

How much has been done by Sacred Song to convert sinners to God! In company with a beloved fellow laborer the writer once went to a populous village to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Blunted by sin and hardened by a flattering infidelity, the hearts of the people were disinclined to hear of the sufferer of Calvary. Few attended. We caused to be printed and circulated the beautiful words to two new and charming pieces of music. The audiences increased; the house filled; the fountains of tears broke open, and thirty converts to Christ filled the place with joy.

No man since the days of the "beloved disciple" has probably done so much for the Church as the renowned ISAAC WATTS. His "Divine Songs for Children, Cradle Hymns, Lyric Poems, and Sacred Psalms," have filled houses, homes and hearts with melody, happiness and praise. O! how much comfort and Christian sentiment flow in them! Easy of remembrance, and happy in recollection, they bind the heart with ties we would not sever, to the dear scenes of childhood, relaxation and infantile innocence, when early life swept by on wings of ecstasy and delight. How much better the Hymn Book than the Sermon Book; the poetry and music that fill the soul with the gushing impulses of love to God and man, than rolls of effete theology, triturated to the thirtieth attenuation of scholastic metaphysics!

I am tired of debates, and contentions and strifes about words, that minister angry feelings rather than godly edification. From criminations, fault findings, and the sharp eyed riflemen on the walls and parapets of some theologic fort, what can so well save us as the songs of rejoicing heard in the habitations of the saints. Here let honor be paid to another of the most lovely and useful of the fold of Christ, JOHN NEWTON, author of the Olney Hymns. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation" comes like the dew on the mown grass, noiseless and still, but imparting freshness and life to all it touches. So the men who have been of greatest service in the cause of human redemption have not been distinguished as men of war. *Newton composed hymns*—these are his labor and renown. Had he composed only one, as he has done, a hymn that loves and weeps, in which the souls of myriads speak forth their penitence, their consolation in Christ, and their joyful trust in God; a hymn that teaches millions an appropriate language for the utterance of pent up emotions that swell their own souls; had such a hymn been his only work, he had merited a monument.