

sometimes, unfortunately, desire a change more than an improvement. This variety of rhythm will make it not only possible, but necessary, to introduce entirely different tunes into congregational singing, thereby adding both beauty and variety to the service. These are grand, old tunes, which it is to be hoped the march of innovation will never cause to be discarded; but after all, it must be dispassionately stated, that religious fervour and the spiritual sympathies of our nature, are more excited by many of the hymn airs than by the majority of the Psalm tunes, which are sung Sabbath after Sabbath by a too frequently listless congregation. A few quotations from the Twenty-third Psalm in the new version will show the reader what has been done in the way of embellishment and variety of rhythm. In the common metre version, with the exception of a few verbal changes of doubtful propriety, it is the same as that so long in use. The musical flow of the measure in the 7's and 6's version, sounds pleasantly to the ear:

“The Lord my Shepherd feeds me,  
And I no want shall know;  
He in green pastures leads me,  
By streams which gently flow.”

In the long metre copy, if there is less of the jingle of rhyme, there is more dignity than in the preceding verse; but it may be considered a defect in that it wanders still farther from the original:

“My Shepherd is the Lord most high,  
And all my wants shall be supplied;  
In pastures green he makes me lie,  
And leads by streams which gently glide.”

We will content ourselves with those few extracts from a work deserving of great praise, and while not blind to its defects, it is but proper to say that of all the metrical versions of the Psalms, from that of royal James down to that of the Marquis of Lorne, the one we have so briefly noticed is, we think, the best.

But, in conclusion, we can scarcely divest ourselves of the feeling that it is almost sacrilege to mutilate and alter the time-honored Psalms, hallowed by a thousand sacred associations and recollections. The thoughts of many will be transported back, through the mists of two centuries, to the troublous times, when the two Wedderburns of Dundee furnished Scotland's martyrs of the Reformation with those songs of triumph, which often ascended to heaven with the smoke of their sacrifice of life to their religious convictions. And to a subsequent period, when the iron heel of a kingly prejudice crushed the Children of the