

off, when the waters of the Red sea bid freedom haste between its friendly walls, and oppression perish beneath its furious billows; the vaulted heavens rang and rang again with the joyous anthem of the free, until the dying echoes reached the throne of Grace, while listening angels caught the strain and filled the heavenly dome with praise to God.

When persecution's rage drove the Pilgrim Fathers from their homes, their native land, their all; when tossed upon the mighty waves of the surging deep, they still found relief from their sorrows and trials in the songs of Zion.

"Amid they storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding isles of the dim woods rang,
To the anthem of the free!"

And what appeal could be more effective than the harmonious blendings of voices in prayer and praise; and to-day what is more sublime than the grand hallelujah, which rises. Sabbath after Sabbath with majestic grandeur, from the churches of the civilized world to God, bearing upon its mighty wave the praise and adoration of all nations and climes. Song! thy noblest strain is "Glory to God on High!"

Of all the nations of the earth, the African is the most persecuted and downtrodden, and yet the most patient and uncomplaining. Like the Israelite, of old, the slave seems to fear that the golden hour of deliverance will never arrive, and fearing, yet expects the dawn of freedom as confidently as the rising of the sun. When his task is hardest, his burden heaviest, when he is on the brink of despair, song with her magic power sustains him, and even renders him comparatively happy. Music to the slave is an inexhaustible treasure, and be it his Baptist hymn;

"In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

or his boisterous plantation song, with its numberless verses, and hearty chorus, it is all one to him; his whole soul is in his song. What his fellow man has refused to do, pitying song has partly done; man refuses to make him free, his