

had only to go into the pulpit and begin, and he preached as he had never done before. I have no doubt that while the Minister felt thus as to preaching, the people felt precisely the same as to living. An American poet has said, speaking of a glorious June day, —

“It is easy now for the soul to be true,
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue ;
It is the natural way of living.”

Now this, when applied to bright skies and green fields, is nonsense. Eminently fitted as they are to call out the finest tones of a soul already well tuned, the history of men proves too well that they have no moral power whatever over one whose passions are disordered. The names of Spain, Italy, Egypt, and Africa, are quite enough upon this head ; but it is totally different when the true spiritual element of man is shed upon and around him, and the Divine breath flows into his soul insensibly, and with spiritual power. Then, when the Spirit is poured out, as Joel prophesied, and as the pentecostal Christians experienced, the servants of God seem to breathe their native air ; men who before languidly supported a certain kind of religious existence, are borne along over their daily temptations as upon eagle's wings ; the besetments of their temperament abate like ailments in returning health. They answer to the call of duties, whether in the family, in business, or the Church, with a joyful sense of help : and it is “easy” then “for the soul to be true.”

This increase of life in the members is at once felt in all the services of the Church. What a change takes place in the singing ! Instead of the heavy drone, or the stiff church music, or the scientific performance of the choir, you find a whole multitude from whom is pouring forth a living, bounding stream of musical emotion. You feel as if the heart-strings were all released from the benumbing entanglement of the flesh, and a wind from the Spirit was passing over them, and bringing out tones of unearthly depth and height which reach to your very soul, and make you feel that this is indeed melody to the Lord. And how different then is prayer ! Heaven and earth seem to have come close together. You feel as if the hands of the great Daysman were uniting petition and answer ; and even the ungodly, the unbelieving, the giddy, the self-righteous, cannot be present in the sanctuary without a something coming over them in such seasons of prayer which they know to be unusual ; and which, unless they stubbornly and wickedly resist, they feel to be supernatural and heavenly. O ! what moments have been witnessed when, in answer to effectual fervent intercessions, it seemed as if blessings were falling in showers on every soul around ! And at such seasons preaching rises to its apostolic level ; the trumpet of God sounds with redoubled shrillness, at times seeming to fortoken that trump at whose voice the dead shall arise : for, as blast after blast, perhaps loud, perhaps low, peals out from the lips of herald, dead souls start from their graves, leaving behind them the old and corrupt