"I STAND AT THE DOOR AGD KNOCK,"

A . Be to def Kle oil state. Condette by the stance's broth; How mo?, and cas hads;

He hatin home the summ's part;

i sten, read h. Toly we can. Do between the toput

By Broke are adopted seportal, Production to dether a charst at a bein for since outal, What has traditionic set this soils; Listen, parent-Christ Mer. on recessific

What is a first of mail and decions, Tints the love-drawn, coming day, Thus the loog-drawn, coming day, Sulf Christ stands to, is unly calling, " files and open, why do lay?" Wilt thou listen? Wilt thou open? And ticd's voice of leve obey?

In the rush of life's long buttle, When the boart belonguered stands; Stilly clear, above the struggle, Christ in every hour come ands: That I enter

Er. bath run Time's golden sands." When the aged form is bowing, And life meck th like a dream, Even then Christ stendeth knocking's

Wilt then that He enter in? Quickly rising, Thou must oren. Though thy heart is held by sin. Lo, the Lord of life and glory

He is toock and very lowly ; Grief has been the Saviour's part. Quickly, mortal Ere He turneth to de paat Nove York Francelist

THE NEW SONG.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

" And they sung a new song "-Revalations v: 9

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. On Thursday nights, Exeter Hall of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses, who came in with free tickets, and huzzahed at the entertainment. At Berlin, at 11 o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the Royal Opera House for the people. On Easter Sunday in Dresden, the boom of cannon, and the ringing of bells, bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumped and drum. When the great fair day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music from far and near gather in the street, and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute, and horn, violin, and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and great the successful competitions as the prizes are distributed—
cups and vases of silver and gold. All our
American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing
well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation, and garlanded by excited admirers.

There are many whose most cestatic de-light is to be found in molodies; and all the splendor of colestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twolve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the Throne of God, would not make a heaven for then if there were no great and transporting har if there were no great and transporting nar-monies. Passing along our streats in the hour of worship you hear the voice of, sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven, we hear from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of the magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favoured throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing a while on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, and "they sang a new

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for aithough 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 over-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

Sometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, 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 illspoken from sainted lips, or thrummed from scraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time memories. But this we are told is a new song. Some of our preatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tones-the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have some-times thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in oternal chord. But it will after all be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and breathe with colours from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made from heaven. Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with note books, in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a

muce is a cought up by some preat speciate, or moved by some terrible a cony, or transported by some exquente gladinose, and he protein by some exqueste gladios, and he cas down to various tane, or a figure in which every note or every word is as park dropped in a the long of his own burning cantious. So Mendel im wrene, and so Besthoven, and so Charles Wishly. Cowper, depress of withmisintunes until the lost manner. manner a wed on sample, and a ked the cob-driver to take him to some place who he expand a to distroy has own life. The ne expand a to distroy has own life. The ceb driver 1 st his way, and Cowper in an to dank of his sin, and went back to his hone, and sat down and wrote,

street moves in a roy terrors way, ties conders to ge lerne, the plant has not steps in the sea, And sides upon the storm "

" Ye formal saints the decourage take. the clands to so tweel died Are big with mercy, and stall break in his sanza ca your head.

Mozart composed his own requien, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that," and while Emily was playing the requien, Mozart's soil went up on the ways or his own norse into glory. Limits looked are and and her tather was dead.

This new song of heaven was not com posed becomes heaven had nothing else to do, left Christ, in moracry of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of carri and hear n, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great eternity, poured this 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. If a new tune be started in church there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a time. But make the congregation learn a tune. But not not so with the new some of heaven. The children who went up today from the waters of the Gauges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it very street, has joined it. All know it—
those by the gate, those on the river bank,
those in the temple. Not feeling their way
through it, or halting, or going lack, as i
they never before had stug it, but with a
full round voice they throw their soul into
the new song. If some Sabbath day a few
notes of that authem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its trill. No bp could announce its sweet-ness. Transaxod, lost, enchanted, dumb, wo could not bear it—the faintest note of the new song. Yet, while I speak, heaven's cathedral quakes under it, and sons of glory bear it from beach to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, sing it—" the new song."

II. Further, it is a commemorative song We are distinctly told that it makes refer ence 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 sang. That one was starved to death at Belle Isla and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor-boy that had his back broken on the slup's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one was burned at Smith field and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of presention suffered, of grace extended. Sing of hale! some of axel As, when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the trenulante, weeping through the endences, adding exquisiteness to the performance, so, amidst the stupen pendous acclaim of the heavenly worship pers, shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed; and the enthroned spirit from the alms-house will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

III. Further, it will be an accompanied 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 projudices, 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. for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed insstruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship; for I read that "when he had taken the book, the four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps;" and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had getten the victory from the beast standing on the bea of glass, having the harps of God.

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say, proce 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 woods of earth and heaven those may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship, David may take the harp, and Habbakuk the shigionoth, and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments emoster than Mozart over fingered or Schutmann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven wrote for, let all heavon make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and the roll of the eternal orchestra

IV. Further, it will be an articipation song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken an opening piece of music this evening for the whole service, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is inaugurated. Festal choruses in earth last only a short while, The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but heaven, although singing for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount fast deliverances they will also on.

as the radio andlene a you would not have mude so great a mile the an if you supposed made so great a milet the ast if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizen hep. Although ten million theesten million, the inhabitants oscionly a handful empared with the future populations. All Chora is yet to be leaved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borne is yet to be seved. All Swizerland is yet to be saved. All Italy is yet to he reved. All Spain 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. Alter that fince may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters to night is an inhabworld, and that from all those spheren nighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out. I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into clory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe, but tor ten thousand universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know, that heaven is to be constantly augmented; that the song is swelling by the intenation of more voices; that the song of glory is rising higher and higher, and the procession is being multiplied. If he even sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left earth for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in tlocks from all Christendom, hour by hour, and mement by moment.
Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled
by the thought that soon we must separate.
Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains, flying thither, are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "good byo" in the hall, "good-byo" at most tye "in the nan, "good-bye at the door, "good-bye" at the rail trau, "good-bye" at the steamboat wharf. We meet t night in church. It is good to be there. But soon it will be nine o'clock. there. But soon it will be mine o'clock. The doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, the lights will lower, and the audience will be gene. But there are no separations, no good byes in heaven. At the door of the house of many manusions, no "good-bye." The song will be more pleasant, because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold. If the first day we enter heaven we sing well, the next day we will sing better. Song anticipative of more light, of more love, of more triumples. Al light, of more love, of more triumphs. Always something new to hear, something new to see. Many good people suppose that we shall see heaven the first day we get there. No! You can not see London in two weeks. You can not see Rome in six weeks. You can not see Venice in a server we have the great of the second of the secon month. You can not see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a day. No; it will the New Jerusalem m a day. No; it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the thrones, to see the hierarchies. Ages on ages roll, and yet heaven is new. The streets new! The temple new! The joy new! The song new!

thoroughly to understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splenders, where the occaus of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the sing? Neerl never! I stayed a week at Ningara Falls, hoping

The old preachers, in describing the sou rows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout. "The wrath to come!" "The day! lift up my hands, and, looking toward the great future, ery, "The joy to come!" "The joy to come!"

Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little barther down we shall find still brighter floods entering it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listoning to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps.

V. Finally, I remark that it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational sing-All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music will it be, when that song arios. In ther sings it. Charles Wesley ashamed to atter our voice as loudly as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the German sing will know what idea I mean to give, when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Everyhedy knows the rethe new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the south. Everybody going to Richmond, or to Charleston, wants to hear the African sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Ad ded to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the hosts of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars. O! the new song! Ga ther it all up! Multiply it with every cost ness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splender! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amid the magnificence of Apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the now sony l

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 attuned for the heavenly worship. On this Christmas Eve, I foresee the time when the whole earth shall be brought in accord with the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount fast deliverences, they will also onkindle at glories to come. If, at six o'clock, when this church opened, you had taken the few peeple that were seattered through it

call. Or more were of the end the media waves backwards and forwards with indeeribuble estect.

Well, my friends, the time will come viner eath and heaven will be but different parts can had heaver with be in uniform pure of one great seemed. It will be joy here and joy diere! It as her an ide to there! Trimpet to trimpet! Octon to organ! Hallelujah to halacajah!

"Until the day by defind the slindeys the away, turn, my befored, and be thou like a roc or a youn; best upon the mountains of Bether!"

EUPPOYING A SWELLER.

"A word spiken in one one in now contract?"

A resired myod officer was oneo travelling by not in Lanca slive, when the train-topped at one station, a number of caltledealers, and drovers entered the carriege. They had just returned from a har, and all appeared exerted. It was soon evident that one of the company was being made a lengthing-stock by the re t; and at least he became brutated, and unered an oath. The officer put his hand gently upon his shoulder, and said, "Sor, you must not swear. The man looked at him and said, "And pray, who made you, sie, a conductor over this carriage?" "Oh, no one," replied the officer; "but I am your includ, and you will say so before might." "Indeed, but I wont, retorted the anary man; and after a brief silence be added, "There's many a had one that goes to meetings. "Too true," replied the officer, "but there's never a swear that goes to heaven." This caused deep thought, and little more was said; but when the train stopped, the man much soft-ened took the officer by the band, end 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. twolve years of age. As he entered the house the mother took him aside and told him she could not get here by 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 rea soned with.

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

"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 mothor anything that the physician had pres-cribed, but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she gave incdi-cines, that he would not trust to anything

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 plane, 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 nohing the hardest kind of work.

In these later years, no small amount of attention is paid to musck. Brain feels the need of brawn. Vigorous physical ex-ercise, even though it be for the time fall guing, is not necessarily an unpleasant exettement, 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, bail playing, and a hundred other delightful excresses. Ho who follows a treut 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 fatiarics. Litther sings it. Charles Wesley mine. One can drop the implements of Never take your place before your class sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Univoices his trade, and the day's work is ended; but without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness without a simile and a kindly word of greetness with a simile and a kindly word of greetness but our throats cheared at last, and our care of the cares of the olice and the business pacities enlarged, you and I will not be active the photo below and truther body of the peace pacities enlarged, you and I will not be at the dipper hour and truther away the peace of the dinner hour, and frighten away sleep, or at least haunt one's dreams.

Work is agrecable and enjoyable very much in proportion as the subject sought 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 has oncouragement 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 become 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. Whosaver 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 carns 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 over 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.

## AN ESTABLISHED SYNOD ON UNION.

The Synod of Argyll of the Established Church of Scotland transmitted the follow-in overture to the General Assambly: Whereas the unity of believers in Christs, according to Holy Scripture, a matter of is, according to Holy Scripture, a matter of the highest importance, and the violation thereof by individuals, either acting alone, or collectively and in ambon, is a grievous san; and whereas the present division of believers in Christ into distinct sects and churches, each nevertheless acknowledging the other to be a true, constituent member of the body of Chrise, is consist an with this unity, and a concer of weakness and wills unity, and a conree of weakness and evils normfold and grevious; 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 m Christ, to do their utmost to remedy this cul fand 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 those sorrowful divisions, and in restoring of 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 dovastated and hopelessly rained. The peasants were furious. A council was hold in the village, and it was speedily resolved 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 relies 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 unsuspiciously 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 have 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 bloss or to curse at his will, to command the clouds and the rain by his prayers, why then should be 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 idel, a lighted taper, made for the purpose of commanding rain from heaven and secur-ing the honour for so doing. These occas-ions, 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 devotce, 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 idel 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 GREET-ING."

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 serve those coming in afterward, until he has to speak to them in opening the lesson. And many a teacher gets a fresh hold on And many a teacher gots a result hold on restless, trilling scholors, and propares them for an interest in the lesson be teaches, by the sunny look and loving word through which he shows sympathy with each scholar while feet much the feet that the state with the feet that the state of the s 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 simpor, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their fol-lies 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 irrovorently, and I trust not without due charity, without making due allowance for the inevitable in hie, 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 Millenium 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. Marray.