

never strained your ear to hear that song, because, in its glory-swelling hallelujah, there is a voice that used to join with your voice on earth? There are just these facts about that song that I must bring out to you to-night. In the first place, there is an immense company of singers. I heard once, in the Crystal Palace at London, such music as I never expect to hear again this side of Jordan. There were thirty-five hundred singers and over twelve hundred musicians, and I sat and heard them sing that oratorio of the Messiah; and I hardly knew whether I was here, or in heaven. But it is a grander choir there: ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands form the company that are singing that song. And then there is this other fact about it: it is a new song. I think we can begin to sing it here. I think

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
is a part of it. I think

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
is another line in it. I think

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name"
is two or three lines in the song. But it is a new song: it will be new when we cross the flood. Angels cannot sing it; only the redeemed.

And, then, it is a tearless song. Did you never sing the old songs of thanksgiving at Christmas in the early home, when, as you sang, just before the children were going away and the family circle was to be separated, you sang some old, familiar hymn, and you saw in mother's eyes the tears beginning to well up? And I can remember a time, in my old home that is sadly broken up now, when we all broke down; for we were to separate, perhaps never to meet again. And that is the way, dear friends, with most of our singing. We hardly welcome dear ones before we say good-bye; and our richest memories to-day are the songs that were interrupted by the going out. They are tearless songs there, and they are eternal songs. Not a tear ever glistens in the eye, and no one ever goes out.

Would you not like to join that choir?

Would you not like to stand there and sing those songs before the throne? Thank God for the songs here! Thank God for the memories that, with you and me to-night, reach back and build up again the walls of our early homes! Thank God, that we can sit down and recall to mind the voices that once joined with ours! But, thank God, above all, for that song before the throne! You and I are going to be there, where the congregations never break up.

"Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steep of light.
'Tis finished! all is finished—
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

"What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph high!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes,
A thousand times repaid!"

THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF NATIONAL FESTIVITY.

THANKSGIVING SERMON BY HUGH S. CARPENTER, D.D., IN BEDFORD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord. Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. viii: 10.

THE fair way to expound the meaning of a Scripture text to its fullest bearing, is to expound it, first of all, in its immediate and contextual reference. There is set out here the privilege and duty of hilarity and material festivity. A hearty meal, a happy treat of entertainment, is a fitting emblem of sound enjoyment. If one intends to thank God in the body, it is with the body that he must thank God. If he is to thank God for his physical existence, he must keep his physical subsistence in condi-