

gregational use is not compensated by excellency of a different kind ; as Calcutta, Leach, Condescension, with their quirks and quaver passages---or, Eaton, Eythorn, Knuesboro', etc., where the like faults are committed by semi-quavers ?

The true corale is to exercise the vocal powers of a multitude. Its music must therefore move in masses. It must be simple in its conception and structure, and broadly expressive of a devotional feeling. It is then among its properties to have its effect increased the greater the number of voices engaged in singing it---to be adapted, either in itself or by alteration of its time or 'expression,' to a great variety of sentiments ; though not often to any two that are in strong opposition. Its cadences, or the musical periods which terminate each line, may be made to contribute to the expressiveness of the composition, while they prevent tedium by delighting the ear with their harmony. The Collection whose title heads our remarks, contains multitudes of beautiful specimens. We may instance St. Mary's, Windsor (119), Burford (44), Tirzah (204), etc., as corales expressing the emotions which awe and subdue. They are characterized by a progression of the melody from one note to its next, and by a solemn and pathetic fall in their cadences. On the contrary, ideas of praise, joy, expectation, when musically expressed, are marked by a bold outline, the melody proceeding by thirds and fourths, with strongly marked changes of harmony---affording unexpected resting places in the cadence---as in Chichester, Jerusalem, Durwells, Eisenach, Warwick, Westminster New, York, Clifton, Montgomery, and many others ; while love, veneration, and the feelings of a tender or plaintive character call for smooth flowing equable melody, undisturbed by bold and unexpected contrasts. Of this kind, Abridge, St. Stephens, Sunbury, Melcombe, Tiverton, Havannah, Patmos, Liverpool, Mauchester, are unexceptionable examples.

It is the old corale, bold, dignified, and simple in its outline, that more evidently possesses the comprehensiveness which fits it for great latitude of application. It has, what has been technically called an apathetic character, devoid of the sensuous forms of modern melody. Analogous to a general term, it expresses a class of feelings, but not their specific differences. There is nothing in its melody to forbid the alteration of 'time' and 'expression,' as the feeling of the words sung to it may require. The modern corale, perhaps deriving its invention from the serious glee or verso movements of the cathedral anthem, is marked by the elegant flow of its parts and the expressiveness of its melody ; approaching more or less nearly to the ballad, whose nature it is to express more closely the feeling of the stanzas it is set to than that of any others. We are thus offered the means of forming a permanent union between hymns of particular shades of sentiment, and the tunes which are best adapted to express them. And provided the selected tunes are calculated for congregational use, both tunes and hymns will increase in force of impression by such appropriations. Let the principle which should dictate the conjunction be duly recognized, and all the rest may be left to the operation of public taste. We abstain from specifying what conjunctions of hymns and tunes are in our opinion most suitable, lest the bans should be forbidden. But to name a few tunes which appear to contain facilities for what we recommend :---Wirksworth is penitential ; Antwerp tells of our mortality, and is full of the memory of human woe ; Mount Ephraim denotes confidence, but it is the confidence of hope, not of possession---mingling anticipations of escape with the recollection that suffering is not yet over ; St. George's expresses cheerful reliance, and Cary's, grateful praise, but both are rather tender than bold ; Gloucester, on the contrary, declares the trust that exalts, and counts the promise already won. We offer our opinions with unaffected deference to better judges. As it is, we have often to lament that the tune counteracts the effect of the words. We were lately required to sing Watts's beautiful paraphrase of the 133th Psalm, which calls upon us to stand in awe because God is around us, to 'Horsley'---a tune which almost obliges us to show that we however have no becoming sense of the overwhelming fact. This is perhaps the most perfect way of defeating the end of psalmody.

Concluded next week.

THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

The following interesting fact is related by Audubon in his Ornithological Biography. In speaking of the Zenaida dove he says---A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well known key, which must be here nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of doves, awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by notes of any bird, and especially by them of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of

horrors, that through these plaintive notes and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what one has said to be, 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers ; and no danger seemed to him to be comparable with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws ; and now he lives in peace in the midst of his friends.

THE PEACEMAKER.

BY DR. CHANNING.

"Dr. Worcester's efforts in relation to war, or in the cause of peace, made him eminently a public man, and constitute his chief claim to public consideration ; and these were not founded on accidental circumstances or foreign influences, but wholly on the strong and peculiar tendencies of his mind. He was distinguished above all whom I have known by his comprehension and deep feeling of the spirit of Christianity, by the sympathy with which he seized on the character of Jesus Christ as a manifestation of perfect love, by the honor in which he held the mild, humble, forgiving, disinterested virtues of our religion. This distinguished trait of his mind was embodied and brought out in his whole life and conduct. He especially expressed it in his labors for the promotion of universal peace on the earth. He was struck, as no other man within my acquaintance has been, with the monstrous incongruity between the spirit of Christianity, and the spirit of Christian communities, between Christ's teaching of peace, mercy, forgiveness, and the wars which divide and desolate the church and the world. Every man has particular impressions which rule over and give a hue to his mind. Every man is struck by some evils rather than others. The excellent individual of whom I speak was shocked, heart-smitten, by nothing so much as by seeing that man hates man, that man destroys his brother, that man has drenched the earth with his brother's blood, that man in his insanity has crowned the murderer of his race with the highest honors, and, still worse, that Christian hates Christian, that church wars against church, that differences of forms and opinions array against each other those whom Christ died to join together in closest brotherhood, and that Christian zeal is spent in building up sects, rather than in spreading the spirit of Christ, and enlarging and binding together the universal church. The great evil on which his mind and heart fixed was war, discord, intolerance, the substitution of force for reason and love. To spread peace on earth became the object of his life. Under this impulse, he gave birth and impulse to peace societies. This new movement is to be traced to him above all other men, and his name, I doubt not, will be handed down to future time with increasing veneration as the 'friend of peace,' as having given new force to the principles which are gradually to abate the horrors, and ultimately extinguish the spirit of war.

"The abolition of war, to which this good man devoted himself, is no longer to be set down as a creation of fancy ; a dream of enthusiastic philanthropy. War rests on opinion ; and opinion is more and more withdrawing its support. War rests on contempt of human nature, on the long, mournful habit of regarding the mass of human beings as machines, or as animals having no higher use than to be shot at and murdered, for the glory of a chief, for the seating of this or that family on a throne, for the petty interests or selfish rivalries which have inflamed states to conflict. Let the worth of a human being be felt ; let the mass of a people be elevated ; let it be understood that a man was made to enjoy unalienable rights, to improve lofty powers, to secure a vast happiness ; and a main pillar of war will fall. And is it not plain that these views are taking place of the contempt in which man has been so long held ? War finds another support in the prejudices and partialities of a narrow patriotism. Let the great Christian principle of human brotherhood be comprehended, let the Christian spirit of universal love gain ground, and just so fast the custom of war, so long the pride of men, will become their abhorrence and execration. It is encouraging to see how outward events are concurring with the influences of Christianity in promoting peace ; how an exclusive nationality is yielding to growing intercourse ; how different nations, by mutual visits, by the interchange of thoughts and products, by studying one another's language and literature, by union of efforts in the cause of religion and humanity, are growing up to the consciousness of belonging to one great family. Every rail-road connecting distant regions, may be regarded as accomplishing a ministry of peace. Every year which passes without war, by interweaving more various ties of interest and friendship, is a pledge of coming years of peace. The prophetic faith with which Dr. Worcester, in the midst of universal war, looked forward to a happier era, and which was smiled at as enthusiasm or credulity, has already received a sanction beyond his fondest hopes, by the wonderful progress of human affairs.

"On the subject of war, Dr. Worcester adopted opinions which are thought by some to be extreme. He interpreted literally the

precept, 'Resist not evil ;' and he believed that nations as well as individuals, would find safety as well as 'fulfil righteousness' in yielding it literal obedience. One of the most striking traits of his character was his confidence in the power of love, I might say, in its omnipotence. He believed that the surest way to subdue a foe, was to become his friend ; that a true benevolence was a surer defence than swords, or artillery, or walls of adamant. He believed that no mightier man ever trod the soil of America than William Penn, when entering the wilderness unarmed, and stretching out to the savage a hand which refused all earthly weapons, in token of brotherhood and peace. There was something grand in the calm confidence with which he expressed his conviction of the superiority of moral to physical force. Armies, fiery passions, quick resentments, and the spirit of vengeance mis-called honor, seemed to him weak, low instruments, inviting, and often hastening, the ruin which they are used to avert. Many will think him in error ; but if so, it was a grand thought which led him astray."

SHOOTING CROCODILES ON THE NILE.---But the standing shots of the Nile are crocodiles and pelicans. The former still abound, as in the days when the Egyptians worshipped them ; and as you see one basking in the sun, on some little bank of sand, even in the act of firing at him, you cannot help going back to the time when the passing Egyptian would have bowed to him as to a god ; and you may imagine the descendant of the ancient river god, as he feels a ball rattling against his scaly side, invoking the shades of his departed worshippers, telling his little ones of the glory of his ancestors, and cursing the march of improvement, which has degraded him from the deity of a mighty people into a target for strolling tourists. I always liked to see a crocodile upon the Nile, and always took a shot at him for the sake of the associations. In one place I counted in sight at one time twenty-one, a degree of fruitfulness in the river probably equal to that of the time when each of them would have been deemed worthy of a temple, while living, and embalment and a mighty tomb when dead. While walking by the river side, I met an Arab with a gun in his hand, who pointed to the dozing crocodiles on a bank before us, and, marking out a space on the ground, turned to the village a little back, and made me understand that he had a large crocodile there. As I was some distance in advance of my boat, I accompanied him, and found one fourteen feet long, stuffed with straw, and hanging under a palm tree. He had been killed two days before, under a desperate resistance, having been disabled with bullets and pierced with spears in a dozen places. I looked at him with interest, and compassion, reflecting on the difference between his treatment and that experienced by his ancestors, but nevertheless opened a negotiation for a purchase ; and though our languages were as far apart as our countries, bargain sharpens the intellect to such a degree that the Arab and I soon came to an understanding, and I bought him as he hung for forty piastres and a charge of gunpowder. I had conceived a joke for my own amusement. A friend had requested me to buy for him some mosaics, cameos, etc., in Italy, which circumstances had prevented me from doing, and I had written to him regretting my inability, and telling him that I was going to Egypt, and I would send him a mummy or a pyramid ; and when I saw the scaly monster hanging by the tail, his large jaws distended by a stick, it struck me that he would make a still better substitute for cameos and mosaics, and that I would box him up, and, without any advice, send him to my friend. The reader may judge how desperately I was pushed for amusement, when I tell him that I chuckled greatly over this unhappy conceit, and having sent my Nabian to haul the boat as she was coming by, I followed with my little memorial. The whole village turned out to escort us, more than a hundred Arabs, men, women and children, and we dragged him down with a pomp and circumstance worthy of his better days. Paul looked a little astonished when he saw me with a rope over my shoulder, leading the van of this ragged escort, and rather turned up his nose when I told him my joke. I had great difficulty in getting my prize on board, and, when I got him there, he deranged every thing else ; but the first day I was so tickled that I could have thrown all my other cargo overboard rather than him. The second day the joke was not so good, and the third I grew tired of it, and tumbled my crocodile into the river. I followed him with my eye as his body floated down the stream ; it was moonlight, and the breaking of the water-wheel on the banks sounded like the moaning spirit of an ancient Egyptian, indignant at the murder and profanation of his god. It was, perhaps, hardly worth while to mention this little circumstance, but it amused me for a day or two, brought me into mental contact with my friends at home, and gave me the credit of having myself shot a crocodile, any one of which was worth all the trouble it cost me. If the reader will excuse a bad pun, in consideration of its being my first and my last, it was not a *dry* joke ; for, in getting the crocodile on board, I tumbled over, and, very unintentionally on my part, had a January bath in the Nile.---Stephens.

A contemporary says, that "the machinery of the Great Western will last for ever," and "afterwards it can be sold for old iron."