

The collection is enriched by many beautiful adaptations from the greatest masters, made on principles to which nothing can be objected. The objects are unknown to the generality, and therefore, although some of them were not designed for the service of religion by their authors, they were not likely to suggest ideas of a contrary tendency. The evil of many of our adaptations is, that the tunes were popular before they were consecrated. We have made priests of the meanest of the people. But the better and more deservedly popular any secular tune is, the more strongly will it be surrounded by associations foreign to and by contrast repellent of devotional feelings. Forgetfulness of this fact made the great religious leader ask, 'why the devil should be suffered to keep all the good tunes to himself? straightway enriching the psalmody of his chapel by the abduction of 'Rule Britannia,' 'Away with Melancholy,' and a few others. He should have been cautious—we have plenty of tunes that might tempt reprisals on the part of the enemy. Let our subjects be taken from the untravelled depths of musical literature, and we may adapt as largely as we choose without offence.

The list of those who have contributed to fill the three numbers already issued, includes the most classical composers of all ages. Nor is there a name of eminence in the present musical world that is not creditably represented by one or more tunes, some of surpassing beauty. Among so much excellence it would be difficult as well as invidious to particularize. Nor would our limits permit it. The work, when completed (a fourth number is promised) will be a splendid, and, in many cases, a voluntary offering from the highest genius to the service of religion—rich beyond any precedent in faultless beauty of melody, and the most finished resources of harmony—a volume full of the loftiest style of music—that of the passions.

We intend to lay before our readers a series of extracts from the late work on UNION, by the Rev. John Harris. The first quotation which we give in our present number is, on modern religious controversies; and it will be seen by a reference to it, how nearly the writer coincides with the editor of the Pearl on this subject. The first part of our citation refers to the *backbiting of the pulpit*; we wish we could say that our author had erred in preferring such a charge, but some late most glaring instances of the kind, and in which no excuse of haste or sudden passion can be urged, forbid such a supposition. One might suppose that the sacredness of the sabbath, and the hallowed purposes of divine worship, would banish from the house of God all inflammatory appeals, all evil-speaking against Christians of different sentiments. But no, partizanship will sometimes dash through a phalanx of restraints. When will Christians learn to love one another?

CHRISTIAN UNION.—No. I:

Religious Controversies—Party Reading.

"The very exceptionable manner in which ecclesiastical controversies are conducted in the present day, necessarily tends to inflame division. And here we might advert to the growing frequency with which the pulpit is made the vehicle of inflammatory appeals. That hallowed spot which, like another Calvary, should be sacred to the cross, is lighted up with the strange fires of the wrath of man. When the minister should pour out nothing but the result of his closet devotions, and scriptural meditations, he boils over with the unholy excitement of newspaper and pamphlet appeals. Where the private Christian comes for the pure bread of life, he receives it, if at all, mixed with the gravel and thorns of ecclesiastical debate. And there, where the perturbed should come to be tranquillized, the peaceful leave in a state of alarming apprehension of some impending calamity.

"Another circumstance to be greatly deplored is, that the religious controversy should have fallen so completely into the hands of men whose principal qualification for conducting it lies in their pugnacity; and who have acquired the office chiefly by the reckless extravagance of their statements, and the energy of their abuse. These are the Circumcellions of the third century, and the Montanarii of the fourteenth—the mercenaries and bludgeon-men of the war, who are comparatively regardless whether party triumphs over principle or the reverse, provided they continue to enjoy their notoriety and to receive their pay. Bacon remarked concerning the Church controversies of his day, 'that to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance; to intermix scripture and scurrility in one sentence; the majesty of religion and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous; is a thing far from the reverence of a devout Christian, and hardly becoming the honest regard of a sober man.' There are now lying before the writer numerous extracts from pamphlets, magazines, essays, tracts, and newspapers, in which all that Bacon deprecated is done, and much more. Here, on both sides, historical facts are distorted, Scripture is misquoted and misapplied, faults are blackened and magnified into startling crimes, the rules of argumentative justice are grossly violated, obvious mistakes are eagerly seized and aggravated into intentional falsehood, candid admissions are taken advantage of and turned into grave accusations, the sanctity of private friendship is profaned, old and one-sided information is received and employed in preference to that which is

more recent and complete, seeming inconsistencies enlarged on as real contradictions, parts of statements quoted as the whole, and citations perverted so as to convey a meaning contrary to the intention of the author, and of truth; and all this is done too in the name of the God of truth and love—with a plausible affectation of sincere concern for the prosperity of religion! The consequence is that the calm and christian reasoner shrinks from the unholy conflict; the voice of the aged counsellor is drowned in the clamors of party; the meek and prayerful retire from the strife of tongues; and the arena is left comparatively to men whose only object is to return blow for blow—men, whose element is a tempest, and their chief distinction that, like a certain bird of prey, they can fly only in a storm. The world meanwhile looks on amused; the partisan heartens and cheers on his champion to the next onset; the unwary Christian spectator himself insensibly encourages and imbibes the factious spirit; and, in some instances, an individual who only meant to step between the hostile ranks as a mediator, has soon sided with a party, and joined in the fray. While many periodical publications, commenced on Christian principles, have quickly discovered that their own friends mistook their freedom from passion for want of spirit; and therefore in order to maintain their ground, they inflame where they ought to have extinguished, and add to the conflagration of a temple already on fire.

"And then the conduct of a large proportion of the religious public aggravates this evil considerably, by confining its reading and intercourse exclusively to its own party. If truth were preferred to triumph, men would remember that it is not the monopoly of a party; and, on enlarging the sphere of their reading and observation, they would find so much to question where they had hitherto placed implicit confidence; and so much to approve where they had previously bestowed all their suspicions and censures, that the evil complained of would in a great measure neutralize itself. Instead of this, however, they are content to hear faults imputed to others without any examination, and praise lavished on themselves with little qualification; until, having heard for years of nothing concerning their own party but its excellence, nor of their opponents but their errors and evils, it ceases to be wonderful that they should identify all goodness with the former, and feel as if the greatest virtue next to loving and applauding it, must consist in vilifying and opposing the latter."

From "Union."

THE BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

From the twilight we borrow
Fit solace for sorrow,
When the aged and weary lie down in their rest:
And the sunset in splendour
Is touching and tender,
Where the dew of our sorrow fall warm on their rest.

But mighty's the anguish
Where beauty must languish,
And the young from the young in life's morning are riven;
When the dear spell is broken
Of vows fondly spoken,
And the form is recalled that in rapture was given.

Oh, vainly we linger
Where silence her finger
Has laid upon lips that no more may enclose:
Where sad leaves are sighing,
Where blossoms are dying,
O'er the young and the lovely in mortal repose.

The form that came lightly,
Like morn breaking brightly,
With hopes as from Eden, all faded and o'er:
The presence endearing,
The smile that was cheering,
And step that was music, are with us no more.

Metropolitan.

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.—On what authority are we to believe? On the authority of God alone. Each one is bound under a sacred obligation, to go to the Bible for his system of divinity, and so far as any man is governed by a regard to any human creed, in the formation of his religious opinions, so far he is deficient in the very principle of christian faith; and pays that homage to human authority, that is due only to Divine. What a shame it is for any man, after God has spoken to him, to found his faith, not on what his heavenly Father says, but to believe various doctrines, because they were believed and taught by father A. and father B. and father C. In exact proportion as this bigotry is mixed with any man's faith, it injures his whole christian character; and in many, too many sad instances, it has caused a human bible to triumph over the revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him.—*Asa Shinn.*

Doctors Hardy and McKnight were colleagues in the Old Church of Edinburgh. On a Sunday, when it was Dr. McKnight's turn to preach, he got drenched in the rain, on his way to service. Whilst in the session room, Dr. Hardy came in, and, as he had escaped a drenching, was requested by his colleague to go in and preach in his place. "No, sir," replied Hardy, "you will be dry enough in the pulpit."

THE MYSTIC HABITATION OF THE SOUL.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

The mystic habitation of the Soul!
The mortal home of Immortality!
The doubt of ages! Ages still may roll
And man still question thy locality:
Philosophy its highest flight may soar,
Nor reach the knowledge of thy viewless rest;
Presumption, proud in metaphysic lore,
Still doubt and draw conclusions most unblest;
Research lead on to Infidelity;
The spirit of the Soul, the Soul deny.

Yes, thus is man disquieted for naught;
Thus comes destruction as Presumption's meed;
Thought cannot solve the mystery of thought,
Nor man the secret of man's essence read.
What, if the Soul inhabits heart or brain,
Or circles 'mid the vivifying stream,
Pouring its influence through every vein?
It is enough that e'en by Reason's gleam
We read its Immortality and know
Eternity its goal for weaker woo.

And shall not revelation's holy flame,
Lit on the sacred pyre of ages past,
Beaconing our hopes to heavenly mansions, claim
Our veneration? Say! have we not cast
Philosophy's deep sea-line but to find
Truth's ocean fathomless? Then why depend
The Soul's high destiny on powers of mind?
Woe to the hand whose finite grasp would rend
The veil that shrouds Infinity, or war
Till Faith expires, condemned at Reason's bar!

WORTH OF THE SOUL.

The worth of an immortal soul—where shall we begin and where shall we conclude? The subject is so expansive that no finite mind can traverse it,—so sublime that no human tongue can do it justice. Look into yourselves, brethren, explore your own spirit, attempt to span its dimensions, weigh it in the balance of revelation. Divine in its origin, radiant aforesaid with the similitude of the Deity—capacitated for the fruition of God, majestic though in ruins, retaining awful vestiges of the divine likeness, endowed with indefinite capabilities of knowledge, endowed with an unfathomable susceptibility of anguish, possessed of a no less unfathomable susceptibility of enjoyment, and beyond all and above all, having interwoven with its very essence the dread and inconceivable attribute of immortality,—can we think of it without amazement, or contemplate it without awe? Then let it be realized that such soul lies entombed in every breath of all the mighty multitude of the outcast, the ignorant, and the degraded portion of our rural and urban population; that the most drunken, degraded and profligate among them, the bond-slave of Sump, drinking in iniquity like water, working all lasciviousness with greediness, incloses, nevertheless, a soul so costly, that no finite arithmetical calculation can compute its value; a soul which far outweighs every unintelligent object, the most magnificent, the most stupendous, that creation can supply. Shall we take the sun shining in his strength and filling the heavens with his splendour? Shall we balance him against the most humiliated of human souls? Weigh both in the balances of eternal truth, and which is the most momentous? Yonder sun has no consciousness of its own existence—knows not his origin or his destiny; neither is the period remote when his glories shall be quenched, and himself have passed away like the morning-vapour which he now exhales from the face of the firmament. But that degraded soul which we are poisoning against the lamp of heaven, has a consciousness of its own existence; has faculties which if developed to their perfection might approximate, yea, equalize it to the angels of God; has a being which shall survive the extinction of the sun, and, amid the dissolution of the visible universe, shall stand forth in all its indestructibility, even then only commencing a career interminable as His "who inhabiteth eternity." Can we then, over-estimate human nature? Can we be too mightily moved to convert the sinner from the error of his way, to compel him to hasten to that feast which God has prepared for our own imperishable spirits—a feast of the bread and water of eternal life?

Hugh Stowell, A. M.

PLAINNESS OF THE BIBLE.—If, then, the scriptures be in themselves so perspicuous, and sufficient of themselves to make men wise unto salvation through faith, through what infatuation is it that even Protestant divines persist in darkening the most momentous truths of religion by intricate comments, on the plea that such an explanation is necessary; stringing together all the useless technicalities and empty distinctions of scholastic barbarism, for the purpose of elucidating those scriptures which they are continually extolling as models of plainness? as if scripture, which possesses in itself the clearest light, and is sufficient for its own explanation, especially in matters of faith and holiness, required to have the simplicity of its divine truths more fully developed, and placed in a distinct view, by illustrations drawn from the abstract of human science, falsely so called.—*Milton.*