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HEAVEN'S NEW SONG.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE MUSIC OF THE BLEST.

It Will Be Accompanied by the Sound of the Harps of the Redeemed—"God Grant That We May All Join in Singing It."

BROOKLYN, Sept. 7.—Dr. Talmage's sermon for today was a glowing description of the melodies of the Celestial land. His text was, "And they sang a new song."—Rev. v. 9. Following is the sermon:

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 huzzed at the entertainment. At Berlin at 11 o'clock daily the military band, with sixty or a 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 trumpet and drum. When the great fair of Leipzig 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 greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cup and vase 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 veneration and garlanded by excited admirers.

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN. There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies, and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the lusciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods, and under the throne of God would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the streets of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate.

We may not yet enter in among the favored 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 song."

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 and sweetest positions from other tunes—the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that the 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 be poured into it. Its cadences the Gods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life. "A new song"—just made for 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 exceptions. But once in a while a gem is wrought up by some great spectator, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down 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. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortunes until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home, and sat down and wrote:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds you so much dread Are big with mercy and shall break In blessings on your head.

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. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

ON A WAVE OF MELODY TO GLORY. This 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 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 who can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learn a new tune. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up today from the waters of the Ganges 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—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halting or going back, as if they never before had sung it, but with a full, round voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air we could

not stave it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its thrill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear the faintest note of the new song. Yet while I speak heaven's cathedral quakes under it and seas of glory leap from their benches to beach, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands sing it—"the new song."

IT IS A COMMEMORATIVE SONG. Further, it is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it makes a reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor or boy that had his back broken on the ship's halcyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecutions suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulants, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, so amid the stupendous acclaim of the heavenly worshippers 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 angelic spirit from the almshouse will sing of glory from the God who may wear all tears, but not the memory of the grief that started them!

THE HARPS OF THE BLEST. 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 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, and when the great instruments shall, for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed instruments 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 gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

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 woods 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 instruments 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!

AN ANTICIPATIVE SONG. Further, it will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music today for the whole service you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convention 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 past deliverances they will also kindle at glories to come. If at 9 o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it, as the main audience, 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 millions are already there, 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 Switzerland 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. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our night is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heavenly city. They will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory 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 for 10,000 universes. I do not know just how large it will be, but this I know—that heaven is to be constantly augmented, and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher and the procession is being multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left earth for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour and moment by moment!

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE. 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-by" in the hall, "Good-by" at the door, "Good-by" on the street, "Good-by" at the rail train, "Good-by" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-bys in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bys. At the peerly gate no good-bys. 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 glories unfold.

If the first day we enter heaven we sing well the next day we sing better. Song anticipative of more 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 cannot see London in two weeks. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month. You cannot see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a day. So, it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the throne, to see the hierarchs. Ages on ages roll, and yet heaven is new! The streets new! The temple new! The joy new! The song new!

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand it and appreciate it. But on the last day it seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet and pour themselves into the great heart of God, how soon will we exhaust the song? Never! Never!

THE SONG WILL NEVER BE EXHAUSTED. The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" Today I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" "Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning their harps!

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 singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be when that new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but, our throats cleared at last and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices 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 I mean to give when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the 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 Africans 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. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

OH! THE NEW SONG. Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every glory! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycles of eternity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah! hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethel!"

Rooted to the Spot. I heard a story the other day about the former assistant rector of one of the largest Episcopal churches in the city. The gentleman in question is now the president of a college so far away that he cannot get to the church to attend the service. He was a jolly good fellow when he lived in a boarding house here, and in his off hours he was accustomed to join in with the other good fellows of the house at a friendly game of whist or a smoke.

One evening when he was out at service two of the wags of the establishment remembered that it was his invariable habit upon returning home to doff his roundabout vest and clerical coat, put on an old smoking jacket and incase his feet in a pair of morocco slippers, which latter always occupied the same position on his bedroom floor preparatory to his coming. Accordingly they firmly nailed these slippers to the floor and awaited results in the next room.

Presently the dominie returned. They heard him moving about; they heard the clatter of his shoes as they were taken off and thrown down, and then all was silence. They peered cautiously in, and there beheld the young clergyman standing in his slippers, his face white as a sheet, and a look of horror upon it, his eyes staring straight ahead. The sight was too much for them, but they managed to suppress their laughter and ask in a tone of amazement what the matter was.

"Matter," he gasped, "there is matter enough; boys, I'm paralyzed and can't move hand or foot. For mercy's sake, help me."

The man did actually, such is the force of imagination, believe he was paralyzed for a moment or two, but he finally set 'em up, in a manner appropriate to his calling, by buying cigars for the crowd.—Brooklyn Life.

She Was Very Deaf. There was once an old lady of Boston who was very deaf and being very old she did not read much. One Fourth of July the Boston artillery fired a hundred guns on the Common to usher in the day. The old lady had forgotten the day and she sat in her room near the Common, knitting. Every now and then she would fidget a little, look toward the door and then resume her knitting. Finally the hundredth was fired, with a big charge of powder, and the old lady gave a sudden start, looked up keenly and said: "There! I was sure somebody was knocking. Come in."—Exchange.

Starch Sirup and Sugar. Bring to brisk boiling two ounces and a half of water to which twenty drops of sulphuric acid have been added, and then add one ounce of starch mixed with a little water, forming a paste, but only in small quantities at once, that the boiling may not be interrupted. When all the starch is stirred in let the mixture boil for some minutes. Then add chalk to neutralize the acid, filter the liquid through porous paper, and evaporate to the consistency of a thick sirup. The starch sirup thus made, as well as the white solid starch sugar, are both articles of commerce.—Exchange.

In a discussion that has lately been carried on in Europe as to the distance at which large objects on the earth's surface are visible it was stated that the Himalaya mountains have appeared to view from the great distance of 224 miles and Mont Blanc 210 miles.

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