

THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

glistening, many columned pillars, the rich, soft colours of the roof, the purple windows, the quiet, unobtrusive completeness of the whole building, and we admit that the Honourable Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple have indeed known how to build to God a church worthy of their old and noble guild. We recall, too, the many famous divines that have preached here, from the sad and serious Hooker, the stately periods of whose "Ecclesiastical Polity" still delight the student of Elizabethan literature, down to the present distinguished master, C. J. Vaughan, whose sermons are a model of cultured power.

Even this afternoon we notice in the congregation many a famous man. Yonder, pathetic in his blindness, sits the beloved Sir John Karslake, and next to him is Sir Thomas Chambers, recorder of the city, whilst just behind them, also amongst the Benchers of the Middle Temple, we espy the ruddy countenance of the Prince of Wales. Over against them, on the Inner Temple side, sits old Lord Chelmsford, erst chancellor, close to his successor on the woolsack Cairns, and further on, Selborne, who in his turn has ousted Cairns, is cheek by jowl with the last of the chief barons, Sir Fitzroy Kelly. The Temple congregation is probably the most intellectual and distinguished in London, and it is no ordinary ordeal a preacher here has before him.

Now let us see what music we are to have, and whilst we are examining our anthem and church books we do not fail to note the winged Pegasus stamped thereon, the emblem of the Inner Temple. We are just deep in the learned examination of cathedral music, which precedes the chorals, when the melodious thunder of the organ awakes our attention. Nor must we omit to notice this famous instrument, peculiar in having six black keys to each octave, to wit, a B minor distinct from the D sharp, built by Smith, the father of English organ building, *in tempore* Charles II. The construction thereof was a subject of competition between the aforesaid Smith and the then equally renowned Renatus Harris. Both rivals erected an organ in the church, and the *cognoscenti* of the day were at a loss to decide which to select, till ultimately the choice was left to Chief Justice Jeffreys of bloody Assize

infamy, who pitched upon the one which, greatly augmented and improved, now delights us with its soft fullness of tune. For many a year has Hopkins, the present organist, to whom the English Church is indebted for some of its most beautiful services and anthems, presided at its keys, and long may he remain an institution of the Temple!

And now the choir and clergy enter, and even-song commences. We will not dilate upon the well-matched voices of the boys, the harmony of the chorus, and the sweetness of the solos, but the most unmusical hearer cannot but be struck by the exceptional effect of the hymn singing in which the voices of the whole congregation join. Each person has the tune before him, and the majority of the worshippers being sufficiently skilled in music to take their parts, the result is a grand volume of harmonious sound. The preacher this afternoon is the reader, Ainger, a quiet scholar, whose thoughtful cogent discourses have in large part remained in our memory (a memory not too prone to retain sermons) even after the lapse of years. The pulpit candles throw into strong relief his pale and wasted face, whilst the rest of the church is gradually shrouded in gloom, through which his well modulated voice sounds with strange effect, and it is with almost a start that we rise at the Ascription, and receive the peaceful benediction. Soon we are out in the dark and foggy streets, amongst the noise and rattle of the city, from which we have escaped for two quiet hours, and in our walk homeward Milton's noble lines came into our minds as a summing up of the afternoon :

• And let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high and anthem clear,
As may with sweetness thro' mine ear
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

—Exchange.