

Redeemer, would use any figure or expression calculated to lead men astray; and besides, what he wrote was dictated by the unerring Spirit of God, who, it is not likely, would represent the glorified and perfected spirits as praising the Lamb in the church triumphant in a manner which would be unlawful in the church militant.

V. M. has taken more than a poet's license with the English language, in his remarks on "Behold I come as a thief in the night."

Of the incapacity of music to 'prepare the mind for spiritual worship,' I am willing to give V. M. the full benefit; nor do I believe that its adoption was intended to produce that effect, or that any such result is expected by the 'moderns' from its continuance.

The non-use of instrumental music in the 'primitive churches' may be easily accounted for by the privacy with which, on account of persecution, they were obliged to hold their religious assemblies.

Since V. M. has discovered that it was not until the church had degenerated that 'its aid was called in to supply the spirit and power of religion that was lost,' he can no doubt inform us at what time and by whom it was 'called in.' If he cannot, the assertion goes for nothing.

V. M. is full of novel ideas. I have, in days gone by, attended both theatres and ball-rooms; and were the association of ideas he speaks of inevitable, I should certainly have experienced it among the rest; but never have I had my devotion disturbed by any appearance of similarity between the sacred, solemn music of the sanctuary and the vain passion-bestirring airs of either place.

And now I come to the last, and, as V. M. terms it, 'not least' of his arguments. It certainly is not the least in the estimation of many—it is the L. s. d. of the matter—a point on which men generally are not willing to make many concessions. But I believe that organs, especially, are for the most part purchased by contributions raised for the purpose; and I am inclined to think that they do not operate against the missionary cause, or that those whose names are found on the organ subscription list are less liberal in any 'philanthropic' cause than their more economical neighbours; and the organ once provided, it will be as easy to find persons to play as to sing, without payment; and if other instruments are employed, V. M. al-

lows them to be used for recreation—those who thus use them might be induced to give their assistance in relieving the church from unnecessary expenditure.

I remember to have read a remark similar to the last one of V. M., made by a certain individual, at a place called Bethany, about a box of ointment—*for a more detailed account I refer the curious reader to John xii., 1-7.* The length to which this letter has run warns me to hasten to a conclusion. I intend, however, to discuss, at a future opportunity, the simple question with which 'A Vocal Musician' triumphantly concludes his communication.

In the meantime,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Montreal, December 10.

C. R.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### FEMALE MUSINGS.

The following are extracts from the Manuscript of a young lady, who died at the youthful age of 24. It is delightful to mark in the sex, exercises of a class so celestial.

#### A MOTHER'S DEATH \*

"The loss of a mother, a name which kindles every kind affection of our nature, can duly be realized by no one who has not experienced the desolating stroke; and it is perhaps more keenly felt by a daughter, than the loss of a father. During the early years of childhood, when the mind is most tender, and, it may be, recoils at a father's sternness, we resort to the tenderness of a mother, for the indulgence of our youthful wants, and in her bosom lodge all our little troubles and our secrets. And when maturer age arrives, and pain or grief assails, the dictate of nature leads us to a mother to soothe our sorrows and alleviate our sufferings; and when, too, our path is strewn with flowers, our pleasures are but half enjoyed until participated by the friend most dear. But derive not the idea from what I have written, that I had not one of the best of fathers, indulgent in everything that would secure the good of his children, and that I did not feel his loss. Yes, I felt it, deeply felt it, and the recent stroke which has snatched from

\* This occurred about eight years after that of her father.