

## Correspondence.

(The Editor of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

## [FOR THE CHURCH CHRONICLE]

THE following beautiful poem, on frequent communions, is from a collection of hymns on the Blessed Sacrament, published in the year 1745, by John & Charles Wesley. Together with the hymns they published a treatise, by a clergyman of a former age, entitled "The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice." The hymns and treatise were intended by them as a manual for their Society. This hymn is probably from the pen of Charles Wesley.

Happy the saints of former days,  
Who first continued in the Word;  
A simple, lowly, loving race,  
True followers of their lamb-like Lord.

In holy fellowship they lived,  
Nor would from the commandment move,  
But every joyful day received  
The tokens of inspiring love.

Not then above their Master wise,  
They simply in His paths remained,  
And called to mind His sacrifice  
With stedfast faith and love unfeigned.

From house to house they broke the bread  
Impregnated with life divine,  
And drank the Spirit of their Head  
Transmitted in the sacred wine.

With Jesus' constant presence blessed,  
While duteous to His dying word,  
They kept the Eucharistic feast,  
And supp'd in Eden with their Lord.

Throughout their spotless lives was seen  
The virtue of this heavenly food;  
Superior to the sons of men  
They soared aloft, and walk'd with God.

O what a flame of sacred love  
Was kindled by the Altar's fire!  
They lived on earth like those above,  
Glad rivals of the heavenly choir.

Strong in the strength herewith received,  
And mindful of the Crucified,  
His Confessors for Him they lived,  
For Him his faithful martyrs died.

Their souls from chains of flesh released,  
By torture from their bodies driven,  
With violent faith the kingdom seized,  
And fought and forced their way to heaven.

Where is the pure primeval flame,  
Which in their faithful bosoms glow'd?  
Where are the followers of the Lamb,  
The dying witnesses for God?

Why is the faithful seed decreased?  
The life of God extinct and dead?  
The daily Sacrifice is ceased,  
And Charity to heaven is fled.

Sad, mutual causes of decay,  
Slackness and vice together move;  
Grown cold we cast the means away,  
And quench the latest spark of love.

The sacred signs Thou did'st ordain,  
Our pleasant things, are all laid waste,  
To men of lips and hearts profane,  
To dogs, and swine, and heathens cast.

Thine holy ordinance condemn'd  
Hath let the flood of evil in,  
And those who by Thy name are named  
The heathens unbaptized oät-sin.

But can'st Thou not Thy work revive  
Once more in our degenerate years?  
O would'st Thou with Thy rebels strive,  
And melt them into gracious tears!

O would'st Thou to Thy Church return,  
For which the faithful remnant sighs,  
For which the drooping nation mourns,  
Restore the daily Sacrifice!

Return and with Thy servants sit,  
Lord of the Sacramental feast,  
And satiate us with heavenly meat,  
And make the world Thy happy guest.

Now let the Spouse, reclined on Thee,  
Come up out of the wilderness  
From every spot and wrinkle free,  
And wash'd, and perfected in grace.

Thou hear'st the pleading Spirit's groan,  
Thou know'st the groaning Spirit's will,  
Come in Thy gracious kingdom down,  
And all Thy ransom'd servants seal.

"Come quickly, Lord," the Spirit cries,  
"The number of Thy saints complete,"  
"Come quickly, Lord," the Bride replies,  
And make us all for glory meet.

Erect Thy Tabernacle here,  
The New-Jerusalem send down,  
Thyself amidst Thy saints appear,  
And seat us on Thy dazzling throne.

Begin the great millennial day;  
Now, Saviour, with a shout descend;  
Thy standard in the heavens display,  
And bring the joy which ne'er shall end.