

vanish as mist before the sun, and the *real* ones diminish. It is your continued impenitence that makes it hard to return, and the longer continued, the more difficult will it become, for habits which might be broken now, in a year will become inveterate. No: the difficulty is in *yourself*. You say, "there is a lion in the way," but the wise man assures us that it is the *slothful* man says so. Shake off sloth, and you are rid of a most formidable enemy.

And it is very questionable whether this excuse of "so hard" will endure your own scrutiny. You do not repent because it is beyond your efforts; in a year it will be still more impracticable. One would suppose, if you really found such difficulty now, you would not allow time to add anything further to this difficulty, but would immediately employ extraordinary energy. The alternative "now or never" would stimulate to *present* work. Nor can you believe that repentance now is impracticable, for this belief would cause a state of mind which would prevent your reading ~~this~~ volume. You would need some opiate for despair, not some excitement for insensibility.

CHURCH MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

I had been at Cathedrals, had attended the magnificent Temple Church, and the resplendent structure of the Ritualists—All Saints, Margaret Street, London. Great was my curiosity to witness the Service in a plain, rustic Church. I had the opportunity, on my second visit to Stoke-Pogis, to hear the Bishop of Oxford. The organ was in one of those little side-chapels, with gable roof, which you see in the pictures. In advance of the organ were the choristers, about two dozen, composed of young boys of the Sunday School, and of a few young men, all unsupplied. There was a congregation of four or five hundred people. The singing was antiphonal, and plain; the body of leading voices full and strong, and the congregation uniting, filled the church with melody, which arose from every corner; it swelled and rebounded from the roof—not a representation of the people's praise—not a slender delegation of song—not a performance of worship by proxy, and that stipendiary—but a common, multitudinous, impulsive ascription of praise to God. The prayers were read, not intoned. The *Amens* were taken up in a musical note, and chanted in fervent strain by choir and congregation at the end of each Collect, thus making it the people's own. The effect was impressive in the highest degree; and in connection with the universally bended knees, and responses by all, gave an air of reality to the Service, which must touch, it would seem, a heart of stone.

I heard in all this nothing which is not within reach of almost every country parish in our land. The music is simplicity itself. Its charm is its appropriateness to our Church. It is of Church Birth. The music of different bodies of Christians has a distinct character in keeping with each. Why should our Service suffer grievous loss, by incorporating upon it that which is alien and incongruous? It is no disparagement of the Masses of Mozart and Palestrina to say that they did not suit our Ritual. We have a plain song older than they, which, like our prayers, comes down from the Elder Church. It is no disparagement of the greater part of the Psalmody in our country, to say that it is unfitted likewise to the genius of our Service. It is no exaggeration to say, that much of what we call music in our churches is not devotion, but sacrilege—absolute sacrilege!

The same simple, sweet strains, led by children near the chancel, and in which the congregation united, greeted me in the Strand, in London, in the fine old Church of St. Clement the Dane. This is a Low Church (so-called). Again in the beauti-