years have seen vast changes in the mode of scholarship, as it may be called; the application of scientific methods has not merely revolutionized our conception of the scope of the work of antiquity in general, and of this treatise in particular, but has given us a fresh historical perspective. For one thing, we know now that the author of the treatise is *not* the Longinus of history; for another, we have learnt that the subject is *not* "the Sublime" in the ordinary acceptation of the term. This much Professor Rhys Roberts notes in his preface, from which we gather in passing that the present work is only the precursor of a much larger undertaking—the "History of Greek Literary Criticism," in its rise, progress, and ultimate declension.

Briefly, it is enough to say that this vigorously-written treatise "De Sublimitate" treats and illustrates by classic examples the characteristics of the lofty style from a philosophic and æsthetic point of view. The book has a special interest for us in these days, when the output of creative genius is thin and meagre, while the output of retrospective criticism is full and abundant. It is the first known essay in comparative criticism; it is quite a repertory of extracts from Greek authors; it is comprehensive in its judgments; it has exercised a real, if an unappreciated, influence, on European literature; and in tone it is singularly elevated. The author—be he who he may—lived at a moving epoch, an epoch in many respects offering striking analogies to our own; he is writing under the Roman Empire, and possibly from Alexandria itself—that meeting-point of East and West; he is evidently amply well acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, and even with the literature of the Jews (for he quotes Genesis), all which argues a singular catholicity of taste. Hence, we are, on every ground, most grateful to Professor Roberts for his extremely interesting and scholarly edition of this remarkable treatise, which he has enriched with four most valuable and helpful appendices, a careful *apparatus criticus*, indices, and a