

"I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK."

By the sound of the trumpet... When the heart is agitated... In the rush of life's long battle...

THE NEW SONG.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D. "And they sang a new song."—Revelations vi. 3.

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations, whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the consciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the Throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies.

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song excepting once for about thirty minutes; and judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever-accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

1. Mark the fact that this was a new song.

Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great chord, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices; and I have in the glow of my emotions said, surely this music is good enough for heaven. Indeed I do not believe that Luther's Hymn, or Coronation, Old Hundred, or Mount Pisgah, would sound ill-spoken from sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps.

musical as wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he is about to write a tune, or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions.

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that," and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory.

The new song of heaven was not composed because heaven had nothing else to do, but Christ, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured thus from his heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshippers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions.

Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes reference to past deliverances. Oh! how much they have to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which, on earth, they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed in the seven days' fight before Richmond, and with him it is a battle song. That one was starved to death at Belle Isle, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor-boy that had his back broken on the ship's masts, and with him it is a sailor's song.

Further, it will be an accompaniment song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I cannot share in such prejudices, when I remember how God has honoured them. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs; for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed instruments and organs.

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say, prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal, and how much of it is figurative. Who can say, but that from some of the precious words of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship, David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth, and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and the roll of the eternal orchestra!

Further, it will be an anticipatory song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken an opening piece of music this evening for the great service, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses in earth last only a short while. The famous musical conversation at Huldendorfs lasted with the fourth day. Our holidays end only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song."

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ on earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now animated for the heavenly worship. On this Christmas Eve, I foresee the time when the whole earth shall be brought in accord with the gospel—"Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men!" There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ in each

of the main building, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although ten million times ten million, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future population. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Swaziland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved.

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AN ESTABLISHED SYNOD ON UNION.

The Synod of Argyll of the Established Church of Scotland transmitted the following: "Whereas the unity of believers in Christ is, according to Holy Scripture, a matter of the highest importance, and the violation thereof by individuals, either acting alone, or collectively and in union, is a grievous sin; and whereas the present division of believers in Christ into distinct sects and churches, each nevertheless acknowledging the other to be a true, consistent member of the body of Christ, is consistent with this unity, and a source of weakness and evils manifold and grievous; and whereas it behoves every individual and Church by the obedience they owe their common Lord, who alone has the power to determine the conditions of union with men, and by the love they owe to each other as brethren in Christ, to do their utmost to remedy this evil and deplorable state; the Synod of Argyll humbly overtures the General Assembly to take this matter into consideration, and to adopt such measure as may seem to it in its wisdom judicious to do its part in healing these sorrowful divisions, and in restoring the unity of the Church of Christ in the world.

THE PEASANTS WERE LOGICALLY RIGHT.

The New York Times has a correspondent in Paris, who gives the following incident: "During the midsummer the peasants of the province of Berri were rejoicing in the prospect of a bountiful harvest, and were joyous over their splendid fields of grain. Suddenly a furious storm arose, and the rain, the wind and the hail destroyed the year's work in a single day. The fields were devastated and hopelessly ruined. The peasants were furious. A council was held in the village, and it was speedily resolved that the blame rested upon the priest. They argued that he could have prevented the storm if he had so willed by a few magical operations belonging to his calling, and kept off the hail by going out of the church with the cross, or with the patent, saintly relics of the locality. At least he could have driven the storm elsewhere—which meant, although not expressed, to the fields of their neighbours. Putting themselves in motion, the peasants went to the church, found their priest unsuspectingly saying mass at the altar, and at once made an attack upon him. They kicked him out; they beat him in the gutter, and then smashed the altar and made havoc among the saints. From the church they went to the priest's residence, threw his furniture and garments out of the window, tore up his books and smashed his crockery."

We say the peasants were logically right. Their priest had taught them his infallibility, his power to work miracles, to bless or to curse at his will, to command the clouds and the rain by his prayers, why then should he not divert disaster from his poor people? They were right in holding him responsible, on the ground of his own pretensions.

We have seen in Romish countries the farce of a procession of priests, and a wooden idol, a lighted taper, made for the purpose of commanding rain from heaven and securing the honour for so doing. These occasions, however, were chosen at the season of the year when the fall and spring rains were certain to come, yet the poor people believed they came at the call of the church and the Virgin Mary.

We remember one occasion, when a devotee, who, during a protracted storm, burned candles and performed devotions before the image of the Virgin, praying her to calm the elements, until, like the French peasants, she became frantic because of neglect, she seized her idol and rushed out of the house with it, and stuck it head first into the mud, and left it in the pelting storm with imprecations instead of blessings.

While the priests teach as they do, they should be held responsible for all the disasters by flood or flame, pestilence, or famine.

"A SMILE AND KINDLY GREETING."

Never take your place before your class without a smile and a kindly word of greeting to each of your scholars. Many a teacher puts a barrier between himself and the warm-hearted, wide-awake boys of his class by taking his place in the Sunday school without seeming to recognize the presence of those already there, or to observe those coming in afterward, until he has to speak to them in opening the lesson. And many a teacher gets a fresh hold on restless, trifling scholars, and prepares them for an interest in the lesson he teaches, by the sunny look and loving word through which he shows sympathy with each scholar on his first meeting with him for the day. A teacher must show his love for those whom he would bring to see the love of Jesus.—Sunday School World.

FAILURES IN SOCIETY.

Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and snore, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irrevocably, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it.—Rev. W. H. Murray.

REPROVING A SWELLER.

A word spoken in anger, is like a stone cast.

A swelled-eyed officer was once travelling by rail in Lancashire, when the train stopped at a small station, a number of cattle-dealers, and drovers, entered the carriage. They had just returned from a fair, and all appeared excited. It was soon evident that one of the company was being made a laughing-stock by the rest; and at least he became irritated, and uttered an oath. The officer put his hand gently upon his shoulder, and said, "Sir, you must not swear. The man looked at him and said, "And pray, who made you, sir, a conductor over this carriage?" "Oh, no one," replied the officer; "but I am your friend, and you will say so before night." "Indeed, but I won't," retorted the angry man; and after a brief silence he added, "There's many a bad one that goes to meetings." "Too true," replied the officer, "but there's never a swar that goes to heaven." This caused deep thought, and little more was said; but when the train stopped, the man much softened took the officer by the hand, and with real feeling said, "I don't love ye the less for what ye said to me."

DECEIVING CHILDREN.

Dr. B. was called to visit a sick boy, twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine except she deceived him.

"Well, then," said Dr. B., "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination said to him:

"My little man, you are very sick and must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and make you feel badly for a little while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without any resistance; and he would take from his mother anything that the physician had prescribed, but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she gave medicines, that he would not trust to anything she said.

Honesty with children, as well as with all others, and in all circumstances, is the best policy.

WORK AND PLAY.

Men differ in their opinion in regard to what is work and what play. He who through the long summer day swings a sledge, pushes a plow, or follows a plow, naturally enough imagines that having nothing to do is a blissful condition of affairs, and that play is a state of restor idleness, on the other hand, an able-bodied man, possessed of an active brain, finds doing nothing the hardest kind of work.

In these later years, no small amount of attention is paid to muscle. Brain feels the need of brawn. Vigorous physical exercise, even though it be for the time fatiguing, is not necessarily an unpleasant excitement, and the reward it brings, in red blood, digestion, and sleep, is well worth having. A great deal of our play is work of the roughest kind. This is true of rowing, swimming, ball playing, and a hundred other delightful exercises. He who follows a trout stream all day may call the sport by whatever name he chooses, but it is work nevertheless.

Of all work, brain labour is the most fatiguing. One can drop the implements of his trade, and the day's work is ended; but the cares of the office and the business across the threshold of home, mar the peace of the dinner hour, and lighten away sleep, or at least haunt one's dreams.

Work is agreeable and enjoyable very much in proportion as the subject is desirable and attainable. It is not very much to be wondered at that men work with increasing earnestness as they achieve notable successes in life for man is so constituted that he loves power, and money gives him this. The more money, the more power.

Habits of economy are very important in the relation they bear to the happiness of the individual. He who gains and holds his encouragement to go on gaining, whereas if one's gains slip through his fingers, so that he finds himself as poor at the end of year as when he began, he naturally grows discouraged, and work becomes irksome.

The love of money may be, and without a question is, the root of much evil, but it is also the germ of much good. Wherever it exists, there are cities, commerce, manufactures, agriculture, education, art; and where it does not exist, there is barbarism. The right thing for every man to do is to try to get on in life. Considered by itself, a cottage and a narrow lot of land is a small thing to have in possession. But the man who earns a home by day's work, finds toil sweetened by the prospect of possession, and coming to it at length, even though it be humble, he is prepared, to go on and accomplish better things in the future.—American Builder.

Whatever may be the cause of our sorrow, we must ever consider first God's will, who employs this means to correct us and to speed our progress in the path of virtue. Our complaints and murmurs, to a certain degree, are reflections on God's goodness.—Francis de Sales.