

joy, and in hymns and psalms vibrating throughout with the most intense feelings of exuberant delight. But there is a class of most excellent Church people in Canada whose early education—I use this word in its widest sense—has trained them in the idea that religion should always be dressed in a sober, serious, and undecorated garb—that her music should also be sober, serious, and undecorated, or putting it perhaps in a light more consonant with their real ideas—that though we may be joyous in our homes, we must not be so in our churches. This is certainly an error. It is inconceivable that the Author of all the beauty and grandeur of this globe, who has placed in the throats of the delightful warblers of our forests voices which mock the highest efforts of man to imitate, and who in His dealings with His chosen people made music, and joyous music one of their duties in their services of praise, should now look with displeasure on such music as the great and good men of the past have written with pens of steel, on tablets of brass, and whose wonderful talents as composers were devoted to the production of music fitting for His ear, and framed with an especial desire to wait to His throne the glorious strains which His bounty alone enabled them to pour forth to His glory. I am perfectly convinced that to this general proposition even the excellent people of whom I have spoken will agree, but they feel hurt that, as they express it, the church should be turned into a concert-room. One cannot help respecting this jealous guarding of the sanctity of our holy edifices, and yet one cannot, at the same time, help regretting that this creditable feeling is really an error, and a very serious one for the Church. The truth is simply this: ignorance of music leads them to regard that as secular or operatic which is really pure Church music, but music of a more ornate style than they have been accustomed to hear in the rendition of our Church services. I hope my excellent pastor, Mr. Fortin, will excuse me for divulging the fact that he himself, though a musician of no mean acquirements, really supposed "Silver Trumpets" to be operatic; and when I, on the authority of Dr. McLagan, told him that it was music specially written for church purposes, and was never rendered except under the dome of St. Peter's on the great festivals of Christmas and Easter, he laughingly, but blushing like a maiden over her first love-letter, admitted that he thought it a selection from some opera. Our people when listening to superior men like Dr. MacLagan should never condemn their music as secular or operatic, until they are certain it is so, because such men play nothing but classic music of the highest order; and they will find that many of the noblest efforts of the loftiest genius in the composition of purely Church music will, to their uneducated ears, sound as operatic, while they are in reality the very perfection of praise, thankfulness, and joy.

It is a curious circumstance that while the Church in Canada has departed from her true lines on the musical character of her services, and has pandered to the levelling tastes of hybrid Churchmen, who have successfully laboured to deprive the most beautiful religious service now known to humanity of its destructive characteristics, the leading denominational bodies are striving to bring their services up to her old standards. The Presbyterians, to whom a few years ago an organ was an offence, now seek out the best instruments for their churches, and are gradually displacing the inartistic music of their psalms by the noble inspirations of the old masters. The Methodists have already passed us in the excellence of their choirs, the power of their organs, the ability of their organists, and are rapidly rendering beautiful their meagre service by the music of these grand men whose works belong, not to the Roman Catholic, nor to the Greek Church, nor to the Anglican, nor to the Methodist, nor to the Presbyterian, but to the whole human race. And they are wise. The framers of our services were much wiser than we. They composed a ritual eminently calculated to attract the young and please the old. We have been gradually eliminating the attractive portions in order to please outsiders who thought our services too ornate; but the revulsion has come, and now after having pandered to these iconoclasts we see them harking back, and sedulously at work in bringing their own services to the high standard from which we, in a spirit of faithlessness to ourselves, had descended in order to please them.

This matter may, at the first blush, seem one of minor consequence, but if we take a broad and comprehensive view of the position of our Church among the surrounding denominations, we shall find it to be a matter of very serious moment. The last census returns have proved that the Church of England in Canada is losing ground. Its membership has not increased in a proportion equal to that of several other bodies, and she is therefore falling behind those of whom a few years ago she was greatly in advance. Among other reasons for this lamentable condition of affairs a patent one is that she has not been faithful to the proper rendition of her services; and in particular she has, in a thousand churches, made the musi-

cal portions a farce. This is strong language, but it is literally true. And it is well that our bishops, deans, archdeacons, rural-deans, canons, and reverends of the Church, as well as the lay authorities of our congregations, should ponder over it. We are losing our young people, and the loss of them is death. They find our services dull and tame, they find those of other bodies, notably of the Methodists, bright, cheerful, and hearty. They find the singing of the Church of England deprived of one of its chief attractions—its music; while among other bodies the best music is carefully taught and effectively rendered. They are naturally inclined to prefer brightness to dullness, and the result is seen in diminishing congregations. The process is slow, but it is certain, and no thoughtful Churchman can help seeing that among other most serious defects in the internal economy of the Church in Canada, this inattention to the proper rendering of our service is by no means the least. The remedy is at hand, and easily applied. Let it be understood by every congregation that a good organ and a well-paid organist are primary wants in every church. They should be the very first charges on its funds, and whatever else is wanted these should be supplied at all events, and at all hazards. The question of expense is absolutely irrelevant. As well might a household discuss the question of going to the expense of bread for its consumption, as a congregation debate that of the best music. With it you live, without it you die. In these times of culture, and surrounded as we are by active, wealthy, and educated rivals, to stand still is to retrograde. The Church in Canada has too long lived on her prestige, she must in future live on her own excellence, and on the active daily exhibition of her excellence by rigorous and well directed labour. To the honour of Holy Trinity, of Winnipeg, be it said, that there is no more flourishing church in Canada, and this is due much to the unceasing labours of her exceptionally able and zealous clergymen, the Rev. Rural Dean Fortin and the Rev. Mr. Stenden; much to the business talent and self-denying daily labour of her wardens, Mr. Farrell and Capt. Sears; much to the brilliant qualities of Dr. MacLagan as her organist and choir leader; and much to the splendid rendering of the services by a choir which now certainly stands as the chief of all Canadian interpreters of the highest classic Church music.

Yours, &c.,

WM. LEGGO.

Winnipeg, July 8th, 1882.

WHITSUNDAY.

SIR,—The derivation of the word given by you from the *Guardian* of 1860, in a late number of your paper, was if I remember rightly, maintained very strongly by the late Dr. J. M. Neale, and for long I thought it very plausible; but I send it to you, *sub voce*, in Mr. Skeat's new dictionary, which seems quite conclusive. Though it is rather hard work for your proof-reader, I hope you will print it, as of real ecclesiastical interest. I would also strongly recommend to all who take any interest in words, Mr. Skeat's book as a real treasure, especially as the Clarendon Press has published a cheap edition for this side of the Atlantic.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry, July 15th, 1882.

"WHITSUNDAY, the seventh Sunday after Easter, commemorating the day of Pentecost. (E.) Lit. *White-Sunday*, as will be seen. The word is old. In the *Ancren Riwle*, p. 412, l. 13, we have mention of *whitesundie* immediately after a mention of *holithur-die*. Again we find: 'the holi goste, thet thu on *white sune die* sendest,' i. e., the Holy Ghost, whom Thou didst send on Whit-Sunday: O. Eng. Homilies I. 209, l. 16. [In Layamon, l. 81,524, we already have mention of *White sune tide*, i. e., Whitsun-tide, which in the later version appears in the form *Whitsuntide*, showing that even at that early period the word *white* was beginning to be confused with *wit*; hence the spelling *Whitsunday* in Wycliffe's works, ed. Arnold ii. 158, 159, etc., is not at all surprising. In the same, p. 161, we already find *whitson-weke*, i. e., Whitsunweek]—A. S. *hwita Sunnan-day*: only in the dat. case *hwitan sunnan-day*, A. S. chron. an. 1067. However, the A. S. is certified, beyond all question, by the fact that it was early translated into the Icelandic language, and appears there as *hwitasunnudag*. In Icelandic we also find *hwita-daga*, lit. 'white days,' as a name for Whitsun-week, which was also called *hwitadaga-vika*, i. e., Whitedays-week, and

hwitasunnudags-vika, i. e., Whitsunday's-week. (B.)

All these names are unmistakable, and it is also tolerably certain that the E. name *White-Sunday* is not older than the Norman Conquest, for, before that time, the name was always *Pentecoste* (see Pentecost). We are therefore quite sure that for some reason or other the name *Pentecoste* was then exchanged for that of *White Sunday*, which came into common use, and was early corrupted into *Whit-Sunday*, proving that *white* was soon misunderstood, and was wrongly supposed to refer to *wit*, or wisdom conferred by the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, on which theme it was easy for the preacher (to whom etymology was no object) to expatiate. Nevertheless, the truer spelling has been preserved to this day, not only in English and in modern Icelandic, but in the very plainly marked modern Norwegian dialects, wherein it is called *Kvitsunnudag*, whilst Whitsun-week is called *Kvitsunn-vika*, obviously from *kvit*, white, and from nothing else (Aasen). See, therefore, WHITE and SUNDAY. (B.) But when we come to consider why this name was given to the day, room is at last opened for conjecture. Perhaps the best explanation is Mr. Vigfusson's in the *Icel. Dict.*, who very pertinently remarks that even Bingham gives no reference whatever to Icelandic writers, though from the nature of the case they know most about it, the word having been borrowed by Icelandic whilst it was still but new to English. He says: 'The great festivals, Yule, Easter, and Pentecost, but especially the two latter, were the great seasons for christening: in the Roman Catholic Church especially Easter, whence in Roman usage the Sunday after Easter was called *Dominica in Albis*; but in the Northern Churches, perhaps owing to the cold weather at Easter-time, Pentecost, as the birthday of the Church, seems to have been especially appointed for christening and for ordination, hence the following week was called the Holy Week (*Helga Vika*). Hence Pentecost derived its name from the *white garments*, etc. See the whole passage, and the authorities cited.

It is not likely that this account will be accepted by such as prefer their own guess-work, made without investigation, to any evidence, however clear. It deserves to be recorded, as a specimen of English popular etymology, that many still prefer to consider A. S. *hwita sunnan* (occurring in the A. S. Chronicle) as a corruption of the modern G. *pfingsten* (which is acknowledged to be from the Greek *pentecoste*). Seeing that *pfingsten* is a modern form, and is an old dative case turned into a nominative, the M. H. G. word being *pfingeste*, we are asked to believe that *pfingeste* became *hwita su*, and that *nan* was afterwards luckily added! This involves the change of *pf* (really a *p*) into *hw*, and of *ste* into *su*, together with a simultaneous loss of *nge*. Comment is needless. Der. *Whitsun-week*, a shortened form for *Whitsunday's week* (as shown by Icel. *hwitasunnudag-vika*); and similarly, *Whitsuntide*. Also *Whit-Monday*, *Whit-Tuesday*, names coined to match *Whit-Sunday*; formerly called Monday in *Whitsun-week*, &c.; Wycliffe, Works, II. 161."

My patriotism lives and flutters as a sentiment unless I know that the land I love is really making, by its constant life, a contribution to the righteousness and progress of the world.

MISERABLE FOR THIRTEEN YEARS.—In order to acquire the rights of full citizenship in the United States, the native born must have reached the age of twenty-one, and have gone through two full but short courses—of rheumatism, says a growler at our elbow. In Canada, however, the courses of rheumatism are not so short, running, it would seem, as long as thirteen years—at least in one instance, that of Mr. Jas. Mahoney, Sr., of Orillia, Ont., who says: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for the past thirteen years, and have tried during that time very many of the remedies advertised for it, but all without effect. Upon recommendation I was induced to buy a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil. The first application relieved me, and upon the second application the pain disappeared entirely and has not since returned. It affords me much pleasure to make this statement of my experience with St. Jacob's Oil, and I sincerely wish that every sufferer could know of its wonderful virtues."