

brother Charles to do it; and when some one said, "This is a song tune," he said, "I don't care about that; why should the devil have all the best tunes?" And so when he had finished his sermon in a village, he met the Society, taught them the tune, and they set their neighbours singing, and thus they seemed to "roll the rapturous hosanna round." Their happiness! They had gone to the right source, they went to the Bible; and some of us would be a great deal happier if we were to follow their example. The Bible is the very fountain of joy for our poor, perishing world. If you ask, Why read the Bible? I commend to you St. John's answer—and I have sometimes wished it could be printed in letters, of gold on every Bible in the world: "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." When our fathers came to God's house they spent a good deal of time in singing; and they, like David, were not afraid of "repeats." Classical music does not suit a warm heart. There is not room in it. You are through it, and out of it, before you are well in it: and I say here, not without deliberation, that I think one of the greatest benefits that some of you good folks who understand music can confer on the Methodist Church just now is to save the old Methodist tunes, for as the revival which God is giving us spreads through the Connexion we shall want them again. I know that some of our friends sneer at the old style, but the music was heard in heaven, and brought priceless blessings to earth. How they sang! What a volume of sound went up from a Methodist chapel! And the places they built were suited for it. When they erected places of worship they did not erect splendid tombs. They built bright and happy homes, and having built them, they filled them; and when they were there you hardly ever knew when they would get out. When at last they did leave, you could hear them in many a country lane, and across many a wild