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## Editorial Fottings.

YEARS ago we were sitting by the bedside of a dying man, when from the room below came up the sweet strains of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." We had often heard it before, have often heard it since, but never, that we can remember, did it so touch and melt us as on that occasion. The incident was recalled the other day when in company for a few moments with a lady who has the voice of song, she told us that she had been asked and was going to sing to a poor dying person, and the thought came to us, Is not this a way by which those who have this talent can use it acceptably to the Master's glory and to the consolation of the dying? It may be thought that in some respects it is a sad way of working, and so it is perhaps, sometimes; but those who have seen the eyes of dying saints light up as with the coming glory when well remembered strains of praise have been heard, will feel that there is gladness in it also. The last sounds on earth, hymns of praise to Jesus; the first beyond the river, the melody of the new song.

THAT is not the only way, however, in which this talent can be used for the Master's glory; it is not difficult generally, to get people to sing at church socials, church concerts and the like, to the which there is no objection; but there are gatherings, especially in our larger towns and cities, of the poor and destitute, in cottages, close, ill-ventilated rooms, perhaps, or mission halls, and at such the voice of sweet song is pleasant indeed. Many a poor, miserable, degraded man or woman has been lifted out of the depths, and led into the light by some of the touching melodies of the day. We read lately an article in one of our papers affirming that more had been converted by the singing of Mr. Sankey than by the preaching of

Mr. Moody. Remembering that each is but an instrument in the hand of the Master, we yet believe that the preaching of the one would certainly have lost much of its power without the singing of the other. An old Sunday school hymn begins:

I will sing for Jesus,  
With His blood He bought me;  
And all along my pilgrim way,  
His loving hand has brought me.

Sing then. Sing for Jesus.

MAY we in this connection say a word about the much-used and much-abused "Gospel Hymns." We have just been reading an extract from an address at a clerical meeting by the late Bishop of Manchester, in which he says: "Modern hymns are for the most part strangely namby-pamby. Many of them grossly materialistic, those addressed to our Lord generally unctuous and sentimental." "Namby-pamby!" the dictionary definition of this is "contemptible for affected prettiness"; but as it would be difficult to find any hymns, old or new, to which this is applicable, we are inclined to think that the good bishop meant weakness of thought and language. Well there are in "Gospel Hymns," without doubt, a few such, but in what collection of hymns do not some such appear? A pretty full acquaintance with denominational hymn-books justifies us in saying—No one. "Materialistic" is a grave charge, but that also must be taken in a different sense from the general meaning of the word, and really only means that God and Christ and the Spirit, heaven and hell, are real, not myths, nor spirit dust, nor phantasms. In that sense the hymn, "Behold a Stranger at the Door," and Wesley's, "Come, O thou Traveller Unknown," are very materialistic. As for the last statement, it may be replied that if it is true, there are hymns fully as unctuous among the old Latin hymns, as Bernard of Clairvaux, "Jesus, the Very Thought of