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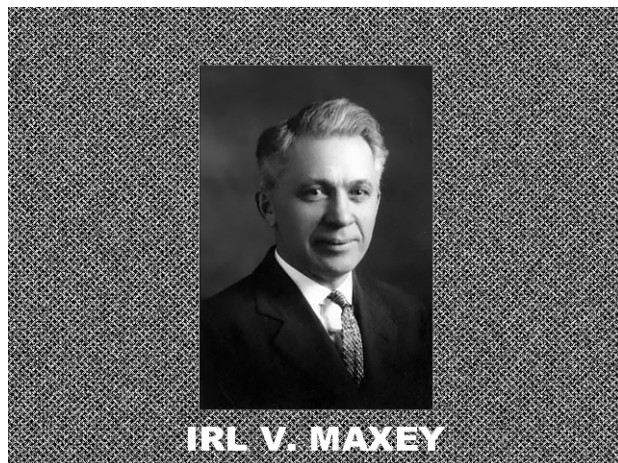
**HEART MELODIES
A Sermon By Irl V. Maxey**

Digitized By Duane V. Maxey

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INTRODUCTION

My brother, Gale E. Maxey of Boise, Idaho recently gave me a collection of writings by our father, Irl V. Maxey. This is the fourth item from that collection that I have digitized -- the first three being papa's translations of the books of Hebrews, James, and 1st Peter.

I deeply appreciate my brother Gale's gracious generosity in giving me these writings, and this one is the most precious to me of the four now digitized! Let me explain:

It has now (in January of 2006) been 62 years since Gale and I last heard our father preach. The reading of this sermon is to me, an opportunity to "sit under his

ministry" again for the first time in more than 6 decades! And, it is the first time in my adult life that I have done so.

Furthermore, this sermon contains some of our father's own poetry, and the telling of some moving occurrences from his own life! Never in my 68-plus years of life have I read any of this sermon before I began digitizing it for this publication. In it, I learned things that I did not know about papa until this time. I think perhaps my mother may have told me something of one of his personal experiences related in this sermon, but if so, I had long ago forgotten it.

I believe I can honestly say that if "Heart Melodies" had been written by someone other than my father, I still would have found it to be a moving message.

For his Scripture lesson prior to the sermon, papa used the entire 5th Chapter of Ephesians. However Ephesians 5:19 is obviously the primary "Text" -- and this verse I have placed in ALL CAPS below, and set it apart from the rest of the chapter. Included also in the tad-bit of editing I have done in the text, are several instances where I have placed in ALL CAPS some words that papa had only underlined. I have done this because in the ASCII Text version of the HDM Library there is no underlining. As in the other three digital editions of my father's writings already done, I have placed some of my own words and comments within brackets in, or between, portions of the text.

May God bless this message to the hearts of the many who may read it, if Jesus tarries. -- Duane V. Maxey, (Ahwatukee) Phoenix, Arizona, January 15, 2006.

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EPHESIANS CHAPTER 5

- 1 Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children;
- 2 And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour.
- 3 But fornication, and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints;
- 4 Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient: but rather giving of thanks.
- 5 For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.
- 6 Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience.
- 7 Be not ye therefore partakers with them.
- 8 For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light:
- 9 (For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth;)
- 10 Proving what is acceptable unto the Lord.

11 And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

12 For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.

13 But all things that are reproved are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light.

14 Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

15 See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise,

16 Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

17 Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.

18 And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit;

19 SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD;

20 Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ;

21 Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.

22 Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

23 For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church: and he is the saviour of the body.

24 Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in every thing.

25 Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;

26 That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,

27 That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.

28 So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself.

29 For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church:

30 For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.

31 For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.

32 This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church.

33 Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.

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HEART MELODIES

By Irl V. Maxey

Paul says in this chapter, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." There is a language in all these that the heart understands, and without it the heart is not at all at its best. Notice that he says, "speaking to yourselves," that is, to one another. So it is a mutual understanding. And notice these fine expressions in action, "singing and making melody."

The Psalms have a metrical swing as also do the hymns and spiritual songs. They catch the heart's attention while the truth which their words convey swings into our being. But these would not be the language of the heart unless melody were in it. Heart melody! Beautiful, soft, plaintive tones of the heart because it is in tune with the Infinite.

Somebody asked me one day whether or not I had read Trine's "In Tune With the Infinite." I have never read it, but I know what it means to be in tune with the Infinite. And it seems to me that something like this is what Paul means in the verse above quoted. Notice the cumulative thought, "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs;" then the burst of thought, "singing and making melody." It is very easy to see that singing is an expression of salvation of the heart. I have known those who could not sing until after they were converted; then the pent-up joys of the heart found expression in song -- perhaps not always the most harmonious, yet melodious.

Music is one of the best and greatest things in this world. As I understand it, the origin of the idea of music was this: The Greeks believed that the planets were presided over by goddesses called Muses. They also believed that each planet gave forth a peculiar tone of its own while whirling through space. Because these goddesses who presided over the planets were called Muses, the art of producing harmonious tones was called music. Since there are eight planets, this may be the origin of the eight tones of the Diatonic scale. Thus, the Greeks believed that the spheres produced music. I do not know that they were alone in this, for in the Bible we have this language: "When all the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." Surely there is music in the spheres as they go whirling through space, because, undoubtedly, they are in tune with God. Think of their harmony! Think of the harmony of those eight planets! Wouldn't you like to hear their symphony? The beautiful deep bass of Neptune, the lullaby of Saturn, the triumph of Mars, and the cathedral tones of Earth, are enough to make the sons of God shout for joy. Earth, you have your sweet music, your inhabitants shout at your melodious music, and from center to circumference your tones are ringing. There is no doubt that the universe is the musical expression of God's presence in His creation.

What we call inanimate nature joins in the harmony -- "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, and the pensive vales that stretch in quietness between" -- join in the chorus.

My poem "THE EVENING RAMBLE" is in place here:

**I love the wood and fields to roam,
And hear the thrushes sing;
And see them in their leafy home
While they make the Welkin ring.**

**I hear the murmur of the brook
While trickling o'er the rugged stones;
Alone I stand in shady nooks,
And hear the trees' weird moans.**

**I hear up in the leafy oaks
The murmur of the summer breeze,
Waking all the listless folks
To nature's sweetest melodies.**

**I stand and gaze at verdant corn,
Waving its gladsome rustling blades,
Which adds glory to the beautiful morn,
And luster to these night shades.**

**While golden twilight paints the sky,
And weary man does seek his rest;
I to some quiet place do hie,
And hear in silence nature's best.**

**I sit and look at the beautiful stars
Now coming plainly to my sight;
Most beautiful of all is Mars,
His glory puts the rest to flight.**

**While quiet in this pensive hour
A loneliness pervades my being;
I feel quite near majestic power,
My spirit feels like fleeing.**

The protruding rocks on the mountain sides, the old dead lonesome pine in yonder bog, the grass and flowers in myriads of fields, and the weeping-willows even pick up their harps and, with the trees, buds, bushes, and bramble of all the world, join the refrain and clap their hands with joy. "The mountains and the hills break forth before you into singing and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." The wind sweeps through the firs on the mountain side, moves the oaks in the silent forest until they make "grand music in their leafy mesh" and "I hear up in the leafy oaks the murmur of the summer breeze waking all the listless folk to

nature's sweetest melody." Truly inanimate nature joins the spheres in their harmony.

The lower animal nature takes up the chorus -- buzzing bees, winging birds, and prowling animals take up the chorus. They all make music. Wander some evening in the quiet recesses of the deep forest and you will hear to-whit, to-whit, to-whoo of the owl and across the field will come the chorus of the coyote yap-yap-yap. The roaring of the lion, the wailing of the hyena, the moaning of the elephant are all musical. The barking of the dog, the mewling of the cat, even the croaking of the frog and the cackling of the hens have their musical note.

I remember one time in a great chorus of 200 voices when right in the midst of an important swing the leader raised his baton, stopped the chorus, and said, "Hark! Did you catch that note?" What do you suppose the note was? The mere singing of a brown leghorn biddy in a nearby barnyard, showing very conclusively that he felt the common ordinary hen had her part in the universal chorus.

Wake some summer morning before the sun rises in a clear sky; wander to the deep forest; hear the summer breeze in the majestic old trees; stand in a quiet nook and hear the singing brook; see the homeward bee and hear him singing in wonderful glee; then myriads of birds in song help the refrain along. The chatter of the ground squirrel, the grunting of the hog break the morning zephyr and tell you that nature is glad. Finally the sun peeps over the horizon and seems to say to you, "All Hail!" You then take off your hat, bow your head, and exclaim, "Oh, God! Everything in nature is making music. Why should not the heart of man?"

Why, man was made to have dominion over the fields of nature, the work of God's hand. "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands." Man was tuned by the Lord and placed in a field of music. Music rolls from his voice and all the world stands to listen. Did you ever think, my friend, while we have wonderful instruments of music, man made them and tuned them. God has to put man in tune, but the harmonies of the world are set up by man. Good music quiets the animal kingdom. If it has ever been your privilege to see animals perform which have been trained by man, you will note that their best performances are made while men play or sing. Then it is very evident that music is native to the heart of man, and the lower animal kingdom recognizes it. And I am sure that if the plant world is sensitive to tone, and some think it is, it also recognizes the music native to the heart of man. Who can't say that geraniums will grow better where the music of men does abound? Oh, that man had never grown discordant! Oh, that he had never lost the melody from his heart! But he did. And music went from his heart and his melody and harmony were lost. Out of tune with God, discordant with the lower animals and nature! As I now speak, my heart leaps with joy at the great realization of being in tune with God, nature, and lower animals. But, friends, I have been to Calvary.

The discord may be removed, the melody may return, and the harmony reestablished. The old song that died away from the heart of man in Adam's sons comes back to the heart when he finds Calvary.

"Oh, Calvary, dear Calvary, my heart now sings of Calvary." The Psalmist said, "And he hath put a new song in my mouth." Glory to God for this song of redemption! How it thrills! No wonder we feel like leaping and dancing! The trees of the field clap their hands, and the angels of heaven rejoice and sing the old song, "God is love." Yet, indeed, we sometimes desire in our poor human weakness to execute the feelings that abound in our hearts. This is the origin of holy dancing. "And David danced before the Lord with all his might." Surely it is holy to dance in this way. It seems to be the poor, feeble effort of the body to try to act out the melody that the heart has felt. You have often seen people jump and dance, or swing their hands and walk about. I do not wish to be misunderstood here; I do not aim to convey the idea that everybody who has come back to his heart melody will do this. But we know this is true in many lives. However, when the heart has lost its melody, because man is susceptible to rhythm and harmony, the devil has a counterfeit that he palms off on such people. Real dancing is not executing rag-time music to the jingle of the devil, for real music is found in the Christian world. The heart comes to its melody in Jesus Christ and that is the reason why the great musical world finds its greatest advancement where the footprints of Jesus lay on civilization. You who have read history will remember Savonarola's effort to get the Florentine Christians to see this. And we would just like to say that no one can do his best in the musical world unless he is a Christian.

I would like to have you understand that we are speaking neither of rhythm, nor yet harmony of the heart, but melody. Some one has said, "Home is where the heart is," but I would like to say to you that "melody is where the heart is." We hear much today in the musical world of rhymics and harmonics, but not enough of melodies. The melody of music is caused by the heart being in it. Just remember there is no melody in music, according to my thinking, except that which comes from the heart. I once heard a Negro male quartet sing; they sang those old songs of slavery time which greatly moved my heart. How melodious! Why? Because their hearts went back to the days of tears, heartaches and trials of slavery when their forefathers suffered. We could visualize their hard tasks and their surly masters and their backs dripping with blood. Friends, listen to me! The heart reaches its melody when it fully understands and appreciates the suffering of Calvary. And the songs that reach our hearts are those that depict the scenes of Calvary. Too many of our later songs do not emphasize the Blood. Old-time songs like "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Arise, my Soul Arise" still move our hearts as they are sung.

Now we come to the question, "What is the heart?" We understand that it is not the physical heart, or so-called blood pump which is the center of circulation; but as this so-called blood pump is the center of circulation, so the heart of which we speak is the central power of our moral affections. In other messages of this

little booklet* we call it the DOMINANT DESIRE, but here we shall think of it as the center of moral affections. We desire from here on to speak to you in analogy. Let us remember that in analogy we can not stretch the points of likeness to every minutia. We will compare the heart to an organ; compare God to a player; and the music which will be produced will represent our deeds which will bless the world. Let us recapitulate this idea: our heart, the organ; God, the player, our deeds, the music. And here let me give credit to the man who first lodged the thought in my mind. In a country Sunday school one afternoon he used the sentence "The music of our lives will bless the world."

[Papa here refers to a "little booklet" of sermons. If I do not now possess the entire collection of his sermons that constituted that "little booklet" -- how I wish that I did!]

Everybody has an organ. All organs are not the same. Some have the capacity of a little Bilhorn organ; others have the capacity of a cottage organ; and others have the capacity of a great pipe organ. So you see everybody has not the same kind of an organ. All can not be a Beecher, a Talmadge, a Moody, a Bresee, or an R. T. Williams. But it is our great responsibility to yield what we have to God. Suppose that I should sit down to a great pipe organ and attempt to play. I am sure that you would hear no music. However, let a great player sit down to a little Bilhorn organ and what wonderful music he will produce. So you see that music does not depend so much upon capacity as it does upon the one playing. But capacity must not be disparaged. Whatever your capacity, be sure that you yield it to the great Player. This heart is not divine, but only a divine probability or possibility. Some folk yield their hearts to the devil and he plays upon them. Oh, what a jangle and discord is produced! Out of tune with God, nature, and man; blasphemous toward God, imprecations on men, and mistreatment of dumb brutes. Reader, let me exhort you to yield to the great Player. There can be no question. God is the great Player.

It is almost presumptuous to speak of what methods God has in playing, but if you will bear with me, we shall approach this thought from the human side. I once started to take music lessons. I was asked, "What method do you wish to follow?" It had not dawned upon me up to that time that it made any great difference what method players used. But after studying a moment, I said something like this: "If there is a difference in methods, I want the best method." And so we would say of the Lord that He would only be content to use the very best method in playing on our hearts. God will not play on the minor scale. He wants to play on the major scale. God plays for the greatest things in your life. Why will He not play on the minor scale? Because the minor scale begins on the cathedral tone. We often hear of people beginning the Christian life by joining the church. As the old saying was: "Have ye jined the meetin' house?" God is not after our filthy rags of righteousness. God wants our hearts. He wants to play on our hearts. He never touched the heart with, "You are all right. Join the church." Certainly not! God plays for heart melody. And He will use the major scale or none at all.

Now we shall take the eight tones of the Diatonic scale with their different characteristics to illustrate the method of God in playing. The first is "do" [pronounced "doe"]. This is the home tone. "Let them first begin to show piety at home." If your home life is all right, your church life will accord. But we are not speaking so much of the home tone from this standpoint as the home tone of our moral affections. The great home tone of the human heart is grace. Out of my heart I cry in my most desperate sense of need. I am lost. I am out of tune. Set me right. "By looking through my tears one day, I saw Mount Calvary. Oh, grace enough for me!"

AT HER GRAVE THAT DAY

I can not tell you how I felt
When close beside her grave I knelt;
I clasped my hands and closed my eyes,
And looked to God who heareth cries.

I did not hear -- there was no sound.
I did not talk nor move around.
I felt -- oh, yes! 'tis strange I know--
A flood of light right through me go.

My sobs and tears all fled away,
My soul was light as glowing day;
And not in mind by my control
A power came and filled my soul.

I looked beyond this vale of tears,
The cries and sobs of many years;
I saw clear through and caught the sound--
The song of saints on blissful ground.

I rose to go, but not the same,
O, left the old in Jesus' name;
And now I walk with Him who gave
His life for me, my soul to save.

The next tone is "re" [pronounced "ray"]. This is what we call the optimistic tone in the scale. It is the tone that is received when we come to the Lord. At once we go out for someone else in order that he might enjoy the blessing of salvation which is so sweet to us. Oh, how we work! How we throw ourselves in unabated energy! We are sure that our Sunday school can be trebled; we are sure that our church can be the greatest on the District; we are sure that we have employed the best evangelist for our coming meeting; and we are sure that it will be a great meeting. This also is the characteristic of the heart that moves us to build great

institutions of learning and nosocomial* institutions, and the same spirit that builds our orphanages and cares for the poor. Mark, this action is out of a saved heart.

[*nosocomial = "a hospital-acquired disease or infection." I think perhaps papa's meaning in "nosocomial institutions" here is: -- When one is exuberant in the grace of God there is a desire to build both "institutions of learning" and other "institutions that will (infect as it were, and) spread the same holy zeal."]

Next is "me". This is the lullaby tone. I am sure that you have noticed with me the joy that sweeps over the face of a new convert when he has helped to bring someone else to the Saviour. You remember how the seventy came back from their first missionary journey with great rejoicing and they said, "Master, even the devils obey us."

Jesus said, "Rejoice not so much because the devils obey, but because your names are written in heaven." This is the spirit of rejoicing of seeing others helped.

Next is "fa". This is called the sad tone. I have often wondered at its position in the Diatonic scale. And I have often wondered at the sad tone in a Christian experience. The very ones who rejoice so as they bring wandering ones to the fold and rejoice so at the building of the institutions of learning or of mercy, when confronted by hardship that they once met with great fortitude, are now covered with clouds of darkness, black and dismal like myriads of crows and they fall into gloomy forebodings and sadness of expression. Like Elijah they think that all have backslidden except themselves. Oh, such juniper experience! It is not seen that the trouble is not outward but inner; it is heart trouble.

LIFE'S CHANGEFUL SCENES

Our life is like a changeful lake,
New scenes for every day.
We cannot tell the way we'll take,
Nor what will be the fray.

Today our life is calm and clear,
The wind of care is still.
The day is filled with holy cheer,
Each hour's a joyous thrill.

We feel no waves, but yet a tide
Just now o'er us does roll.
The tide of love no waves now hide,
We sense its great control.

Now dark the clouds that fill the sky,
The waves of trouble roll;

**They dash our hopes and dim our eye,
And almost shake our soul.**

**Yet in these dark and awful hours
God's lighthouse sends it ray.
It sounds across this life of ours
And clearly tells the way.**

**Someday the lake will placid be,
The waves will cease to roll;
All trouble gone eternally,
No storms will sweep the soul.**

Oh, sad Christian! Blue Christian! Juniper Christian! Do you not know that God still lives? He is alive. Remember that His demonstration is not in ecstatic expression so much as in life expression. And, while "fa" in the Diatonic scale is only a half step from the next tone above, you are just a little way from the great triumphant tone of life.

The next is the triumphant tone of the major scale, "sol".

What such Christians as we have been depicting need is grace, TRIUMPHANT grace. Oh, I must be triumphant over every circumstance of life! I need something to hold me steady when things go wrong. I need something when some sinister force of life paints the circumstances sable and murky. This is often the language of many people. Don't ever confuse one living under "fa" with one not living under "sol". Triumphant grace lifts us above the sad, gloomy things of life where we refuse to be morose at any time. To illustrate: Once I heard the Reverend Henderson say that while he was traveling in the West he looked out of a car window and said to a man seated by him "What is that digging on the mountain side yonder?"

The man replied, "That is a mine."

Henderson replied, "Do you know anything about that mine?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. That mine just pays expenses."

"Good!" said Henderson. "That just illustrates to me the heart that has grasped grace sufficient to meet its need merely to conquer the world, the flesh, and the devil. That was a hard-fought battle against the devil without and within, but I had grace sufficient."

Soon they saw another mine. Henderson said, "Do you know anything about that mine?"

"Yes," the man replied. "That one pays a great deal more than its expenses. It pays a fancy dividend to its stockholders each year."

"Oh!" said Henderson, "that illustrates to me grace triumphant-grace, more than sufficient. We do not go through the fire feeling as if we were almost ready to lose, but we have a sense of reserve power on hand."

Listen, dear reader, God wants to reach the deepest chord of victory in your heart. You have fought the devil within and without. You have kept him down sufficiently to live a good life, but God will route him from his clammy hold on your heart and make you triumphant over sin, giving you a sense of reserve while you are fighting. Glory be to God! He will sanctify you wholly. This is what all sad Christians need.

A SANCTIFIED LIFE

**Oh, life is sweet with Jesus
Walking closely by my side;
I go the way He chooses,
And take whate'er betide.**

**The way is full of crosses
And death for every day;
And little seeming losses
So thickly strew the way.**

**I'm willing to suffer losses,
Willing to be killed all the day;
I'm willing to bear the crosses,
Willing to fight and pray.**

**Oh, joy so boundless, eternal,
Attending my way today;
Oh, blessing so truly vernal,
O'ershadows this blessed way.**

The next is the cathedral tone "la". I do not mean to convey the idea that you should wait until you are sanctified to join the church, but I tell you that you will get a greater sweep and far-reaching vision of the work of Jesus Christ and His great church when your heart has been cleansed. I remember one time a soul who had been sanctified recently stood up in the audience to give her testimony. After thanking the Lord and praising Him for His marvelous grace that had reached her heart and the cleansing power felt, just then, with tears streaming from her eyes she raised her hands toward Heaven and said, "I feel like taking the whole world of lost souls in my arms and bringing them to the feet of Jesus." Pure, holy, compassionate love for men springs from the heart when it is made pure. There is

great heart melody because of heart purity. In tune, yes, in tune because he has been to Calvary.

The next tone is the sensitive tone "ti". I do not mean that you should have your feelings trailing around to be stepped upon. It is very uncomfortable to be supersensitive in our feelings. Such people are to be pitied; they often suffer needlessly. But I am speaking of being sensitive to the Spirit. God help us all! This is only a half step from the next one which is high "do" [pronounced "doe"]. I am not certain that I know what "ti" is. I think, though, one man whom I met was living there. Seemingly he was living so as to make us feel constantly that he felt every little heart throb of the living God. He seemed to have in a large measure that consciousness which Jesus had of the Father. I have often prayed and longed to be that sensitive to the great touch of the great Player.

High "do" [pronounced "doe"] is the next. There are very few of us, no doubt, but what have vague ideas of what this tone is. It is the home tone of Heaven. We shall call it the home tone above. I think I caught a little idea of this. It is love.

One night all burdened with my sense of the need of God, I came to the mercy seat. Though I had lived a very high moral life, yet the inner sense of my need of God was terrible. As I was kneeling and praying, the pastor prayed and thanked God that Jesus loved me so much that He died for me. While he talked with God, it dawned upon me that God really loved me. This was such a wonderful prayer. It brought the feeling to me that God was near. The Holy Spirit gripped me. Under this power I began to see Jesus dying for me. I said: "Oh, God, I love you!" Scarcely had these words been uttered when the pastor called my name and said, "Look up." Looking up, I arose. Such a sweetness filled my soul. I shouted His praise. The three miles homeward were spent rejoicing. Arriving home, I went to my little bedroom to retire. Near midnight I knelt at my bedside as had been my custom for many months, but how different now. Suddenly I heard music. My sister had a piano and I thought it might be that she was playing. I said to myself almost out loud: "What is that? What can that be? Surely no one is playing at this late hour of the night!" I stopped praying to listen. How long I do not know. What wonderful music! Yes, I really heard music. I was back to God. I was in tune with God. And I am sure I struck the home tone, "God is love." I heard the angels sing, "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner who repenteth." My heart was melodious.

I would like to have you think of the great arpeggio of God's blessing on the heart -- viz., "do", grace for my heart; "re", love in my heart; "fa", victory in my heart; high "do", rest in my heart. That beautiful arpeggio -- grace, love, victory, rest. How it rings and reverberates its harmony. Earth, the old cathedral, echoes its sound.

Professor Baker, a teacher of our history class in McKendree College, said that while traveling in Europe he visited a great cathedral. The guide took him with others all through the different parts of the cathedral, returning by the great

entrance dome. As they were about to leave, the guide said, "Wait a minute; everybody be still." He sang "Do"; waited a second and sang "Me"; another second, "Sol"; another second, high "Do". In a second came back the echo of "do", then "me", then "sol", then high "do"; then, the harmony of the arpeggio rang and re-rang, echoed and reechoed through that great dome. Wonderful harmony! Thus, the great arpeggio of grace, love, victory, rest echoes and reechoes through the hearts of men.

Christians, did you ever realize that sometimes God runs His hands over the keys of your hearts and there is no response. I might sit here at an organ, run my fingers over the keyboard, peddle the bellows, still there would be no response. Why, you say, pull out the stops and connect the bellows with the keyboard, then there will be a response. Yes, we must connect our being with God. This is faith. All music of works must be preceded by faith. God needs no visaola*. He knows how to play. Sometimes you will not feel like letting God play because of the small dimensions of your organ, or the seeming condition of your organ; but, remember, as we said you must yield your organ to Him.

[During repeated searches, both in my computer dictionaries and online, I was unable to find a definition for the word "visaola". I think papa may have meant: "teacher" or "pedagogue" -- "God needs no music-instructor. He knows how to play."]

One time in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, I saw a crowd of men. Hearing sweet music, I pushed my way through the crowd to the center. What do you suppose I saw? A small boy playing on a one-stringed instrument. What sweet music!

Yield your capacity as it is. You may have to do seemingly small things in the eyes of men, but there are no small things in the sight of God. Organs may be broken, but do not discard the broken organs; oft times a broken instrument may be played by a good player and produce good music. One may say, "I am broken in health. I can not do much for the Lord." You sickly, weakly invalids, listen! God can use you. Let Him play on your heart. Once there was a beautiful statue of Rameses on the plains of Egypt. A storm came and broke it off half-way up. Until right recently travelers would hear the wind sweeping across that broken statue producing wonderful music. Though broken or small, yield to God. Do you know, Christians, God is expert in knowing every instrument.

You must always keep the sounding board of the organ clear and clean or the player can not produce good music. He will quickly detect that something is wrong. You have often heard organs chatter and wheeze and mar the player's effort to produce music. Just a tiny thing dropped through the keyboard will find its way to the sounding board. Just a little secret dirt will spoil your music before the world. Keep the sounding board of your heart-organ clean by His blood.

It is not hard for people to tell who is doing the playing. Often passing along a street I have said to myself when hearing someone playing, "That is a man; that is a woman; or that is a child." I could tell by the touch who was playing. They were just putting themselves into the music. I tell you folk can tell who plays on your organ -- God or the devil -- from the music which you produce.

Now we come to the question of the music which your organ produces. Organs are known by their different characteristics. The Estey was known by the sweetness of its music. The Kimball was known by its continuous tone-sustaining power. In the piano world the Kurtzman is known for its melodious tone. So we can not disparage that the organ will enter into the characteristic of the music. In like manner we will recognize that the different characteristics of the individuals peculiar to themselves will enter into the music of the life. Music has its attraction and life is still the most attractive force that the Lord has in winning others. Oft times the most vile are won from sin not by some great message which they have heard, nor some song which they have heard, but by the daily lives of beautiful Christians that have penetrated their conscious convictions and won them to the Lord. "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear." In this we must recognize that the word conversation means lives. So the Scripture will bear out this thought that our life is the music that attracts.

That great inventor, Erickson, who invented the Monitor that did such deadly work upon the Merrimac during the Civil War, was born and raised in the same country in Europe that Ole Bull, the great violinist was born. They grew up together as boys. The one chose the mechanical world for his life's work; the other chose the musical world. Both came to America and became famous in his respective line. Once when Ole Bull was going to put on a great musical program, he invited his boyhood friend, Erickson, to come to his program. "No," he said, "I can not accept the invitation. I am too busy with my inventions and my factory. I have no time for your music."

Again, after months, he was invited to a program, but he made the same reply, only he insisted that he must not be bothered by his friend's invitations. At a later time he was invited again and refused. But his friend said, "I will bring my instrument to your factory and play for you."

To this he replied, "If you bring that violin down to my factory and attempt to play and to disturb me and my men, I will smash your instrument in pieces."

Ole, however, went down undaunted. He held his instrument in his arms as he was met by his friend, Erickson. With a smile Erickson greeted him, saying, "Let me show you my factory and some of the inventions we are manufacturing."

Gladly he accepted and was shown all over the factory. As they neared the door to leave, being in a conspicuous place before many men, Ole stopped a minute and said, "Friend Erickson, let me show you my instrument. These are the keys. When we play we put our fingers on the strings just like this." Holding his bow in his right hand, he said, "That is a bow. When we play, we draw the bow across the strings like this." He began to play softly and more sweetly; then louder with greater emphasis. At once Erickson was attracted. Ole seeing this immediately began to play one of his great selections. The workmen stopped their machines, dropped their tools, and Erickson was held spell-bound. Ole attempted to quit, but Erickson protested.

"Go on," he said. "That is what I have needed. I have missed this music in my life."

On and on played the great musician. This carried Erickson out of his factory across the rolling Atlantic, up the hills beside the place of his boyhood life. He saw the cattle grazing, heard the birds singing, and the waterfall near the old place. He was a boy again. The cares of life of many years slipped away. Again Ole attempted to stop, but Erickson said, "Play on." He had forgotten the factory; forgotten his men; forgotten his cares.

This shows the power of music in men's lives; so the music of our daily lives attracts people from the siren songs of worldliness and holds them spell-bound under the power of Christ who lives within us. Do you not want the great Player to play? Will you refuse Him the right?

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THE END OF HEART MELODIES