

leaving out  
the bracketed parts  
This letter might be sent  
on to the Trust. Ch. man. it  
will thus reach a number of my friends  
congratulate me. Reginald's death & Leasdale.  
Sorrow & joy has come down at  
again - Post-borne at  
Capetown - S. P. Percie.

15 Aubert Park  
Highbury London N.  
Sept 17<sup>th</sup> 1908.

Dear Mr Chambers

As this will find you in  
Term, I am writing it as a sort of circular  
letter which may be read to the students.

The last week in August we spent in  
Oxford, being the guests of Dr and Mrs  
Griffith Thomas at Wyckiffe Hall. The  
University was in Long Vacation; but term  
was on at Wyckiffe Hall, as most of the  
theological colleges have <sup>now</sup> an extra Sum-  
mer term, making four terms in the  
year. I attended several of Dr Thomas' lectures  
on The Sacramental Articles  
(xxv - xxxi) - He encourages questions,  
and the lecture very often takes the  
form of an animated discussion. The  
Wyckiffe Hall men are not all of one  
colour, and as Dr Thomas believes in  
threshing a question out, you can ima-  
gine that the discussions are often  
pretty lively. The Doctor shines in this  
kind of thing, as he is not only a wide  
reader, but he has a ready wit, and his  
knowledge at his fingers ends.



From Oxford we came on to London. Since coming there, I have felt in better health than I did in Wales, and as we have had good weather, I have been able to get about a good deal.

I want to give you an account of the way I spent last Sunday. In the morning I went to the Southwark Cathedral, just over London Bridge. As you know, I am interested in the Southwark system of chanting the psalms; and as the psalm for the morning was the Sixty Eighth - the great processional psalm, I thought it would afford a good example. When I got there at 11 a.m. I found that Matins had been taken, plain, at 10 a.m. and that the service just commencing was a Choral Celebration. The music was good, and the service rendered devotionally; but the congregation was not so large as our Sunday morning congregation at St. Andrew's Cathedral. I left after the Prayer for the Church Militant; I think I was the only one who did so, as there was no break in the service.

In the afternoon I went over to Bethnal Green, being anxious to see some



thing of the work carried on by the Rev  
J Wells-Ditchfield in the parish of St  
James the Less. That parish is a striking  
monument of what can be done among  
the working classes of the East End, by  
the drawing & transforming power of the  
Old Gospel. The Church is worked on  
"institutional" lines, but the Vicar puts  
spiritual methods in the very front of  
his work. For instance the men's Club  
is not used as a means to get hold of  
non-church goers, but a man must  
be a member of the Church before he can  
join the Club. And men and women  
are brought into the Church by direct  
evangelistic methods. During eleven  
years 950 persons have been confirmed  
of whom 473 have been adults. The  
"Daily News" census showed that in Church  
on the Sunday Evening the attendance  
was 629 men, 555 women, 138 children,  
making a total of 1322; and reckoning  
in the attendance at the various missions  
making a total of 1784 persons in  
Church or Halls at the same time  
on the Sunday Evening. On Easter



day 1897 The number of Communicants was 26, on Easter day 1908 The number was 790. There is a men's service every Sunday Afternoon, with about 1000 men on the roll - Each man has his number, which he puts on entering the Church and it is ticked off in the roll. Thus all the absences are noted and can be looked up if thought necessary - Every Monday night there is a women's service with over one thousand members. No free tea or "bribery" methods. Just the drawing power of the "Old Theology". There are two Sunday Bible classes for young men with an aggregate membership of 300; and two for young women with a membership of 250. In the Sunday Schools are 121 teachers over 1400 children. Standing in the Church grounds and looking round one could only believe in "What hath God wrought!" During the last eleven years the Church has been restored; Extensive Church grounds laid out with Tennis Courts cricket ground and bandstand in the centre. St James Buildings



(5)

Costing £17000 have been erected by a lady in answer to prayer, for Day Schools, young women's Clubs, Cooking School, Gymnasium, and Social Gatherings. Ridley House has been built which affords accommodation for Men's Clubs, Medical Mission, and University Settlement. The object of the latter is that Candidates for Holy Orders should go for three six or twelve months training in practical work. It differs from most other University Settlements in that the Spiritual work is placed first, and the Parish is the centre and not the Club room. The Medical Mission, under Dr Harford dealt with 10000 attendances last year. It is very complete - It has an operating theatre, three consulting rooms, a large comfortable waiting hall <sup>where</sup> ~~the~~ a short <sup>gospel</sup> service is held ~~for~~ every day for the patients who are waiting to see the doctor, and a smaller room for mothers with crying babies, so that they may not disturb the meeting. Then there is the working-men's hotel



which affords sleeping accommodation for seventy five men chiefly of the Collier Class. I got there early on Sunday afternoon and was shown over the various buildings by a "Highway" Student, who is spending his vacation at Ridley House so as to gain experience in practical work.

But the men's service was the thing I wanted most to see, so ~~at half past three~~ ~~there~~, my guide took me up into the gallery of the Church where I could look down on the congregation. The Church was well filled, the majority of the men were well dressed, many with kid gloves & silk hats. I asked my guide what class they belonged to, and he said 'Most of them to the artisan class'. When I remarked on their appearance he said 'Most of them are what the service has made them'. There was an orchestra. The organ was supplemented with four or five violins, a 'Cello, a double bass, two clarinets, a cornet and trombone.

Punctually at half past three the



Vicar with two other clergymen in (7)  
surplices entered the Church. In giving  
out the opening hymn, the Vicar at once  
struck a cheery note. It was "To the work"  
"Now" he said "don't <sup>let us</sup> sing the Chorus  
& 'toiling on' as if we were all dead tired  
let us sing 'working on'." ~~After the hymn,~~ <sup>after the hymn,</sup> a mo-  
-ment's silent prayer was called for. "If  
since we last met anyone has got down,  
let him tell the Father. If he has won  
a victory, let him thank Him." This  
was followed by the General Confession &  
Lord's Prayer repeated by all. After this  
the men were invited to take their seats, while  
the Orchestra rendered very effectively,  
Handel's 'Largo'. Then the Vicar read  
a short Lesson from Acts II, with collo-  
quial comments interspersed. Then  
another hymn "Still there's more to  
follow"; after which the Vicar gave out  
the notices. The notices are a great  
feature of the Service. The Vicar gives  
them out in a chatty way, <sup>conveying</sup> ~~giving~~ the  
impression that he is taking the man  
into his confidence. "Next Sunday  
Mr Gilligan is going to give the ad-



-dress on the Subject "Are Missionaries  
 humbugs?". Hope you will all turn  
 up. Now I have something <sup>good</sup> to tell you.  
 To-day is Mr G's birthday. We wish  
 you many happy returns of the day. Mr  
 G. Last Sunday was Mr A's birthday.  
 Wednesday was Mr B's (both Curates)  
 and next Thursday is my birthday.  
 So you see September is a wonderful  
 month. (Laughter & Hearhear). Now to-  
 day we are going to depart from our  
 usual order. Instead of one address  
 from me, you are to have three ad-  
 dresses. Our winter's work will be-  
 gin in three weeks time. We have just  
 got three weeks to get ready. So we  
 are to have three addresses to show  
 you how to do it. Mr Dunn is to  
 lead off with "How to work the <sup>men's</sup> Service".  
 Now Mr Dunn will you go ahead?"

So Mr Dunn went ahead and made  
 some very practical suggestions. He  
 told the well known story of Moody, who  
 when he found there were more teachers  
 than classes in the Sunday School.



he applied to, went out into the streets, and gathered a class for himself, with the result that his class was soon bigger than the whole school. "Don't sit down and wait for something to be given you to do; find something to do". Then followed some examples. "I know a man who invites fellows ~~come~~ <sup>to go</sup> to tea with him on Sunday afternoon, and when they accept says 'I always go to the men's service first. Will you come?' of course they cannot for shame refuse after accepting the invitation to tea. I know another man who takes two pews in Church and fills them every Sunday with non-churchgoers. And for twenty years he himself had never entered a Church door. Then mind and make the new comer feel he is welcome. I was going to a Church one day (not this one) and I met a man leaving, I asked him Why! He said 'I went into a seat and the fellow next me moved out in to another seat' Such conduct was not worthy of God's House (Amen! Amen!)



(10)

After a hymn, a tall athletic looking clergyman stood up to speak. He was evidently a favourite with his audience. My guide whispered to me, "That is Mr Gilligan, the great Essex Amateur Cricketer." He commenced by saying "I think I've got the worst of this deal. I come in the middle; like the meat of the Sandwich; there is never much of it." He gave a racy address, but one full of good solid practical talk on the theme of the meeting. In the rapidity of utterance, the frequency of his asides, and his humorous little discolights, he strongly reminded me of my dear brother Canon Billingham; and like him too he could speak at times with a deep pathos. He compared the men's service to a rowing boat. The parson was the Cox, he guided the boat, but he was absolutely dependent for progress on the men in the boat and they were the men in the boat. How were they to make it go? He would give them four rules. 1. Be Keen. 2.



Be punctual. 3. Have Push. "What<sup>(11)</sup> is your motto in life?" asked a merchant of an applicant for a clerkship. 'What have you got printed on your door?' was the reply: 'Push'! 4.

Work. Every man do something! "A man once applied to his minister for work. The minister suggested - the choir, the Sunday School, district visiting, but nothing would suit. At last the minister said 'Well what would you like to do?' 'Oh, I would like to hold the plate at the door'. A lot of men want that sort of Christian work. It is so prominent, and so easy; and you can put it down when the service is over and not trouble about it till next week".

The Service had gone on for an hour and a half with no sign of attention flagging. The Vicar closed with a few earnest words on the influence of prayer in the work; reminding the men that a praying Church <sup>was</sup> made up of praying individuals.



(12)  
It was hard to tear myself away from  
this interesting parish, but I was anxious  
to see something of the Church Army  
work; so after a hurried cup of tea at  
Ridley House, I wended my way to the  
Church of St Mary at Hill, near the Monu-  
ment, of which Prebendary Wilson Carlile  
is the Rector. Six o'clock found me  
with a miscellaneous collection of people  
standing in Love Lane, a narrow street  
off Billingsgate, with an all pervading  
smell of rotten fish, waiting for the Church  
doors to open. Evening Service was to  
commence at Seven, but a large bill  
outside the door announced a Sacred Con-  
cert and Cinematograph Entertainment  
from six to seven. While waiting we could  
hear a great tuning of instruments going  
on inside. A lady standing near me  
remarked rather nervously "I suppose  
this is a Church of England, for I see  
you are a clergyman." I assured her that  
it was all right, and that the Rector  
was a Prebendary of St-Paul's Cathedral.  
The doors were now opened and a C.A.  
Officer marshalled us in, calling out  
"Ladies go to left-aisle, ladies with



gentlemen to the left aisle, gentlemen alone, the centre aisle". I was put in the Churchwarden's pew, a raised canopied seat under the gallery. The church was in semi darkness. There was a great sheet across the Chancel arch, and another across the ~~North~~<sup>South</sup> Aisle arch - at the entrance to the Chancel was a large orchestra composed of ladies and gentlemen all in surplices. On a platform near the pulpit was the big drum, and just over it an enormous gramophone. The concert consisted mainly of orchestral music and while this was going on a number of highly coloured and very sensational pictures were thrown on the sheet, to illustrate the downward course of the sinners. Then came some cinematograph pictures on the second sheet illustrating life on a man of war, and finishing up with a game of leap frog and a boxing match.

At seven o'clock the proper service commenced - a processional hymn, "Work for the night is coming" was thrown on the sheet. The choir was headed by a banner, and a brass band, and there were a number of ladies playing concertinas - Singers



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and players were all in surplices and the ladies wore College Caps. About every third person in the procession carried a lighted candle. This I suppose was for the sake of light as the Church itself was in semi darkness. The procession looked most weird as it passed up the North Aisle down the South Aisle, and then up the Centre aisle to the Chancel. This was reached as the last verse was being sung, the big drums now coming in, and the clergyman appearing in the Reading desk clapping his hands to keep time with the tune. The Service was fully Choral. The opening sentences & General Confession were Thrown on the Sheet; followed by the Absolution on a blue-tinted slide, and the Lords Prayer on a white ground. The opening Versicles and the psalm were Thrown on the Sheet. These were heartily sung the wind & string instruments all joining in; and the Kettle drums and big drum coming in with startling effect in the "Glorias".

At this point in the Service the lights were turned up and I got a good view of the interior of the Church with its heavy



15  
Carved oaken furniture. And its large  
elaborate oaken reredos. I noticed a  
floral cross, but no candles, on the  
Holy Table. A Church Army Cadet read  
the Short First Lesson, and followed it  
up by a brief exposition. The same  
was done with the Second Lesson. After  
each lesson, instead of the usual canticle,  
a Gospel Solo was sung by a lady.  
For the Creed, the Church was again dar-  
-kened, and the great facts of our Faith,  
as they were being recited, were illustrated  
by a rapid succession of pictures on  
the sheet. The Collects and prayers were  
all thrown on the sheet, and the congre-  
gation all joined in the general Thanks-  
-giving. Then the lights were once more  
turned up, and the hymn before the  
Sermon was sung from a printed  
hymn-sheet. It was that grand hymn  
"There is a land of pure delight", sung  
to the old tune with the Chorus

"We are marching through Immanuel's ground  
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,  
And then we shall with Jesus reign,  
And never never part again."



The drums came in here with telling effect; it was most inspiring. The question

"What never part again?"  
was sung by the females. The response  
"No never part again"

by the whole congregation, the instruments all coming in with a crash, and the big drum booming with an assertiveness that left no room for any question at all on the matter.

The Sermon was preached by Prebendary Carlile. It was philanthropic rather than Theological; but it was earnest and sympathetic. I am at the end of my paper. My letter has been all description, I have no room left to add my impressions. Perhaps it's just as well. The Church Army is doing an excellent work in its own way. I will only add that I believe in the big drum at a large service; it is useful in keeping the voices together, and as to its devotional value, my humble testimony is that it thrills my Soul. (With kindest regards to yourself & all the men. I am, for sincerely,)  
H Jones