

Pastor and People.

THE PAST YEAR.

The year is past and over.

What has it done for thee?

Hast thou grown in love and each Christian grace,
Hast thou grown more meet for the heavenly place.

What may the record be?

The year is past and over.

Gone are its golden days.

In the which to serve the dear Lord of love,

And to lay up treasure for realms above,

Winning the Master's praise.

The year is past and over.

Say, hast thou spent it well?

Hast thou lived each hour with a purpose true,

Hast thou done each task thou wert called to do,

What does the record tell?

The year is past and over

Save but a breath for prayer;

For the tasks undone, for the evil wrought,

O thou God of grace, is forgiveness sought

Farewell, farewell, Old Year!

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

CHURCH MUSIC HARMONIES— NEW HYMNAL.

BY I. A.

At the National Tonic Sol-fa Conference in Glasgow, Scotland, Mr. W. H. Murray took up the subject of "Church Music Harmonies," because Tonic Sol-fa had always been closely associated with the Church. Psalmody had always a large share in the thought of the late Mr. Curwen (the accredited founder of the system) and his son Mr. Spencer Curwen (President of Tonic Sol-fa College, London), showed warm interest in it in his books and other writings, being, indeed, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to Church music. The topic was also opportune because of the present movement towards union in the three large Presbyterian Churches of Scotland in the matter of hymns. . . . The churches concentrating interest on the hymns, would doubtless leave the tunes to the committees, who would appoint a musical editor to guide them largely as to the selection of tunes, and wholly as to the harmonies. A cathedral organist from the other side of the border would probably be appointed, having little or no knowledge of Scottish psalmody or sympathy with Presbyterian methods, and arranging his harmonies from the organ and choir rather than the people's point of view. Public opinion should check that; and Mr. Curwen's voice might, for instance, be raised in favor of harmonies that the mass of the people could sing. Some tunes in hymnals nobody sang; wooden, formless, and dead, not even rich harmonies could galvanize them into life; the tune, "St. John's Westminster," by Turle, e.g., had nothing but dobs in the closing line. Great varieties of harmonies were in use for the same tune. Every editor resolved that at least all the non-copyright tunes should have new and original harmonies. Mr. Murray analyzed twelve of the commonest tunes, and found that eleven had different harmonies in all the books of the U.P., Free and Established Churches, edited by Henry Smart, Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Peace. In nine tune books in Mr. Murray's possession he found ten different arrangements: no two agreed, and one book had two arrangements. Other tunes he analyzed with similar results. Imagine, he said, the effect on the nervous system if two examples now played were heard together, however excellent each might be in itself. In many cases there was no valid excuse for the tinkering on the score of improvement. A psalter and hymnal common to all the churches was, of course, the remedy. Again, many of the harmonies were unsuitable for congregational purposes. His experience in a large congregation having no instrumental aid was that the people wanted to sing. What did they delight in? Examples were, "Rutherford" set to "The sands of time"; "Almsgiving" set to "O Lord of heaven and earth"; "Houghton" to the words "O worship the King"; "Maidston" set to "Pleasant are thy courts above"; and "Moscow" to "Thou whose almighty power." Truly the richest and most satisfying effects might be obtained from simple materials. The essentials for good congregational harmonies were: (1).

Definiteness in regard to key. Examples of how not to do it were, "Nox processit," by Calkin; "Rock of Ages," and "Alford," by Dykes, etc. (2). Congregational harmony should consist mainly of consonant chords, and the dissonances introduced should not have a long delayed resolution. . . . Henry Smart worked for the con-

gregation and his harmonies thought of the singer rather than the instrument. His work in the U.P. books was most praiseworthy. (3). In church music, the use of the more difficult chromatics should be very sparing. With or without an accompaniment flattening was inevitable with a tune like "Sardis," from Beethoven, as arranged in the Free Church book. (4). Another good congregational element was a strong, well distributed bass part. Weak and low basses resulted in flattening—at least in unaccompanied singing. . . . Baritone and not basses, should be considered by hymn-tune composers. Henry Smart knew how to use ornamental passing and by-tones effectively. As to choir-singing, the choir should not usurp the place of the people, who could not praise by proxy, as Mr. Proudman once said, any more than they could pray or believe by proxy. Mr. Murray hoped that the proposed joint hymnal might be accomplished. The promoters of it could count on the support of Mr. Curwen and others in the Tonic Sol-fa movement, and certainly upon any influence that the college branch could exert in the interest of the people of the Church, and in the higher interests of a worth service of praise.

Mr. Sneddon agreed that we had suffered enough from English organist-editors altering harmonies. Henry Smart showed unsurpassed power in writing for the human voice. As Mr. Murray said, the moderately gifted should be able to sing his part without the confusion of wild and unsingable chromatic harmonies.

Mr. Niven would be glad to see a joint hymn-book. . . . He would like to see a collection of a few of the very best hymns rather than the large collections that existed.

The above extracted from *The Musical Herald*, London, Eng., shows that the people in Scotland, and especially the Tonic Sol-faists are in earnest about the musical needs of the people in a Common Hymnal for the Presbyterians of the British Empire.

PEW AND PULPIT IN TORONTO— ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WEST.

(J. R. N. in The Week)

St. Andrew's Church, at the corner of King and Simcoe streets, is a familiar and striking object which naturally attracts the attention of visitors to Toronto. The other corners of this street intersection are occupied respectively by Government House, a tavern and Upper Canada College, which led some local wit to observe once that the angles were those of "administration, education, damnation and salvation." The church is a very solid and substantial structure, almost fort-like in its severe strength. It is built of grey stone and has three imposing towers. There was talk a year or two ago of removing it to a more residential neighbourhood, but the idea seemed anomalous and surprising. St. Andrew's Church looks like one of the things that remain; it was built to last for centuries and it has a note of massiveness and gravity that is very impressive. It is, I suppose, in the Norman style of architecture. One can fancy it standing fitly on a towering base of granite against which the wild waves of the Hebrides might dash in vain. There is something strong, insular and self-contained about it. If ever the tide of war overflows us, which God forbid, "St. Andrew's" would be used for a fort. It has been for a quarter of a century the fort of that soldier of the Cross, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of whom a friend writes to me:—

"If you were to idealize a clergyman none would come nearer to your ideal than Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D. The elements so requisite in a minister of the gospel, and yet so rarely combined in one man are possessed by him in an eminent degree. Ministers there are even in the narrower circle of his own denomination who are more scholarly, greater pulpit orators, more famous evangelists, but there are few, if any, in his own or in the sister churches who have drawn so deeply from all the sources open to the human mind in preparing for the high duties of the Christian ministry. He has been endowed with mental faculties of the highest order, and had he turned his mind to one or two special subjects he would have easily stepped into the front rank. But

he had chosen his life work early, and was wise enough to know wherein the great strength of his profession lies. Of a most tender and sympathetic nature he turned his gifts into the field of the pastorate, and it has been there, in ministering unto the sick, in comforting the distressed, in relieving the needy, in guiding the young and counselling the old, in breaking Scripture truth to give each one his and her portion of daily spiritual bread, in moulding a high and patriotic and unselfish character, the reflection of his own pure soul it has been in such noble work that his aspirations have had their fulfillment, and his ambition its reward, the devotion and devotedness of his daily life he brought with him into the pulpit and re-impacted them to his people in his sermons, which were models of practical thought and persuasiveness of style. He aimed not at distinction as a preacher, but his native genius he could not suppress, and often there rang out bursts of eloquence chastened by a holy earnestness, which nothing could resist. His characteristic as a preacher has been the appropriateness of everything he said and did. He always rose to the occasion, said what seemed to all to be exactly what was necessary and no more nor less. He stands to-day as one of the most faithful and outspoken of pastors, yet with a heart so large that failings and failures in profession and practice bring more sorrow than rebuke from its depths. As a public man he has few peers. A patriot born, with strong national feeling, and that love for home and country derived from his Celtic race, he has been ever ready to stand in the breach when the path of duty was clear."

Last Sunday the services at St. Andrew's were conducted by Rev. Principal Grant, who, during the long illness of the pastor, has frequently occupied the pulpit and rendered very valuable services to the church. Ascending by many steps to the entrance on King street one found oneself in a somewhat dimly-lighted, but comfortable, cocoa matted corridor where several elders stood at the doors, for this was Communion Sunday and the communicants were giving up their cards of entrance and the body of the church was reserved for them. They very kindly invited us to join in the service "if we were members of other churches," but we went into one of the commodious side galleries, from whence a good view of the interior is obtained. St. Andrew's is a large church, but the interior is scarcely so impressive as the outside had led one to expect. The roof and side walls are plain almost to the extent of poverty of idea, from a constructive point of view, though the decoration of them is both tasteful and suitable. The south end of the church, on the other hand, where the pulpit stands, harmonizes in style and dignity with the exterior of the edifice. It is an arrangement of pilasters and arches combined with a large stained glass window and two smaller ones, and is both artistic and satisfactory. The windows are headed with Norman arches, and the larger one is pictured with the story of the good Samaritan—evidently a memorial. Below these windows stands the pulpit, ascended by a flight of stairs from either side, and below the pulpit is the dais where are the communion table, the chairs for the elders and the font. On Sunday morning the communion service was set forth on the table and the whole covered with a snowy cloth.

Principal Grant ascended the pulpit with a sedate step, but not that of age. He was attired in the black Presbyterian gown, and his manner in the pulpit was dignified and unexceptionable. There was more deliberation about it than I had been led to expect from reading various contributions from his pen. It was not the deliberation that tires, but rather that which allows of each sentence producing its due effect. His voice is deep and sympathetic; occasionally it can be raised to considerable loudness, but at the communion service on Sunday morning it was studiously subdued. The introductory prayers were simple and heartfelt; the

passages of Scripture and the hymns such as nearly everybody knew by heart. They had been selected for that service by the absent minister, who, unable to be with his flock, was with them in spirit. I was much struck with Principal Grant's reading of some passages from the Psalms. Hearing them one forgot all about the "higher criticism of the Old Testament." It passed away and was forgotten. I am sure it did not enter the heads of the large assembly of members of the church that sat in the pews on the floor of the building that is their spiritual home and that must be for them a consecrated place. There they sat a most interesting sample of the Presbyterians of Toronto. Grey headed men, men of responsibility, men of trust, devout, fearing God, and having a high idea of their own responsibilities. Young, wholesome-looking men, rising up to tread in the footsteps of their fathers. Wives and mothers of families, comely in their matronliness, and maidens, not of the empty headed, irresponsible variety, but who had already discovered that life is an earnest thing, and that for everybody there is work to do before the darkness comes. There was no air of ultra fashion, and, equally, there was no air of pious dowdiness. The occasion was a solemn one, and every attendant seemed to join in the service with the most earnest sincerity.

The mention of the hymns brings to mind the organ, a vast instrument occupying the back of the north gallery and reaching almost to the width of the church. It is played by Mr. E. Fisher with irreproachable taste and ability. The capacity and range of the organ gives him great opportunities, which he exercises with discretion, not running riot in them as some organists would, who live, move, and have their being amid *forte* and *fortissimo*, and almost burst the bellows into the bargain. With Mr. Fisher it is different. He is not only master of his instrument but the servant of his art, and you get delicate shades in his playing, and fine appreciations of sentiment for which you are inclined to be very grateful. He has, at his command, a small but carefully selected choir—perhaps fourteen voices. In addition to the hymns, they rendered an anthem at each service last Sunday. That in the morning was the beautiful one, "Christ was Obedient Unto Death." It was sung with reverential feeling and adequate expressiveness and phrasing.

I had never seen a Presbyterian communion service before. After a collection had been taken, up for the charities of the season—a collection in which the paper currency on the plates seemed to be in excess of the silver—the elders came forward and lifted the white cloth from the communion table. A few words from the gospel, describing the origin of the Lord's Supper were said by Prof. Grant, and then he took a piece of bread of the breadth of a hand-palm and breaking a piece off it, passed it to the elder next to him saying, "Eat ye all of it." When the elders had all thus partaken they took the silver patens containing the pieces of bread and walking slowly along the aisles gave a fragment at each pew. So the symbolic food passed from hand to hand and was broken. Afterwards the cup was passed and with deep solemnity these disciples commemorated their dying Saviour. Then standing up they recited the Apostles' Creed, the minister leading. There was a blessing to the standing congregation, and the service was over. One came away feeling that St. Andrew's Church is a religious place, where everything is subordinated to the ideas of worship and edification. I do not wonder that its remote down town position does not militate much against the attendance there. People will go a long way to get spiritual bread.

In the evening Principal Grant preached an admirable sermon in favour of peace between Britain and the United States, from the text, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." While deprecating war he plainly showed the reasonableness of the ground taken by Lord Salisbury.