

So I remark that all the sweet sounds of

ments of music are inappropriate for the Christian's parlor. When did the house of sin or the bacchanal get the right to music? They have no right to it. God, in my text,

So all the vicissitudes of this life, so far as they have any religious profit, are in the right of the Christian. If you should stand among the Allegheny mountains, especially near what is called the "Horseshoe," you would find a train of cars almost doubling on itself, and sitting in the back car you see a locomotive coming as you look out of the window, and you think it is another train whow, and you think it is another train when it is only the front of the train in which you are riding; and sometimes you can hardly tell whether the train is going toward Pittsburg or toward Philadelphia, but it is on the track, and it will reach the depot for which it started, and all the pas-sengers will be discharged at the right place. Now, there are a great many sharp curves in life. Sometimes we seem to be going this way, and sometimes we seem to be going that way; but if we are Christians ws are on the right track and we are going to come out

Jesus is yours, God is yours. You look up into the face of God, and say, "My Father." into the face of God, and say, "My Father." You look up into the face of Jesus, and say, "My brother." Walk out on the battle-ments of heaven and look off upon the city of the sun. No tears. No sorrow. No death. No smoke of toiling warehouse curling on the air. No voice of biasphemy thrilling through that bright, clear Sabbath morning. No din of strife jarring the air. Then take from horizon to horizon, "All are your." Then set up into the temple of the sun workingers in white, each with a pain branch, and from high gallery of that temple look down upon the thousands of thour

