

**A SUMMER  
VACATION: FOUR  
SERMONS. PP. 1-71**

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A Summer Vacation: Four Sermons. pp. 1-71 by Edward E. Hale

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Four Sermons.

BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME WHO HEARD THEM.



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## A SUMMER VACATION.

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### I.

#### WORSHIP IN EUROPE.

IT is more than four months since I have spoken in public; a longer intermission from that pleasure than I have known before in thirty years. From a regular life in the varied duties of the ministry I have, by your kindness, been relieved for this time, with the opportunity to see the methods of the lives of other men, some of other races of the world.

It is almost of course to say that, to a man whose life has been all woven in with the offices of Public Worship at home, the Public Worship of the men and women of different races has been a matter of central interest abroad.<sup>1</sup> And so easy is travel

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Emerson says, somewhere, that any intelligent traveller will of course study with the utmost care the public worship of the countries which he visits, as in every regard necessary to his knowledge of the people. I wish all the travellers I know proved themselves "intelligent" by this standard.

now,—so little time is lost in the mere transit, and so much gained for the centres,—that in as short a time as I stayed in Europe I found I could see a good deal of the various methods, at least, of the various Christian churches. It is of that variety of service that I propose to speak to you to-day.

I landed in Liverpool on a Saturday, and the next day went with my companions to the service of the Hope St. Chapel, one of the oldest and largest of the Unitarian congregations of England, formerly under the charge of Dr. Martineau. We had hoped to find in the pulpit the minister of the church, our friend, Mr. Williams, for so many years my invaluable assistant here. He was absent for the day, but his place was well filled by a gentleman who had, just now, left the Church of England for the greater freedom of our communion. It was a pleasant thing for us to begin our experience of Europe with so grateful an omen as the union in the Lord's Supper with a large congregation of friends, of whom we knew no one by name, but with whom we were perfectly at home.

On the afternoon of the same day, I was at the chapel of the Liverpool Poor-house,—a city within a city. In the very heart of Liverpool, here is a settlement, enclosed in high brick walls, of 6,000 people. The chapel is sacred ground indeed, for



it was the home of the ministry of Agnes Jones, well known as one of the saints to many of you. The service is that of the Church of England.

The next Sunday, in London, I heard Stopford Brooke, one of the bravest and most eloquent of the preachers of the Church of England, in his masterly review of the life and character of Stuart Mill. On the evening of the same day, I was one of some 3,000 persons who joined in the majestic "Nave Service," as it is called, in Westminster Abbey. The immense building is all thrown open to the throng, and the throng accepts the invitation. Of all services of religion in which I joined in Europe, this was the most remarkable; and I will speak of it in detail, in a moment.

Leaving England soon after, I had opportunities on the continent of joining with Scotch Presbyterians in their service; with French Protestants in theirs; again and again with the Roman Catholics in theirs; with the scattered members of the Greek Church in theirs. I met a little company of Transylvanian Unitarians at Pesth, and was at one with them in the earnestness of prayer offered in the musical language which I did not understand. I witnessed the extraordinary service of the Fête Dieu at Vienna, in which the Emperor of Austria joins personally, with every high official of that nation.

On the other hand, side by side with Professor Friedrich, — who will prove perhaps the Luther of our day, — I was present in the service of utter protest against Rome of the Reformed Catholics, who call themselves the “Old Catholics,” or the “Pure Catholics.” Again at Zurich I heard Lange, whose name is hardly known among us, but who is called the most eloquent preacher in Switzerland; and I can well believe that the praise is deserved. I heard him called the “Theodore Parker of Switzerland,” and the vividness and earnestness of his address were not unworthy of that name. Once and again I joined in the worship of the Unitarian and Episcopal chapels; and at last had an opportunity to hear Dr. Stanley preach in Westminster Abbey.

Of all which I speak in such detail, not because the detail is of interest or importance, but because it illustrates the diversity of religious service in our time, as the most intelligent people in the world sustain it and carry it forward, and because it shows how far my experience gives me any right to illustrate from new observations my subject of to-day, — the various methods of Christian worship. I think I have seen the best the Roman Church can administer; certainly I have seen the best of the Reformed Catholic Church; I am told I have seen the most remarkable congregation of

the German and the French Protestants; I believe I have seen the most imposing service of the Church of England. It is these four methods of service, and the principles beneath them, that I now propose to compare.

I. I speak of what is known as the Old Catholic service. This is the worship of those Catholics who have broken from the Church of Rome, in protest against the claim for infallibility of the Pope. While they take the name of *Old Catholics*, their movement is wholly new.

On a lovely summer morning in the city of Munich, which may be called the centre of this movement, I found with some difficulty the humble place of their worship. As if one had gone from Boston to Grove Hall in Dorchester, and had found there a little church, built long ago, and left by some accident to any one who needed it, we found the little Church of St. Nicolas, outside the city of Munich, where the Old Catholics assembled. It would not hold more than two or three hundred people in both its chapels, and it was crowded full.

We had made a mistake in seeking it, so that we were late at service. As I entered, I saw the familiar altar, tabernacle, and gilded cross of the Catholic ritual. A priest clothed in white silk,