

Oliver Wendell Holmes has beautifully said: "If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me that there were particles of iron in it, I might search for them with my clumsy fingers and be unable to detect them; but take a magnet and swing through it, and the magnet will draw to it the particles of iron immediately. So let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is always gold."

But David did not strike his harp only for temporal mercies. "I will praise Thee, for Thou hast heard me"—praise for answers to prayer; he has a song for these. "I will praise Thee, because Thy loving kindness is better than life"—loving kindness in giving strength perfected in weakness. Every step of our pilgrimage should have a song for this loving kindness. And then what believer has not a song for these mighty works which in all the earth are glorifying the Architect? You remember the account of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem: the garments of the people carpeted the way, and their shouts of praise filled the air, and then it says the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works they had seen.

Christian, stop gazing on self. Stop brooding over your petty trials, and look up and look out on the world, and see what mighty works the Lord is doing. They are spreading their garments on the highway for the coming of the King. The shout of "Glory to the Son of David!" is sounding over all lands to-day and is gathering volume every hour. And have you and I no song of praise, as prophecy is being every day garlanded with millennial radiance, and as all the ends of the earth are seeing the salvation of our God?

3. Then there is a third kind of song in the Bible, and that is the Song of Victory. In the early morning twilight an immense host stood on the bank of the Red Sea, and from all of this grand

company of two millions there rose to Heaven a song of triumph and praise. The day before, you remember, there had been no singing. Hemmed in by the waters and by Pharaoh's pursuing army, Israel had no heart for anything but fears and murmurings. But God had commanded them to go forward; even those deep-rolling waves seemed to oppose any escape from the enemy; and when they obeyed God in the face of the seeming impossibility, there was opened a dry path for them through the sea, and with the pursuing chariots behind them they pressed quickly on, until with the morning's light they stood on the opposite shore, and looking back they saw no enemies, but only the waves which had overwhelmed the chariots and had covered Pharaoh and his host.

No wonder that they felt like singing, for all the fears of yesterday had been buried in that sea. No wonder that we read that they sang unto the Lord, for the victory was wholly His. Their only part had been going forward. No wonder that they sang with full hearts, "He hath triumphed gloriously;" for of all that mighty army of Pharaoh not one was left alive, and Israel had nothing to fear from Egypt any longer. What grand congregational music, beloved, that must have been, with only God and the angels for listeners! Old and young, parents and children, men and women, all joined in the song, with one heart, for all had been delivered, and with one passion of gratitude, for all recognized God's mighty hand.

We do not read of any such singing down in Egypt, for they were slaves there, and slaves never sing of victory, whether they are Pharaoh's slaves or Satan's slaves. There was a time afterward, you remember, when God's chosen ones were in captivity, and their enemies urged them to sing some of the old home songs. But they had no heart and no voice for praise; and so we read that they hung their harps on the willows, saying, "We cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land."