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Praises.

The Lord hath set the starry hosts of heaven,
He rules the glorious sun that moves on high,
And day and night by Him alike are given
Whose hand hath curved the arches of the sky.

The Lord hath reared the lofty heads of mountains,
And crowned them with the ever-splendid snow
The Lord hath fetched the deep from myriad fountains,
And guides the rivers that forever flow.

Oh, hark! the mighty song of praise upswelling,
Returned from earth to sky, and sky to sea!
Sun stars, and hills, and deeps His glory telling,
Who ever was, and shall forever be.

Sing, sing, my heart! amid this loud rejoicing,
And blend thy feeble voice in heaven's lays;
With all created powers His glory voicing,
Forever add the tribute of thy praise!

Sing, sing, my heart! with praises still increasing,
For, lowly, weak, and wand'ring though I be,
The Lord of all these glorious never-ceasing
Hath ever guided, watched, delivered me!

M. L. N.

The Hymnal Tunes.

For the Review.

A PRESBYTERIAN elder, one who had more than usual experience in conducting the praise service of the Sanctuary writes:

"As a Presbyterian I feel somewhat interested in the references made in your journal from time to time respecting the Presbyterian Hymnal. I have nothing to say as to the selection of the hymns. I have sufficient confidence in the ministers and representative elders of the Presbyterian Church to warrant me in believing that they will give their ripe experience and best judgment to that important work, and that the outcome of their labors will be satisfactory to the Church at large.

With your permission, however, I should like to say something about the Hymnal. I express the views of many Presbyterians when I say that the Hymnal sadly needs revision. I hesitate to sit in judgment on the work of experienced vocalists, but I must say that, while there are a goodly number of excellent pieces of music in the Hymnal, particularly in the miscellaneous metres, the majority of the long, common and short metre tunes are of a very namby-pamby character. There are three objections to the music in the Hymnal as it now stands.

1. There is an almost total absence of the grand old Scotch melodies that have long been the glory of Presbyterian Church music; and the few that have been retained have been so mutilated, under pretence of improving the harmony, that they are almost unrecognizable.

2. The adaptation of particular tunes to particular hymns, while to a certain extent advantageous, does not find favor with the majority of people, so far as my acquaintance with their views goes. If choirs and choir leaders are at all qualified to lead the service of praise, they should be the best judges as to the tunes best suited for hymns selected by the pastor.

3. The introduction of so many new tunes into the

service of praise in Presbyterian Churches, is having the result, especially in the cities and towns—where the Hymnal and its music are used—that congregational singing is waning and is being more and more largely left to the choir. The older generation have no knowledge of the new music—and many of them do not like it—while the younger generation, with a few exceptions, will not sing until they have acquired some knowledge of the music.

It would be a great mistake to perpetuate a condition of things which will lead to praise in city and town churches being done by proxy—by the choirs; and, which, in the rural districts, will prevent the adoption of the Hymnal altogether. What is wanted is that a lot of the namby-pamby new music should be weeded out and replaced by the best old Scotch melodies with which Presbyterians all over the world are familiar. In fact the music of the Hymnal wants a thorough revision, and the committee having the music in charge—if there is such a committee—would do well to elicit hints and suggestions from Presbyterians in different sections of Canada. The best judgment on church music and congregational singing is not always to be found among the cultured vocalists of large cities.

Respectfully Yours

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Power of Song.

The Church began to sing at the institution of the Supper when, before that little circle separated, our Lord himself joined in the hymn, whose rich melody had scarcely died away before the anguish of Calvary began. And since that hour the singing has never ceased: but in the gloomy catacombs, within dungeon walls, beneath vaulted domes of cathedrals, in humble sanctuaries, and on plain and mountain, wherever believers have met together, under bright skies or in the dark and stormy days, the songs of Zion have been a comfort, a strength, an inspiration. And the prayer-meeting must be brightened by hymns of praise, for much of our work for Christ is too barren of all joy and enthusiasm, and we need the cheer of praise. The English plow boy sings as he drives his team; the Scotch Highlander sings as he labors in glen or moor; the fisherman of Naples sings as he rows; and the vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn. When Napoleon came to a pass in the Alps where the rocks seemed impassable for the ammunition wagons, he bade the leader of the band to strike up an inspiring march, and over the rocks on a wave of enthusiasm went the heavy wagons. Earthly battlefields have resounded with praises from bleeding Christian soldiers, and pain has been forgotten as the lips of the dying have sung, "When I can read my title clear," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." Martin Luther has well said, "The devil cannot bear singing," and we know that David's harp drove the evil spirit out of King Saul. If Christians sang more, temptations would have less power; the feet would be lighter in the sowing and reaping; there would be more sunlight in our daily pathways; and the church would easily surmount the giant rocks of seeming impossibilities.—A. E. Kittredge, D.D.