

“There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat !”

The superficial on-looker may be much more impressed, perhaps by the sight of a large assembly, strangers to each other, but visibly fused into one by the fervour of religious enthusiasm. There is no one, indeed, who is altogether independent of the influence of *numbers* in such cases ; for while the Lord is as really in the midst of “two or three” who are “gathered together in His name,” as He is in the concourse of as many thousands for the same purpose, there is undoubtedly something in the presence of a *crowd*, which, if it cannot kindle devotional feeling, has the power to lay hold upon our social and emotional nature, and quicken it. But if the company with which it may be our privilege to meet in the observance of the week of prayer, be comparatively small, they are yet the representatives to us of a vast assembly, drawn to a common centre by a common attraction, with whom, by faith, we join our hands, in spite of the oceans and continents that separate us.

Philosophers declare that the earthquakes which have recently shaken portions of both hemispheres, were caused by an enormous subterranean wave passing from the one to the other, and producing the commotions and upheavals of sea and land of which we have read. Whether well founded or not, the theory is not wanting in sublimity. But sublimer still is the conception of a great tidal wave of devotional feeling, rising with the dawn of the Sabbath morning, and rolling round the peopled globe, day by day, for a week together, and lifting up upon its bosom one nation after another, till the very earth is moved by its swelling influence! Would that it might never cease its course until the ruin of the kingdom of Satan shall be as complete as that of the cities on the South American coast!

Even while our readers are scanning these lines, this annual concert of prayer is commencing, and one may almost distinguish amid the universal chorus the grand and inspiring strains with which we are so familiar. *Here* they are transported with a glimpse of millennial glory as they sing Dr. Watts' majestic rendering of the 72nd Psalm—

“Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,” &c.

there they are shouting Montgomery's coronation hymn—

“Hail to the Lord's Anointed !”

and *there*, again, they are moved to the very depths of their spiritual being, by Bishop Heber's impassioned appeal—

“Shall we whose souls are lighted,” &c.

while Frank and German, Italian and Russ, Turk and Indian, are joining with Anglo-Saxon in the cry, “O Lord, revive Thy work !” “How long, O Lord, holy and true !”

And shall we altogether hold our peace? Surely not! Never have we been