

CURIOSITIES OF CHOIR MUSIC.

We have read about the newly imported German tenor who on an Easter morning electrified a "heavily mortgaged congregation" by singing over and over again. "He will raise ze debt, He will raise ze debt, in ze twinkling of an eye." But the following musical incident is related by one who recently attended a fashionable church. The choir started with a reference to the lilies of the field, and after singing the changes on the word "consider" until all idea of its connection was lost, they began to tell the congregation through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the basso, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed—was not arrayed. The alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor without a moment's hesitation sang as if it had been officially announced, that "he was not arrayed."

Then when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives had allowed him to go about in such a fashion, the choir at length, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these"—these what? So long time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies, that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed? Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cut-away coat? No, most decidedly. Solomon in

the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off went the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." And the tenor finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam or the splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "Wash their hands in innocency."—*Cathedral Chimes.*

It is not well to indulge that feeling of weariness and disgust which gnaws at the very heart. I compare it to those tiny worms which live in old wooden furniture, and whose cricrac I occasionally hear in my little room, where they are busy reducing their homes to dust. What must I do, then? Certainly not write and spread abroad my feeling of discomfort. No! I know something better than books or pen, and that is *prayer*. When before God I say to my soul, "Why art thou cast down within me, O my Soul?" and I know not what to answer, but I just let it grow calm as a weeping child at the sight of its mother. Yes; Divine compassion and tenderness have something maternal in them