

GENERAL READING  
POETS OF ONE POEM.

"Sing many songs that thou mayest be remembered."—Isa. xliii. 16.

This is rather a satire than a serious recipe for securing fame. It is more easy to remember a single master piece than a multitude of splendid things, and great authors' names generally go, in public mention, with the name of some single great work of theirs. It is surprising to find how many people of real merit have "sung one song and died." They saved themselves a world of useless labor for fame by striking twelve the first time. Somewhat like the following, the author and his best productions have found a lodgment in our minds.

Henry Carey—God save the King.  
Hopkins—Hail Columbia.  
Key—Star Spangled Banner.  
John Howard Payne—Home, Sweet Home.  
Charles Wolfe—Burial of Sir John Moore.

Charles Kingsley—The three Fishers.  
Tom Hood—The Song of the Shirt.  
Julia Ward Howe—The Battle Hymn of the Republic.  
Brete Hart—The Heathen Chinese.  
The history of some of the poems which have immortalized their authors will be found entertaining.

Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write it by the condition of thousands of women in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons, the poet's wife and Mark Lemon, the editor of "Punch."

"Now, mind, Tom; mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

Mr. Lemon looking over his letter one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste paper basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*. The author was "sick" at the sight of the poem which was signed Tom Hood, and was entitled "The Song of the Shirt."

It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty, that he published it on December 16, 1843.

"The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London, and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Seven years after the author's death the English people erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave guineas, the laborers and sewing women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang the Song of the Shirt."

"The Old Oaken Bucket," was written more than fifty years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon, kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh water we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, tear-drops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office, he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour

the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket which hung in the well

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

Mr. Kingsley's song of "The Three Fishers," was not the mere creation of the imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen of "men who worked and women who wept," while he was a boy in the fishing village of Clovelly. His father was the clergyman of the parish, and such was his sympathy with the fishermen that when the herring fleet put to sea, he would hold a short religious service on the wharf.

The hardy men and boys, and their anxious mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts would join in singing the prayer-book version of the 131st Psalm: Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings Thou shalt securely rest.

It was sung as only those can sing who with stout hearts go out, because it is their duty, to danger and to death.

It was one evening after being wearied and worn out by the work and trials of the day, that Kingsley wrote the

song which reproduced the scenes of his youthful days.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west, Out into the west as the sun went down.

Authors do not always appreciate their good work. We have all enjoyed Campbell's "Hohenlinden," and every school-boy has shouted:

The combat deepens on ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or to grave.

Yet Campbell did not know whether this fine ballad was worthy of publication. He and Sir Walter Scott were once travelling in a stage coach, and, as they were alone they repeated poetry in order to beguile the time. At last Scott asked Campbell to repeat some of his own poetry. Campbell said there was one thing he had written but never printed. It was full of "drums, and trumpets and blunderbusses and thunder, but he didn't know if there was anything good in it. Then he repeated "Hohenlinden."

Scott listened with the greatest interest, and when he had finished, broke out with—"But do you know that's very fine? Why, it is the finest thing you ever wrote, and it must be printed."

Mrs. Hemans' "The boy stood on the burning deck," is familiar to every school boy; but the history of the little hero thus immortalized is not generally known. Owen Cassabianca, a native of Corsica was born in 1788. His father was a distinguished French politician and naval commander, and his mother a beautiful Corsican lady. But she died young, and little Owen went with his father in a war vessel, and at the early age of ten he participated with his father in the battle of the Nile.

The ship caught fire during the action, and Captain Cassabianca fell wounded and insensible upon the deck, while the brave boy, unconscious of his father's fate, held his post at the battery. The flames raged around him; the crew fled one by one, and urged the lad to do the same, but he refused and fought on until the whole vessel was in flames, and his life in the tremendous explosion followed.

All of us are familiar with the pretty little Scottish ballad, "Comin' thro' the Rye." The common idea of this song is that a rye field is meant, but who ever saw a Scottish lassie walking through a field of rye or any other grain? The river Rye, at Dally, Ayrshire is meant. Before the days of bridges it was no easy matter to cross rivers without paying such a penalty as has immortalized Jennie in the old ballad. Burns wrote the ballad and Burns modernized it. As Burns wrote it, it includes the river plainly enough

"Jenny's a'wet, pair bodie,  
Comin' thro' the Rye."

Rye is spelled with a capital R. The air is nearly pentatonic—the only F which occurs in the melody being very characteristic and effective.

The following is the origin of Longfellow's "Hanging the Crane."

A dozen years ago, shortly after the marriage of Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Longfellow visited the young couple and took tea with them at their charming little house in Boston. The supper was laid on a very small table indeed, but the poet, always vigilant in his search for new ideas, took the smallness of the table as a theme for the discussion, and associating the ideas with an old Acadian custom, then and there spun the thread of his future poem.

"As the family increases," said he to Aldrich, "the size of the table must be increased. When, after long years, the children have grown up to manhood and womanhood and have left the fold, the large table will again be replaced by the small one for the two old ones who linger at home. Here you have a picture of life, of the growth of the family; and as you are now entering upon a literary career, and have already written some good essays, why not write an essay on the subject in hand.

Mr. Aldrich, promised to think about it. The years flew by, but no essay had appeared. Three years ago the elder and the younger poet met again. "Have you thought of that theme, which I proposed to you a long time ago?" asked Mr. Longfellow. "I have thought of it a hundred times," replied Mr. Aldrich, "but I cannot make anything of it. The subject reverts to me then," said the venerable poet, and he at once began to write: The lights are out and gone are all the guests.

He completed the poem and sent it to Mr. Bonner, receiving in return the princely compensation of a thousand dollars. In the ensuing winter, after its publication in the "Ledger," the poem was put into the elegant holiday volume in which it may be said it then became most widely known.

It would be appropriate, in this connection, to refer to Bishop Heber, whose other poems, whose learned Brompton lectures, and able articles in the "Quarterly Review," are weighed down by a single matchless missionary hymn. It came about in this wise:

While he was rector of the Episcopal Church at Hodnet, in Shropshire, he paid a visit to his father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, the vicar of Wrexham, on the border of Wales. On the next day, which was Sabbath, Dr. Shipley was to

deliver a discourse in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Lands." Knowing his son-in-law's happy gift in rapid composition, he said to him, "Write something for us to sing at the missionary service to-morrow morning."

Short notice that for a man to achieve his immortality. Heber retired to another part of the room and in a little time prepared three verses of the popular hymn commencing:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

Dr. Shipley was delighted with the production, but Heber was not satisfied. "The sense is not complete," he said. In spite of Dr. Shipley's earnest protest, Heber retired for a few moments longer, and then, coming back, read the following glorious bugle blast which rings like the reveille of the millennial morning:

"Wait, wait, ye winds, the story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole,  
Till over our ransomed nation,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign."

The next morning the people of Wrexham church listened to the first rehearsal of a lyric which has since been echoed by millions of voices around the globe.

No profane hymn tinker has ever dared to lay his bungling finger on a single syllable of those four stanzas which the Holy Spirit moved Heber to write.

On that Sabbath morning he caught the first strains of his own immortality. He "budded better than he knew." He did more to waft the story of Calvary around the earth than if he had preached like Apollon or had founded a board of missions. "In the monthly concerts held in the school-houses of New England, in frontier cabins, on the decks of missionary ships bound to Ceylon's Isle, and in the vast assemblies of the American boards, Heber's trum et hymn has been sung with swelling voices and gushing tears."

Cowper's great Hymn of Providence, too, has a history. He wrote it after those two devotional gems, "O for a Closer Walk with God," and "There's a Fountain Filled with Blood." A foreboding impression of another attack of insanity began to creep over him. The presentiment grew deeper; the clouds gathered fast.

He even meditated self destruction, and left his quiet cottage to drown himself in the neighboring river. He was under a pall of overwhelming gloom. Just while those black clouds of despair were darting their vivid lightning into his suffering soul, the grandest inspiration of his life broke upon him, and he began to sing out these wonderful words:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

For several years Cowper's splendid intellect was to be under a total eclipse. The penumbra was already darkening its disc. But in full view of the impending calamity, the inspired son of song chanted forth those strains of Holy cheer:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

Cowper could never have sung that sublime anthem of victory except under the immediate inspiration of "power from on high." The storm was coming, but Cowper's eye of faith saw "Jehovah riding above the storm." This matchless hymn of providence which God put into the soul of his afflicted servant has been a "song in the night" to millions of people under the discouraging clouds of adversity.

DR. HALL'S HEALTH MAXIMS.

The failure to wear wollen flannel next the skin is a most frequent cause of rheumatism.

A sixpenny sandwich, eaten leisurely in the cars, is better for you than a dollar dinner, bolted at a station.

Every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family room and the sleeping chambers shall be the most commodious, highest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.

Eat your meals with an unanxious, unannoyed and cheerful heart, and consider him, her or it your worst enemy that interferes in this direction; for passion anxiety, alarm, mortification, instantly arrest digestion.

When the stomach is about to be distressed by an improper meal, nature sometimes excites the most earnest longings for an acid of some kind, and such persons should always have some good vinegar on hand, although tart fruit or grapes are a great deal better.

Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food, but to those of weak and languid stomachs, it is manifold more beneficial to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy, or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the reaction of sloppiness or debility.

Do not enter a sick chamber on an empty stomach, nor remain as a watcher or nurse until you feel almost exhausted, nor sit between the patient and the fire in the direction of a current of air from the patient towards yourself, nor eat or drink anything after being in a sick room until you have rinsed your mouth thoroughly.

After any kind of exercise do not stand a moment at a street-corner or anybody or anything; nor at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat and cloak, but wait a while, some five minutes or more and lay aside one at a time; thus acting, a cold is impossible.

Persons who walk a great deal through the day should on coming home for the night, remove their shoes and stockings, hold the feet to the fire until perfectly dry put on a dry pair of stockings, and wear slippers the remainder of the evening. Boot and gaiters keep the feet damp, cold and unclean, by preventing the escape of that insensible perspiration which is always escaping from a healthy foot and condensing it; hence the old-fashioned low shoe is best for health.

To get well of any chronic disease of a serious character, and to remained cured, a man must be led to see the nature of his own case, the needs and requirements of his own constitution, and must have that force of character which compels compliance with those requisitions. As long as the world stands, the ignoramus and the animal will die before his time. Intelligent self-denial is the price of health and long life the world over; it never will be otherwise.

In high bodily health, brain work, like body work, gives an appetite; and if that appetite is only indulged regularly and moderately, any student may live to a good old age, with an hour or two of judicious exercise out of doors every day, and, in the end save years of efficient labor by it. So far from complete inaction being perfect enjoyment, there are few greater sufferings than that which the total absence of occupation generally induces.

FAMILY READING

A HEAVY BLOW.

HUGHES.

A heavy blow was struck, as I conceive, at the vitality of Methodism, when the rule regarding class-meetings was relaxed. The action was taken in deference, to a large extent at least, it is to be feared, to a demand for an adjustment of things to suit "the times." That phrase, "the times," in its application to Church arrangements and polity, is very ambiguous. A great noise has been made in the realm ecclesiastical for some years, by those who deem it essential to life and progress, ministerially and otherwise, to conform to "the spirit of the age."

Now I claim to be a loyal Methodist and a loyal Methodist preacher, an ardent lover of the Methodist doctrine and polity. And I feel the force of the apostolic injunction against "speaking evil of dignitaries." Yet the acts of our legislators, in the councils of church, are open to criticism. Each member of the church, and each minister, has a right to his personal opinion of the wisdom, or otherwise, of the acts of the General Conference.

Now, cherishing all becoming reverence for those charged with the grave responsibility of legislating for the church, I believe the abrogation of the rule making attendance upon class a test of membership the heaviest and most deadly blow that was ever struck at the life of Methodism. When the rule was in full force, and in wise execution, we had a spiritual thermometer—now we have none. In this respect every one is a law unto himself, going or not as suits his inclination, and the inclination of thousands is to stay away. When the rule was in full force what was the effect? "Why," each member thought to himself if he did not express it, "my class meets on such an evening—I must read my Bible, pray in my closet, examine my heart daily, and keep alive. I do not want to play the hypocrite, I must have a living testimony to give my classmates."

But how is it now? The whole scene is changed. Multitudes make no reference to the class meeting, and among them many official members—they no longer feel any specially binding obligation. It is classed with the prayer meeting, attendance upon the sacrament, &c., and what minister is likely to arraign members for non attendance upon either of them? It is quite well understood that the question of arraignment is well-nigh obsolete in many quarters the work is very unpopular. The fact is the spiritualities of the Church, by this legislation, have been "omitted," just as numbers of our ministers are now "omitted" the benevolent collections of the church. They put them all in together; not-

thing is presented on its merits, one thing is as important as another—No wonder the missionary cause and other great benevolences of the church are making such a paltry showing. Strike down the Church life, the spiritual landmarks, the voice of that strange and almost ubiquitous personage "Mr. Spirit of the Times" demands the squeezing of the finances into the possible compass. True the reigning power desires a church. Oh yes—the machinery must be kept in motion, but at the smallest possible cost.

Mr. Wesley's system of finance was the grandest ever conceived for a Church. His order was—1st. A loving membership, indicated by weekly attendance on class. 2nd. Weekly contributions in the class, regulated by individual ability. The two conjoined made a church having the elements of real strength, spiritually and financially. Now with a non-attending membership, we are driven to all manner of stratagem, even to pay current expenses. With the slaughter of systematic giving, suiting the masses who are poor. What then? It is soon answered—answered by the horrid expedients which are everywhere prevalent. Fairs, festivals, tableaux, negro minstrelsy, and the whole train of devices which, like so many foul spirits, have been let loose upon us, tell the story. May God help us to get back to the old landmarks—the spiritual first then the temporal.—Banner of Holiness.

"AMID my vast and lofty aspirations," says Lamartine, "the penalty of a wasted youth overtook me. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment!" Many a gifted heart has sighed the same sad sigh, many a noble nature has walked to the grave in sackcloth, for one brief dallying in the bowers of Circe, for one short sleep in the Castle of Indolence.—Bayne.

HOW TO HAVE PEACE.—A friend once asked Professor Fraunce how it was that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, 'Blessed Jesus! I have truly a share in thy redemption; thou hast forgiven my sins, and art guiding me by thy Spirit. Thine I am; wash me again and again.' By this constant converse with Jesus I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace in my soul."

I CAN'T abide to see men throw away their tools; that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid of doing a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arm drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit of pride and delight in his work. The very griststone will go on turning a bit after you loose it.—Adrian Bede.

HEROIC SELF-DENIAL.—In a battle against the Spaniards, fought at Warsfeld, in the sixteenth century, on behalf of the Dutch, Sir Philip Sidney was fatally wounded. As he lay on the field in agony, and parched with thirst, his devoted followers brought him a vessel of water procured at a distance with great difficulty during the heat of the battle. But, seeing a soldier lying near, mangled like himself and apparently expiring, Sir Philip refused the water, saying, "Give it to that poor man; his sufferings are greater than mine!"

LOOK AHEAD.—Two children were crossing the Strait of Dover. The girl's face was turned to the land they had just left for ever; but the boy looked forward to the white cliffs they were approaching. Lulu's eyes were filled with tears. She was leaving the land of her childhood for a home among strangers.

"O Fred!" she cried, "how fast the land recedes! I can just see a delicate purple line—soon it will be out of sight."

"Yes, but never mind France, Lulu. Look ahead, and see the new home we are nearing," replied Fred, as he gazed over the tossing sea to the land.

How, like Lulu, we are apt to weep for the joys gone, and to mourn for the world we must leave. But how, like Fred, we should be looking ahead, beyond the ordinary waves to our new home in the distance.

KEEP THE LIGHT BURNING.—In certain religious festivals of the Greeks and Romans held in the evening, it was customary for young men to run races on foot, sometimes on horseback, holding in their hands torches or lamps, lit at the official altar of the goddess in whose honor the festival was held; and only the young man who came out of the contest with his light unextinguished was exteemed the victor and was greeted with the loud plaudits of the multitude. So the Christian carries with him through this world the light of grace divine, kindled at the altar of Jesus' sacrifice; and he who keeps it bright, burning to the end of life's great contest, shall be welcomed, like a conqueror, with the thundering applause of the heavenly host.

BIBLE

SECOND QUARTER—

TESTA

B. C. 712. LESSON I.  
1009; or, The 1  
42. 1-10. April 2

EXPLANATORY

Verse 1. Behold. sends the Almighty and introducing to prince. My servant, though delivered for his coming. 1. servant, but as a kings." Whom I Jesus as under the Most High. Mine chosen one." My already the prophet which sounded from tism and transfigure is my beloved son, pleased." Matt. 3. to the Gentiles. Th here means true came not only to the Gentiles also."

2.3. Not cry. T verse is, "He shall up his voice, nor etc., a prediction the unlike all pretender orous or ambitious lry wait for time to "Prophecy is prove Christ came he song though the multi him." Bruised reced down with a se Christ comes not to 4. "Humble hearts friend." 5. "The is not to break down Smoking hat. The flaxen wick, floating hence the smoking with dying flame. receive from Christ quickening to the Judgment unto truth will establish his stable basis, that cause of the Gospel by the violence of it the power of the claims."

4. He shall not fa ginal a closer connect verse than appee It might read, par shall not make other fail himself: and age, so he shall not "Men whose lives discouraged by delay time for the triumph judgment. Establish the world. 9. the way of the Ge to him to whate en." Matt. 28. 18, often in Scripture, yond the seas kn Shall wait for his le ture of the world coming Christ. W old systems of reid decay, and the nation and better fo when, early in this sionaries visited e they found the nation idols six months to accept the Gospel.

5. 6. Thus saith a new period in the Messiah has been been spoken to. C his power as the C all things. Spre these words are acicent idea that the face, they no more inspiration, than t would show an igtions of the stn which cometh out mineral and veg the earth. Breat of a soul is the er Omnipotence."

ness. For a right eonant. Christ, or of a new coven man. For a light knowledge, instru—Barnes. Gentile of the Gospel are party of one nation itage of all the w 7. 8. Open the was done literally among men; and every saved soul light from the s restore it." Pri ner is a captive y dage." 14. "Ch phains of habit, f