

in this case, music was the source of the prophet's inspiration ; but manifestly it had a powerful influence in preparing his mind for that high communion with God implied in the exercise of the prophetic gift.

The power of sacred music is also seen, as has already been intimated, in its fitness to express religious feeling. If any one doubts this let him read over thoughtfully the Psalms of David. The words, indeed, are often beautiful and well-chosen, but divorce them from the strains of music, and one-half their power and beauty is gone. Let us suppose that, instead of the musical flow of the Psalms, David had embodied the same truths in a theological treatise, and we will see at once that its stiff sentences could never move the heart as does the measured rhythm of these sacred lyrics.

If we are correct in assuming that music is the language of feeling, then religious music, in order to fulfil its high mission, must be *religious*,—that is, it must be religious in spirit as well as in name. Intended *for* the heart, it must come *from* the heart in order to be effective. "So true is this that nothing can really fulfil the idea of religious music which is not the breathing of true love and worship. Even instruments without life will not speak the true notes of power, unless the touch of faith is on them, and the breath of holy feeling is in them. How much less the voice itself, whose very qualities of sound are inevitably toned by the secret feeling of the spirit."—(*Bushnell*.) Never can music speak the language of religious feeling unless the spirit of adoration is in it. When the soul is simple, and God is enshrined in its innermost recesses of feeling, then there is a quality in the voice and the touch which communicates the inspired joy of the heart.

O ye who, in the house of God, lead the devotions of his people, think of this. You think sometimes that your efforts are poorly appreciated ; but is there not a cause ? A devout worshipper, let us suppose, comes to God's house. He is wearied with the world and its cares, and he thinks, "Now, in this sacred place, my soul will be refreshed, and my dull heart, rising on the wings of sacred song, will breathe the inspiration of the hour, and, for a while at least, forget its sorrows." And so the song of praise begins, but it awakens no response in his heart. A feeling of disappointment comes over him, for he feels—"That music does not express what I feel." No wonder. In many instances the music discoursed in