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THE SERVICE OF SONG.

SERMON BY REV. W. W. BREWER,
PREACHED IN THE METHODIST CHURCH,
GIBSON, JULY 30th.

(Photographically reported for THE HERALD by
W. A. LeVine.)

It came to pass as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound, to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying: For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever; and then the House was filled with a cloud, even the House of the Lord; so that the Priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of God.—2nd Chronicles 5th Chap. 13th and 14th verses.

My text is a part of the record of a wonderful episode in history of the Jewish people, namely, the dedication of the temple built by Solomon for the worship of Almighty God. We learn that the dedication of this magnificent structure at this time was made with song and praise, with the clang and swell of cymbals, with the sound of trumpets and other instruments of music. We see here very plainly, I think, that scientific singing and instrumental music may not hinder the bestowal of the divine glory and spirit, but that music and song will tend to greater and more sublime revelations of God: for here we are told "that the priests could not minister for the glory of the Lord filled the House of God." I think it beyond all question, that the temple service of the Hebrews, was the most magnificent choral worship the world has ever seen. As arranged by David and Asaph, the choir consisted of some four hundred singers and players. We are told that on great occasions a band with musical instruments played and a company of singers sang; and that their songs would be heard at a distance of ten miles. This is wonderful, yet we accept the statement. Such a choir, surpassing our greatest efforts, and leading the rejoicing song of an assembled nation, must have been overpowering. In asking your attention to this subject, we will notice first:

NATURE'S MUSIC.

It is other than our ignorance which says, "What though in solemn silence, all move round this dark terrestrial ball?" Is not Shakespeare a better divine than Addison. He says—"There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest, but in motion like an angel sings still choiring to the young eye-cherisher." The ancient philosophers wrote about the music of the spheres; they believed that the respective distances of the heavenly bodies were regulated according to the rules of numerical proportions, corresponding to the harmonic distances and intervals marked on our sheets of music, and that their uniform harmonies and sweetly tuned motion through the profound sweetest music. When asked why men had never heard this music, they assigned two reasons—first, "because men having heard it without intermission from their births, it was philosophically and necessarily inaudible. The second reason was this—the music was so loud, various and sweet as to exceed all aptitude or proportion of the human ear; therefore could not be heard by men. Who will say that this is only imagination. We say the old philosophers were mad. Why the very wind blowing toward the Orient to welcome the rising sun, or shifting to the Occident to fan the sun's fiery face and lull him to sleep in the cradle of the West, fills the air with harmony, and according to its degree of strength and speed makes some of the sweetest music in nature, though it may have nothing but the cranny of a log but for its trumpet or the barkless limb of a dead tree for its harp. What a variety of sentiment of all shades and degrees of power are awakened by the ordinary sounds made in nature. The solian whistles of the evening breeze, the hum of insects, the notes of birds, the murmur of the rivulets, the rippling of the brook, the laugh of the cascade, the scream of the torrent, the bellowing of the catarract, the roar of the tempest, the solemn booming of the thunder—are all sounds in the grand orchestra of nature, which inspire the mind, fill it breaks away from earth, rises above the stars and careers with steady wing to the very presence of its Maker, every plume of its broad wing instinct with sentiment and quivering with holy afflatus. You may call it music or what name you will; still it will be so to the ear of those who listen—who listen for a moment to the music of nature's choir. Myriads of birds give the soprano, insects, streams and breezes sing the alto, hurricanes and tempests voice the tenor, thunder, waterfalls and stormy oceans roar the bass; and this music, which begun at the creation, shall sweep on increasing and ceaseless till its harmonious octaves shall break in Halleluiah chorus against the throne of God. Secondly:

PATRIOTIC MUSIC.

"David moved the heart of Palestine. Homer, the heart of Greece; Thaso, the heart of Italy; Schiller, the heart of Germany; Burns, the heart of Scotland; Tennyson, the heart of England; by their patriotic songs. Music and song, illustrative of the noblest feeling that can animate the human breast, have rolled through every great battle field and pale through the scream of the storm of every ocean highway. Drake's sailors sang when they first clove the virgin waves of the Pacific and Probalier when they dashed against the barrier of Arctic ice and night. England's soldiers and sailors sang on the eventful days when she held her Protestant freedom against Pope and Spaniard, and won for all time the supremacy of the seas. At a critical moment, at the battle of Waterloo, said to be the most critical moment, word was brought to Wellington that the 42nd Highlanders were wavering; some one said the band had ceased. Instantly a command was given for the band to strike up again; and the effect was magical. The wavering soldiers rallied, stood solid, impregnable, with tattered colors and blood-drenched swords they went forth to win the hard contested field.

CHURCH SONG.

Sir Philip Sydney is credited with saying, "Let me make the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." Now, I would venture to say, let me determine the hymns and singing of a church, and I don't care who does its praying and preaching. Do not think me arrogant. Think a moment on what preaching is. At its best, its highest, it is mere talking to other men. What is prayer? At its highest, its sublimest, it is the interested approach to God of a needy suppliant. What is song or praise but the worship of the soul, in self-forgetful adoration before the Throne of the Eternal Father? Worship song, like mercy, is twice blessed.—It blesses him that gives and him that takes; and, like charity, it never faileth, for song is the religion of Heaven. In prayer we receive; in praise we become; we hold out our hands for blessing, we wait long hours for blessings. In praise the heart goes out in song. In prayer we plead—in praise we sing, we impart our thoughts to music—in prayer we give expression to our lowest needs—in praise to our highest mood of satisfaction and joy. Prayer seeks, praise professes. Prayer is beseeching, agonizing—praise is worshipping, adoring. Prayer asks God to come—praise goes up to God. The soul that sings stands up with uplifted countenance and transfused face, ready to soar away into the presence of the Creator.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of cultured music. Remember I expect very much from the choir. I have got what I expected. I shall expect a great deal more, and I am confident they will meet my expectations. The choir are my colleagues and helpers in the ministry. Yes, a mightier ministry than mine, is theirs, for in heaven exhortation and preaching will not be heard; but song will be for ever. Those who sing bless me with many blessings for I ever preach well at all; it is when my soul is moved, when all that is in me is inspired by such singing as we have had to-night. You as a congregation hardly suspect how much your spirited fervor and joy are dependent upon the fitness and beauty of our vocal praise. What a color it gives to every service! How every thing else is imbued by its subtle spirit or moved by its magic powers! Excited and exalted by rapturous song, now easy to pray, how pleasant to preach, how profitable to hear!

Turning from this point, let us briefly review the derivation and history of church song. Jerome tells us, in his Epistle to Marcellus, that in christian villages scarcely anything was heard but psalms; for "whichever way you turn either you have the pleasure of this psalm singing. The weary weaver refreshing himself in like manner, the vine dresser chanting forth David's psalms, praise the Saviour." The one paramount feature of these early hymns is their great self-forgetting and rapturous praise. This is the more remarkable when we remember

that they sprang to birth in the martyr age of the church, while christianity was as yet a feeble struggling and illicit thing. There is also a wonderful feeling of gladness in these early songs. Not a shade of sorrow saddens them. Not a struggle seemingly embarrasses them. The smell of brimstone had not then passed over the theology of the church. Men were not taught to fear God, but to look up to him as a loving father. Their songs were filled with the wonders of his love; and it does my heart good sometimes to read those songs to-day, so full of praise to God—so full of Gods love. Passing for want of time the days of Ambrose Bishop of Milan and Gregory the Great, Pope in the year 590, both of whom represent epochs in church song, we come down to the time of the Reformation. Between Gregory and Luther a thousand years had passed, years of darkness degradation and shame; but then the light of the Reformation flashed out, spiritual life revived and the spirit of song broke forth from the hearts of the people. The darkness had been very dense, the spiritual cloud was very great, but light, life and song broke forth; God gave to the church its greatest Apostle and poet Martin Luther. Well was it for Germany that Luther's mind was not as unmusical as Calvin's, for then the church-spirit of Protestantism would have been as harsh and repulsive as it used to be in those churches which call John Calvin their founder. The musical Luther has filled the churches of the world with heart-stirring song—the unmusical Calvin so impoverished Puritan and Presbyterian worship that its ragged, inartistic singing has become a by-word. Under the Wesleyes, you will remember that singing had a mighty effect in arousing the nation, and in leading thousands to Christ. In our our song worship, we have precious wealth of song, the inheritance of many generations; and it is well to remember, to know that these songs were not made by any particular sect; they come from the Catholic Church, the Church of England, the Presbyterian Church and from every denomination, and I prize the book because of its poetic beauty, because of the words it contains and their spiritual life; and I prize it because of its unsectarian character. How this hymn book has enriched our worship. Next to the Bible the greatest loss the world could sustain would be her service of song. Germany could do better without Luther's sermons than without his songs. The church generally could spare all her doctors of divinity who write better than her hymns. Sabbath after sabbath, in ten thousand worshipping assemblies, Luther speaks and Bishop Ken and Isaac Watts, and Cowper, and Montgomery, and John and Charles Wesley, speak to us though they be dead. In the last place, I notice briefly:

HEAVENLY MUSIC.

Here I confess my ignorance and inability. If I have stumbled through the earthly, how shall I tell you of the heavenly? Dr. Dick, in a learned work argues that the redeemed in Heaven will cultivate arithmetic, geometry, conic sections, astronomy, natural philosophy and the various branches of history. Had he lived to day he might have added geology, the theories of the evolutionists, mental and moral science and all the other branches of a modern university curriculum.

Now, I have all respect for Dr. Dick, but prefer John's testimony. He tells us from Patmos that in the heaven he saw there was no temple, no church, no preaching, no prayer, but he tells us there was song—a place bright with Divine glory, filled of the Divine presence, streaming with Divine beauty, peopled with millions and tens of millions of shining monuments of God's mercy and grace—a place where myriads and myriads sing hallelujahs of salvation—hosannahs of redemption. This is John Bunyan's idea—"Bye and bye," he says, when his weary pilgrims drew near—"a great company came up to them with singers and trumpeters, and the trumpeters sounded forth; and the bell-ringers of heaven rang their bells there and sang a welcome song." Heaven is laid before us in the scriptures as a mansion bought for us—a house of many mansions—the abiding place of angels—the dwelling place of God, where fountains sparkle, where rivers and streams of silver meander through the valleys made radiant with the fragrance of Sharon's rose, and vocalized by never-ending songs of praise. And this we can safely say without being charged with too much imagination, that whatever heaven may be, and whatever may be our employments there the worship shall be all song, no prayer shall be there; for there shall be no sense of want; all song—high ecstatic song—for all is triumph. All song—not plaintive, not song tremulous with sorrow, dirgeful for the dead, for there will be no dying ones, but hallelujahs and triumphal marches—song among the cherubim and seraphim—song among all the ranks of angels—song through the myriads of the redeemed and redeemed—song that shall fill all the depths, the

lengths and breadths of heaven, and roll up in one eternal strain unto the God whose mercy endureth for ever. "The whole creation," says Paul, "groaneth and travaileth until now." The "now" shall end and song shall be universal. Why? Our text answers the question. His mercy endureth for ever. The sobbing sea shall burst into hallelujahs because His mercy endureth for ever. The depths shall send up hallelujahs because His mercy endureth for ever. Winds, storms and tempests shall voice hallelujahs, because His mercy endureth for ever. Lightnings shall flash and thunders roll hallelujahs, because His mercy endureth for ever. Angels shall harp and all Heaven's hosts sing, because His mercy endureth for ever. So the great human family from Adam down moves on, and so it shall move on until the steady tramp of the ages shall halt before Him who is the Captain of their salvation, and in song praise Him because His mercy endureth for ever. Christ at the head. This is the order of the march. Christ first, Christ last. Friends, march on, march on, ever singing as you march an anthem to Christ your Saviour. Friends, fall in, fall in. Follow Christ that is the only religion I know of or want to know. Fall in. Fall in singing as you march "His mercy endureth for ever."

Blind as a Bat, Deaf as a Post, Yet a Fool.

One of the most remarkable products of humanity known to this generation is Morrison Heady, of Kentucky. He is blind as a bat, deaf as a post, and laboring under such disadvantages that it would be wonderful if he could do anything, or had learned anything; he is a marvel of mechanical dexterity, of inventive genius, and of clear and quick cogitation. On seeing him walking the streets of Louisville with head erect and strong tread, holding a little boy by the hand, you would not suspect his disabilities, nor watching him the counter of a hardware store purchasing a knife, would an observer think anything of the matter, unless he happened to note that the dealer spoke no word, but only touched the hand of the customer.

Among his inventions is a leather glove, with the letters of the alphabet painted on it. You can talk to him as fast as you can touch those letters with the end of your finger. Another of his inventions is a mechanical writing machine, with which he can write and others can transcribe. The machine pricks its way along the paper, and he can read his own writing by the sense of touch. Others can use the machine to write out for him anything not procurable in blind type, and he can then read it with his fingers, and indirectly have access to the literary gems which would otherwise be sealed book to him. Usually a blind man can hear, but it is useless to read to Heady. His speech is as clear and sharp as that of a man of education combined with great force of will and perfect faculties. Since he cannot hear himself speak, the fact is a remarkable physical puzzle.—for the best of us learn accuracy of pronunciation and distinctness of enunciation, by dint of long practice and study, educating ourselves by the aid of our ears and eyes.

Among his other accomplishments this man numbers the art of poetry. Several years ago he published a volume of poetry. At every point he is a master. Iambic pentameter rolls from his mouth as easily as lambs to pasture, and from Scott's pen. The reader who has never seen this man's poetry will be incredulous, but a glance down a few pages of hexameter will convince any one that Heady can write any sort of poetry he likes.—New Orleans Picayune.

PLUNDERED ALEXANDRIA.—The London "Times" points out that the destruction of property at Alexandria must have been very great. A vast city, whose streets were lined with noble mansions, has been reduced to ashes. The loss, immense as it is to the owners, can have little benefited the plunderers. Arab thieves would profit very little by European furniture in a place where there was no organization of receivers of stolen goods. Cash they would not find. Goods had all been shipped long ago. Even the shops contained very little stock. The destruction would benefit nobody, not even the destroyers. One result is certain to come out of this disaster. A long series of claims will be made against Egypt for the loss of property. Even before their departure, in all the hurry of their exodus, all European owners of either house or furniture made a statement of what he owned and lodged it with his Consulate. Many even who had not insured before went so far as to insure their goods and chattels, not because they thought the companies would indemnify them from loss at the hands of the mob, but because they would have an additional proof of what they held to be the value of their property. Poor Egypt has a melancholy future before her in many ways.

Contrasts in Life.

The enormous increase in the cost of living, with the probability of a further rise on account of the war and short crops in Europe, is becoming a serious problem to the working classes and those living on salaries. That high prices will be permanent appears very likely owing mainly to combinations of capitalists. The gulf between rich and poor is very marked and daily increasing on this continent. Here, while the contrasts in life are somewhat broadly defined we have no such reckless luxury and abject poverty as may be witnessed any day in great cities, especially in those of the United States. The New York correspondent of the Utica Herald has drawn a startling picture of life in that city. He mentions one liquor saloon that takes in \$200 or \$300 per day (or rather night), as it is patronized by a crowd of fast fellows, who drink nothing but high priced liquors. A dinner at Delmonico's or Penard's can be had at from \$5 to \$40 per guest, according to the bill of fare and the wine list. A number of the parties have been given during the past season in the fifth avenue, in which \$200 were expended in flowers alone. How easy to pay such bills when one's income is \$1,000 a day, and this is not a large figure among New York capitalists.

The correspondent then asks us to look the other side of social life in the great city: "Four women were arraigned in the police court for selling vegetables and matches in the streets. One of the number said she was a widow with two children, and this was their sole support. The magistrate replied that it was a violation of law, and he was obliged to fine them \$10 apiece, and as they were conveyed to the prison one of them fainted." Such contrasts, we are told, may be found daily.

Economists may spin their theories, and pompous moralists draw their stale conclusions, but nothing can make us believe that a state of society, where such terrible contrasts exist, can be just or permanent. A country which boasts of having a surplus of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat to export in one year should have no such misery within its borders. If the theory of republic government be right, as the wisest and the best of men believe, it must be badly administered—republican can only in name—or nothing like what has been described above could exist.

The correspondent, as if to add a sadder touch to the dark picture, gives the figures of the incomes of the rich men of the city. "Ex Governor Morgan's is estimated at \$500,000 a year; Russell Sage's is rated at a million to a million and a half; Jay Gould's income cannot be less than half a dozen millions. To come down to smaller men, R. L. Stuart has nearly a million a year, while Robert and Sigbee Gould are each rated at \$250,000. Bennett is reckoned at \$600,000; D. O. Miles, Sir C. Tupper's friend, figures at \$200,000, and the young Vanderbilts—William K. and Cornelius—are not much below him. The estate of A. T. Stewart & Co., has an income of a million, which renders Mrs. Cornelia Stewart the richest widow in America. The Astors, John Jacob and William, are each estimated at one million and a half, while William H. Vanderbilt probably has five times as much, and yet within five minutes' walk from the place where those men live, one can find multitudes whose life is one prolonged battle with famine."

Still we read of the price of food advancing, and the government of the country taking taxes from the people at the rate of a million dollars per day, the national legislature combining to rob the treasury under forms of law and capitalist combining with government sanction to compel the people to pay five times more for the necessities of life than they are worth. Some persons, reflecting on these things, take comfort in the thought that the vast fortunes accumulated by the persons mentioned will dissolve as rapidly as they grew for there are no laws in America to perpetuate great families. This may be true enough in its way, but if these men disappear and their fortunes become dissipated, the same economic forces that created them will supply other to take their place. And, as time goes on, so will social crystallization. Evidently America has another revolution to pass through before the people will know what true republicanism is.—Free Press.

The longest line of fence in the world will be the wire fence extending from the Indian Territory west across the Texas Panhandle, and thirty-five miles into New Mexico. We are informed that eighty-five miles of this fence is already under contract. Its course will be in the line of the Canadian River, and its purpose is to stop the drift of the Northern cattle. It is a bold and splendid enterprise, and will pay large percentage on the investment. The fence will be over 200 miles long.—Clarendon Texas News.

The Quebec Local Legislature is expected to meet in October.

The Canadian Parliament and Home Rule.

The New York "World" says: "It is by no means surprising that the British Colonial Secretary should have deemed it his duty, more in anger than in sorrow, to admonish the Canadian Government regarding the address in favor of Irish Home Rule voted by the Dominion Parliament this spring, that when Imperial affairs are under discussion Her Majesty is in the habit of consulting the Imperial Parliament only. Lord Kimberley's despatch recalls the reply, as reported by the proprietor of a penny peep-show of Wellington and Blucher, when the Prussian commander asked, 'My Lord Duke, wherefore do you not lead your men to victory?' His Grace replied, 'It is not for the likes of me to speak to the likes of you.' In point of fact the Liberals of Canada introduced a Home Rule resolution, with an eye to capture the Irish vote in the general election, then but a few weeks distant, and the Conservatives passed it so as not to be outbid. Neither side really cared a straw for the motion, and it would perhaps have been wiser had the friends of Home Rule taken it at its intrinsic worthlessness. It was merely another evidence of the cynical readiness of Sir John Macdonald (quite unparalleled, of course, in our own beloved country) to take votes wherever he can find them. Thus it was that he introduced the tariff of 1878, withdrew it, reintroduced it, and passed it all in one day. Thus it was, too, with his original and successful coalition between the Catholics of Quebec and the Orangemen of Ontario. In the good old days when the Canadian Government used to stimulate Fenian raids in order to get the Militia Bill passed, there was not so much eloquence lent to the advocacy of Home Rule."

It is announced that the sword of the equestrian statue of King William III, which so effectively ornaments College Green, in Dublin, has fallen from the hand of the monarch's casting. It has withstood the effects of temperature, wind, and fanaticism for upwards of 170 years, without being injured or molested, excepting, perhaps, the freaks of the Trinity students, who, to do honor to the memory of so good a king, blew him off his horse. On another occasion, when it was always profusely decorated with orange lilies, it was tarred and feathered. The workmen at the bank observed several men erecting ladders against the statue late in the night preceding the memorable day, and asking what their business was, they replied, "We are touching him for the twelfth." When the sun rose next morning the beautiful statue presented a most pitiable aspect, and many who have examined it recently say that even now traces of the tar can be detected in the finer parts of the bronze. It is to be hoped that the accident that has now occurred to it is due to the effects of the weather, which we hope is true, although if another explanation has been offered associating the act with the Dublin prospects, it would not be outside the prospect of belief.

To sum up, the elements of the present imbroglio are very complex. This is not the first occasion in some time that such a phenomenon has occurred. The fall of the Gambetta Ministry was as sudden as that of the De Freycinet Ministry, and it cannot be said that it was more justified, nor that it was determined by more exact causes. It may even be thought that what has happened justifies to a certain degree the policy which was then condemned, and that is certainly the opinion of those who think that clearness of design and firmness in practice conduct more surely and directly to an end than blind groping and indecision. We may add at the same time that whatever the reservation that should be made as to the intentions of the majority, or of the various factions of the majority, which has refused the credit demanded for the defence of the Suez Canal, we do not entertain for a moment the idea that any one of these factions has dreamed in taking that resolution of abandoning either the canal itself or the care of the French interests involved in this unhappy business. There is certainly in the embarrassment of the Chamber, one view to be taken as to the general question of national rights and one view as to the incidents which complicate without lessening them. To refuse its assent to a special measure or to free itself from the responsibilities which a political occurrence as grave as the Anglo-French concert in Egypt imposes, are two very different things, and if the majority can be justified for abstaining from all engagements which seem to it inexpedient it assuredly would incur general condemnation and it will justly be reproached with a lack of patriotic intelligence if its decision has been dictated by the abandonment of those elevated ideas which have been hitherto to the traditional policy of France in the Orient, to its prestige in Africa and particularly to its actual interests in Egypt.—Courier des Etats-Unis.

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