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"4. That when any man is so selected and appointed to serve abroad, in order that he may be still in touch with the home diocese, it is advisable that his name be printed in the calendar of that diocese as on service abroad."

"5. That the presidents of the two Boards be requested and empowered to nominate a council, consisting of as many men as they think fit, and that such members shall retain their seats for one year."

"6. That the committee of the United Boards be requested to frame and submit to the Board at their next meeting a scheme for the future regulation of the council."

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Impressions of South Africa. By J. BRYCE, M.P. Macmillan. Price 14s. net.

Life and Letters of Dean Butler (of Lincoln). Macmillan. Price 12s. 6d. net.

Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By J. TISSOT. In 2 vols. Sampson Low and Co. Price £6 6s. [A magnificent and sumptuous work.]

Village Sermons. Third Series. By R. W. CHURCH, D.D. Macmillan. Price 6s.

The Book of the Dead. By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, Litt.D., Text, Translation, and Vocabulary. Kegan Paul. Price £2 10s.

The Ideal Life, and other unpublished addresses. By the late HENRY DRUMMOND. Hodder and Stoughton. Price 6s.

Obituary.

IN MEMORIAM.—CHARLES WELLAND EDMONSTONE.

"DO you know the one man whose ministry I would attend now if I were a layman?" said the writer a few weeks ago, and the answer was, 'The Rev. C. W. Edmonstone.' And now he is gone, that old man of eighty-six, and his death leaves a void which can never be filled up.

"Mr. Edmonstone was Vicar of Christ Church, Crouch End, for twenty-five years. Before that he was Vicar of St. John's, Upper Holloway. Was he a famous preacher? Scarcely. He never filled a church. In his Holloway days men spoke of Mackenzie at St. James's, but not of Edmonstone at St. John's. And yet there are those who could never care for any preaching but his. Those sermons, all written, delivered in a nervous, hesitating style, full of a deep spirituality, had a unique fascination for those who could appreciate them. After delivering a series of addresses on the book of Job, he was begged to deliver them over again. Like Robertson of Brighton, he seldom preached away. Indeed, of oratory he had none. An extempore address was torture to the preacher and hearers. What were his strong points then,—his hold on the affections of those to whom he was ever 'the Apostle,' a term always playfully used of him in the writer's family.

"They were three—reverence, earnestness, and humility.

"1. *Reverence.*—St. John's, when Mr. Edmonstone was Vicar, was far behind even those times in point of ritual or other attractions. The black gown prevailed. The mixed choir did terrible execution in the way of 'services,' such as Jackson's *Te Deum*, etc. On the occasion of the organ being reopened after repairs, the choir of the Chapel Royal came to sing the Psalms; they also treated us to an anthem, which was so utterly out of course that a dear old lady did her conscientious best to

join in the music, for was it not a hymn after all? But in spite of black gown and other peculiarities, St. John's was pervaded by a sense of reverence. That apostolic figure in the desk, in the pulpit, or at the Holy Table made flippancy impossible. St. John's was to all of us a very gate of heaven. Years after Mr. Edmonstone had left, the writer, then in Orders, helped him at Crouch End at an evening communion. It was like ministering in the temple at Jerusalem. A sense of awe pervaded one, and with an almost trembling hand the cup was administered. 'Surely God is in this place.' It was the same outside the church. Reverence was the tribute paid to this man. The children instinctively capped him. A well-known dissenter said it was a privilege to bow down to him. 'Mr. Edmonstone,' said a French refugee nobleman during a discussion of clergy generally, 'he was a *gentleman*'—and the emphasis meant volumes.

"2. *Earnestness*.—It was this that formed the climax of his sermons. No doubt the scholarly delivery, the undertone of perfect good breeding, the simple conviction of the truth of God's Word, the culture which was so perfectly free from cant and so delightful at the same time to the exquisite critical faculty which sits in judgment on Anglican divines, all this made up much of the charm of his discourses; but earnestness was the climax. After service the impulse was to rush from the church and get away alone, just to think, or to let the thrill of that earnestness possess your soul. How one resented the banality of the church porch greeting, and inwardly groaned at coming down in this wise from the Mount of Transfiguration! The writer attended Christ Church for the last time in 1892. It was ten years since he had heard Mr. Edmonstone preach, and report said that age was doing its work. The sermon was on Advent (it was Advent Sunday), so simple, so scholarly, and more earnest than ever. 'How can you still preach like that?' was the greeting in the vestry, in a voice which doubtless betrayed its emotion.

"3. *Humility*.—We were proud of our 'Apostle.' Had he not been to Oxford with Tait and Gladstone; was he not known as the greatest scholar in Islington? And yet it never seemed strange that he remained a simple Vicar and in very unimportant posts. To us he was like St. John the Divine: he had none of the sterner stuff needed to make an Apostle of the Gentiles. He never spoke about himself, he never paraded his learning; but his opinion (rarely given) was valued beyond all others, and his pastoral visits were accepted as acts of most unquestionable value. What *were* his opinions on questions which have shaken the Church of England during the whole of his lifetime? No one could tell; no one would like to say. He gave offence to some by calling on Dr. Linklater when the latter's induction to Stroud Green seemed like a blow aimed at Protestant principles; he astonished others by talking in the most kindly fashion of some local dissenting minister whose up-to-date preaching had helped to empty the churches near. In the purest, holiest, most anti-polemical meaning of the word, he was an Evangelical. Many have marvelled that his sense of reverence and beauty did not lead him in an 'upward' direction. But no. During his sixty-two years' ministry he never altered. No intonation, no gesture, betrayed any tendency to modern Churchmanship. Equally at home in the black gown at St. John's and in the surplice at Crouch End, equally devout whether assisted by a mixed choir, great in 'services,' or by boys and men who preceded him from the vestry, he was in his day and generation (and is still to some extent now that he has gone home) a rare example of those three qualities which are among the most needed in the Christian ministry—reverence, earnestness, and humility.—E. J. S."—From the *Record* of November 19, 1897.