what I shall hope to see, when every church shall be an academy of music, and every academy of music shall be a church. I think that, sooner or later, every place of public worship will be opened once a day for preaching, and once a day for praise.

Go, and be happy—happy parents and homes, happy Christians in your household and in the house of God. This world is a beautiful place to make others happy in. If there were no such occupation in heaven, it must be confessed it would be rather dull. If the saints on high, and the angels that excel in strength, have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, I doubt if they would enjoy themselves at all. It is not so. Heaven is the realm to do good *from*, earth the world to do good *in*. There the exuberance and rapture are refluent upon other spheres. Here our delight has its mission and its ministry at hand. Hindrance of this world is only found in the despondency of the Church; our voices of praise are so weak and husky. Did you ever lose your voice a little while, and still seem to yourself to be speaking at the top of it, until you saw that in the further corner of the building your tones were inarticulate? But when your voice came back, you spoke with power at the same time that you spoke with ease. It is so with the heartiness, the cheeriness, the charity that would charm the Church and enchant the world. Be glad in the Lord. "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice." "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart; for the joy of the Lord is your shout." The sad souls are all supine; about you the shrinking hearts are heavy with sleep. The wanderers are yet a great way off, and almost out of hearing. Make them hear.

> "Lift up the heart,
> Lift up the voice,
> Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice."

Is there not cause this day? Is there One sent of God that taketh away the sin of the world? Is it finished? Oh, *is* it finished? Is Jesus Christ declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead? Is the Gospel sent, and going into all the world, and unto every creature? Is God over all, blessed forever? It is enough! The world is doing well. King of kings! Lord of lords! Hallelujah! hallelujah! Oh, word of words! Oh, shout of shouts! and song of songs! The pean of the universe—take it up! take it up! Hallelujah! King of kings! Lord of lords! Hallelujah forever and ever! Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Here we see it dimly, and it sheds into our hearts its reflected lustre. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us. "That My joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." But there, and presently, we share it and bask in its consummation, and its coronal resplendence, and inherit its fruition, and find it the element of our existence, the stamina, the substance, the security of our being, the elixir of our undying vigor and eternal life—the glory of the Celestial and the image of the Heavenly borne by us. "Thou wilt show me the path of life. In Thy presence there is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." "Go thy way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

THE GREAT PRIZE.

By Rev. George F. Pentecost, in Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii: 13, 14.

Forty years ago a young mechanic took a bath in the river Clyde. While swimming from shore to shore, he descried a beautiful bank, uncultivated; and he then and there resolved to be