

Church Music.

The Bishop of Carlisle, in an address which he delivered the other day at the opening of a new church at Windermere, said the service of the Church is essentially a musical one, and he urged the importance of making her services in this way attractive. "Do not," he said, "let us allow all the fascinations of song to be monopolised by the world, the flesh, and the devil. I recommend nothing beyond the bounds of good taste and sound judgment. But I do believe that of all the compulsions that can be brought to bear upon those who are inclined to make excuses, the compulsion of a musical hearty service is among the most successful." This question of music is one which is engaging a good deal of attention at present.

We understand the annual appropriation for the musical services at Christ Church, Fifth Avenue, has recently been raised to \$12,000 per annum—a sum, we believe, far in excess of that of any other parish (not even excepting wealthy old Trinity) in this country. Besides a double quartette of professionals in the gallery, there are some thirty or more men and boys in the chancel. Notwithstanding all the resources of the highest musical art are thus pressed into the service, the rector, the Rev. Dr. Ewer, never fails to impress upon his congregation the duty of joining their voices to those who are paid to sing, and not without effect. The excessive ritualism which, a while ago, made this church much talked about, we may add, has been materially toned down—so much so, indeed, that even the most prejudiced Low Churchman—so it is said—can worship there now without having his sensibilities ruffled in the least.—*New York Express*.

On Wednesday, the 30th August, a choral festival was held in the magnificent old church of *East Meon*. The occasion was the inauguration of a new organ, recently erected through the exertions of the daughters of the Vicar. The sermon was preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Utterson, after which \$40 was collected towards defraying the debt still due on the organ. By the permission of the Dean and Chapter of Winchester the choir of the cathedral lent their services, Dr. Arnold himself presiding at the organ. The service was Cooke's in C. The anthem, "The Lord is my shepherd," Psalm xliii., was a fine composition of Dr. Arnold's. Dr. Arnold played during the service an *andante* in G, by Dr. Wesley, an *adagio* in B flat, by Spohr, and the St. Ann's fugue, by Bach. The hymn, which was well joined in by the congregation, was Heber's well-known hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." This church was reopened about twelve months since, after a complete restoration at a cost of £4,000. The tower is one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture, surpassing, thinks our correspondent, that of Winchester Cathedral, which in great measure corresponds with it. The whole church is full of antiquarian interest. The font (a model of which is in South Kensington Museum) is said to be older than the church itself, and is formed from a block of black marble, having described on it in bas-relief the creation of Adam and Eve, the eating of the forbidden fruit, the expulsion from Paradise, concluding with the angel teaching Adam to dig and Eve to spin.

At the meeting of the church choirs of the North Devon Choral Union, held at Ilfracombe, Canon Kingsley, who was present, having been called on by the Vicar to return thanks for the Bishop and clergy, adverting to the Choral Festival, congratulated the members on the improvement of feeling which such meetings created, in two points—first, it showed that English people were awakening to the importance of worship as distinct from either preaching or prayer:—

Both the two last were good and indispensable; but worship the very heathens had felt was a third matter just as necessary; and if any did not quite understand him, he begged them to think over the word "worship" in the light which their own singing and choral services would throw on it. Next he congratulated the audience on the increased attention to art in England during the last twenty-five years, especially in that art which was most open to all classes—namely, music. To be a poet, painter, or sculptor, required very special good fortune and good training. But to be a musician was open to all who had a natural musical taste. In that art at least the "rich and poor should meet together," and feel that "God was the maker of them all," when they found the same musical capabilities, the same power

of enjoying and of identifying oneself with the works of the highest musical geniuses, bestowed alike on peasant and on peer. He attributed the modern musical movement, both secular and sacred, principally to the genius of one man, an old friend of his, who had never met with the recognition which he deserved—*he meant John F. M.* Canon Kingsley, in conclusion, said that such meetings as the present could not but do good; moral and artistic, to all concerned in them, if they would only keep in mind (as he was sure all his audience did) that they met together in church to worship God, and not to try who could make most noise.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT PLAY.

There are few occasions on which knowledge does her caps and bells with more charming effect than at the Archæological meeting. The age of antiquaries has utterly passed away, and Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarrow would stare with amazement at the festive and genial race who have supplanted the Groses and Kitsons of bygone days in their zeal for old nicknackets. The modern archæologist wears his knowledge as lightly as a flower, and discusses Roman camps or mediæval brasses with the gaiety of a hoyden of eighteen. The quiet antiquarian gatherings whose bleak-eyed old eccentricities wrangled over a mutilated inscription and a bottle of port have expanded into "learned societies," with queens for their nursing-mothers and peers for their committee-men. Archæological meetings have become to a host of idlers the chief junketings of the early vacation. Not the least part of their fun is the elaborate solemnity with which they are got up. Central Committees in London correspond for a twelvemonth with local Committees in the country on the prospects of the coming gathering. The country is stirred up to excitement, for it is found impossible to visit churches or read papers without the patronage of the lord-lieutenant. The bishop is caught to preach an inaugural sermon on the duty of cultivating a knowledge of the past. The member for the county hurries down from the last division to turn an adroit compliment to "our old stones and our old institutions." Mayor and aldermen bustle out in a great glory of maces to welcome the Society to their ancient and venerable borough. Announcements flit about with a solemn array of "sections" and "papers" and "presidents" and "vice-presidents," and a list of "patrons" which comprises all the big people in the neighbourhood. It is not easy for the uninitiated to guess how dukes and marquises are to contribute to the study of archæology; what gradually breaks on one is the discovery how necessary dukes and marquises are to the entertainment of archæologists. The real business of the meeting so solemnly "inaugurated" by prelates and lords-lieutenant is found to be junketing. A few benighted antiquaries read their papers, but after a morning or two nobody takes much notice of the "sections." The secretaries cut short impertinent discussions by their announcement of the excursion. The streets are crowded with drags, flies, and every conveyance the town can supply, and the gay train files along the roads, ostensibly to some minster or "tump," but really to the nearest squire's hall. There is a hurried run over the ruins, and a very leisurely feed at the squire's expense, a charming drive home, and another dinner at the cost of the Corporation. The next day brings its visit to the cathedral, and a flutter of delight at the well-arranged battle-royal between the local architect and the architectural critic from London. The battle-royal closes in excellent time for luncheon at the Deanery, for a stroll in the bishop's gardens, and for a conversation at night. Another morning brings its outing to the abbey ruin and the al-fresco picnic which has been provided by the noble presi... The picnic brings the lady archæologist to the front. Generally she is young and fresh from her season in town, curious to know what a "moulding" means, and eager to learn which are "the most learned guys" present. The "guys" yield to her spell, and gather round her with information and champagne, while she pumps and quizzes them. Her archæological knowledge is not of a very serious description, but she has her ticket, and picks her chicken bones with an air of scientific decorum. She always will visit the foundations. She is quite sure she shall find some poor nun's bones in the cellars. She wants to see where that dear Queen Mary was imprisoned. She thinks it must have

been delightful to live in the days when knights rode about in armour. Panting archæologists toil after her in vain, as she skips over the ruins and peeps over battlements and draws her head back again with a pretty little cry of "Should I not make a charming gargoyle!" Her oldest sister is astonished at her levity. Her seasons are over, and she is undecided between archæology and tracts. She actually listens to the old gentleman who probes about donjons and portcullises, and makes continual entries in her little morocco note-book. She doubts about the age of the clerestory windows, and is critical upon masonry. She fingers the tapestry at the manor, and pronounces it Flemish with an air of authority. It is a little relief when she succumbs to human weakness, and picks her chicken bones like the rest of mankind. But even the champagne is exhausted at last, not a single manor has been left unravaged, and with mutual felicitations the archæologists vanish away. The country somehow is not as grateful for their presence as it ought to be. The lord-lieutenant and the bishop suspect they have been taken in. The squire grumbles at the cost of their luncheons. The mayor thinks the information the town has acquired hardly commensurate with the expenses of his dinner. Nobody, in fact, remembers to have learnt much from this visit of the learned Society, save the art of turning archæology into junketing. Only woman retains an agreeable memory of her flirtations with the "guys," and of the charms of a picnic which was less commonplace than picnics generally are. Local grumbling of this sort is lost, we need hardly say, on the archæologists themselves. Their visit has been an unquestionable success. The Society has netted a fair sum of money. Its members have enjoyed a number of charming holidays, have hobnobbed with a number of great people, and been lionized by a number of fascinating young ladies. Nothing could have been more delightful, and the Council proceeds calmly to organize next year's meeting at the opposite end of Great Britain, and to plunge into correspondence with fresh local Committees.—*Saturday Review*.

A powerful organization is growing into shape in England under the name and style of the 'Church Defence Institution.' Mr. Miall's motion in Parliament for disestablishment of the Church of England, the spirited debate thereon, its temporary defeat, and the active steps that have since been taken by those who favour that movement to influence public opinion respecting it, have shown the great necessity that exists for union and co-operation amongst Churchmen for purposes of Church Defence and Church Reform. The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the office of President, and among the Vice-Presidents are the Bishops of London, Winchester, St. David's, Llandaff, Worcester, Gloucester and Bristol, Ely, Rochester, Hereford, Lincoln, St. Asaph, Chester, and Carlisle. A strong Executive Committee has been named, and liberal sums have been paid into the treasury. These are the first fruits of a movement having for its object the continued recognition of Christianity by the people of England in their national character.

In connection with the Church Defence Institution, and, we believe, under its auspices, a member of Parliament named Peck has offered prizes of £400, £200, and £100 respectively, for original treatises on the maintenance of the Church of England as an Established Church. The judges appointed by Mr. Peck to decide on the merit of the treatise are the Marquis of Salisbury, the Rev. Dr. Hessey, late of Merchant Taylors', and the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. The following are the points which are to be taken up:—1. A clear explanation of the position which the Church of England has occupied in relation to the State both before and since the Reformation, especially the latter. 2. The views upon this subject which have from time to time been held, both in the Church and among Nonconformists. 3. The advantages which have resulted from the union of Church and State—(1) Religious; (2) Social; (3) Political. 4. If there have been any disadvantages, the way in which they have been counterbalanced. 5. A refutation of the most prominent arguments which have been advanced in recent discussions against the continuance of the union. 6. A sketch of the probable results of any severance of the union. This argument to be illustrated from the special habits of thought and feeling prevalent in England, and the actual experience of other countries.