

will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

Songs at midnight! Do you not think that Joseph sang in the prison-house of Potiphar? Do you not think that those three young men sang as they walked through those furnace flames, with a fourth like unto the Son of God? Do you not think that Daniel sang, and that his songs went up from the lions' den? Why, the cells of the Inquisition have resounded with songs of joy; songs have mingled with the breaking of bones on the rack; at the stake, songs have been wafted Zionward with the rising flames. And I love to think that all over this sorrowing world to-night there are songs at midnight—songs where wealth has been swept away, because the incorruptible riches are eternally secure; songs on the sick bed, because underneath are the everlasting arms; songs in the valley of the shadow of death, because the rod and the staff comfort and sustain; songs in the chamber where the dear one lies dead, because of the glory unspeakable in which the ransomed spirit is bathed; songs by the new-made grave, because the Resurrection and the Life has lain there too; and songs in the home where there is the vacant seat, because the eternal weight of glory is being fashioned by these afflictions; songs at midnight, believer, because the morning is glorious dawn, and because the stars shine the brightest in the darkness.

Now, some one of you may say here to-night: "Oh, if you were to know about me!—my cross is so heavy that I cannot sing." I tell you, believer, there is no heaviness of spirit in the secret place; I tell you there is no darkness when you are walking with one like unto the Son of God. If there were more singing Christians, I tell you there would be more seeking sinners. It was when Paul and Silas sang at midnight that the prisoners heard them, and I think the jailer heard the singing before he felt the earthquake, and I doubt very much if the earthquake would have brought him to

penitence if he had not heard the singing first.

And so I urge you to-night to sing, so that Satan's prisoners may hear you, and bear witness every day to the joy of the Lord that is in you. And if sometimes—for I know how it is myself—if sometimes you feel as if you could not sing—feel like a bird with its wings clipped—just try Paul's method at midnight: *And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and then they sang praises to God.* Just begin to pray; you will find the joy of the Lord rising to your lips, and the song at midnight will be the wings to waft your spirit up to God's throne.

I heard a soldier say once on the battlefield, when he was dying: "I can't help singing." Although the bones had been crushed by the terrible, deadly balls, he said he couldn't help singing. And what do you suppose he sang, as ball after ball played over him? He said: "I can't help singing

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies."

And as he was singing, he heard a multitude of voices; he had started a whole company in singing that hymn:

"When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies."

And pretty soon, all over that battlefield, they were joining with him in singing that hymn. *He couldn't help singing*; and it was only a few minutes after that that he joined the choir in heaven.

Thank God! we can sing at midnight; and when you and I stop singing because it is midnight, we deny the Master; but when we keep singing, the world looks at us and says, "There is a believer that can sing at midnight."

5. I do not stop, dear friends, except to call your thought (and then leave it there) to the simple fact that there is one more song—and you and I will know more about it by-and-by, and little can I tell you of it now; one more song mentioned in the Bible, and that is, the song before the throne. And only one person ever lived on this earth that heard that song, and that was the apostle John, at Patmos. Have you