

Let us speak not in a spirit of defiance, but in a spirit of love, let us eschew all needless expressions which may give offence; above all let us remember that the grand object which we have in view is the discovery of the wisest methods of work, the strengthening of peace, the firmer cohesion of the members of the Body. By this course our very differences will serve to bring out more clearly the unity of our faith, and our diversities of thought will be at once a safeguard and protest against any narrowing of the limits which define the membership of our branch of the Catholic Church.—BISHOP MACLAGAN.

CHURCH THOUGHTS BY A LAYMAN.

No. 53.

ORGANS AND CHOIR.

OUR text to-day is taken from the news columns of a Toronto paper of the 16th inst: "The Rev. C. E. McIntire conducted the morning services in the Queen street Methodist church yesterday. Before the sermon the organist went out, intending to return at the conclusion of the same. Since Dr. HUNTER very seldom closes his address before 12.15, the organist took his time in returning. Mr. McIntire, however, did not prove to be as long winded as his brother preacher, and concluded his sermon at twelve sharp. Fortunately, the wife of the organist presided at the kist o'whistles during the rest of the service."

Organists who play such pranks are not to blame, as they are usually thought to have no souls, being merely engaged to assist in the mechanism of public worship, like the bellows of the organ. Indeed they are often so placed that they are unable to join personally in the service. We heard lately of a church being erected, the architect of which ruled the roast with a high hand in the plans and all arrangements, as though it were his own house which was being built, wherein the organist is placed inside a brick vault where he cannot see either clergy, choir or people, with whom he ought to be in most intimate, constant association. This church evidently regards an organist as a soulless machine, for he is put outside the congregation as thoroughly as if he were a leper. But the architect so wills it, and though he is not an amateur, does not even pretend to know the alphabet of music, has no personal interest whatever in the services of that church, he has been allowed to impose the most humiliating, embarrassing, ridiculous conditions upon the organist and to destroy his usefulness in conducting the choir and leading or accompanying the music of the services. This example ought to be a warning to the people to take a firm stand against permitting architects to interfere with the arrangement of organs and choirs which they seem to consider of such trifling moment that they may be sacrificed in order to carry out any whim, and their efficiency ruined for ever in order to display some trumpery window or arch or pillar, which is the architect's hobby. An organist ought to be so placed, as military men say, "keep touch" of the choir, so as to give instant help when wavering, and inspire both choir and people when languid as any true organist does worthy the name and position.

When churchwardens and members of building committees are without a practical knowledge of music, without practical experience therefore in all that relates to organs and choirs and the relations and duties of organists to their instrument, to the choir and to the people, they should, like men of common sense, call in the advice of those who have practical knowledge of and have had experience in Church choirs and music. A mere love of a surpliced choir as a supposed High Church af-

fair, does not give any capacity to judge as to the organist's position or duties, or ought else in fact. By placing this part of the church during construction and afterwards, in the hands of expert connoisseurs, wardens and building committees would act with business-like tact. They would also give organists and choirs fair play. It would save musical ears the terrible irritation of detecting constant jars between voices and organ caused by their separation, jars the non-musical do not hear, and therefore, of which being most serenely unconscious, they deny even to exist.

Architects, too, in such matters should "stick to their last," they should learn at any rate what are the conditions essential to completeness, ease and devotion for choirs and organists, and not go on blindly making arrangements which involve incompleteness, discomfort and irreverence.

It is a source of constant trouble in Canada that while so many are bent upon following old country ways, so very few know practically what those ways really are. People have heard of "this," or read of "that," or supposed, very largely supposed, the "other." On this second-hand information some persons act as if they had had all the intimacy which comes from a long life-time of daily observation of the matter they dogmatize upon. Indeed we have known the judgment of an old-countryman set aside as nought when compared with the wisdom of one who had no acquaintance with the matter in dispute beyond hearing of it in the press or by a little gossip, while he whose judgment was set aside had been, even in the old world itself, held to be an expert, being known to be one very fully informed and full, too, of experience. But it requires knowledge to detect its possession by others, and the more one knows the readier are we to appreciate the talent of others.

Now in this organ and choir question, we are told that often in the old land they are placed apart. But we are not told, because it is not known, that when apart the choir is so trained as to be very well able to carry on its most elaborate work without the organ. There is not a choir in Canada in that state of efficiency, it is not to be looked for of them. Almost every one requires, and the very best are assisted by, the watchful timely, sympathetic help of an organist, who is placed so that he can render such services. We are not told either, what all old world organists and connoisseurs know, that the feeling is very strong indeed against organs and choirs being so apart as to keep the organist detached from the choir. Thousands of pounds have been spent in bringing voices and instrument together, and thousands also in undoing or avoiding the very mischief which is all the rage in Canada, of organs being as it were bottled up in a stone or brick vault, or placed so as to obstruct the free flow of their sound-waves into the church. But, says one, what about a choir master, ought he not to rule the choir, not the organist? Well, if a church can afford both an organist and choir master of equal talent and experience, they will settle their positions easily. But when an organist is a thorough musician, and the choir master is not, it is childish to talk of subordinating one who has talent, learning and experience to one who has no such qualifications.

Our choirs must learn to read at sight like old country choirs do, they will then be better able to discuss many points of a musical nature. They must learn, too, to be able to start and sustain any music without the organ, they will then be able, and not before, to understand the true relation of the organ to the choir.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM OF MEN.

THE charm of naturalness in letter writing is one of the gifts of woman, this combined with the well known subtlety of her perceptive faculties render her criticism of conduct and manners usually very interesting; the cut she makes is so clean as to inflict little pain, and the wound soon heals.

The following is taken from a private letter written by a young lady in the old land, of high culture and graceful accomplishments, who seems to us to put in felicitously striking terms, the protest of her sex against treatment to which its younger members are commonly subject, even from those of us who take high ground as to the moral and spiritual equality of the sexes.

But the protest she enters is not wholly new, few things are which well up out of the ever-flowing spring of naturalness of either mind or heart. In Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," the one between EPICURUS, LEONTION and TERNISSA contains this passage:

EPICURUS. "You have spoken first of courage, as that virtue which attracts your sex principally."

TERNISSA. "Not me, I am always afraid of it. I love those best who can tell me the most things I never knew before, and who have patience with me, and look kindly while they teach me, and almost as if waiting for fresh questions."

EPICURUS. "Ternissa, those eyes of yours brighten at enquiry as if they carried a light within for guidance."

TERNISSA. "No flattery! Come, teach us."

The quotation from the private letter of the living TERNISSA is as follows:

"Now at the end of my letter I will make a confession to you. In writing or talking to a man about anything more serious than SHAKESPEARE and the musical glasses, I feel it impossible to be spontaneous and unconstrained. Is this mean of me, or does it point, as I am inclined to think, to a want of generosity and intelligence in men? Have I really gone out of my province in trying, however feebly, to be serious? I find that if I begin to talk to a man of the things that really interest and touch me, he confronts me with solemn imbecility, or he laughs at me, or he gets dreadfully nervous and looks as though he would like to run away, or he does something or other that makes me retire at once into my shell. The most intelligent among you don't seem to be able to get beyond kind patronage. There! what do you think of that? That is my opinion, and I don't care who knows it. You may read this out to whomsoever you please, and you can say that it is not my opinion alone, but the opinion of every sensible woman I know. I am grieved, truly grieved, to say that I have spoken and felt contemptuously of men on that point. Their eyes are so dull they won't see that women now-a-days are resolved to be serious, and that if they meet with no sympathy and understanding from men, they can leave them. I don't know and don't care if I am inferior to men, but I should like them to acknowledge the fact that I am an immortal soul like themselves, and that I take the greatest interest in my own development and am trying my very best to be sincere and throw off shams. All this is painful and unnatural, isn't it? I feel it to be so, for it is my nature to look to men. Whose fault then is it? When writing, don't be patronizing or complimentary, don't be afraid of breaking this weak vessel, for nothing does her more good than to hear the truth."

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