

and elevated liberality which scorns to give unto the Lord that which costs us nothing. Why, if a high degree of refinement be thought necessary in our private musical entertainments, should the public celebration of the Lord's praises be marked by a want of painstaking, of correctness, or of melodious sweetness? Surely, it is forgotten how closely the service in question brings us into contact with Him who "holdeth our soul in life," who "weigheth the hills in a balance," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Even in its musical accompaniments "the service of song" should be sweet and soul-subduing; but far more important is it that the *heart* of the believer should on these solemn occasions be attuned like the strings of David. It is needless to multiply texts of Scripture for the purpose of showing that there, at least, it is recognized simply as a means of grace;—as the Divinely appointed channel for the joyous outpourings of that "heart-melody" to which an inspired apostle attaches so high an importance; and, on the other hand, for the bestowment of celestial strength and comfort. On such grounds as these does the sweet singer of Israel base his exhortation:—"O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name. For the Lord is gracious; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth from generation to generation." And, be it remembered, the saving mercy on which he so feelingly expatiates admits not of comparison or admeasurement by any merely human standard. "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts." The present spiritual enjoyments connected with the devout celebration of this ordinance form, after all, only a part (though, confessedly, a very important one) in the whole design. For, in addition to its unspeakable value to the believer in this respect, is it not intended to fit him for taking part hereafter in that all-glorious sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving which is presented to the Divine Majesty by those thrice-blessed spirits who "rest not day and night?"

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## RECIPE AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The following facts, almost verbatim, were communicated to the writer in the autumn of this year (1856) by the Rev. Robert Hewitt, one of the general Missionaries employed by the Irish Methodist Conference:—

Half-way between Tuam and Castlereagh, Mr. H. called at a public house once a month to feed his horse. Once he asked the man of the house if he ever thought about dying, and what his feelings were. "I feel awfully afraid," the man replied. Mr. H. inquired the cause, and was filled with surprise and grief at the ignorance of this poor son of Erin, who answered, "Because I do not know where I would go when I die. Some say there is a place called heaven, and a place called hell, and a place called purgatory. For my part I do not know of any such places; for I have never been there." Mr. H. asked, "Did you never meet an old book that gives information about