

"And the wound—will there be any mark left?" "Certainly there will. I have done the best I can, the best that any one could do for it so late in the day; but he will bear the mark of it with him to his grave. We shall have cause to be thankful if that's the worst that happens," and with this he tripped lightly down stairs, leaving the book-keeper on the landing all stunned, with palpitating heart, and growing hot and cold by turns.

CHURCH MUSIC.

It is true that the question of Church music has resolved itself into a question between Gregorian music and everything else, then it is a pity. There is so much good in both that a duel to death between them must necessarily be disastrous to a good cause. To banish figured music, or the best examples of it, from the services of the Church, would be much the same thing as cutting down a tree because the branches prevent the roots from embellishing the landscape. The Gregorian must remain, of course. It would be impossible to replace the best Gregorian by anything approaching it in essential qualities.

Take the "Pater Noster," for example. No one could ever dream of finding the equal of that great strain for majestic grandeur, combined with reverent tenderness of supplication. It is worthy to carry to the throne of God the prayer given to us by the Son of God.

Gounod said of this "Pater Noster," that if he could have had the honor of composing it, he would gladly have given up all he had ever written. Niedermayer wrote a beautiful "Pater Noster," but it is, even in the hands of such a great singer as Santly, only a pale reflex of the mighty Gregorian strain. No great master has left any attempt at an accompaniment, or choral or otherwise. There are organists who differ from the great masters herein. There are many things to be said on their side. I think the best reply to them is that it is useless trying to add glory to the splendour of the sun. The "Pater Noster" is perfect in its majestic simplicity.

There is a pious and ancient belief that on the night of the Nativity, when the wondering shepherds on the hills round about Bethlehem heard the first "Gloria in Excelsis," this old Gregorian chant was the strain that "all their souls in blissful rapture shook." That belief is at all events evidence that reverence for this chant is as old as Christianity. From the beginning of the old tradition, to the words of the greatest master of our time, the chain is unbroken of the testimony to the sweep of its majestic power throughout the ages.

There is a touch of the same power in the "Lamentations;" they, too, are immortal, as are the Gregorian tones. So is the "Exultet," the great Ambrosian chant, which opens the office of Holy Saturday. It is famous, by the way, in Irish story as the first strain of Christian music to strike Irish ears and subdue Irish hearts, proclaiming, on the Hill of Tara, the advent of a superior fire in the hands of mysterious strangers confronting the Druidic reign on its most solemn festival day in the very stronghold of its power.

The Gregorian "Requiem" also is immortal, from the solemn tones of its opening prayer to the last touch of its wonderful pathos, chastened by thoughts of Paradise, and glimpses of the Angels and Saints of God.

Nothing like this, however, can be said about the great bulk of Gregorian music. It is a question of the substitution of Gregorian for all music, it must be remembered that much of it is to most ears unsympathetic, and harsh as well as difficult to master, and that a great deal of it does not lend itself to harmony, as Mr. Delany has very justly pointed out in the pages of this magazine.

The claim of the other side is that music has developed since the days of the Gregorian into something richer, stronger, and fuller as a vehicle of expression; certain melodies, of course, apart, which I have endeavored to treat as the immortal part of the Gregorian. The claim may be summed up in the title of "Tone poet." The title is given to the great masters of music in recognition of the fact that they compose great poems resembling the works of the great poets in all essentials, using tones either in substitution of words, or in combination with them, in the latter case attaining the sublimest effects. Familiar examples abound. In Handel's Messiah there is a marvellous air whose theme is "The Man of Sorrows and Acquainted with Grief," who "Was desponded." It is the "Ecce Homo" with which the tone-poet introduces the infinitely pathetic figure of the suffering Christ. At an earlier stage he brings the Baptist before us with his message of comfort and his warning of preparation. Later he presents the Apostle sonorously prophesying the judgment of the world, and makes us hear, at the same time, the fulfilling sound of the trumpet. He sings "Glory to God," and the Heavenly host defiles before us in shining ranks, "Castorum acies ordinata," terrible in power. In stately motion of measured tramp, acclaiming "the Lord" with enthusiasm triumphant. He declares "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and there is no resisting the soft voice of the glad Archangel rising on the wings of the Seraphim in sight of the assembled world. Another of his messengers lifts up his voice "Thou didst not leave his Soul in Hell;" we see the grave face and the solemn figure rising majestic after the sacrifice, and

we face the presence of the fundamental truth.

In Israel the same tone poet takes us into Egypt with him; he shows us the persecuted people; makes us hear the noise of their groanings; shows us "the smoke of their torment." The plagues pass one by one, the flies fill the air with their restless buzz, the hail rattles on the house tops, and bounds along the streets incessant; there comes across the dark face of night the awful wall of mothers mourning. The drama hurries on; Israel flies out in great multitude towards the desert, crosses the sea, stops under its cloud to look back, and, lo, the tragedy of Pharaoh and his legions!

"The Lord is a man of war." Bold voices shout sonorously; the hurrying instruments fitting the feelings of the awe-stricken spectators, while "Pharaoh's chariots and his host" are overwhelmed, and "his chosen captains are drowned in the Red Sea." The awful scene closes with the loud shouts of the spectators proclaiming how "the Lord had destroyed" the horse and his rider "in the vehement waters, swirling and tossing and surging before our very eyes in the most vivid of tone pictures.

When Haydn cries out, as he will do "the last syllable of recorded time." The heavens are telling "The glory of God," they do tell gloriously—

"Ring out ye crystal spheres, Once bless our human ears, If you have power to touch our senses so, And with your silver chime Move in melodious time, And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow, And with your unconfined harmony Make up full concert to the angelic symphony."

Such is the great chorus of the creation. A great effect in the beginning of that work—"Let there be light"—it raises expectation—"and there was light"—it is a shock of electricity. At this point on one occasion, when Haydn himself was conducting in Vienna, the audience stopped the piece with their enthusiasm for some minutes. As the noise was subsiding, Haydn pointing upwards, shouted, "It came from above."

In this oratorio fine passages of declamation abound, of which the greatest is the incomparable "In Native Worth," which describes the creation of man. It suggests the first words of the invocation—"Deus qui humane substantiam dignitatem mirabiliter condidisti," as vividly as the "Messiah" suggests the second, et mirabilis reformasti.

Thus, consideration of the oratorio brings us naturally to the Mass. Here we find the highest possible themes for the inspiration of the tone-poet. And they have the advantage of the condition precedent, that he writes for an act of public worship. The condition ought to spur him to the greatest efforts.

It does, and we need not wonder when we consider the gifts of these men. How do they work in fitting great themes to music, which has been described—a little optimistically perhaps—as "man's stuplest and most natural speech?" The most prolific of composers—Schubert—gave us a glimpse on one occasion. It was at the beginning of his career, when he was playing second violin in one of Mozart's symphonies—"I can hear the angels singing," said the boy. Handel, in the maturity of his powers, conveyed the same idea more loftily, when he said as he finished the Italian Chorus, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." Even the pleasure-loving Rossini, in his old age, looking over his "Stabat Mater," burst out with "He who wrote the Stabat Mater must have had faith." Much of that great work is rather dramatic than religious, but there is much in it to sustain the unexpected verdict of its composer. There are, to wit, the solemn opening chorus, suggestive of voices in the gloom of the hill of Calvary; the, in places stupendous "Inflammatus," with its great phrase, "In die judicii;" the profound opening of the "Fac ut ardeat," and the exquisite "Quando Corpus," with its contrasting phrases and wierd, walling effects.

Another thing there is to be considered:—"Beauty in art," says a distinguished authority, "is not a thing so poor and finite that it can be exhausted by one man's life, and its prize falls not as though by lot to any one elect, its light is rather split up into a thousand rays, the reflection of which is cast into our enraptured eyes, in many forms, by the great artists put by Heaven into the world."

"Many forms" is the key-note of this description of the length of art and the shortness of life. Improvement is going on from lustre to lustre, and from age to age: one generation builds upon the ideas of another; new treatment of old ideas grows by development; great schools are formed with transition periods between.

"Quot homines tot sententiae," the old rule has varied illustration every day; its working can be traced in the history of music. Palestrina, in his day, took by storm the world of Church music, wearied of Gregorian, and scandalized by the substituted fripperies. When the severe Germans, who had in the whole sphere of music followed unwillingly in the steps of Mozart, were in the ascendant, Rossini came to Vienna, and though the men in occupation denounced him as the colourist who had the sensuous turns of Titian without his soul, he, in turn, took the world by storm. When the new school came which culminated from Bach, by way of Weber and Schubert and Liszt, and above all, through Berlioz, the daring innovator, whom the caricaturists depicted as killing with brass and destroying

with cannon—when the new school thus developed culminated in Wagner, his music was scorned. Many called it the "music of the future," in the same spirit as the good priest who wanted his congregation to enter their musical efforts until they got to Paradise. But this master, in his turn, also ended by taking the world by storm. It was recognized that the art had reached another and richer level. And now in the last days of the century comes the brilliant young Italian priest, Perosi. Melodious he is, in the capitals of the nations, he, too, is taking the world by storm. He is accepted as linking together the old and the new with new ties. He has taken for an oratorio the great theme of the Redemption. Handel was supposed to have exhausted that theme in the last century. Spohr proved the falsity of that idea early in this. Gounod renewed the proof the other day. Now Perosi shows that the subject is unexhausted, because it is inexhaustible.

Thus, in the Mass music we have many treatments. One master appears to the majesty of God, and his "Kyrie is majestic;" another to his infinite pity, and his "Kyrie" is tender; another remembers that the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by storm, and he throws a great multitude on his canvas, lifting up loud voices in supplications, uttering cries that drew blood.

In the "Gloria" one gives us the picture of a saint in ecstasy accompanied by angels covering the Meditation in hushed awe; another brings before us a bright herald proclaiming the glad tidings through a trumpet; another conceives an army shouting in the delirium of victory. But after the opening all unite in the tumultuous joy of praise and glorification, and the solemnity of adoration.

In the "Gratias" all express the idea of thanksgiving, and they do it, each after his manner. In his twelfth, Mozart is the essence of tenderness; in his third, Haydn is vividly emotional, the orchestration hurrying the theme with joyous abandonment of soul. In his sixteenth, his expression is stately as well as tender, refined withal, and diversified with changing harmonies typical of the infinite variety of the subject.

In "Qui Tollis" all are suppliant. One with a majestic prayer pealing through the vast spaces of great Cathedrals, with the kneeling people in occasional choral response. Another leads us through "The Valley of the Shadow;" on all sides cries resound and invocations: "Qui Tollis;" "Qui Sedes;" "Suscipe," rise up out of the dark places in incessant confusion of impotency. Another presents us with a great psalm floating solemnly up through the aisles of great forests, and all end in triumphant acclamations proper to the words ending the great hymn.

In the "Credo" every composer recognizes that Faith is the leading idea. The leading feature of all the treatments is, therefore, the emphasis which belongs to an Act of Faith. At one extreme is Gounod's Credo of "St. Cecilia," massive, stately, majestic; at the other the Credo of Mozart's "First," known to musicians as "The Fiery Credo." An intense burning profession, this latter, in which the great dogmas succeed each other, clear in outline, glowing with color, in a procession of amazing vigor and power. Both are, in emphatic profession a healthy downright, the same, though they differ in every other respect. Between the two lie endless variety of musical mind and matter—you have severity of style suggestive of the cloister, declamation, stately and majestic, zeal hurrying on with steps almost as rapid as the lightning and not less clear—you have great vocal masses in unison, sustained by the melodies and progressions of the orchestration; and you have noble curves of melody intertwined, borne on the surface of a flowing stream of harmony, the figures ever changing with subtle modulations like the eddies on a broad river current—you have the pomp and swing of military pageantry, and you have the modest simplicity of a nun's choir; in short, you have one faith and an infinite variety of expression.

So with the "Incarnatus," one master gives a picture of reverent angels murmuring the words in adoration and thankfulness; another shows us one crying in the wilderness, and there is in his voice a plaintive wail, foreshadow of the Passion; a third conjures a spirit of tender grace, whose deep feeling of awe is tinged and lightened with joy, like the solemn grey of morning clouds tipped with the advancing "Orient pearl." Well-known examples of these three effects are Gounod's St. Cecilia, Mozart in No. 12, Haydn in every one of his masses.

The "Passus" is, withal, funeral, all ending in the hush of solemn dirges. The treatment throughout is rich and varied. Here, the wailing of mourners tells the story; there, are heard shouts of execration for Pilate; now it is grief in broken accents; and, again, there are notes of horror at the crime of the Jews; all show us the road to Calvary with living pictures, and end at the sepulchre with reverence.

Triumph follows for the Resurrection; there is statelyness for the second coming of Christ, with the pealing of the trumpets of judgment and the marshalling of the living and the dead; the recognition is emphatic of the Holy Ghost, *Qui locutus est per prophetas*, and the great edifice of the Church rises before us in the noise of fervent acclamation.

The "Vitam Venturi Saeculi" is

the climax of the Credo, and is so treated. Sometimes it is a single voice, as of an Archangel proclaiming, and often the herald is intensely yet reverently joyful; at others we hear the voice of mankind:

Old men and babes And loving friends And youths and maidens gay.

And when the chorus has by successive entrances reached its full vocal mass, it gradually dissolves into the hush of ecstasy. And, again, it is the spirit of joy organized in every variety of gorgeous triumph, coming with vigorous repetitions to splendid end.

In the "Sanctus" the two leading ideas are the Holiness of the Lord God of Hosts, and the splendour of His glory filling the heavens and the earth. All the great masters present them clearly, the gayest spirits among them who are invariably subdued to the solemnity of the first, run riot in the energy of the second, and none lose the note of reverence in either. For the rest, the styles differ from severe simplicity, as of Gregorian, to the most passionate devotion, and there are often the richest choral and orchestral effect.

The "Benedictus" has everywhere a note of tenderness and welcome. One composer seizes it with grave simplicity of heart, and you have an "Angel's Psalm;" another takes you into the fields, out in the summer air, and you hear the streams, birds, rustling leaves, in harmony with the master's delicate treatment of the theme. It is an exquisite pastoral. The "Agnus Dei" has the same ideas as the "Kyrie," and in presenting the two first invocations the majority of composers vie with each other in their prayerful recognition of the fact. In the third, however, the variety of their treatment is greater than in their handling of any other theme. On one side is the tenderest of prayers for peace, recalling often the immortal description of sleep as "Nature's Soft Nurse." On the other we have the loudest demonstrations of triumph. The latter treatment is correct from the musical point of view, which justifies a striking finale for a great work, but as a departure from the meaning of the words it is incongruous. The practice has been ingeniously defended as depicting the joy of devotion firmly grounded on the promise, "Ask and you shall receive." For the festivals of the saints it may be held that this treatment of the "Dona Nobis" is a prayer for the peace attained by those who now are the Church triumphant. While in favor of the musical defence is the fact that the great festivals of the Church following, as they do, periods of fasting, penance, and supplication, are legitimate occasions for a triumphant finale. It gives strength to the plea that the triumphant treatment completes worthily the series of meditations on great themes presented by the musical portion of the service. This is, of course, the key note to the music of the Church, which is primarily and wholly intended as an aid to devotion. The plea, however, amounts to no more than a claim, that if ever the incongruity is to be allowed in the Dona Nobis, it can only be when certain conditions are present.

A word about the practical part of the subject. The first essential is the selection of the music. In the vast quantities of masses, motets, antiphons, psalms, hymns, litanies, there are instances of music unsuitable from various causes—triviality, meretriciousness, want of devotion, these are easily recognizable and should be vigorously excluded, by application of the key which is "aid to devotion."

Then there is the sense of proportion, which restricts music to its proper occasion, and remembers the resources at command. The third indispensable requisite is practice. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step, and individual and choirs who attempt the sublime without sufficient rehearsal, invariably make that step. Practice must be considered in the widest use of the word. It should be not only regular rehearsal of any particular work, but it should include home study, not only of particular works, but of music generally. Thus only can singers keep their voices in order and choirs become masters of comprehensive well learnt repertoires. On the one hand the musicians must be selected in some degree; on the other, their conductor must understand his music and be able to train his people to the right expression of it. If you can get phenomenal voices, with great instrumental artices, and a genius to conduct them, and write for them, so much the better. But these are not essential. Study and regular rehearsal rightly directed will enable average musicians under fairly competent conductors to present great works worthily. H. A. Loughnan.

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HOW WE SHOULD ACT WHEN ATTACKED.

In a Sunday sermon delivered from the pulpit of his cathedral, Cardinal Gibbons reviewed some of the trials to which Christ was subjected by unjust critics and calumniators, and drew therefrom a lesson for the guidance of humanity under similar conditions.

"We are all followers of Christ," said His Eminence, "and we must make up our minds that we cannot get along in this world without occasionally feeling the sting of calumny. The more upright your life and the more steadfast you are to the principles of religion or to your business, be it what it may, the greater will be the calumnies and slanders of the envious. A small, mean man takes great delight in attacking the prominent that some of their glory may be temporarily reflected on him.

"Now it is well to consider how we shall act when thus attacked. The easiest and safest way is to take no notice, avoid losing your peace of mind and, above all pray for the slanders. It is heroic, I will admit, but it was an innovation of Christ, and in following in His footsteps you cannot go wrong. Your peace of mind is of as much value to you as the jewels and money you so securely guard. Why not, therefore, bar out those calumnies and slanders and not let every little tale disturb you? The words of men are fleeting; the judgment of God is final and just. Best content in this knowledge.

"All men are liable to be misrepresented. Even Paul was the victim of the tales of the envious, not only among the heathens, but also among the Christians. He bore his trial with saintly fortitude. He did not grow angry; he did not cry out from the housestops his innocence. He rested his case on the knowledge of God's justice.

"It was Shakespeare, I believe, who said, 'Conscience makes cowards of us all,' but I believe that the fear of public censure makes greater cowards of us than conscience. Would that conscience had more place in our daily life. When the calumniator assails you and your conscience tells you the charges are false, remember that this same still voice may remind you of other misdeeds unknown to men, but known to God.

"God in His wisdom may often permit us to be unjustly assailed in order to rouse within us the spirit of religion and humanity and cause us to listen oftener to conscience. Make it a rule of life, my brethren, always to disregard the unjust censures of men, but tune your ears to the faintest whisper of conscience."

SOBRIETY.

As men have come to look on the whole question of alcoholic drinking more rationally they have become more temperate. Drunkenness has decreased proportionately. At public and private dinners the consumption of wine is very much less than it used to be, and even in the saloons themselves the tendency to excessive indulgence shows a marked decrease. People are learning from scientific investigation that the craving for drink, once acquired, leads to a nervous disease very difficult to cure, and of destructive consequences morally and intellectually. The growth of the drinking habit in a man is regarded anxiously both by his friends and himself. The exhibition of intoxication, once viewed tolerantly, is now accounted disgraceful, or pitted, as indicative of a deplorable disease. Modern life requires sobriety in all workers more and more.—New York Sun.

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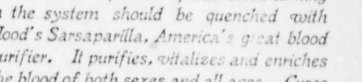
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