

their hands and the hills be joyful together" before Him; let the roar of the sea, the flow of the river, the wild voice of the leaping cataract, and the splash of the mountain cascade, the dripping of the glittering fountain, and the purling of the limpid streamlet, the surging of waving forest, the hoarse voice of winter storms, the gush of spring song, and the glow of summer melody, rise and swell into one ecstatic "Hallelujah" to our King! let all living creation ring out glad "Hosannahs" to the Most High; sing to Him, oh, ye redeemed with blood! Fling the echoes of your praises into the very gates of His Golden City! Send up your peals of adoration, oh, ye on the mountain tops; but, oh! let not those in the valleys keep silence. Let those who bask in the sunshine make each glad ray gladder by using them as wings to bear aloft their blythe-hearted songs of thanksgiving! but, oh, ye who dwell where the dim shadows fall thick, be not dumb before Him; make music to the Lord! it cannot always be a "joyful noise" here, but it will hereafter, and no sweetness will be missing in it then, because of the quiver of sorrow that sometimes saddened it now. He knows; He knows how the silvery chimes would float out if the bells were not muffled; He knows how the clear song would ring, were the voice unchoked by tears; and ah! we can fancy that, as we listen at eventide for the treasured night-bird's song, so our Father listens for the voices of His children borne to Him from the darkness of sorrow. The summer zephyr laden with the richest harmony that ever set the bird-haunted groves athrill, never carried to His ear such acceptable melody as that which is borne on many a sigh laden with holy aspirations, that steals up to Him from the night of chastening.

Oh! let us sing, speak, breathe of His goodness in the sunshine and the shade; in the golden morning and the gloomy night; on the sun-kissed mountains, and in the dreary vale. When he gives, let us praise Him; when He takes away, let us "speak good of His name;" for "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." If our lives are "crowned with plenty," let us render thanks unto the "Giver of all good;" if poverty be our portion, let us satisfy our souls with the "riches which are in Christ Jesus." There is always something to praise Him for, and if we do it with weak, faltering voices here, when we have passed through the last valley, emerged from the last shadow, the "new song" shall flow