

"HE LIFTED ME TO THE GOLD-EN DOORS."

BY MARY E. BOFFA.

'Tis the home of my beautiful darling, Before her feet pressed the perfume Of flowers in those heavenly noons.

All the scene seems infused with her presence, And she hangs a smile on the cross that she made— Ah! saw she in vision prophetic The heavier cross that should shade?

Yonder masses of fairy-like grasses I saw her slight fingers arrange, Her hair waves like those of those clusters— So faded and lucid and strange.

Her eyes 'neath the light footsteps of children, Her hair 'neath the shadows of petals thrown— How bright her smile, how those clusters— How blue of her face is her own!

"Will give me one kiss from those tender lips? To lighten my heart's throbbing pain?" The boy turned his white arms about me, And showed his kisses like lady.

Then he whispered: "My mother in Heaven! And if I'm good, she'll cross that she made— My sister will help me to find her— Among the bright stars in the sky."

I smoothed the bright curls from his forehead, And gazed in his limpid blue eyes, And thought how the light of those clusters— Grasp comforters condescended from the wise.

We have lost our fair bright light in Eden, And sorrow is joy's pale wreath; But Heaven's bright doors open daily To childhood's unquestioning faith.

THE PRODIGAL UNCLE.

My family, at the time when this story begins, lived in Havre. They were not rich, and were hard-up. Father worked in an office, and the wages were not the highest.

I had two sisters. My mother fretted about our poverty, and she often addressed harsh words to my father—perfidious, veiled reproaches. The expression of the poor man's face always distressed me; he passed his hand over it as if to wipe away a perspiration that was not there, and said nothing. I felt his powerless sadness.

My parents economized with everything; they often ate dinners unfit to be served; they bought provisions at the lowest prices, and yet, even at that, they had often to ask for credit.

My sisters made their own dresses, and had long discussions about the price of a kind of lace, costing 15 centimes a yard.

I remember myself many scenes about lost buttons and torn trousers.

But every Sunday we took a walk to the docks in great style. My father, in a long coat, a high hat, and wearing gloves, offered his arm to my mother, who was dressed as gaily as a ship on a holiday. My sisters, always the first to be ready, awaited the signal of departure, but, at the last moment, a forgotten spot would be discovered on the coat of paterfamilias, and it had to be quickly effaced with a rag dipped in benzine. My father, keeping his hat on his head, waited in his shirt sleeves until the operation was done, while my mother, having adjusted her glasses—she was near-sighted—hurriedly put on her gloves.

Finally we started with great ceremony, my sisters, with linked arms, going before. They had attained a marriageable age, and made quite a respectable appearance in the city.

I walked at the left of my mother, my father at the right. And I remember the pompous air of my poor parents in these Sunday excursions, the rigidity of their features, the severity of their aspect. They advanced with a grave step, as if an affair of the greatest importance depended upon their carriage.

And every Sunday, seeing the great vessels that had returned from my unknown and distant countries, my father invariably repeated the same words:

"Ah! if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

My Uncle Jules, my father's brother, was the only hope of the family, after having been its terror.

I did not speak of him, but since my infancy my thoughts were with him, and his first culpable act was always present in my mind. I knew all the details of his life up to the day of his departure for America.

He had, it appears, miscondacted himself: that is to say, he had squandered some money, which is a great crime if it happens in poor families. A rich man who amuses himself is simply guilty of follies. He is called "nobody's enemy but his own." With the poor and needy, a man who forces his parents to curtail their capital or income, becomes a rascal, a knave.

In short, Uncle Jules had considerably lessened the inheritance of my father, after spending his own share to the last sou. Then he had sailed for America, as they afterward learned on board a merchantman bound for New York.

After having been there some time, my Uncle Jules established himself as a merchant; and he soon wrote that he was saving a little money, and hoped that he would be enabled shortly to indemnify my father for the losses he had caused him.

This letter created a profound emotion in the family. Jules, instead of being a worthless fellow, they said, was an honest man, a tender-hearted man, a true Davranche, upright as all the Davranches.

In a second letter, sent two years later, he said:

"MY DEAR PHILIPPE: I write you so that you may have no fears regarding my health, which is all that can be desired. My business also does well. I start to-morrow on a long voyage to South America; several years may pass before you will hear from me. But if I do not write, do not be alarmed. I shall return to Havre with a fair fortune. I hope it will not take too long, and then we shall all be happy."

This letter became the Gospel of the family. It was read at every opportunity, it was shown to every one.

During ten years, perhaps, we did not hear from Uncle Jules; but, as the time lengthened, my father's hopes also grew in proportion, and my mother often said:

"When Jules is here, our situation will be entirely changed."

And every Sunday, when regard-

ing the huge black masses of smoke on the horizon that ascended to the sky like an immense serpent, my father repeated by eternal phrase:

"Ah, if Jules were on one of these, what a surprise it would be!"

And then he rubbed his eyes briskly with a handkerchief.

They made a thousand projects when the return was assured; they would buy, with uncle's money, a small house in the country. I do not know but that my father had already commenced negotiations in reference to that affair.

The eldest of my sisters was 28 years old, the other 26. They had never married, which was a cause of great sorrow to all. A wooer finally presented himself for my youngest sister. He was a clerk, not wealthy, but honorable.

I have always had the conviction that the letter of my Uncle Jules, shown again one evening, had ended the hesitation and strengthened the resolution of this young man.

He was accepted eagerly, and it was decided that after the wedding the whole family should take a little trip to Jersey.

Jersey is the ideal of a journey for poor people. It is not far; and it traverses the sea in a packet, and finds one's self in a strange land, an island belonging to the English. This a Frenchman, after two hours' sailing, can see his neighbors and can study their manners and deplorable circumstances. This trip to Jersey occupied all our thoughts, our entire attention, and we dreamed of it constantly.

Finally we started. I remember it as if it happened yesterday; the smoke blowing over the rocky my father, very much perturbed, watching the transporting of our luggage; my mother, also disquieted, had taken the arm of my unmarried sister, who appeared lost since the other sister had gone from her, like a chicken sitting alone in its coop; and behind us came the young married pair, always lagging, which compelled me to turn my head often.

The whistle sounded. We went on board, and the ship, leaving its dock, glided out upon a sea as smooth as glass. We watched the receding shores, happy and joyous, a feeling doubtless experienced by all who have traveled.

My father wore his long coat, from which all the spots had been washed with benzine, and consequently he strongly suggested that valuable cleaning agent, and recalled to my mind our Sunday outings.

Suddenly he espied two elegant ladies, to whom two gentlemen were offering oysters. An old ragged seaman opened the bivalves with one blow of a knife and passed them to the gentlemen, who immediately carried them to the ladies, who ate them in a most genteel manner, holding the shells in a cambric handkerchief, and conveying them to their mouths without dropping any juice or staining their toilets. They then drank the liquid with a pretty, rapid movement, and threw the shells into the sea.

Undoubtedly my father was captivated by this distinguished act of eating oysters on a vessel while it was under sail. He thought it was good taste, refined, superior, and approached my mother and sisters, saying:

"What would you say if I should offer you some oysters?"

My mother hesitated on account of the expense; but my sisters accepted immediately.

My mother said, in a querulous tone:

"I am afraid they will not agree with me. Give some to the children, but not many, as the oysters will make them sick." Then turning toward me, she remarked: "As to Joseph, he needs none; it is not best to spoil the boy."

I remained beside mother and thought her very unjust. I followed my father with my eyes and watched him as he pompously conducted, his two daughters and his son-in-law toward the old seaman.

The two ladies started to go, and my father indicated to my two sisters that they were to eat the oysters without spilling any juice; in order that they might understand better, he took an oyster, and in endeavoring to imitate the ladies, and poured the whole liquid down the front of his coat.

Suddenly my father appeared to become uneasy, he recoiled a few steps, regarded his family fixedly, then the old seaman, and quickly returned to us. He seemed pale and his eyes had a singular look. He said to my mother:

"It is strange how that man opening the oysters resembles Jules."

Mother asked:

"What Jules?"

My father returned:

"Why, my brother Jules. If I did not know that he had a good position in America, I should believe it was he."

My mother ejaculated angrily:

"You are a lunatic! You know very well that it is not Jules. Why do you talk such nonsense?"

But father said persistently: "Go and see for yourself, Clarisse; I should like very much to have your opinion."

She arose and joined her two daughters, and I also went and looked at the old man. He was dirty, wrinkled, and did not turn his attention from his work.

My mother returned, and I saw that she trembled. She said, very quickly:

"I believe it is he. Go and pump the captain. It will be prudent, for we certainly can not claim this worthless fellow as our relative."

My father went, and I followed, feeling strangely agitated. The captain, a tall man, very thin, but with immense whiskers, walked the bridge with an important air, as if he were commanding an India mail-steamer.

My father mounted the steps with

ceremony, and spoke of his calling with compliments; asked him of the importance of Jersey, its inhabitants, their manners, their dress, the nature of the soil, etc. He thought the captain would, perhaps, speak of the United States of America; but he spoke only of the vessel in which we were sailing, how it was equipped, etc.

Finally my father said, in a troubled voice:

"You have a very interesting old man opening oysters. Do you know any particulars of this good man?"

The captain, beginning to be bored by the conversation, replied carelessly:

"He is an old French vagabond I found in America last year. He has relatives in Havre, it appears, but does not want to return to them, as he owes them some money. His name is Jules—Jules Darmanche or Jules Davranche, it is immaterial which. It appears that he was well-to-do at one time, but you see yourself that he is much reduced at present."

My father turned a livid hue, his eyes grew haggard, and, in an inarticulate voice, he said:

"Ah! yes, very true. I thank you very much, Captain."

And he walked away. He approached my mother, who said to him, in an agitated voice:

"Sit down; did you find out anything?"

He sank upon the seat and exclaimed:

"It is he!—It is he! What are we to do now?"

She replied quickly:

"We must take care that our son-in-law suspects nothing of this."

My father seemed paralyzed. He murmured:

"What a catastrophe!"

My mother ejaculated furiously:

"I have always thought it would amount to nothing, and now he returns in this state! As if one did not know how deep a Davranche could sink!"

And my father passed his hand across his face as if he would brush away mother's reproaches.

My mother exclaimed:

"Give money to Joseph immediately and let him pay for the oysters. But he is not to recognize that will cause him to be recognized; and let us go to another part of the ship, where that man cannot approach us!"

With these words she rose, and my father gave me a five-franc piece.

My sisters regarded our parents with a surprised stare; and I said the sea had made mamma a little uneasy, and departed on my errand.

I asked the old man:

"How much do we owe you for oysters, sir?"

I so longed to say: "My uncle!"

He replied:

"Two and a half francs."

I gave him my five-franc piece and he returned me the change.

I looked at his hand, a poor, wrinkled, horny hand, and I looked into his face, so old and wrinkled and filled with deepest sadness, and I said to myself:

"This is my uncle—papa's brother—my uncle!"

I gave him ten sous as a pourboire.

He thanked me profusely, and said, "God bless you, my young sir!" in the tone of one receiving alms.

My sisters looked at me, amazed at my generosity.

When I returned the two francs to my father, mother said, in a surprised voice:

"Did they cost three francs? That is impossible!"

I declared in a firm voice:

"I gave ten sous as pourboire."

My mother started and looked at me, exclaiming:

"You are crazy! To give ten sous to that man—that wretch!"

She stopped, looking at my father, who pointed to his son-in-law.

Before us, on the horizon, as if growing from the sea a violet strip was visible.

It was Jersey.

We returned on another vessel, in order not to encounter him. My mother could not conceal her uneasiness.

I never saw my father's brother again.—Translated from the French of Guy de Maupassant.

Vagaries of Malara.

Walter Coote, who has spent considerable time in the Fiji Islands, has some interesting notes upon the vagaries of malaria. He has seen, he says, Englishmen living in Fiji, on the borders of almost stagnant estuaries, with the densest and most rank vegetation around them on all sides, with mosquitoes and a hundred such insects infesting the district like a plague.

In dry seasons their houses would stand in the very center of great plains of reeking ooze; in times of flood the muddy river will rise to their verandas, and yet the people were robust and healthy.

I have gone from there, and a few weeks later visited islands in the Solomon group, or New Hebrides, where I have found a dry coral soil and high, well-drained land, upon which the pure trade wind blows freshly month after month, and all this but a few hundred miles from the Fiji group.

Yet in these places it is almost death for a white man to spend more than a few months in the year on shore, and practically no one who lives ashore at all can hope to escape frequent and severe attacks of fever.

In fact, it is only by being thoroughly acclimated, through a long period of time, that he can hope to live there at all.

TEACHER.—Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown 100 years ago? Tommy.—You and me.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE MUSIC IN THE TABERNACLE SUGGESTS A LESSON.

Wonderful Compass of the Human Voice—Perfection in Musical Instruments—Origin and Development of Music—Power of Sacred Song—Holy Art.

The magnificent organ of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated last Sunday and the service was a veritable musical festival. Dr. Talmage's sermon, which was appropriate to the occasion, was on the text, Genesis iv, 21. His brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."

Lamech had two boys, the one a herdsman and the other a musician. Jubal, the younger son, was the first organ builder. He started the first sound that rolled from the wondrous instrument which has so much to do with the worship of the ages. But what improvement has been made under the hands of organ builders such as Bernhard, Sebastian Bach and George Hogarth and Joseph Booth and Thomas Robjohn, clear down to George and Edward Jardine of our own day, do not wonder that he has had a long career. The organ as given in 757 by an emperor of the East to a king of France sounded forth its full grandeur, a woman fell into a delirium from which her reason was never restored.

The majesty of a great organ skillfully played is almost too much for human endurance, but he who has seen the instrument has done in the reinforcement of divine service it will take all time and all eternity to celebrate. Last April, when we dedicated this church to the service of Almighty God, our organ was not more than half done. It has now come so far completion that this morning it has been used in the service of the mighty throne of sacred sound. It greets the eye as well as the ear. Behold this mountain of anthems! Its history is peculiar.

The late Mr. George Jardine recently made a tour of the organs of Europe. He gathered up in his portfolio an account of all the excellences of the renowned instruments of music on the other side of the Atlantic and all the new improvements, and brought back that portfolio to America declaring that Brooklyn Tabernacle should have the full advantage of all he had obtained, and although he did not live to carry out his wish, the late Mr. Edward Jardine has introduced into this great organ all those improvements and grandeur, and while you hear this organ you hear all that is notable in the organs of Lucerne and Fribourg and Haarlem and St. Paul and Westminster Abbey and other great organs that have enraptured the world.

In it are banked up more harmonies than I can describe, and all for God and the lighting of the soul toward Him. Its four banks of keys, its 110 stops and appliances, its 4,510 pipes, its chime of thirty-seven bells, its cathedral diapason and pedal double diapason, its song trumpet at night horn and tuba magna, all, all we dedicate to God and the soul. It will, I believe, under the divine blessing, lead uncounted thousands into the kingdom. Its wedding marches, its thanksgiving anthems, its requiems will sound after all the voices that follow it to-day shall have sung their last song. To God be the Father, to God be the Son and God be the Holy Ghost we dedicate.

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The cloud in which the angels stood to celebrate the creation was the hymn of praise. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insects humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon the beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass are music.

The day of judgment, which will be a day of uproar and tumult, I suppose will bring no dissonance to the ears of those who can calmly listen; although it be as when some great performer is executing a bold piece of music, he will not break down the instrument on which he plays; so it may be that on the last day that the grand march of God, played by the fingers of thunder and earthquake and conflagration, may break down the world upon which the music is executed.

Many of you are illustrations of what I have just said. The world is full of music brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the argument and the warning of the pulpit, but when, in the sweet words of Isaac Watts or Charles Wesley or John Newton or Toplady the love of Jesus was sung to your soul, you were subdued, and that is the music that could not be taken by a host lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill. There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow and said, "Don't you sing that hymn to me, the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of "Dunder," and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow and said to the minister, "Where'd you learn that?"

"Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very words of the hymn were, "I will sing to thee, O Jerusalem, when thou shalt be built up, and then there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages, and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall be about the world, and which the hymn celebrates. I would to God that those who hear me to-day would take those songs of salvation as messages from Heaven; for just as certainly as the birds brought food to Elijah by the brook Cherith, so these wondrous harmonies, God sent us, are flying to your souls with the bread of life. Open your mouth and take it, oh, hungry Elijah!

In addition to the inspiring music of our own day we have a glorious inheritance of old grand psalms and hymns and songs that were the devotions of our generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory! Dear old souls,

how they used to sing! When they were cheerful our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative then the board meeting house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmund's." Were they struck through with great tenderness they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the church they sang "Zion." Were they overburdened with the love and glory of Christ they sang "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain persons, and they have lived in peace and great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But how hard hearted we must be if all this sacred music of the past and all the sacred music of the present does not start us Heavenward.

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to sooth perturbation. You may have come in here this morning with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet perhaps in the singing of the first hymn you lost all those worriments and anxieties, and you were left in peace. Saul and how he was sad and angry and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish King was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until, far from any one, he had poured out for three or four days to his God, and then he looked up and wept and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, and that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. A singing church is always a triumphant church! If a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If, when the hymn is given over, you hear the hum of here and there and motion in the congregation, and while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people who have voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty. I really believe that if the church of Christ could rise up and sing as it ought to sing, that where we have a hundred souls brought into the kingdom of Christ there would be a thousand.

But do not speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music; and the first is that it has been impressed into the service of superstition. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has occupied places where music has been secularized, and the same is true of the drawing-room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the production of harmless amusement and the improvement of talent have become great forces in the advancement of our civilization. Music has as much right to laugh in Surrey gardens as it has to pray in the temple. In the kingdom of nature we have the glad fling of the wind as well as the long meter psalm of the thunder. But while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of the devil. False religions have depended more upon the hymning of their congregations than upon the pulpit proclamation of their dogmas. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that satan snatched from his hand an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has been in our day. False religions have depended more upon the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the church and applied to purposes of superstition.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people singing in church never think of anybody else, they are singing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would not be evident at all; they would be drowned out. God only asks you to do as well as you can, and then if you get the wrong pitch or keep the same note too long, he will not be any detractor of the ear and imperfection of the voice.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have said: "Oh, what an easy time we shall have. This minister will do the singing, the choir will do the singing, and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land where the people are not expected to sing, the whole work is done by delegation of four or six or ten persons, and the rest of the people are shut in Syracuse an old elder persisted in singing, and so the choir appointed a committee to go and ask the squire if he would not stop. You know that in a great multitude of churches the choir are expected to do all the singing, and the great masses of the people are expected to be silent, and if you utter your voice you are interfering. There they stand, the four, with opera glasses dangling at their side, singing "Rock of ages, cleft for me," with the same spirit that the night before on the stage they were in the part in the "Grand Duchess" or "Don Giovanni."

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood thrushes should propose to do all the singing some bright day to the world, and the singing with four voices. It is decided that four wood thrushes shall do all the singing of the forest. Let all other voices keep silent. How beautiful the four warble. It is really fine music. But how long will you keep the forest still? Why, Christ would be in the forest and look on.

He looked through the olives, and He would wave His hand and say, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be 5,000 bird voices leaping into the harmony. Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in Heaven; suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper temple. Hush, now, thrones and dominions and principalities. David be still, though rough roared the host of Israel." Paul! keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter! keep still, though this is the "Saint's Everlasting Rest." Four spirits now do all the singing. But how

long would Heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah" would try some glorified Methodist under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" a great multitude of redeemed spirits would cry. Myriads of voices would come into the harp and organ, and there would be forty and four thousand breaking forth into one acclamation. Stop that loud singing! Stop! Oh, no, they cannot hear me. You might as well try to drown the thunder of the sky or beat back the roar of the sea, for every soul in Heaven has of it, and every soul in Hell has of it, and resolved that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in Heaven, and instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the Most High God, delegating perhaps to un consecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service.

Now, in this church we have resolved upon the plan of conducting the music by organ and choir. We do it for two reasons: One is that by throwing the whole responsibility upon the mass of the choir, making the great multitude of the choir, we have more assurance. The congregation coming on the Sabbath day feel that they cannot delegate this part of the great service to any one else, and so they themselves assume it. We have had a glorious congregational singing here. People have come in here to hear it sing. They are not sure about the preaching, but they can always depend on the singing. We have heard the sound coming up like "the voice of many waters," but it will be done at a better rate after while when we shall realize the height and the depth and the immensity of this privilege.

I forgot to state the other reason why we adopted this plan. That is, we do not want any choir quarrels. You know very well that in scores of churches there has been perpetual contention in that direction. The only church fight that ever occurred under my ministry was over a melodeon in my first settlement. I have heard of churches singing on the Sabbath day and heard the choir sing, and you said, "That is splendid music." The next Sabbath you were in that church and there was no choir at all. Why? The leader was mad, or his assistants were mad, or they were all mad together. Some of the choirs are made up of old men and young men, and of the warmest friends I have ever had stood up in them Sabbath after Sabbath conscientiously and successfully leading the praises of God. But the majority of the choirs throughout the land are not made up of Christian people, and three-fourths of the church fights originate in the organs of the church. I have seen, I say nine-tenths. A great many of our churches are dying of choirs.

We want to rouse all our families to the duty of sacred song. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing school. Childish petulance, obduracy and intractability would be soon if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on the Sabbath day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, and the sound of the water falling in united strength to the sea. So I would have all the families in our church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought unless we have more singing in the home. There will be a great revolution on this subject in all our churches. God will come down by His spirit, and rouse up the old hymns and tunes that have not been more than half awake since the time of our grandfathers. The silent pews in the church will break forth into the voice of praise, and the great host of the Sabbath day there will be a great host of voices rushing into the harmony. My Christian friends, if we have no taste for this service on earth, what will we do in Heaven, where they all sing, and sing forever?

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now close your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. I never shall forget hearing a Frenchman sing the "Marseillaise" on the Champs Elysees, Paris, just before the battle of Sedan in 1870. I never saw such enthusiasm of the heart as that. He sang that national air, oh! how the Frenchmen shouted! Have you ever in an English assemblage heard a band play "God Save the Queen?" If you have you know something about the enthusiasm of a national air. Now, I tell you that the songs we sing Sabbath by Sabbath are not national airs. They are songs of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of Heaven, and if you do not learn to sing them here, how do you ever expect to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb? I should not be surprised at all if some of the best anthems of Heaven were never sung on earth. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day and gave out the long hymn of praise to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host of company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise Him, ye Angels, in the Heavens, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.