

Mr. Lincoln's fine moral essay was a beautiful house without any foundation. He may, however, have presumed that his predecessor in that pulpit had said enough, on that part of the text, that it was now his duty to fill up the outline.

The exercises during the day were interesting generally. The singing for the first time on such an occasion in the United States—when I have been present—was entirely vocal! With this I was much pleased. Had the singers all been disciples of Jesus and the tunes been true to nature, I could have commended the style to all as worthy of imitation.

The reader must indulge me in a few remarks on singing though it may seem to be a digression. In the first place no one can give a reason why those who stand at one end of the meeting house to sing praise to God ought not to be as devoutly christian as the man who occupies the stand at the other end. If gifts and talents are the only prerequisites to engaging acceptably in singing the most solemn and sacred truths, why not place the pulpit on the same basis? It soon *will be* by those who employ godless men and women to take part in the worship of God, or I know nothing of the tendencies of human nature.

A large majority of our modern tunes are unfit to sing in a place of worship. They are entirely destitute of those chords which awaken the spirit of devotion. Tunes like *Barby, Dundee, Mear, London, or Old Hundred* may be sung, by a single voice, from morning till night, while the soul feasts upon the sentiment uttered: but these modern tunes have no music in them unless several parts are moving at the same time; and then it is not harmony that creates the interest, but the sentiment uttered. No one thinks of singing one of them without his note book and some select company about him. Their use in the church is turning all devotion out of it. Hence the other extreme of introducing into the prayer meeting many trashy song tunes for fear of the coldness and death which would certainly follow the use of the tunes sung with the organ on "the Sabbath."

Nature has ordained certain chords to fall harmoniously on the ear. Our modern tunes set nature at defiance; for there are as many discords as chords in some of the most fashionable church tunes. I do not know but that I am alone in my views in this matter—but such are my convictions, and I believe they can be mathematically demonstrated! But this I must defer to a more suitable occasion.

To return to the little choir of Perry singers. I admired the singing because it was perfectly natural. Countenances wore the same expression that reading the same thoughts would have brought out. There were no vociferations. There was more attention bestowed upon the sentiment than even on the time in which the music was written. They did not sacrifice the thought merely for the sound, as most singers do. To give the reader an idea of my meaning, I will, to the best of my recollection, give one of the stanzas of the ordination Hymn. (I took a few notes on the occasion, but I have mislaid them. I must trust to my memory.)

“ And when he sinks in death—by care