

hope were inspired, while they sang Toplady's immortal hymn :

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Among the many hymns that have won their way into world-wide usage, is that majestic lyric, whose opening stanza is a clarion call to earth's redeemed hosts, and heaven's unfallen angels, to join in the coronation of their King.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name."

This famous hymn was written in 1779, by Edward Perronet, son of the Vicar of Shoreham, in Kent. In his young manhood Mr. Perronet was a friend and helper of the Wesleys. But when the question of separation from the Anglican Church was under discussion, the founder of Methodism and the author of this hymn were so strongly opposed to each other that the separation between them became complete, and Mr. Perronet accepted the pastorate of a dissenting congregation in Canterbury.

"Billy Dawson," though a plain Yorkshire farmer, was one of the most powerful and popular preachers in Methodism less than a hundred years ago. On one occasion he was preaching in London on the divine offices of Christ. This theme afforded full scope for his descriptive genius. In the most hope-inspiring manner he set forth our Saviour as our prophet and

priest, then proceeded to speak of His exaltation and glory as sovereign Ruler of men and angels. His regal imagination kindled with his lofty theme, and with a marvellous wealth of imagery and forceful diction, he sketched the picture of a coronation pageant. Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and a countless multitude of redeemed mankind, moved forward in processional array. Into the temple, and up to the throne of the conquering King they were triumphantly marshalled. Reaching this glorious climax, when every eye was fixed upon him, and every soul stirred to its deepest depth, the preacher suddenly broke from the graphic portraiture of the coronation scene, and sang :

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The effect was overwhelming. The vast congregation sprang to their feet, and joined in this song of exulting triumph. Feeling and power became more intense as each successive verse was sung, until it seemed as if the material structure around them had vanished, and they were transported to the upper sanctuary—and—

"Now with yonder sacred throng
They at His feet did fall;
Joined in the everlasting throng,
And crowned Him Lord of all!"

Brooklin, Ont.

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea ;

Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she.

Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

The wages of sin is death ; if the wages of virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly ?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a Summer sky ;

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*