

of his auditors, he would not have heard the conscience-stricken multitude say at the end of his discourse,—“Men and brethren what shall we do to be saved!”

SING!

Saints and angels sing in Heaven, Christ and his apostles sang on earth. Moses, David, Solomon, and all the noblest of mankind lived to sing the praises of God. The birds sing—O how sweetly!—as they greet the rising sun. Every man and woman has the gift of song to a greater or less extent. The cold crawling reptile can hiss, but it cannot sing. Beasts can howl or utter cries of distress, but they cannot sing. Men and angels and the sweet birds that can fly heavenward, alone have the glorious gift.

God's people of old sang inspired Psalms. In exile indeed they hung their harps on the willows while they sat weeping by Babel's streams. But when they returned to their holy city new songs burst from their hallowed lips, songs that we can still make our own in the Christian Church or in the family. In that night of deepest gloom and sorrow when He was betrayed the blessed Saviour sang an hymn. Ever since that night christian sorrow has sung its songs from the midst of its sufferings. Paul and Silas sang in prison. The martyrs were still praising God while confronting death on the bloody arena or at the burning stake. O how joyfully and earnestly they sang too after the great outburst of gospel light which heralded the Reformation! Every time of Church Revival, from the passage of the Red Sea till our own time, has been marked by a fresh outburst of sacred song. As the birds carol their sweetest notes after the darkest night or when the gloomy thunder clouds have broken and passed away, so the children of God have been most fervent and hearty in their praises after seasons of great deliverance.

Should not you and I,—reader,—pay more attention to this noble employment of our powers; an employment in which we have as associates saints and angels? God has so created our organs of speech and

the atmosphere around us that the principles of music are in it and in us. This is a most wonderful fact; but so it is. The very chairs and tables around you, our own souls and bodies, are pervaded by the principles and the laws of music! We are as it were the priests of nature to give audible and articulate utterance to the all pervading song of praise.

Nothing is sadder than a silent congregation of professed worshippers when the Psalm is given out. Silent when the God of Heaven is to be praised! Silent in the presence of Christ and the Holy Spirit! Silent when all the angels and the Redeemed are singing the new song! Can we depute a choir or an organ to praise God for us? Impossible. Such a thing must never, never be.

Our readers know what objections there are to the introduction of organs into Presbyterian Churches. But there is another class of “musical instruments” used sometimes to lead the singing to which we object more strongly than to organs. We refer to the admission of the godless and profane into choirs to lead the singing of the church. It is a piece of daring profanity to depute a man who blasphemes the holy Jesus to sing his praises with impenitent heart and corrupt lips.

Ye who have known the Lord and learned to love Him, can you not make His temples resound with His praises? Sing as you would like to do when you go to Heaven. Sing with the full conviction on your heart that Jesus is all the while listening to your song. “Sing with loud noise skilfully,” and then our church need never more be troubled with the innovation of instrumental music. Sing lovingly with those that love you, to Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

SEED OF EVIL DEEDS.

Much dissatisfaction has been justly expressed at the unfriendly interference of Puseyistic Bishops and clergy from England with Missionary operations in the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. Ground