

preaches the prayers—others have a sing-song way of their own, altering the pitch of their voice half a dozen times in the same prayer—others drop it at every pause, invariably at the end—*hastening* the closing syllables which ought to be *sustained*.

Now what chance is there in any of these cases for the congregation to produce, if they desired it, an united response? The wonder is, *not* that people make the responses so indifferently as they do, but rather, under such circumstances, that they can be prevailed on to respond at all.

In this dull, heavy, uninteresting manner is our public worship ordinarily gone through—*tolerated* rather than enjoyed. What wonder that complaints are made of dulness to the spirits, and weariness to the flesh? For it has been well asked, “Who that has the least ear or feeling for regulated sound, can be otherwise than *distressed* at being, week after week, condemned to listen to the miserable duet between the minister and clerk, repeating the psalms, and hymns, the litany and suffrages, the Confession, the Lord’s prayer, and the Belief, with reference to no principle, with no regard to regularity, oftentimes five or six words apart?” It is