

who would explain, *what it is for*, — whether disposed to regard it as serviceable for persuading God or for benefiting man, — have as absolutely lost its true spirit, as the mother would forget her true nature, if she were to regulate her caresses by expediency. The plaints of a sacred sorrow, the cry of penitence, the vow of duty, the brilliancy of praise, shed forth, like the laughter and the tears of infancy, from a heart conscious of nothing else, are examples of the true and primitive devotion.

In opposition to this *Natural* idea of worship stands the *Utilitarian*, which considers it an “Instrumental act;” whether, according to the *sacerdotal* view, its instrumentality is thought to be mystically efficacious with God; or, according to the *rationalistic*, intelligibly beneficial to man. The statements which this last-mentioned theory makes, respecting the value of worship to the conscience and the heart are all quite true. But the churches which begin to justify their outward devotion by appeal to this consideration have already lost their inward devoutness; and the individual who, with this notion of self-operation, speaks a prayer, performs an act of disciplinary prudence, not of Christian piety, and takes the air of heaven for the sake of exercise, rather than in love of the light, and quest of the immensity of God.

It is evident that the natural sentiments of worship have been the parents of all that is great in sacred art: and that architecture, music, painting, and poetry, first allied themselves with religion, — not condescendingly, in order to improve it, — but reverently, to receive from it their noblest consecration. They put themselves submissively into its hands, willing to take whatever forms its plastic power might impress, if they might only serve as its out-