

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CHURCH SINGING.

From one of the sprightliest of Dr. Talmage's addresses, delivered recently in New York, we make the following extracts:

"But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristics! and I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness. Music that may be appropriate for a concert hall, or the opera house, or the drawing room, may be shocking in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. Why should we rob the programmes of worldly gaiety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing 'Colchester.' When they were very meditative, then the clapboarded meeting house rang with 'South Street' and 'St. Edmonds.' Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang 'Woodstock.' Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church, they sang 'Zion.' Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they sang 'Ariel.' And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they had lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Born as we have been amid this great wealth of church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark also that correctness ought to be a characteristic of church music. While we shall see in a minute or two we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, I call on this whole audience to culture yourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl or yelp. In this day, when there are so many opportunities of high culture in this sacred art, I declare that those parents are guilty of shameful neglect who let their sons and daughters come up knowing nothing about music.

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the church service is dull, do not have the music dull. With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawing and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling the praises of God.

You have a right to sing. Do not surrender your prerogative. If in the performance of your duty, or the attempt at it, you should lose your place in the musical scale and be on C below when you ought to be on C above, or you should come in half a bar behind, we will excuse you. Still it is better to do as Paul says, and sing with the spirit, and the understanding also.

Again: I remark, church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song that the worshippers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw. What an easy kind of a church it must be where the minister does all the preaching, and the elders all the praying, and the choir all the singing. There are but very few churches where there are 'two hundred and forty and five singing men and singing women.' In some churches it is almost considered a disturbance if a man let out his voice to full compass, and the people get up on tiptoe and look over between the spring hats and wonder what that man is making all that noise about. Although I have on other days said much on this subject, I will continue to speak of it until we rouse ourselves to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now! Clear your throats and get ready for this duty or you will

never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the 'Marseillaise Hymn' on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan. I never saw such enthusiasm before or since. As he sang that national air, O' how the Frenchmen shouted. Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play 'God Save the Queen?' If you have, you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that these songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are the national airs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of heaven were made up of some of the best songs of earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity."

THE PRESENT CRISIS OF PROTESTANTISM IN ENGLAND.

"A conspiracy," says the Archbishop of Canterbury, "has been got up to bring these lands once more under the dominion of the Church of Rome." It is patronized by the highest and noblest in the land. It is entrenched in the schools, colleges, and universities. The Prayer Book is in its favour. It has spoken insultingly of her Majesty because she attends a Presbyterian Church and "takes bread and wine at the so-called sacrament of the Presbyterians." Forty priests in London alone, once members of the Church of England, are among its perverts, and many thousands of the clergy are privately or publicly co-operating with it. To give a detailed list of the noblemen, baronets, ladies of rank and title, and gentry throughout the country who have joined it, would fill many pages. An Act of Parliament passed to restrain it—attempting to bind Samson with green withes—has yielded like straw before the fire. And still the "conspiracy" gathers strength, till the Vicar of Chelsea declares—"We are no longer a Protestant Church!" "We are contending," say these men, "not for the extirpation of Protestantism merely within the Church, but throughout all England. We do not want to force the Cluses and MacNeills into Popish vestments. We want to make them as extinct as the Dodo. We do not care one straw whether a man preaches in gown, surplice, or shirt sleeves, so long as he does not preach Protestantism."

No wonder that the Cardinal and his friends refuse to go in for Disestablishment. They publicly declare that the Church of England is Romanising the country for them better than they could do it for themselves. These men set up retreats, establish monasteries and sisterhoods, preach penance, baptismal regeneration, priestly absolution, and auricular confession. Four hundred and eighty of them, whose names are before me, have signed a memorial to their own Bishops for liberty to establish the Confessional. Two thousand of them, enjoying the privileges of the Act of Uniformity which excluded Nonconformist Protestants from the Church, have signed a petition to exclude their dead bodies from the churchyard, and so keep out their unregenerated remains from the consecrated ground. And all this is maintained by an annual income from the nation of seven millions and a half sterling. Such a state of matters, I venture to say, was never heard of in the history of the world. That a great and free nation should be insulted, and its interests and religion perverted, and that it should be obliged to pay the very men who are doing it! A few years ago when I ventured to direct attention to this subject I was called an alarmist, and accused of saying bitter things against a sister Church. A sister Church! So far as that Church is Christian and Protestant, her people shall be my people and their God my God, and that so long as I live. But if I had the power to do it I would, with all sacramental solemnity, devote at the altar of my country every man, woman, and child in our communion, to have no peace with Rome or Romanism in any Church. We can have no peace, no religious fellowship, with the men who are dishonest enough to be eating the bread of a Protestant Church and doing the work of a Romish one. And this is what these men are doing. What with robes, albs, chasubles, dalmatics, candles, and crucifixes, postures and impostures, flections and genuflections, the "eastern position" and the north-western position, bowings to the east and curtsying to the west,—what, I say, with all this babble-

foolery, and mediæval absurdity, many anxious souls are distracted and ready to exclaim with Mary, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." I deliberately affirm that the Fenian conspiracy against the State is nothing compared with the Ritualistic conspiracy against the Church and the Protestant liberties of England!—*Rev. John Dodd, Newry.*

HOW TO KILL A CHURCH.

1. Don't pay your pastor's salary. This is an all-important direction. Be sure to follow it closely. Although you solemnly promise to pay him a certain amount, and at stated times, no matter; don't pay, or only what you feel like paying, and when it's perfectly convenient. Don't obey the Lord when he says, "The laborer is worthy of his hire." (Luke x. 7.) By-and-by you'll have the satisfaction of seeing your church "going down."

2. Don't attend to your official duties in the church. Look upon your office as only an honorary or ornamental institution—not an Aaron and Hur arrangement for holding up the hands of pastors in doing the Lord's work.

3. Don't go to prayer meeting. That's an old-fashioned institution. It isn't needed in the "modern church." Church fairs and concerts and festivals are much more necessary. These bring money into the treasury from the outside sinners.

4. Don't attend church regularly. Forsake the assembling of yourselves together except on bright, sunny days.

5. Don't pray for your church.

6. Don't give toward its support, or only a little now and then, when you can't well help it.

7. Don't encourage your pastor in any way whatever.

8. Don't take your church paper.

9. Don't do anything toward helping the Sabbath schools.

10. Don't give anything, or very little, toward the various causes of beneficence.

11. Do what you can to gender strife and discord among the members.

12. Lastly, be fully conformed to the world.

The above directions, fully carried out, will most certainly give you success in killing a church. Ordinarily, you need practise only a few of the above directions, and you will succeed. But if you love the church, and don't wish to kill it, then don't practice according to the above receipt.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SEXTONS.

A great deal can be done for quietness in churches by the sexton. The most perfect sexton I ever knew was an apostle of silence. His eye and ear and hand were everywhere, and his genius for forestalling and suppressing confusion was wonderful. Before service he always exchanged his boots for slippers. He glided about the aisles as noiselessly as a ghost. He made doorkeeping a fine art. Doors and windows were so fixed that they would never be heard. He took care that no sound should come from the furnace or gas fixtures after service began. The fact was that this was not a mere instinct of propriety or crafty measure of success in his office; it was a constant answer of his believing and humble heart to the solemn sentence, "The Lord is in his holy temple." What a contrast to the clumsy, fussy, heavy-shod brother, in charge of the stoves in a rural sanctuary I remember, who was sure to start up two or three times in the service, sometimes in the midst of prayers, sometimes when the preacher was doing his best to get or hold the attention of his hearers, march round from his seat to the fire, swing open a strident stove door, punch the sticks with a poker, and toss in an additional supply of fuel, giving us another shrill screech from the hinges as a finale.—*Bishop Huntington.*

CONTENT can only be purchased by a virtuous life.

No man is rich whose expenditures exceed his means; and no one is poor whose incomings exceed his outgoings.

TRUE politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you love to be treated yourself.

If all men would bring their misfortunes together in one place, most would be glad to take a proportion out of the common stock.