

the hills, the trees of the forest and the flowers of the field—the stars that tremble in the blue depths of space—aye, all intelligences of heaven and of earth were made by Him, and in Him do they all subsist. And what is more, He is the end of all things—the completion of all things—the Omega of all life—the appointed heir of all things. The nations are His inheritance—the earth to its uttermost part is His possession. He is the author of faith—the living link that connects the soul of man with God. He grafts it as a branch into the living vine. And He is the end of all faith. To be like Him is to be perfect,—to be like Him is to be like the Father of all spirits, and the God of all truth. He is the Divine Author and the Divine Heir of all things.

Now, friends, let us put this in some practical form. The way of life is hard. The goal is a great way off for most of us. We want a leader—a Captain. To ask us to go alone—to meet those great hindrances alone—to fight those gathered armies alone—would be cruel. We are weak, and do not know the way. We have a leader—we have a Captain—Jesus Christ. He will be with us always; before us as light; with us as strength. He knows what our temptations are, and how feeble is the flesh. He loved us before we knew sin—He loved us in our sin—He by life and suffering and death redeemed us from our sin, and by His resurrection Heaven is opened to the soul. We are His—among the “all things” to which He is heir. “Run with patience the race that is set before you,” looking unto Him. He is your example, for He by faith has conquered, and put all sin under His feet. He is your life, in you; the hope—aye, and the certainty of glory. He is your Captain, made perfect through suffering. He is your Priest, offering sacrifice to God on your behalf. He is your Saviour, for he has redeemed you from your sin—you are His, body, mind and soul. You are His, for He is God over all, and “heir of all things.” With Him as leader you are under the guidance of absolute truth and power. And you have need of that guidance. Nothing else and nothing less can uphold you against the constant solicitations of great and constant temptations. Housewife, in your home, compelled to be careful for many things; Merchant, in your warehouse, borne along upon the dark tidal wave of competition, with the hot breath of Mammon beating ever on your life; Student, at your books; Preacher, in your pulpit,—you have need of this guidance. And you have it,—a leader divinely full of sympathy and power. Follow Him and He will lead you by a toilsome way to rest—by the field of battle to conquest—by weariness and pain to eternal glory.

“Follow him?” What does that bring to the mind of some of you? To many it conjures up the image of one divinely fair—fairest of the sons of men; one whose every word is love, whose every work is mercy. You look upon His face—it is more scarred and seamed by suffering than that of any man. Yet upon that face shines the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person. He points out the way of life—His way of life; it is rough and full of thorns. But he holds out His hands, saying, “Come, follow me.” With hearts thrilling to a great desire, you say, “Lord, we will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest; lead on, we follow, though the Cross be in the way.”

But not all of you see Him. Another has your love—another is your guide. It is pleasure, that trips before you with a laugh and a song, saying, “Follow me, and I will make you glad. You shall have honey distilled from flowers, and all life shall be as a feast.” Or it is Mammon, that with dull and heavy tread stalks on, saying, “Follow me: I will give you wealth, honour, and position. I will surround you with all that the heart can crave.” And you follow, with eager ardent steps. Oh, my brothers! Wherefore? Ask the votaries of pleasure—ask your own conscience, and you will find that worldly pleasure leads to spiritual pain, and to pursue worldly gain is to find eternal loss. Pause, I pray you. Take this leader Christ. He giveth glorious work, and also glorious rest—great wars and great victories; He giveth a Cross for an hour, and abundant life for eternity. Follow Him! follow Him!—that is your leader.

THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL.

(POSTSCRIPT.)

I find that my articles under the above heading have not pleased everybody. I am astonished at this! Three dissentients having taken the trouble to write letters to the CANADIAN SPECTATOR on matters which displease them, I think it well to say a word on the various points thus brought forward.

The first objector is a “Reader of Swedenborg,” evidently a man who is easily pleased, but also hard to please. It “called forth a thrill of gratitude” (from him I suppose) to find the Swedenborgians of Montreal called a Church. He is thankful for small mercies, doubtless: but I have searched my article in vain for such an expression. Therefore I must refuse the gratitude offered for this “sweet boon.” Perhaps “Reader” has been reading the sign on the building where the Swedenborgian meetings are held, which does indeed say “The Church of the New Jerusalem.” Yet “Reader” is not satisfied that his friends should be classed as a church. What would he like? I “abound in” patience; “yet I do not wish to have that (patience) tried too much!” For the rest, I am willing to accept “Reader's” eulogium on Swedenborgians as helpers in much-needed reforms. Nay, I am quite willing to grant that religion needs to be brought more into the work of the world, and can believe that some ideas of Count Swedenborg may yet be incorporated into the Church of the Future. But I speak in ignorance. I have heard that there is more than should be jeered at, even in the more material or scientific theories of the learned Count: (e.g. his theory of atoms) and I would not dismiss his spiritual theories as altogether absurd without a closer examination than I have hitherto made.

My next critic is Dr. Ussher, of the Reformed Episcopal Church. The doctor should be much obliged to me; for on the little peg of the expression “half-way house to Nonconformity” he has managed to hang a half-page advertisement of the new Church; which, as I understand, the editor of this journal has kindly inserted gratuitously! I acknowledge that the expression was wrong. There is nothing “half-way” about St. Bartholomew's Church; it is entire Nonconformity, pure and simple. The Reformation itself was only a return to first principles; but it was none the less a new thing, and proved the

“half-way house” to the sturdier and more thorough-going Nonconformity of a later age. Apart from this I have no quarrel with Dr. Ussher, but great goodwill. Every true son of the Church of the Reformation must deplore that the power of continued or renewed reform within its own lines appears to have been lost.

Holding these sentiments, what shall I say now to “Ritualist,” my last critic? Had I not better turn him over to Dr. Ussher? For he is equally indignant, though on the other side! But is “Ritualist” a he? The letter is most plentifully underscored, as is a lady's letter; and there is a delicious tone of assumption in it which reminds one of a lady's argument. Yet those who ought to know think that the portrait of the “able and devoted leader of the great Church revival in Canada” is drawn by himself! If the Rev. Edmund Wood really sees himself as “the very embodiment of Protestantism,” we must echo Burns' cry for the fient's giftie on his behalf. We others can see the “Ritualism” and the “Sacerdotalism,” but we cannot see the “Protestantism.” But “Ritualist” asks for proofs of the relation between, and the identity of, Romanism and Ritualism. I did not assert the identity; but I described the relation as that of “a flabby imitation of the real article.” This charge is continually made by Romanist writers themselves, and “Ritualist” may find it substantiated in the series of tracts issued by the Church Association of Toronto. It may do him good to read these. But any Montreal bookseller will, in exchange for ten cents, hand “Ritualist” a copy of Jenkins' new satire of “Haverholme,” and chapter xviii. of that queer book will answer the question as seriously as it deserves; and furnish all necessary proof from approved modern ritualistic literature. To bring forward proofs in any seriousness would be to have the CANADIAN SPECTATOR given over to a discussion which is worn threadbare, and which would be both interminable and profitless.

QUIEN SABE?

MUSICAL.

MUSIC IN THE CHURCH.

One of the greatest musical necessities of our time is the supply of a sufficient number of competent teachers of choir and congregational singing, and until this want is supplied, the psalmody of the people will never be what it ought to be. So much in it depends upon instruction and so little upon originality and invention for all the ordinary uses of art, that unless competent teaching is supplied, a high degree of excellence can never be attained. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that because a gentleman can teach the piano or the organ, he can therefore teach singing. The organist, as such, may teach the choir to sing in time and tune, he may show them the difference between *piano* and *forte*, and that is about all he can do, unless he himself is specially gifted, or has been specially instructed in the vocal art. The teaching of singing is an art of itself, which in ordinary circumstances cannot be taught unless it has been learned. In private life, no person who wishes to attain to a high degree of excellence will ever think of completing their vocal studies without taking lessons from one specially distinguished for teaching singing, and everybody knows that vocal artists must make their preparations through. It is not a question whether the choir or congregation can be taught to sing in time and tune, for that is chiefly mechanical work. Two people may sing the same piece of music with equal mechanical correctness, and yet the music which they produce may be only a specimen of the delightful and the uninteresting; and all the difference is made by the production and management of the voice and by taste. It is in these three last things that choirs and congregations fail, and it is in these especially that they need to be instructed. To produce the voice in the best way, to accustom the ear and the imagination to scale practice, and the practice of various and correct intervals, is the essential preliminary of all excellent singing. But the organist cannot impart what he does not possess; and for this work special teachers are required all over the country. Such disciplinary practice ought to form a part of the work of all choirs and congregations when they come together for exercise in congregational music. Such discipline of voice is imperatively needed, but how difficult it is to enforce it! Many organists will not take the trouble, and many singers would think it beneath them to go through the drill. They want to sing tunes, tunes, only tunes. With them that is everything.

At the International Competition of Choirs at the Paris Exhibition, the first prize was unanimously awarded to the English singers under the conduct of Dr. Sullivan and Mr. Henry Leslie. The singing of the choir is spoken of very highly by the French critics, and unmusical England seems to have risen a little in their estimation.

American singers seem to be taking a front rank. One by one they have made their mark in the old world, and are rapidly supplanting both English and Italians in the highest walks of art. Miss Thursby, whose visit to Montreal will not soon be forgotten, has appeared at some of the finest London concerts (having received the honor of a re-engagement from the Philharmonic Society), and now we learn that Mrs. Osgood is engaged for the coming season for the Crystal Palace and other first-class concerts.

When we remember that Mdle. Albani, also from the new world, has taken such a high position as an opera singer, we must admit that we have good reason to be proud of our representatives, at the same time we deplore the fact that the necessity for foreign travel is forced on these artists, mainly from want of proper support on this side of the Atlantic.

The following is so unique as an advertisement that we need make no apology for inserting it:—Theatrical business at Pompeii, which has been at a stand-still since the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D., appears to be looking up, judging from the following announcement of Signor Luigni: “After a lapse of more than 1800 years, the theatre of the city will be reopened with ‘La Figlia del Reggimento.’ I solicit a continuance of the favour bestowed on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management.”

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—By the advice of my friend, Mr. Inglis, of your city, you sent me a “Holman Liver Pad” nearly four weeks ago; also a letter of advice, &c., &c., and requested me to let you know what effect the Pad was producing in about ten days. Well, Sir, if the advertisement of the Pad had been sent I never would have purchased one, and the idea of letting you know in ten days the beneficial results from simply wearing it seemed to me, who had been suffering for nearly six months, a sort of CRUEL JOKE. However, as the Pad was to hand I resolved, after reading the “lecture” sent, to give it a trial, but I confess I had no faith in its efficacy. Well, thanks to the discoverer of the Pad, it seems to require no faith on the part of the wearer to be benefited by it. I was astonished at the end of ten days to find that the pain I suffered on attempt to take a full inspiration had, as well the cough, almost left me. Please find enclosed \$5 to pay for the Pad sent, and also for another, which I hope will complete the work so well begun. I am truly thankful for the relief I have found from the use of this Magical Little “Doctor Pad.” Long life to him. Please also convey my thanks to Mr. Inglis for having sent it.

Stratford, Ont., and June.

Very respectfully yours,
G. F. MAITLAND.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering accidental death only when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Office at 103 St. Francois Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—Adv.