THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

OR TALMAGE ON NATURE'S MINIS-TRY IN BONG.

The Peathered Warbiers Sing of Love and plo aquake with harmonies would not laugh of the loon in the Adirondacks. Now Here to Learn of Them - Barvelous

BROOKLYN, June 25 .- Rev. Dr. Talto the season of the year in which it is preached. It is well fitted to be read under the trees and has in it the health of outdoor life. Text, Psalms, civ. 12, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the

There is an important and improving subject to which most people have given and blasphemous souls which could sing that you heard the family song-on the no thought and concerning which this till great auditoriums were in raptures. is the first pulpit discussion-namely, been written concerning music by hu- in concert halls has not been more fa man voice or about music sounded on mous than their debaucheries. But instrument by finger or breath were put there is a kind of song which, like the together, volume by the side of volume, song of birds, is divinely fashioned. it would fill a hundred alcoves of the Songs of pardon. Songs of divine comnational libraries.

swept the door latch of heaven and as Christian mother sings over the sick crathough never a whippoorwill had sung dle. Songs of a broken heart being its lullaby to a slumbering forest at healed. Songs of the dying flashed upon nightfall. We give a passing smile to by opening portals of amethyst. the call of a bobolink or the chirp of a canary, but about the origin, about the fiber, about the meaning, about the mirth, about the pathos, about the inspiration, about the religion in the song of birds the most of us are either ignoing file in the high court of heaven

and bar and clef as much as anything ever put on paper. As we pass the claimed reverently, "Oh, God!" and angrove where the flocks are holding matin other sobbed out, "Oh, Christ!" or vesper service we are apt to think that the sounds are extemporized, the rising or falling tone is a mere accident. it is flung up and down by haphazard, the bird did not know what it was

rack before him Mendelssohn's "Elijah" inite idea as to what he was doing than every bird that can sing at all confines himself to accurate and predetermined rendering. The oratorios, the chants, the carols, the overtures, the interludes, the ballads, the canticles that this morning were heard or will this evening be heard in the forest have rolled down through the ages without a variation. Even the chipmunk's song was ordained clear back in the eternities. At the gates of paradise it sang in sounds like the like "Teacher!" "Teacher!" "Teacher!"

yellowthroat inherits and bequeaths the tempestuous January: tune sounding like the words "Pity me, pity me, pity me!" The white sparrow's 'Tseep, tseep" woke our great grandfathers as it will awaken our great grand-children. The "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the birds in the first century was the same as the "Tee-ka-tee-ka-tee-ka" of the nineteenth century.

NATURE'S UNCHANGING SONG. The goldfinch has for 6,000 years been singing "De-ree-dee-ee-ree." But these sounds, which we put in harsh words, they put in cadences, rhythmic, soulful and enrapturing. Now if there is this order and systematization and rhythm all through God's creation does it not imply that we should have the same characteristics in the music we make or try to make? Is it not a wickedness that so many parents give no opportunity for the culture of their children in the art of sweet sound? If God stoops to educate every bluebird, oriole and grosbeak in song, how can parents be so indifferent about the musical development of

the immortals in their household?

While God will accept our attempts to sing, though it be only a hum or a drone, if we can do no better, what a shame that in this last decade of the nineteenth cenmusic are in full concert, and so many skilled men and women are waiting to offer instruction there are so many people who cannot sing with any confidence in the house of God because they have had no culture in this sacred art, or a piano amid the fluttering fans of social admirers, nevertheless feel utterly helpless when in church the surges of an by him between mobs. "Ariel" or an "Antioch" roll over them. The old fashioned country singing school now much derided and caricatured (and indeed sometimes it was diverted from the real design into the culture of the soft emotions rather than the voice), nevertheless did admirable work, and in our churches we need singing schools to Are you glad? You can hear an esho of our churches we need singing schools to prepare our Sabbath audiences for You can hear that which will plunge you prompt and spontaneous and multipostormed with hallelwishs.

We want a hemisphefic campaign of sing Martin Luther went home at 40 to have a hymnology for all changes of years of age to write his first hymn. In hosannas. From hearing a blind beggar the autumn I hope to have a congregational singing school here during the week which shall prepare the people for the songs of the hely Sabbath. If the church of Cod may sabbath. If the church of God universal is going to take and orchard and garden and forest sugthis would for righteousness, there must gest most delightful possibilities.
be sided a hundredfold of more har. Further, I notice that the song of

Further, I nation in the song of birds that it is a divinely taught song. The kingfisher flying over the roof of a tem-Hope and Family Life, and the Season is Catch up one melody. From the time that the first bird's throat was fashioned on the banks of the Gihon and Hiddekel until today on the Hudson or Rhine the mage this morning chose for the subject from the human race in the way of carol ways a family song! All the skylarks, of his sermon "The Song of Birds." or anthem. The feathered songsters all the nightingales, all the goldfinches, This, like many of his sermons, is suited learned all their music direct from God, all the blackbirds, all the cuckoos, pre He gave them the art in a nest of straw fer the song of their own family and or moss or sticks and taught them how to lift that song into the higher heavens and sprinkle the earth with its dulcet enchantments. God fashioned, God tuned, God launched, God lifted music! And there is a kind of music that the Lord only can impart to you, my hearer.

There have been depraved, reprobate There have been soloists and bassos and "The Song of Birds." If all that has baritones and sopranos whose brilliancy national libraries.

But about the song of birds there is as night," like those which David and Job much silence as though a thousand years mentioned. Songs full of faith and tenago the last lark had with his wing derness and prayer, like those which the

Songs like that which Paul com mended to the Colossians when he said, "Admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing, with grace in your hearts, to the Lord." Songs like Moses sang after the tragedy of the rant or indifferent. A caveat I this morn- Red sea, songs like Deborah and Barak sang at the overthrow of Sisera, songs against that almost universal irreligion. like Isaiah heard the redeemed sing as First, I remark that which will sur- he came to Zion. Oh, God, teach us prise many, that the song of birds is a that kind of song which thou only canst regulated and systematic song, capable teach and help us to sing it on earth of being written out in note and staff and sing it in heaven. It was the highest result of sweet sound when under that Wagner or Schumann or Handel the playing of Paganini one auditor ex-

Further, I remark in regard to the song of birds that it is trustful and without any fear of what may yet come Will you tell me how it is possible for that wren, that sparrow, that chickadee doing, it did not care whether it was a to sing so sweetly when they may any long meter psalm or a madrigal. What time be pounced on by a hawk and torn wing from wing? There are cruel beaks The musician never put on the music in thicket and in sky ready to slay the song birds. Herods on the wing. or Beethoven's "Concerto" in G or does of the sky. Assassins armed with Spohr's B flat symphony with more def- iron claw. Murderers of song floating up and down the heavens. How can the birds sing amid such perils? Besides that. how is the bird sure to get its food? Millions of birds have been starved. Yet it sings in the dawn without any certainty of breakfast or dinner or supper. Would it not be better to gather its food for the day before vocalizing?

Besides that, the hunters are abroad Bang! goes a gun in one direction. Bang! goes a gun in another direction. The song will attract the shot and add to the syllables "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" just peril. Besides that, yonder is a thunas this morning in a Long Island or- dercloud, and there may be hurricane chard it sang "Kuk!" "Kuk!" "Kuk!" and hail to be let loose, and what then The thrush at the creation uttered will become of you, the poor warbler? sounds like the word "Teacher!" "Teach- Besides that, winter will come, and it er!" "Teacher!" as now it utters sounds | may be smitten down before it gets to the tropics. Have you never seen the In the summer of the year 1 the yel- snow strewn with the birds belated in lowhammer trilled that which sounded their migration? The titmouse mingles "If!" "If!" as in this summer its voice with the snowstorms as Emerit trills "If!" "If!" "If!" The Maryland son describes the little thing he found in

Here was this atom in full breath, Hurling defiance at vast death; This scrap of valor, just for play, Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray. SONGS OF HOPE AND TRUST.

For every bird a thousand perils and disasters hovering and sweeping round many white children in line, but so long and round. Yet there it sings, and it is a time had passed the mother could not a trustful song. The bird that has it the tell which were hers until she began to hardest sings the sweetest. The lark sing the old nursery song, and her two from the shape of her claws may not children immediately rushed up, shoutperch on a tree. In the grass her nest is ing, "Mamma!" "Mamma!" Yes, there exposed to every hoof that passes. One is an immortality in a nursery song, of the poorest shelters of all the earth is Hear it, all you mothers, an immortality the lark's nest. If she sings at all, you will expect her to render the saddest of threnodies. No, no. She sings exultingly an hour without a pause and mounting 3,000 feet without losing a note. Would God we all might learn the lesson. Whatever perils, whatever bereavements. whatever trials are yet to come, sing, sing with all your heart and sing with all your lungs.

If you wait until all the hawks of trouble have folded their wings and all the hunters of hate have unloaded their guns and all the hurricanes of disaster have spent their fury, you will never sing at all. David, the pursued of Absalom tury, when so many orchestral batons and the betrayed of Ahithophel and the are waving and so many academies of depleted of "sores that ran in the night," presents us the best songs of the Bible. John Milton, not able to see his hand before his face, sings for us the most famous poem of all literature, and some of the most cheerful people I have ever met have been Christian people under physwhile they are able to sing a fantasia at ical or domestic or public torment. The

Further, in the sky galleries there are songs adapted to all moods. The mead-ow lark is mournful, and the goldfinch joyous, and the grosbeak prolonged of note. But the libretto of nature is voluminous. Are you sad? You can hear from the bowers the echo of your grief. tent psalmody. This world needs to be into deeper profound. Are you weary? You may catch a restful air. So the songs of birds are administrative in all circumstances. And we would do well

the feathered through which have no song at all make what utterances they do in sounds of their own family of rarest prima denna of all the surth could birds. The hoot of the owl, the clatter not teach the robin one musical note. A of the magpie, the crow of the chanticleer, the drumming of the grouse, the the cackle of the hen, the scream of the eagle, the croak of the raven, are sounds belonging to each particular family But when you come to those which have winged creature has learned nothing real songs, how suggestive that it is all

never sing anything else. So the most deeply impressive songs we ever sing are family songs. They have come down from generation to generation. You were sung to sleep in your infancy and childhood by songs that will sing in your soul forever. Where was it, my brother or sister, banks of the Ohio, or the Alabama, or the Androscoggin, or the Connecticut, or the Tweed, or the Thames, or the Raritan? That song at eventide, when you were tired out-indeed too tired to sleep, and you cried with leg ache, and you were rocked and sung to sleep-you hear it now, the soft voice from sweet lips, she as tired, perhaps more tired than you, but she rocked, and you slumbered. Oh, those family songs!

The songs that father sang, that mother sang, that sisters and brothers sang. They roll on us today with a reminis cence that fills the throat as well as the heart with emotion. In our house in my childhood it was always a religious song I do not think that the old folks knew anything but religious songs. At any rate I never heard them sing anything else. It was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Rock of Ages," or "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood," or "Mary to the Saviour's Tomb." Mothers, be careful what you sing your children to sleep Let it be nothing frivolous or

Better have in it something of Christ and heaven. Better have in it something that will help that boy 30 years from now to bear up under the bombardment of temptation. Better have in it some-thing that will help that daughter 30 years from now when upon her come the cares of motherhood and the agonies of bereavement and the brutal treatment of one who swore before high heaven that he would cherish and protect. Do not waste the best hour for making an impression upon your little one, the hour of dusk, the beach between the day and the night. Sing not a doleful song, but a suggestive song, a Christian song, a song you will not be ashamed to meet when it comes to you in the eternal destiny of your son and daughter. The oriole has a loud song, and the chewink a long song, and the bluebird a short song, but it is always a family song, and let your gloaming song to your children. whether loud or long or short, be a Christian song.

These family songs are about all we keep of the old homestead. The house where you were born will go into the hands of strangers. The garments that were carefully kept as relics will become moth eaten. The family Bible can go and the humming bird, and the brown into the possession of only one of the thrasher. Let us try to set everything family. The lock of gray hair may be in our life to music, and if we cannot lost from the locket, and in a few years give the carol of the song sparrow take all signs and mementoes of the old home- | the stead will be gone forever. But the our life be an anthem of worship to the family songs, those that we heard at 2 God who created us, and the Christ who years of age, at 5 years of age, at 10 ransomed us, and the Holy Ghost who years of age, will be indestructible and sanctifies us. And our last song! May at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 years of age will it be our best song! The swan was give us a mighty boost over some rough | thought by the ancients never to sing place in the path of our pilgrimage.

THE LOST RESTORED BY SONG. Many years ago a group of white chil-dren were captured and carried off by the Indians. Years after, a mother who had lost two children in that capture, went among the Indians, and there were of power to rescue and save.

What an occasion that must have been in Washington, Dec. 17, 1850, when Jenny Lind sang "Home, Sweet Home, the author of those words, John Howard Payne, seated before her. She had rendered her other favorite songs, "Casta Diva" and her "Flute Song," with fine effect, but when she struck "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne rose under the power, and President Fillmore and Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and the whole audience rose with him. Anything connected with home ransacks our entire nature with a holy power, and songs that get well started in the nursery or by the family hearth roll on after the lips that sung them are forever silent and the ears that first heard them for-

ever cease to hear. I preach this sermon just before many of you will go out to pass days or weeks in the country. Be careful how you treat the birds. Remember they are God's favorites, and if you offend them you offend him. He is so fond of their voices that there are forests where for a hundred miles no human foot has ever trod and no human ear has ever listened. Those interminable forests are concert halls with only one auditor-the Lord God Almighty. He builded those auditoriums of leaves and sky and supports all that infinite minstrelsy for himself alone. Be careful how you treat his fa-

vorite choir. In Deuteronomy he warns the people "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree or on the ground, whether they be young ones or eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young, that it may be well with thee and that thou mayest prolong thy days." So you see your own longevity is related to your treatment of birds. Then go forth and attend the minstrelsy. Put off startling colors, which frighten the winged songsters into silence or flight, and put on your more sober attive and move noisesaly into the woods farther and farther from the main road and have no con-

of doors has been ruined by persistent talkers, and then sit down on a mossy

Comes brawling down a bed of rook. And after perhaps a half an hour of in-tense solitude there will be a tap of a beak on a tree branch far up, sounding like the tap of a musical baton, and then first there will be solo, followed by a duet or quartet, and afterward by doxolouics in all the free tops and amid all time branches, and if you have a Bible along with you, and you can without rastling the leaves, turn to the one han dred and forty-eighth Psalm of David and read, "Praise the Lord, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl," and then turn over quietly to my text and read, "By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches," or if under the power of the bird voices you are transported, as when Dr. Worgan played so powerfully on the organ at St. John's that Richard Cecil said he was in such blessed bewilderment he could not find in his Bible the first chapter of Isaiah. though he leafed the book over and over, and you shall be so overcome with forest harmony that you cannot find the Psalms of David, never mind, for God will speak to you so mightily it will make no difference whether you hear his voice from the printed page or the vibrating throat of one of his plumed creatures. THE SEASON TO STUDY NATURE.

While this summer more than usual out of doors let us have what my text suggests, an out of doors religion. What business had David, with all the advantages of costly religious service and smoking incense on the altar, to be listening to the chantresses among the tree branches? Ah! he wanted to make himself and all who should come after him more alert and more worshipful amid the sweet sounds and beautiful sights of the natural world. There is an old church that needs to be rededicated. It is older than St. Paul's or St. Peter's or St. Mark's or St. Sophia's or St. Isaac's. It is the cathedral of nature. That is the church in which the services of the millennium will be held. The buildings fashioned out of stone and brick and

mortar will not hold the people. Again the mount of Olives will be the pulpit. Again the Jordan will be the baptistry. Again the mountains will be the galleries. Again the skies will be the blue ceiling. Again the sunrise will be the front door and the sunset the back door of that temple. Again the clouds will be the upholstery and the morning mist the incense. Again the trees will be the organ loft where "the fowls of heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches." St. Francis d'Assisi preached a sermon to birds and pronounced a benediction upon them, but all birds preach to us, and their benediction is almost supernal.

While this summer amid the works of God let us learn responsiveness. Surely if we cannot sing we can hum a tune and if we cannot hum a tune we can whistle. If we cannot be an oriole, we can be a quail. In some way let us demonstrate our gratitude to God. Let us not be beaten by the chimney swallow, plaint of the hermit thrush. Let except when dying.

In the time of Edward IV no one was allowed to own a swan except he were a king's son or had considerable estate Through 100 or 200 years of life that bird was said never to utter anything like music until its last moment came, and then lifting its crested beauty it would pour forth a song of almost matchless thrill, resounding through the groves. And so, although the struggles of life may be too much for us and we may find it hard to sing at all, when the last hour comes to you and me, may there be a radiance from above and a glory settling round that shall enable us to utter a song on the wings of which we shall mount to where the music never ceases and the raptures never die.

"What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love; He is floating down from his native grove. No loved one, no nestling nigh— He is floating down by himself to die.

Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings, Yet the aweetest song is the last he sings. Live so, my child, that when death shall come, Swanlike and sweet, it may waft thee home!"

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