

buds be cut off the calla lily which was smuggled into the font? Why at Easter might we not have one green leaf even, as a type of the "joyful resurrection?" Why must the choir, with fear and trembling attacking the most modest of anthems, be liable to the reproach of turning the House of God into an opera house; and why, oh why, was Jackson's the only orthodox *Te Deum*?

The rector, fortunately for himself, did not know one tune from another, but in course of time he had a curate, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, who was unmusical, hapless man! He liked music, he tried to attend the choir practices and exercise a mild control. No one ever thought of minding anything he said in the slightest.

There was no married woman in the choir, save the organist, Mrs. Tidmarsh. The curate called on a lady (certainly *not* a singer) and asked her to join the choir. That *was* an honour, for St. Paul's choir was aristocratic, if untrained. "Do you think my voice strong enough to be of any use?" said the flattered woman, and awaited with complacency the fished-for compliment. "That doesn't matter," quoth the honest curate (a man after Bishop Courteney's own heart) who told the truth and shamed the—ahem. "That