

The Wesleyan.

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The following is one of the Hymns of the new Methodist Hymn Book of the Methodist Church of Canada.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And grief around me spread,
Be Thou my guide,
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream;
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

HYMNS OF THE CROSS.

Of all the hymns of the cross, the "Rock of Ages" may well be styled the masterpiece. Perhaps the second place should be given to those grand lines of Isaac Watts which we once heard Mr. Spurgeon read in tones as sonorous as a trumpet—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

Close beside Watts' glorious hymn belong those lines, which Cowper sang in one of his inspired hours of joy, when the cloud of melancholy lifted from his soul—

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

This hymn is saturated with grateful love for the "dear dying Lamb." Its author glories only in the Cross of Christ, and lifts with trembling hand his crown of adoration and places it above the crown of thorns on Jesus' brow. Although Cowper was immeasurably the greatest living poet then in Britain, he confesses that his is but a "poor, lisping, stammering tongue" to sing the song of redeeming love. He promises to himself "a nobler, sweeter song" when he gets his well-tuned harp in the grand oratorio of heaven.

To these three hymns of redemption which sprang from the devout souls of Toplady, Watts, and Cowper, America has contributed a fourth which is worthy to stand in this matchless quartette. It is, by far, the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church. The author of it was a native of "Little Compton," in little Rhode Island—and was graduated from old Yale in 1830. Immediately after leaving college he came to New York, and spent a few hours each day in teaching young ladies in a school which stood in the then fashionable quarter of Fulton Street, behind St. Paul's Church. In December of that year (1830)—nearly fifty years ago, he sat down one day in his room, and wrote in his pocket memorandum-book four simple verses, which he says, "were born of my own soul," and were not written to be seen by another human eye. He wrote them rapidly, and with his eyes swimming in tears. The first verse reads thus:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!"

He put the memorandum book in his pocket, and carried it there for two whole years—little dreaming that he was carrying about with him his own passport to immortality. One day Dr. Lowell Mason met him in the streets of Boston, and asked him to furnish some hymns for the volume of "Spiritual Songs" which he (Dr. Mason) and Dr. Thomas Hastings were about to publish. The young college graduate drew from his pocket the lines—

"My faith looks up to thee."

Dr. Mason went home, and catching a similar inspiration to that of the author of the lines, composed for them that beautiful tune of "Olivet," to which

the hymn is wedded unto this day. Dr. Mason met the author a few days afterwards, and said to him prophetically, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years, and do many good things, but I think that you will be best known to posterity as the author of this hymn." The prediction is fulfilled. The man who sang this sweet song of Calvary is still living, and has composed many tender and beautiful poems and discourses; but his devout mind flowered out in one matchless lily whose rich odours have filled the courts of our God with fragrance.

How many a penitent, while reading or singing that hymn, has looked up to Calvary's cross and found peace in believing! In how many a prayer-meeting has it been sung through tears of holy gratitude! To how many a sick chamber and dying bed has it come like a strain from that heavenly land which was already in full view! The poetry of the hymn is as perfect as its theology. In its structure it closely resembles the "Rock of Ages." It begins in penitence; it ends in praise. It begins in heart-broken sorrow, and concludes with the most glorious assurance of hope.

In the first verse the suppliant is represented as bowing before the crucified Saviour, and looking up to Him, and to Him only. He sees none but Jesus. His cry is,—

"Take all my guilt away."

His aspiration is,—

"O, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine."

Before that cross the praying soul obtains strength, and a pure, warm, and changeless love for his Redeemer. He is filled with a "living fire." He is the new man in Christ Jesus.

But as he looks forward, he foresees overhung with clouds of grief that lower black and terrible, and sometimes weep great showers of tears. Surrounded with these discouraging clouds of confusion and temptation he shouts out like one lost in the dark,—

"Be Thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tear away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!"

Before him lies still one more valley darker than any passed before. It is that vale in which "ends life's transient dream." Through it rolls death's cold and sullen stream! He already imagines himself in the swellings of Jordan And as the floods go over him, he lifts his last victorious voice of sublime trust,—

"Blest Saviour! then in love
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!"

Such is the grandest of American hymns. Is it not the grandest of this century? And if our readers wish to know and to thank its modest author, they have but to go into the "Bible House" in New York, and take by the hand our genial and beloved friend Dr. Ray Palmer.—The Evangelist.

"FOR THEY DEALT FAITHFULLY."

Here is a record that challenges attention and close examination. At two different periods in the history of the Temple, under the Kings, is special note made of upright dealing under great responsibility: where in spite of facilities for taking advantage, the strictest honor was thoroughly maintained. Let us read the earlier account, as it stands in 2 Kings xii. 15, from which we have taken our heading:

"Moreover, they reckoned not with the men into whose hands they delivered the money to be bestowed on the workmen: for they dealt faithfully."

This was in the reign of Josiah, when the temple was undergoing repairs. The corresponding instance was later, during the reign of Josiah. (2 Kings xxii. 7.) And further mention may be found in 2 Chron. xxxiii. 8-14; xxxiv. 8-12. In the last-named passage we read: "And the men did the work faithfully."

We notice, besides, through how many trustworthy hands the money passed before reaching the artisans themselves, the Levites, who kept the doors, committed the funds collected to the care of three special delegates (mentioned by name), who were charged to deliver it to Hilkiah, the high-priest. He,

in turn, put it in the hands of the men that had the oversight of the house of the Lord, and they gave it to the workmen that wrought in the house of the Lord—a succession of five honest intermediate parties between the original givers and the taxed artificers" (2 Chron. xxxiv. 8-12.) And, as the final crowning point in the narrative of the 24th chapter, we read that: "When they had finished it, they brought the rest of the money before the king and Jehoiada, whereof were made vessels for the house of the Lord, vessels to minister and to offer withal."

What an example is all this for American citizens, office-holders, trustees, and directors of every sort at the present day! Of how many contractors or bureau agents in our civil service, think you, can it be said, that no reckoning with them need be made "into whose hand is to be delivered the money to be bestowed on workmen; for they dealt faithfully." We read from time to time in our papers of so many notable cases of corruption in the civil State, of such fraudulent appropriations from the public revenue by its own paid officers; of our poor Indians being deliberately and systematically cheated by Government agents who remain so large a percentage of the funds committed to their hands. In contrast to such dealings, how simply, yet how grandly, does the Jewish record stand out! We need in our own case the scathing rebuke of the prophet Jeremiah: "As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit; therefore they are become great and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine; yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless; yet they prosper; and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation?"

But to Christians there is on the other hand, a beautiful teaching in this story. We read that Josiah directed as follows: "All the money that cometh into any man's hand to bring into the house of the Lord, let the priest take it to them, every man of his acquaintance. . . . And Jehoiada, the priest, took a chest and bored a hole in the lid of it and set it beside the altar on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord; and the priests that kept the door put therein all the money that was brought into the house of the Lord." If only our giving to the Lord were as liberal and as cordial (i. e., from the heart) as that of these Jews, I think the "breaches in the house of the Lord" would be "faithfully" repaired, and the Church might once again adopt the inspired word, "They set the house of God in his state, and strengthen it."

Let us be careful to place our money-chests, as Jehoiada did, "beside the altar on the right side as one cometh into the house of the Lord;" at least in the spirit of our practice, if not in the letter; that so all we are and have may be consecrated to the Lord of the temple, and used for him out of the fulness of surrendered souls.

If, by means of the thoughts here expressed, the light from this passage of God's word should shine into one dark corner, or help to make straight one crooked place in life, its aim will indeed be met.

HOW READEST THOU?

I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely checked with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations. 1. "Rehoboam begat Abiam;" that is, a bad father begat a bad son. 2. "Abiam begat Assa;" that is, a bad father a good son. 3. "Assa begat Jehoshaphat;" that is, a good father a good son. 4. "Jehoshaphat begat Joram;" that is, a good father a bad son. I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son.

When in my daily service, I read David's Psalms wherein he confesseth his sins, or requesteth thy pardon, or praiseth for former, or prayeth for future favors, in all these give me to raise my soul to as high a pitch as may be. But when I come to such psalms wherein he curseth his enemies, O, there let me bring my soul down to a lower note. For those words were made only to fit David's mouth. I have the like breath, but not the same spirit to pronounce them. Nor let me flatter myself that it is lawful for me,

with David, to curse thine enemies, lest my deceitful heart entitle all mine enemies to be thine, and so what was religion in David, prove malice in me, while I ask revenge under the pretence of piety.

I read of the two witnesses. "And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit, shall make war against them, and shall overcome them and kill them." They could not be killed while they were doing, but when they had done their work; during their employment they were invincible. No better armor aginst the darts of death than to be busied in thy service. Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? No malice of man can antedate my end a minute while my Maker has any word for me to do. And when all my daily task is ended, why should I grudge them to go to bed?

I read, at the transfiguration, that Peter, James, and John were admitted to behold Christ, but Andrew was excluded. So again, at the reviving of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue, these three were in, and Andrew shut out. Lastly, in the agony, the aforesaid three were called to be witnesses thereof, and still Andrew left behind. Yet he was Peter's brother, and a good man, and an apostle; why did not Christ take the two brothers? Was it not a pity to part them? But methinks I seem more offended than at Andrew himself, when I find to express my discontent, being pleased to be accounted a loyal subject for the general, though he was no favourite in these particulars. Give me to be pleased in myself, and thankful to thee for what I am, though I be not equal to others in personal perfections, for such peculiar privileges are courtesies from thee, when given, and no injuries to us when denied.

St. Paul taught the art of heavenly thrift—how to make a new sermon of an old; "Many," said he, "walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you weeping, that they are enemies to the cross of Christ." Formerly he had told it with his tongue, but now with his tears; formerly he had told it with his words, but now with weeping. Thus new affections make an old sermon new. May I not, by the same proportion, make an old prayer new? Lord, thus long I have offered my prayer dry unto thee, now, Lord, I offer it wet. Then wilt thou own some new addition therein, when, though the sacrifice be the same, yet the dressing of it is different, being steeped in his tears who bringeth it unto thee.

DEFINITENESS IN PRAYER.

If there is some favor which we greatly wish to obtain from a friend, we never have any difficulty in finding the right words in which to express ourselves. We know exactly what we want; and this very definiteness of desire suggests to us the language which we should use. Indeed in thinking of an object, we have already clothed our thoughts in words. Obscure of language, then, is always the result of obscurity of thought. If we have an object clearly and distinctly before our mind, we can always express ourselves clearly.

If we have a confession to make to any one for some wrong which we have done to him, we have no difficulty, if we are sincere, in finding the right words. In the very determination to ask his pardon, we have already, and all unconsciously to ourselves, embodied the requests in very nearly the language which we should use when we came to speak.

And if we desire to express our gratitude to any one for a kindness which we have received, we have no trouble as to what we shall say. When we determine to thank him, we employ the very words which are necessary to convey our feelings. We can form a conception only in language.

And when we make the request which we desire of any one, we then cease our asking. We do not keep on urging them to give us still other favors. We stop right there. Now let us approach God in the same manner. Let us think beforehand just what we want to obtain from him. And then this definiteness of desire will supply us with the proper language. Prayer is the offering up of our desires to God. The best preparation for prayer, then, is a little honest thought be-

forehand, as to just what we want. When we do ask for things which we really do not desire, merely because it is generally thought to be the proper thing, we are not praying at all. Let us always remember that "it is not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the geometry of our prayers, how long they may be; nor the music of our prayers, how sweet our voice may be; nor the logic of our prayers, how argumentative they may be; nor the method of our prayers, how orderly they may be; nor even the divinity of our prayers, how good the doctrine may be, which God cares for." If, then, we will but think, before we begin to pray, just what we really wish to obtain, we shall have no difficulty in finding the right words. This would render our prayers briefer; but it would increase their fervency.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

When Voltaire was a little boy he committed to memory an infidel poem, which blasted his whole life, degraded his mental powers, and made him an inveterate enemy to Christianity. When David Haug, the historian, was a boy he entered into a debate in favor of infidelity, and that debate settled his young mind ever afterward in the logical principles of infidelity.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned," said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it?" "When you mark out your path in life, don't use a crooked ruler!"—Churchman.

Bell makers test their bells with hammers. The blows are not given to break, but to test the bells, to insure their ringing when hung. God tests us by afflictions and troubles, so that we may ring well when we are set on high in the better world.

Every thing that is lovely is in Christ, therefore he is called the "altogether lovely;" you want strong sight, clear light, and fixed attention to discover his glories; all this God can give you, and he bids you ask of him.

You may judge of your religion by your estimation of the Lord Jesus Christ; have you any in heaven but him? Is there any or aught upon earth you desire in comparison with him?

Our dependence on God ought to be so entire and absolute that we should never think it necessary, in any kind of distress, to have recourse to human consolation.

These are no times for trimming. He is weak to-day who does not preach the highest spirituality to the materialist, and the highest morality to the profigate.

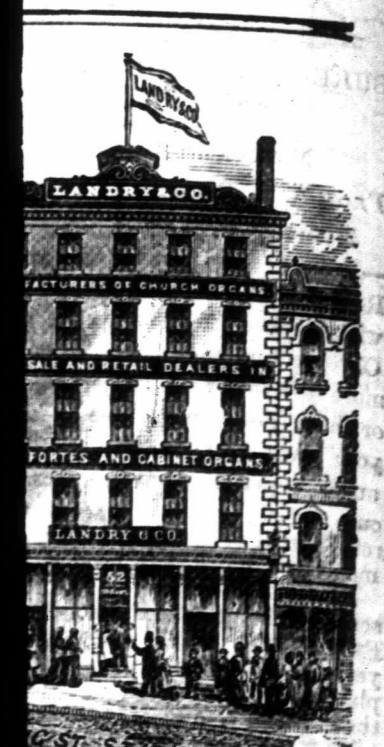
Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul, and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

It is not your trembling, or your falling down, or your sweating in this or that service, that will stop the vital issue of your sins, but believing in Christ.

No one who has been converted and tasted that the Lord is good will lightly esteem the word of God which is able to make him wise unto salvation.

Weak Christians are very apt to choose three things—to choose mercies, to choose their crosses, and to choose their employments.

An Adventist Conference, held at Worcester, Mass., recently discussed at length certain notions of Daniel, and decided that they indicate that the end of the world will come in February, 1884.



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