

Adoration, gratitude, penitence, &c. must, then, not only exist in principle and sentiment, but as emotions or feelings, and whatever tends to awaken, keep alive, and improve those pious feelings is really serviceable—this effect we attribute to singing when properly performed.

Singing is most naturally indicative of joy, and hence, in divine worship, it seems most naturally employed as an expression of praise & gratitude. Praise, in its principle, is a lofty conception of the divine perfection and glory—in practice, it is an endeavour to give expression to those views and feelings. In adoration there is much of feeling, and that too of the most exalted description: Now the feeling of adoration is most significantly expressed in singing; and there may be infused into the air of a tune a certain kind of dignity, which shall not only be in exact accordance with our emotion and employment, but of that emotion it shall greatly elevate the tone. Again gratitude to God for favours received, we are instinctively inclined to express in singing. Gratitude is connected with, or rather is productive of, love and joy, and to sing a tune with a lively air would not only be in perfect accordance with these affections, but would be calculated to improve them. The use of vocal or instrumental music, in honour of any exalted character, or in token of gratitude to any benefactor, seems to be a lesson taught by nature, as the practice is common among savages. Again—of the solemnities of death, judgment and eternity, every pious man feels it his interest to have a suitable impression. The foundation of such impression must indeed be conviction and principle, but few things are better calculated to keep alive and deepen those impressions, than singing, or hearing solemn tunes. Once more—if our devotion is of the penitential or supplicating kind, suitable singing will counteract our natural apathy, and assist us to enter more strongly into the spirit of that imploring contrition in which true repentance consists. In a word, to produce impression seems to be the principal object of singing—and that by means of its sympathetic correspondence with our passions: and experience has proved that serious and devout impressions may be produced by it, as well as any other. If the warrior's courage is fired by the sound of martial music; if the lover's passion is augmented by

music in its tender strains—if the melancholy are cheered by the sound of melody—so, sacred music elevates the tone and quickens the fire of the devout worshipper's feelings.

Such properties, then, and such effects we ascribe to singing, when piously performed. Our next inquiry is, whether or to what extent instrumental music is adapted to answer the same purpose. The effects above enumerated, it must be remembered, we have attributed entirely to the music of singing; and I confess I know no sound reason why the music of instruments should not be as naturally adopted to produce the same effect, because I can discover no essential difference between the sound of the human voice, and the sound of suitable instruments, performed by human breath and human hands. If such an essential difference could be proved to exist, it would also prove, that there is an essential difference between seeing with the naked eye and by the assistance of glasses, or between hearing with the naked ear and by the help of an instrument.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

On the summit of the mountain we stopped to take a farewell view of the celebrated plain at our feet, and then advanced over a barren track, till we came to a spot watered by one or two rivers, and shaded with trees. These luxurious retreats are often resorted to by the inhabitants of the city. The road afterwards wound through wild and rocky defiles in the mountains, and by the steep side of a rapid torrent that flowed over its course beneath, till, towards evening, we came into a plain, and passed the night in the cottage of a peasant. The next day was uncommonly fine, and we pursued our way in good spirits. The aspect of the country was more agreeable than on the preceding day, and the cottages were more numerous scattered.

Soon after sunset we came to Zibolam, a large village, finely situated, and surrounded with groves—and a river ran through the middle of it. The habitation of one of the villagers was again our home, they spread their best mat on the floor, in the midst of which the fire burned bright and cheerfully, and prepared a good supper of fowls and eggs.