

in our highly favored land such homes were more common, then the Sabbath and the sanctuary would be more honored and their services be more loved and blest.

But further, ministers would also be much benefited by such a course; they can see at a glance from the pulpit who are present and who are absent in the family pew, and parents knowing this guide themselves accordingly. Besides in the minister making preparation for "the little ones," as well as for the large, it gives a wider scope to his thoughts, a wider range to his affections, and both tend the better not only to mature the minister, but to give greater variety and interest to his ministrations. Some ministers may think it beneath them so to do. Jesus did not think so, either in the lessons he taught or in the injunctions he left behind him, and in as far as ministers thus think and act, so far do they forego a mighty power and fail to fulfil their mission in rightly dividing the word of truth. Children are the hope of the church, and to neglect them is to do a positive and irreparable injury both to them and the church. Never let any minister think that by studying to preach to and interest the young he is in so far unfitting himself for preaching to the old; on the contrary the converse will be found to hold true, and it would be found that ministers would be more useful in the pulpit generally if they paid more regard to the children in their ministrations. The cultivation of a more simple and transparent style and the free use of tasteful and striking illustrations would give a growing power to our pulpits. Even older hearers would be attracted and instructed by it, and the average worshipper would in most cases be as much benefited thereby as the children.

NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

MR. EDITOR,—As you requested me to write to you, if I had anything of importance to communicate, I send you, with the accompanying newspaper, this letter, to which, if you think proper, you can give a place in your columns, as there are not a few in Canada, whose friendship and kindness might prompt them to read it with a measure of interest.

Leaving Toronto on the 4th of September last, I arrived at San Francisco on the evening of the 11th. The sense of weariness and bodily fatigue, incident to a railroad journey so long and continuous, is greatly relieved by the exhilarating air and the wonderful panorama of nature, opening up, particularly towards the close, scenes the most striking and impressive, in range of view, or beauty of feature, or wildness of rugged and solitary mountain grandeur.

The Pacific Mail steamer was advertised to leave San Francisco for Auckland and Melbourne, on the 12th September. We accordingly steamed through the "Golden Gate," about mid-day, leaving behind us the fine harbour and crowded metropolis of California; and emerged into the wide Pacific, whose waters, then at least, belied their name, for such was their angry agitation, that few, if any on board, were exempted, at the outset, from an experience more common, perhaps than pleasureable.

The course of a long and somewhat monotonous voyage was agreeably broken by the vessel's putting in, for several hours, at Honolulu, the chief town of the Sandwich Islands. This most picturesque group, presents to the eye, luxuriant vegetation, and bold Alpine scenery. One of its mountain peaks, nearly as lofty as Mont Blanc, is, even in that tropical clime, tipped with perpetual snow.

To many points of interest in connection with Honolulu, my attention was called by Dr. Daven—the hospitable and indefatigable seaman's chaplain, whose labors have been prosecuted there for so many years; and who seems so happy in the encouraging results of his missionary life. But he stated to me that he experiences no obstacle half so formidable as the inconsistencies of professing Christians. I had the pleasure of visiting, in company with the Doctor several native and Chinese converts under his ministry. The careful training of the young is being carried on with an admirable method and an untiring assiduity. An illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in Chinese, was kindly presented to me.

Arriving at Auckland on the morning of the 6th of October, I found the parent congregation—St. Andrew's—vacant by the recent appointment of its highly esteemed minister, the Rev. David Bruce, as Agent General of the Presbyterian Church in New Zealand. They were, however, awaiting the result of a call that

had been given, some time previously, to a minister at home through the medium of a committee, of whom, Professor Bruce of the Free Church College, Glasgow, —brother of the late minister of St. Andrew's—was one. I was asked to become interim occupant of the pulpit, and consented. Soon after, on the arrival of a telegram from Professor Bruce, announcing declinature of the call, a congregational meeting was held, with a result little anticipated by me, when only a month before a lonely stranger, I stepped upon the wharf. I should not have deemed myself adequate to the manifold responsibilities of a charge, which is regarded as the most influential in the Province; but the whole circumstances of the case in connection with the unexceptionable cordiality of the call seemed to leave me no alternative. The paper you will receive, announces the induction services which were deferred, for various reasons, at my request: a soiree will be held, as a welcome to my wife, on her arrival.

Respecting the colony of New Zealand, I can truly say that it merits the high terms of commendation, which have been so often, and so lavishly bestowed upon it, by glowing pens. Auckland stands upon a narrow neck of land; and the fall of rain, especially in the winter season is considerable. Sometimes, too, the heat, in summer, approximates to the degree of Canadian intensity; but of course, the abrupt and violent transitions to which the temperature is liable with you are unknown to us. Of snow, the Auckland-er has no experience. Certainly, in point of salubrious climate, and attractive scenery, whether on the coast, with its rocky highlands, and glittering arms; or in the romantic interior, where all the charms of nature's exuberance greet your senses, the colony has few, if any compeers. It also possesses substantial resources in gold, in copper, in coal, and in the richest pasture-lands. The sense of expatriation is by no means so oppressive and extreme, as many imagine. All nationalities are represented. the native element is no longer a source of the least alarm: the frequent arrivals and departures of steam and sailing vessels render the ports a busy scene; while the European cable telegrams becoming, in the present attitude of England, more intensely interesting, are sent with unflinching dispatch.

Presbyterianism, I am glad to say is making rapid strides in New Zealand. The Episcopal Church, meanwhile, out-numbers us in Auckland, as I daresay in many other parts; yet the wealthiest citizens are ours. Their clergy, though by no means intellectual giants, have something of that praise-worthy catholicity of spirit which I was pleased to observe in a section of their Church in Toronto.

The visit of the Rev. Dr. Sommerville to New Zealand, is looked forward to with high hope. The members of committee formed to work with him include the Episcopalian, as well as other representatives. It was arranged at our last meeting that the committee should, if possible, go down to the harbour, on the arrival of the Australian steamer, and in a body welcome the Doctor. The steamer is due on the night of Monday the 7th inst.

I cannot conclude this letter without giving expression to the heart-felt interest I shall always cherish towards Canada. Friendships, not a few, were formed there, that neither time nor distance can efface. And, as regards many of its ministers, memory will often revert with feelings of deep and silent pleasure to my acquaintance and connection with them.

Than the honored members of the Toronto Presbytery, I know none abler or better. Wishing your periodical all prosperity, I am, faithfully yours,

A. CARRICK.

Auckland, 2nd January, 1878.

CHOIR TRAINING.

Being an extract from the concluding part of a paper read by Mr. P. S. Terras before a meeting of the Glasgow United Presbyterian Union for the improvement of Psalmody.

There is, perhaps, no subject connected with the theory and practice of music which has been more imperfectly taught and understood than the doctrine of rhythm. This is all the more singular in face of the fact than an "ear" for rhythm is more universally diffused than an "ear" for tune. In attempting to improve this state of things, the choirmaster must appeal to each singer's inborn sense of measure, that faculty of the mind which is keenly perceptive of, and delights in, the regular recurrence of STRONG and WEAK ACCENTS. This is the real groundwork of what is so

ambiguously termed "time," and a clear understanding of this law should be a first principle in choir-training.

The further development of this subject will flow quite naturally from such an apprehension of its basis; the sub-division of the *time occupied by each accent* will merge itself into a mere question of proportion, care being taken by the choirmaster to show that in making such divisions we must follow the same law of STRONG and WEAK ACCENT. I am of opinion that the natural sense of rhythm does not receive that amount of cultivation which is indispensable to unanimity of action. It is to the proper systematic training of this sense that military movements owe their rapidity and precision, whether it be in the firing of a volley or the simultaneous "thud" of a thousand rifles in the act of "order arms." I would strongly urge upon choirmasters the usefulness of frequent rhythmic exercises, an almost endless variety of which can be easily invented by a competent conductor.

If the intelligence of a choir keep pace with the choirmaster's instructions, such practice will tend to keep the singers *habitually up* to the mark, and produce that degree of vitality so necessary to artistic performance. Expression in music is a subject which almost demands a paper for itself. Let me begin by observing, that not only amateurs, but nearly all professional men, are apt to use the term "expression" in a remarkably polarized sense, and to think of it almost exclusively as a comprehensive term for indicating the various mechanical means employed in its realization. Now this is a radical error, for it is quite a conceivable fact that an incompetent choirmaster may, and often does, so employ or misemploy these mechanical means, as to burlesque a composition, or, what is perhaps worse, to rob it of all coherent expression whatever. There exists the utmost difficulty in treating this subject; it is so subtle in its nature as to elude almost every attempt at logical demonstration.

One day a celebrated composer, as he was engaged putting the finishing touches to a sonata, received a visit from one of his most promising pupils. The student begged hard to be allowed to try over the new sonata, and permission being granted, took his seat at the pianoforte, and set to work. In the thick of it he came to a sudden stop, and cried out, "I say, mein Herr, is this a 'p' or an 'f'?" "Ach! bother your 'p's' and 'f's,'" cried the master; "were your heart in its right place you should not have required to ask such a foolish question." The composer puts the secret of musical expression in a somewhat exaggerated form, but it is substantially true, for expression must come from the emotion which governs the heart and mind, so that a hearer can be in no doubt as to the *purpose* and *intention* of a singer. Sympathy and receptiveness are the great essentials to any real progress in this matter. They must be possessed in a high degree by the choirmaster, that he may instinctively feel himself *en rapport* with the intention of the composer on the one hand, and the sympathetic expectancy of the chorists on the other. Wanting these, the conductor sinks to the level of a metronome, since to move others he must himself be moved. It seems extremely difficult for most people, and it may be impossible for a few, so to go outside of their own placid existence as to merge their emotional nature in that of another, and establish an identity of feeling, whereby the suffering or joy of the one becomes magnetically the suffering or joy of the other also, if in a lesser degree of intensity.

When a man—say a good man—tells us of some wonderful good fortune which has befallen him, we cannot for a moment mistake him; not only his tongue, but his eye, his hand, the lines of his mouth, and the quivering of his nostrils, speak with purpose and power. It is not thus with him, however, in telling of another's good fortune. Give the good man a triumphal Psalm to read, and it comes from him in quite another and a totally colorless way, notwithstanding it was originally struck out from the white heat of a burning human heart, but not possessing requisite sympathy with this burning heart the reader can only give us what the art of printing has preserved for him—words, mere words.

The technicalities of expression are briefly *piano* and *forte*, with their combinations and derivatives; the slackening or accelerating of speed; and, lastly, emphasis and the varieties of accentuation.

I feel assailed by a temptation to speak rather strongly about the unmeaning, conventional division of the Psalms and hymns in the "Scottish Psalmody,"