

and to ensure its ruin. Nothing can be more deplorable than any conflict between these sacred principles. An ancient psalmist, viewing the tyrannical administration of law by the judges of ancient Israel, exclaimed that "all the foundations of the earth were out of course." And the social fabric must totter to its base either when law unduly interferes with freedom, or when liberty sets all law at defiance.

CHURCH MUSIC.

A musical festival was held in Chester Cathedral on the 23rd and 24th July. The arrangements were on a modest scale, and included only two grand services. The Orchestra consisted, all told, of forty-four instruments, that is to say, the regular allowance of "wind" against twelve violins and thirteen other strings. The chorus was composed of 170 singers, drawn from the cathedrals of Chester, Westminster Abbey, York, Durham, Ripon, Manchester, Worcester, Hereford, Bangor, and St. Asaph, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Leeds Parish Church. That the voices were of good quality will be taken for granted, as that they rendered the music with precision and taste. But we must point out that there was felt a want of balance in the parts; the trebles ninety strong, against about forty in each of the other parts. The trebles thus largely predominating. The excess no doubt, was in the right place, and the boys sang so well that the prominence of their part gave no offence to the ear. At the organ, which is an imposing structure, Dr. Roland Rogers, of Bangor Cathedral, presided, and the performances were conducted by Mr. J. C. Bridge, the Chester organist, who made his first appearance as the musical head of a festival with encouraging success.

The arrangements within the cathedral were a copy of those at Worcester in 1878; the band and chorus occupying a platform beneath the tower, just west of the screen, but not so raised as to interfere with the vista.

In front of the platform were seats for the officiating and other clergy, the remaining space in nave and transepts being devoted to the congregation, for whom also raised tiers of seats were erected beneath the west window. It should further be mentioned that the commodious south transept, still used as a parish church, was set apart for the humbler class of festival lovers, who, though they could see little, heard all without impediment. Yes, another thing deserves notice. The platforms were constructed and fitted in the builder's yard, so that they could be placed in the cathedral without noise, and in a very brief space of time. Even thus far did the Dean and Chapter take precautions to avoid offence.

Coming to the order of service, the devotional exercises were considerably expanded from the model set at Worcester. After the Confession, Absolution, Lord's Prayer, and two special Psalms, came the first lesson, *Magnificat*, second lesson, and *Nunc dimittis*; the Apostles Creed and three Collects immediately preceding the Oratorio, at the close of which the general thanksgiving and blessing brought the proceedings to an end. Favoured by bright weather, the festival began auspiciously on the afternoon of the 23rd. The cathedral soon filled, and the scene was decidedly imposing as, to the strains of the organ, the long array of surpliced singers filed in to the appointed places. Attwood's Coronation Anthem, "I was glad," opened the service, and was sung with great spirit and effect. Spohr's "Last Judgment," formed the *piece de résistance*,

and no better could have been chosen, since it always borrows solemnity from its surroundings when heard in a cathedral, and never produces half such an effect elsewhere. The choir sang invariably with spirit and correctness, sometimes as in "Blest are the departed," with touching expression. Above all did the boys distinguish themselves—the fine quality of their voices, their prompt attack, just intonation, and oneness of delivery being points that connoisseurs could not weary in admiring. The service ended with the "Hallelujah" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," in which the voices were again conspicuous for dash and vigour. On the following day another imposing congregation assembled, every seat, as far as could be observed, being occupied, and splendid weather lending to the whole festivity a brightness and animation most enjoyable. The order of proceedings was exactly that of the previous day, the music alone being changed. This time the introductory work was the overture to Handel's "Samson." Before the first lesson, Madame Patey sang Gounod's "There is a green hill far away," accompanied by organ and orchestra. The effect of this could not be mistaken, and every one present must have felt it; with such earnestness did the singer deliver her beautiful and expressive theme. Then in due order, came the *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* as set by Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey for the late Caxton celebration. More masterly church music than this, recent years have not produced. It is a fine and truthful illustration of the text—at once expressive and scholarly, appealing to the judgment and moving the heart. To ourselves it was a revelation of unsuspected power, and it added one at least to the number of those who will welcome any further production from the same pen. Dr. Bridge himself conducted the performance, which was by no means wanting in spirit and effect. After "O rest in the Lord" had been sung by Madame Patey, the "Lobgesang" was commenced and given in its entirety—that is to say, with the symphonic movements. All the choruses, even those most trying to boys' voices, were well given, and the unaccompanied verse of the choral "Let all men praise the Lord," approached as near perfection as possible. Generally speaking, therefore, the "Lobgesang" was fairly rendered and brought the musical service to an impressive close.

PANDERING TO SIN.

INDIRECTLY the Church of England in this country is pandering to sin, and instrumental in causing the spiritual ruin of thousands of her children. This is a grave charge to bring against a society appointed by Christ Himself as His agent in the work of saving souls. But though grave, it is true. To the Church has been entrusted the duty of seeing not only that all her children are supplied with the means of grace, but also that from them are warded off all that can in any way scandalize or hurt them. Thus it is no small part of the clergyman's office to be instant in going round in his parish to see that parents and guardians are looking to the spiritual welfare of the young, not only by keeping them from those evil communications, which even the heathen poet declared "corrupt good manners," but also by watching over the food on which they feed their minds. Without spying into the freedom that every household enjoys, the priest, whose it is by his ordination vow to do his best that all are brought to that "ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ that there be no place left

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either for error in religion or for viciousness in life," is bound to have a special care over the younger members of his flock—with respect to their reading. But how many think of this responsibility? How many even of the bishops in this country ever say a word about the matter either in their public charges or in their instructions to their clergy? Yet, if they and their priests examine diligently into the causes of the lawlessness, both in faith and morals, which rules in these days, they will find that its cradle is not so much in Dissent, or in their want of zeal in preaching, catechising, or visiting, as in their supineness with respect to overseeing and directing, as far as in them lies, the literature supplied the rising generation for the amusement of its leisure hours. Having once been young themselves, the clergy, higher and lower, know that some such literature is a necessity. As those to whom has been committed the task of watching for the souls of these boys and girls, they know that the impure and vicious literature of the present day is dragging down into the mire of the lowest pit of destruction countless hundreds of the youth of this Dominion. In ignoring, as they do, this foulest source of moral and physical ruin, the fathers of the Church are guilty of a grave dereliction in duty, and by not seeing to some way of supplying such a crying want are absolutely helping on the cause of the Devil, as represented by the dime novel and the sensational weekly paper, to say nothing of the more openly immoral publications which are flooding the land, to the dire engulfment of souls. In this way, the bishop and the priest become, involuntarily perhaps, but still actually, panderers to iniquity, and helpmeet of Satan.

This being so, the question arises, how can such a state of things be mended? The remedy lies with Churchmen themselves, and if the clergy will not lead, the laity, fathers of families and guardians of youth, must take the initiative. Of old, the Roman Satirist, heathen as he was, uttered the warning words:

Nil fœdum visu dictæ hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est.

Now-a-days the contrary rule would seem to obtain. At all events, the filthy in reading would appear to be winked at in the case of young people. Yet how many convicts in our penitentiaries, how many boys in our reformatories, how many girls who are leading lives of shame, above all, how many souls now reserved for a fearful judgment owe the beginning of their fall to reading such works as those to which we have adverted? And how many of these might have been saved had the Church but stepped forward and fulfilled her duty of providing for them healthy literature?

This is the question of the day for Churchmen to take up. It is the difficulty that has to be faced; and the sooner our spiritual pastors and masters set to work and grapple with it, the better for the future of the Church. The want is felt all over: it rests with the Church to supply it in its fulness. As usual she is already behind in the matter, and has allowed the Religious Tract Society to step into the field and pre-occupy it. That Society has long seen how the Devil was having it all his own way, and to its honor be it spoken, it has thrown overboard its old-time prejudices as to pictorial literature, and provided in the *Boys' Own Paper* a periodical which goes a long way towards remedying the evil. The end served by the same Society, as a family magazine, is served by this paper as regards our boys and girls. And precisely the niche it fills is that which ought to