

voted to be satisfactory. The late pastor returned with the committee, and very calmly and frankly stated that his views and theirs were as far asunder as heaven from earth, and that he did not wish to be regarded any longer as a *Congregational minister*. Whereupon, the Council embodied his statement in their own "result," and declared that they too no longer recognized him as a minister among the Congregational churches, and proceeded to arrange for the services of installation of his successor. The just, faithful, kindly, courteous and skilful manner in which this entangled case was set in order, impressed me very favourably.

#### NEW YORK CLERICAL MEETING.

One great privilege which I enjoyed, was that of attending a monthly Monday morning meeting of Congregational pastors and other ministers, in the rooms of the American Congregational Union (49 Bible House). The meeting lasted for two hours, and 30 or 40 gentlemen were present. The first part of the time was devoted to receiving intelligence of the state of religion in the churches and the last to the discussion of some subject of general interest. This, on the present occasion was—"Genesis and Geology." But as there is an honourable understanding that remarks made in the discussion are not to be reported to the press, I will only say, by way of consolation to my brethren, what proved such to myself, that abler men than ourselves have just to *wait* for the solution of the problems involved in the question at issue.

#### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

During my absence, I heard singing of all sorts, in many places. Without giving particulars, I will simply say, that the result of these observations has been greatly to confirm the long-standing conviction, that if the object of psalmody be to awaken, express and intensify devotional feelings,—rather than merely to gratify musical taste,—the union of the voices of the people, and of all the people, is incomparably to be preferred to the performances of the finest choir that ever sang.

#### FULTON STREET PRAYER MEETING.

Twice only I attended the noonday prayer meeting in Fulton Street Church. It may be a heresy to do so, but this is not the first time that I have felt some disappointment in being there. Perhaps one's expectations are raised too high. But it did strike me that by speakers and writers there was too much of special power with God ascribed to this meeting itself. Not a few wild and irrelevant things are said. Yet spite of all drawbacks, it is a precious means of grace, and the very sight of that room crowded day by day, literally in the midst of the bustle and roar of New York, is an inspiration. Its benefits have been many; its imperfections not more than those of everything that man puts his hand unto.

But here I *must* pause, and put a check on the proverbial garrulity of a traveller. I can only wish, in conclusion, that every brother-minister may enjoy each year as pleasant and instructive a holiday as was mine in 1867.

F. H. M.

---

Our soul and body are as strings of two musical instruments, set exactly at one weight; if one be touched, the other trembles. They laugh and cry, are sick and well, together.—*Flavel*.